



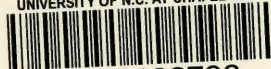
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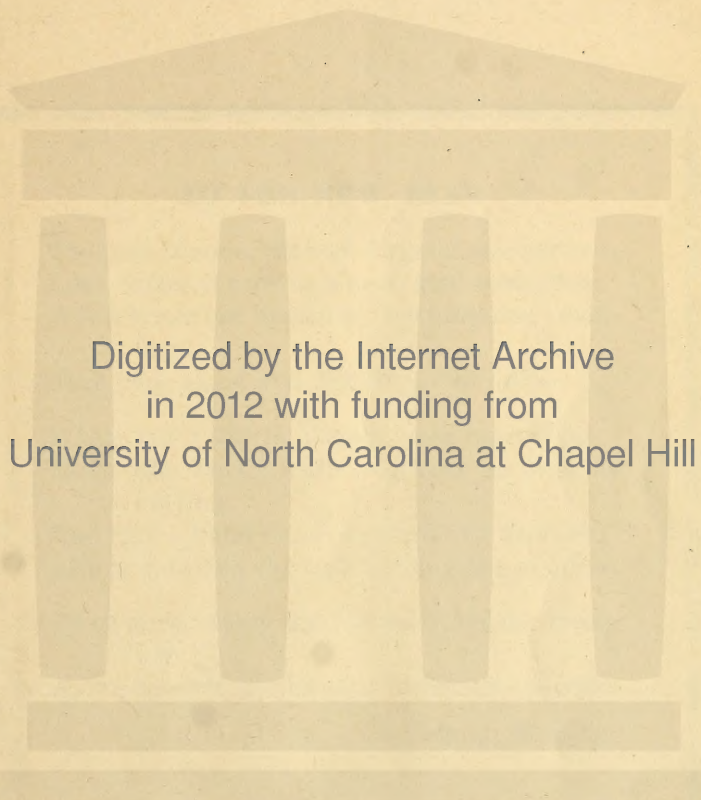
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# THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XXXII

ROCKFORD, N. C., JANUARY 8, 1944

No. 1

## TO THE NEW YEAR

The past is gone, with all its grief and sorrow ;  
Look forward now to a new, glad tomorrow.  
Wounds are not healed by weeping and repin-  
ing ;

Face your cloud and find its silver lining.

Waste not a day in useless, vain regretting ;  
Make life worth while — giving as well as  
getting.

And lend a hand to aid a stumbling brother ;  
Life is enriched through helping one another.

Be of good cheer, the future holds the treas-  
ure ;

As we deserve, so shall our blessings measure.

—Della J. Wheeler.

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# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.  
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.  
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

E. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

## THE NEW YEAR

I would not have the Old Year pass  
And leave us sorrowfully.  
I'd like to thank him for each day  
That he has brought to me.  
If in those days some shadows fell  
When joy just could not shine,  
It wasn't Old Year's fault at all,  
But by some deed of mine.

I welcome New Year as he comes  
To face what he may bring.  
His hand will hold a soothing salve  
And lotion filled with sting;  
But who am I to want all good  
To come along my way,  
When maybe others need it more  
To brighten up their day?

I only ask for faith and strength  
To meet each test I face;  
To treat life's problems honestly,  
And if I can erase  
One little sorrow; if a care  
I help to bear, or break it—  
This be my one New Year's resolve,  
"Whatever comes, I'll take it."

—James Evans Quick.

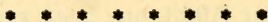
## THE OLD AND THE NEW

The story of the old year, 1943, has been recorded in the minds of individuals, as well as in print for future reference. The stories published are varied—some written in moments of supreme joy and others relate reverses of all kinds that make everlasting pictures of gloom as one of the links in the chain of memories. Life would become monotonous if there were nothing but success and a glorious

good time. We appreciate more highly the good fortunes when they are closely followed by hard luck. We understand the up and down experiences in life by reviewing the same and then as a whole weigh them mentally.

Of course, we know there are many minds as well as many people. There are the hopeful people as well as those in the self-pity class who cross bridges before reaching them. America is accepted as the melting-pot for all nationalities, but for the varied temperaments of people there has not yet been found a panacea. Personalities are personal affairs, so to speak, and different natures are seen in every social and business contact. For instance, we once heard a conversation between a man of fine business technique and noble heritage, and a woman of the same characteristics. After a long resume of experiences, including both the sweet and the bitter, the man in question said: "I would not for all the world call back the past if it were possible." The lady said: "I missed many of the luxuries of life, because all silver spoons were burned when I made my advent." but she continued, "if it were possible to turn back the time-table, I would, because the hardships vanish when I think of the contact of precious ones." Here we see was a contrast of gloom and hope, and the lesson learned therefrom was most helpful.

The thought we wish to emphasize in reviewing the incidents of 1943, pertinent to the life of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, is that we should not walk in the gloom of the valley, and rehearse the ugly pictures, but look to the sun-kissed peaks of success and broadcast the same. The old year, even in the face of man-power shortage and other inconveniences caused by the global war, we have tried to hold fast to one idea—the building of fine citizenship—the goal of the institution. The new year, like the years of the past, reveals daily opportunities, and may the many privileges be used by the personnel of the School for the uplift of the young boys placed here for reclamation.



### EPIPHANY

We are now in the season known in many churches as Epiphany. A little investigation will show that the Festival of the Epiphany is always on January 6th. The Sundays after this date, until the

tenth Sunday before Easter, are called the Sundays after the Epiphany. If Easter comes very early, there is only one Sunday after the Epiphany, and if Easter is very late, there are six Sundays in this season.

The dictionary says Epiphany means "to manifest, to show forth." As the church uses this name, it has the idea of Christ being shown forth as the Saviour of the world.

The story of the star in the East, guiding the wise men, is the gospel lesson for Epiphany. This story beautifully expresses the thought of the announcement to all mankind of the coming of Jesus.

Christ as a Light shining over the world is the theme of this season. The use of candles to express this idea is especially appropriate. Candlelight processions still take place in congregations of the Greek church at this time of year. It was in the early Greek church that Epiphany was first celebrated, which is the reason the season has a Greek name.—The Lutheran.

\* \* \* \* \*

### BOYS RECEIVE PRIZES

On Sunday, December 26th, Mr. A. C. Sheldon, former director of boys' work in the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., staged his annual party for the boys of Jackson Training School. At the conclusion of the religious services each boy was given two apples and an orange. These treats are furnished through the generosity of interested friends in Charlotte, and Mr. Sheldon never fails to see that these items of cheer are provided for the boys.

Accompanying Mr. Sheldon for this party were Mr. David Ovens and Dr. Owen Moore, two of the leading citizens of Charlotte. Mr. Ovens is a prominent official of the J. B. Ivey Company and Dr. Moore is a distinguished physician of that city.

At the conclusion of the service, these two guests turned over to Superintendent Hawfield, \$15.00, to be given to deserving boys. Five dollars each were given to two boys in the School who in recent months have displayed outstanding qualities of good citizenship, including good conduct, politeness and courtesy, dependability in work and cooperation with others.

The two boys who were chosen to receive a five-dollar bill were Dillard Shelton and Elmer Earl Godley. Dillard has distinguished

himself as a Boy Scout and has established a fine record of dependability among all who know him at the School. Elmer Godley has displayed excellent traits of good citizenship. He attends to the furnace at the school building and is also very skillful in weaving with reeds and repairing chairs. He shares his skill with other boys, having taught many of them the fine points of the work.

The third five-dollar bill was to be given to a boy who had learned the art of smiling and being cheerful during his stay at the School. So many boys seemed to have developed this art that it was most difficult to award this honor. However, after careful consideration, Brady Tew was chosen as the recipient of this gift. His record has shown fine improvement in recent weeks and he has just been admitted to the Boy Scout troop. It is too bad that other boys could not have been given similar recognition for their improvement, for we have many who would run close seconds to either of the lads honored last Sunday.

\* \* \* \* \*

### LUTHER A WEDDINGTON

Luther A. Weddington, senior member of the firm known as the Weddington & Mitchell Funeral Home, Concord, after a lingering illness, passed over the bar, December 27, 1943, at Memorial Hospital, Charlotte, into the realms of peace and bliss.

Mr. Weddington, as a business man, knew the people of Concord, and they likewise knew him because of his tender hand and a heart that overflowed with sympathy when caring for loved ones whom death had touched. When the death angel claimed a dear one, he entered the home in a manner that was appealing and comforting to those bowed in grief. At all times he walked calmly, spoke softly, and touched the lifeless body with the tenderness and love of a mother who cares for her new-born infant. Caste did not enter into his life; he realized by training and environment that "God is no respecter of persons."

Luther Weddington was a familiar figure on the streets of Concord, therefore, he will be missed. He will not only be missed in his home, but as a kind neighbor, a loyal churchman, and one who as a citizen in the vigor of young manhood, was deeply interested in the progress of all things that stood for the betterment of the people.

## THE BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND

The Boys' Christmas Fund for 1943 exceeded the expectation of all officials connected with the Stonewall Jackson Training School. It was interesting to watch the boys as they listened in to catch reports as the contributions came in. We make note of the interest they showed in this annual event that the donors may understand the intense appreciation on the part of the youngsters. The total amount given to this fund was sufficient to give each of the four hundred boys a large bag containing fruit, nuts, candies and a nice handkerchief and necktie.

We take this opportunity to express to these fine friends of the boys thanks for the generous remembrance that made the neglected ones feel that someone did care for them.

It is pertinent to here state that if the Boys' Christmas Fund was not a success, there would be many sad hearts among our youngsters, because there are many in our midst who have neither kith nor kin to give them cheer at Christmas time. If possible, each lad would say most enthusiastically to these good friends: "I thank you from the bottom of my heart." The entire personnel of the School wishes a most happy and successful year for their many friends.

Following is the complete list of contributions to the Boys' Christmas Fund for 1943:

"7-8-8," Concord.....	\$ 25.00
Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Odell, Concord.....	10.00
New Hanover County, J. R. Hollis, Supt. Public Welfare, Wilmington.....	30.00
Joseph F. Cannon Christmas Cheer Fund.....	218.73
Durham County Welfare Dept., W. E. Stanley, Supt.,.....	10.00
Mrs. Walter H. Davidson, Charlotte.....	5.00
Outdoor Study Club, Charlotte.....	5.00
L. D. Coltrane, Concord.....	10.00
J. W. Propst, Jr., Concord, (for special games).....	100.00
Forsyth County, A. W. Cline, Supt. Public Welfare, Winston-Salem.....	10.00
Herman Cone, Greensboro.....	25.00
Caldwell County, Mrs. Inah K. Carpenter, Supt. Public Welfare, Lenoir.....	10.00
Davidson County, E. Clyde Hunt, Supt. Public Welfare, Lexington.....	15.00
Martin County, Miss Mary W. Taylor, Williamston.....	10.00

## THE UPLIFT

A Friend,.....	5.00
Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin,.....	10.00
Richmond County, O. G. Reynolds, Supt. Public Welfare, Rockingham,.....	10.00
Bernard Cone, Greensboro,.....	10.00
G. G. Klemme, High Point,.....	5.00
L. C. Harmon, Concord,.....	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Hawfield, Concord,.....	5.00
Miss Sarah E. Boger, Concord,.....	5.00
AC James Boger, U. S. Army Air Corps,.....	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Boger, Concord,.....	10.00
Citizens of Charlotte and Mecklenburg County, by Judge F. M. Redd,.....	100.00
E. B. Grady, Concord,.....	10.00
John W. Wallace, Statesville,.....	5.00
City Juvenile Commission, Greensboro,.....	3.50
Cabarrus County, E. Farrell White, Supt. Public Welfare, Concord,.....	22.00
Judge and Mrs. William M. York, Greensboro,.....	5.00
<hr/>	
Total Cash Contributions.....	\$699.23

F. M. Youngblood & Co., Concord, 2 boxes oranges

Citizens of Charlotte and Mecklenburg County, by Judge F. M. Redd:  
12 boxes tangerines, 12 baskets apples, 10 cases oranges, 28  
bags oranges, 20 boxes grapes, 22 boxes candy, 6 bags nuts.

Citizens of Charlotte, by A. C. Sheldon: 3 boxes oranges, 6 baskets  
apples.

Woman's Club, Greenville, by Mrs. Dink James, President: one year's  
subscription to Boys' Life and Popular Science.



WITH THE UNITED STATES  
ARMED FORCES



The following list includes the names, as they have come to this office, of members of the staff, former staff members, and former students of Stonewall Jackson Training School, who are now serving as members of the armed forces of the United States. It will be seen that four employees went into the service directly from the School campus. The others listed have, in some cases, been away from the institution for quite a number of years, joining the fighting forces several years after severing their connection with the School.

In checking over the list of our old boys, we find that practically one hundred per cent voluntarily enlisted in "Uncle Sam's" service, rather than wait to be called by the selective service system. It is also interesting to note that many of these fellows had been in their country's service several years prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

If any of our readers know of former Training School boys who are now in any branch of service, and can furnish definite information as to their present location, please notify the editor of THE UPLIFT, P. O. Box 32, Concord, N. C. We shall appreciate your co-operation.

Staff Members

Brausa, Ralph J.	(Navy)	Patterson, James L.	(Army)
Liner, James H.	(Army)	Query, James L.	(Army)

Former Staff Members

Adams, J. E., Jr.	(Navy)	Parker, Lt.-Col. Samuel I.	(Army)
Barrier, Major George L.	(Army)	Watson, Lt. (jg) James E.	(Navy)
Cleaver, James A.	(Navy)	Wingate, Lt. W. J.	(Army Air Corps)
Hollingsworth, Jesse G.	(Navy)		

Former Students

Adams, Clyde	(Navy)	Atwell, Robert	(Navy)
Adams, Felix	(Army)	Atwood, Earl	(Army)
Alexander, J. Mack	(Army)		
Alexander, Robert	(Army)	Bailiff, Wilson	(Navy)
Almond, Odell H.	(Navy)	Ballew, Edward J.	(Navy)
Allen, Burl	(Navy)	Barber, Winfred V.	(Army)
Allen, Julian Herschel	(Navy)	Barker, Jewell	(Army Air Corps)
Allen, Grady C.	(Navy)	Barkley, Joel	(Army)
Allen, Wayne	(Navy)	Barnes, Norton	(Army)
Allred, James R.	(Army Air Corps)	Barrett, Allen	(Army)
Amos, Gerald	(Navy)	Barrier, Carl	(Marine Corps)
Andrews, Julian	(Marine Corps)	Barrier, William T.	(Navy)
Anderson, Raymond	(Army)	Batson, Jack	(Navy)
Ashley, Arthur	(Army)	Bishop, Garrett W.	(Army Air Corps)
Atkins, Richard	(Army)	Branch, Glatley	(Army)
Atkinson, Hiram	(Navy)		

Baynes, Howard	(Army Air Corps)	Cox, J. C.	(Marine Corps)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)		Craft, Arthur	(Army)
(†) Beach, Ernest L.	(Army)	Crawford, Jack	(Navy)
Beaver, Albert	(Army)	Crawford, Louis	(Army)
Beaver, Walter	(Army)	Cunningham, David C.	(Army)
Bell, James	(Navy)	Cunningham, Jesse S.	(Navy)
Bell, William Clarence	(Navy)	Dalton, James	(Army)
Bell, William G.	(Navy)	Daubenmyer, Nelson	(Army)
Beheler, Reid	(Navy)	Davis, Duke	(Army)
Benson, John	(Navy)	Davis, Hubert	(Navy)
Bordeaux, Junior	(Army)	Davis, James	(Army)
Bowman, Charles	(Army)	Deal, Paul	(Navy)
Branch, Horace	(Army)	Deese, Horace R.	(Navy)
Brantley, Elmond A.	(Marine Corps)	Detherage, James	(Army)
Bray, Relons Odell	(Army)	Doel, Carroll	(Army)
Briggs, Paul	(Marine Corps)	Donaldson, Harold	(Marine Corps)
Britt, Jennings	(Navy)	Dorsey, W. Wilson	(Army)
Broadwell, William	(Navy)	Downes, George	(Army)
Brogden, Norman	(Navy)	Downes, William H.	(Army)
Broome, Jack	(Army)	Driver, Malcom	(Army Air Corps)
Broome, Paul	(Marine Corps)	Dyson, Fred	(Navy)
Broome, Shannon	(Army Air Corps)	Eaker, Arnold Max	(Army)
Brothers, William	(Naval Air Corps)	Earnhardt, Donald P.	(Navy)
Brown Aldene	(Army)	Edmondson, Arthur	(Army)
Brown, Elbert M.	(Navy)	Edwards, Eugene	(Navy)
Brown, Harold	(Army)	Efird, N. A., Jr.	(Army)
Bunn, Dewey	(Navy)	Elders, James R.	(Marine Corps)
Bunn, Homer	(Army)	Elmore, A. C.	(Marine Corps)
Burke, Ensign William H.	(Navy)	Ennis, James C.	(Navy)
Burkhead, Dermont	(Navy)	Ennis, Henry	(Marine Corps)
Burrow, John B.	(Navy)	Ennis, Noah	(Navy)
Butner, Roy	(Marine Corps)	Ennis, Samuel	(Army)
Capps, John T.	(Army Air Corps)	Eury, James	(Army Air Corps)
Carter, Adrian L.	(Navy)	Evans, John H.	(Army)
Carter, Douglas	(Army)	Evans, Mack	(Army)
Carter, Fred	(Army)	Everett, Carl	(Army)
Carter, Oscar	(Navy)	Everidge, Samuel	(Navy)
Carver, Gardner	(Army)	Faggart, John	(Marine Corps)
Casey, Floyd	(Army)	(Enlisted 1929. Made Warrant Officer by Act of Congress, 1941.)	
(†) Causey, James D.	(Army)	Farthing, Audie	(Navy)
Chapman, Edward	(Army)	Faschnat, Mose	(Navy)
Chattin, Ben	(Army)	Fausnet, Bernard L.	(Army)
Cherry, Herman	(Army)	(†) Ferris, Russell	(Army)
Cherry, William	(Navy)	Fisher, Edward	(Army)
Cline, Wade	(Army)	Fisher, John H.	(Army)
Christine, Joseph	(Navy)	Flannery, John	(Army)
Coats, Clinton	(Army)	Freeman, Richard	(Army)
Cobb, Frank E.	(Army)	French, Ian	(Army)
Coffer, Robert	(Army)	Furches, William	(Marine Corps)
Collins, Glenn L.	(Army)	Gaddy, William	(Navy)
Connell, Harry	(Army)	Gardner, Horace T.	(Army)
Connell, James	(Navy)	Gatlin, Britt C.	(Army)
Cook, William	(Navy)	Gentry, William	(Navy)
Cooke, George C.	(Army)	Gibson, Merritt	(Army)
Cooper, Lake	(Army)		
Cooper, Dewell J.	(Navy)		
Cooper, Walter	(Army)		



Glasgow, Mumford	(Army)	Johnson, Clawson	(Army)
Glasgow, Norwood	(Navy)	Johnson, Coley	(Navy)
Glasgow, Ramsey	(Army Air Corps)	Johnson, Edward	(Navy)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1929-1933. Member China Expeditionary Force, '29-'32.)		Johnson, Hugh	(Navy)
Glover, Henry	(Marine Corps)	Jolly, James D.	(Navy)
Godfrey, Warren	(Army)	Jones, Mark Twain	(Navy)
Godwin, John T.	(Navy)	Jones, S. E.	(Marine Corps)
Godwin, Paul D.	(Army Air Corps)	Jordan, James E.	(Army)
Goodman, Albert	(Army)	Keen, Clinton	(Army)
Goodman, George	(Army)	Keith, Monroe	(Army)
Gray, Delma C.	(Navy)	Keith, Robert	(Navy)
Greene, Giles E.	(Army)	Kelly, Grady	(Army Air Corps)
Gregory, Charles J.	(Army)	Kelly, Jesse	(Army)
Gregory, Roy	(Army)	King, Cleo	(Army Air Corps)
Griffin, Charles	(Army)	King, Frank L.	(Army)
Griffin, James H.	(Marine Corps)	King, Jesse	(Navy)
Grooms, J. B.	(Army Air Corps)	King, Thomas	(Army Air Corps)
Guffey, Lawrence	(Army)	Kinley, Robert	(Marine Corps)
Hall, Joseph	(Army)	Knight, Thomas	(Army Air Corps)
Hames, William R.	(Army)	Knight, Thurman	(Army)
Hamilton, Leo	(Navy)	Koontz, J. Milton	(Army)
Hampton, Roy	(Navy)	Kye, George	(Army)
Haney, Jack	(Marine Corps)	Kye, James	(Army)
Hardin, Wilbur	(Navy)	(‡) Lamar, A. C., Jr.	(Army)
Harris, Edgar	(Army)	Land, Reuben	(Army)
Hawkins, William T.	(Navy)	Land, Wilfred	(Marine Corps)
Head, Elbert	(Army)	Landrum, Luther H.	(Army)
Heath, Beamon	(Navy)	Lane, Floyd C.	(Marine Air Corps)
Hefner, Charles	(Army)	Langford, Olin	(Army)
Hefner, Eugene	(Navy)	Langley, William	(Army)
Hensley, J. B.	(Navy)	Laramore, Ray	(Army)
Hendren, Isaac	(Navy)	Lawrence, Robert	(Marine Corps)
Hendrix, John	(Army)	Leagon, Harry	(Army)
Henry, Charlton	(Navy)	Ledford, Harvey L.	(Army)
Hicks, Garland	(Army)	Ledford, James	(Marine Corps)
Hildreth, John	(Army)	Lemly, Jack	(Army)
Hill, Doyce	(Army)	Lee, Valton	(Army)
Hill, William	(Army)	Lett, Frank	(Army)
Hodge, David	(Army)	Lewallan, Paul R.	(Army)
Hodge, Dallas	(Army Air Corps)	Link, Bruce	(Navy)
Hogan, Gilbert	(Army)	Long, Loyce	(Army)
Hogsed, John R.	(Army)	Long, Stacey L.	(Army)
Hoke, Bernice	(Navy)	Martin, Willie H.	(Army Air Corps)
Holland, Burman	(Army)	Mathis, D. B. (Jack)	(Marine Corps)
Holland, Donald	(Army)	(*) Matthews, Douglas	(Army)
Hollars, Ralph	(Army)	May, Fred	(Navy)
Holmes, John	(Army)	May, George O.	(Army)
Honeycutt, Nathaniel	(Army)	Mayberry, Douglas J.	(Army)
Hulan, Norman	(Navy)	Medlin, Clarence	(Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)		Medlin, Ervin J.	(Army)
Ingram, John E.	(Navy)	Medlin, Wade	(Navy)
Irwin, Raymond	(Army Air Corps)	(‡) Medlin, Wilson	(Army)
Jackson, Edgar	(Marine Corps)	Merritt, Edgar	(Army)
Jackson, William	(Navy)	(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)	

Merritt, Julian	(Army)	Ramsey, Amos	(Army)
Miller, Latha	(Navy)	(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)	
Montford, James B.	(Army)	Reep, John	(Navy)
Montgomery, Samuel	(Navy)	Revels, Grover	(Navy)
Moose, Claude L.	(Marine Corps)	Riggs, Walter	(Navy)
Moose, Eugene	(Navy)	Rivenbark William W.	(Army)
Morris, Everett	(Navy)	(Served in Marine Corps, 1933-1938.)	
Morrow, Chas. W.	(Army Air Corps)	Rhodes, Paul	(Army)
Morrozoff, Ivan	(Army Air Corps)	Roberts, Lonnie	(Navy)
Morgan, William S.	(Navy)	Robertson, John C.	(Army)
Murphy, Lemuel	(Army)	Robinson, Perry	(Army Air Corps)
Murray, Edward J.	(Army)	Rochester, Nicholas	(Navy)
Muse, Robert	(Navy)	Routh, Walter	(Army Air Corps)
McBride, Irvin	(Army Air Corps)	Russ, James P.	(Army)
McCain, Edward G.	(Navy)	Sands, Thomas	(Navy)
McCcoll, Vollie O.	(Navy)	Scism, Arlee	(Navy)
McCoy, Hubert	(Army)	Seibert, Fred	(Army)
McEntire, Forrest	(Marine Corps)	Sexton, Walter	(Army)
McFee, Donald M.	(Army Air Corps)	Scott, Archie	(Army)
McGee, Norman	(Army)	Shannon, William L.	(Navy)
McHone, Arnold	(Navy)	Shaver, George H.	(Navy)
McKay, John C.	(Marine Corps)	Sides, George D.	(Navy)
McKee, Thomas R.	(Army)	Simmons, Horace K.	(Navy)
(Enlisted 1937)		Sloan, Lonnie	(Army)
McNeely, Robert	(Army)	Small, Clyde E.	(Army)
(Enlisted 1933)		Smith, Julius D.	(Navy)
McPherson, Arthur	(Navy)	Snider, Samuel	(Navy)
McRorie, J. W.	(Navy)	Snuggs, Charles L.	(Navy)
Nelson, Larry	(Navy)	Spears, James	(Navy)
Newton, Willard M.	(Army)	Springer, Jack	(Army)
(‡) Odom, David	(Army)	Stack, Porter	(Army)
Owen, Fred, Jr.	(Marine Corps)	Stallings, William	(Navy)
Owens, Leroy	(Army)	Stanley, Brown	(Coast Artillery)
Oxendine, Earl	(Navy)	Stepp, James H.	(Navy)
Padrick, William	(Navy)	Strickland, Robert W.	(Army)
Page, James	(Army)	Stubbs, Ben	(Army)
Pate, Hansel	(Army)	Sullivan, Richard	(Army)
Patterson, James	(Navy)	Talbert, Morris	(Navy)
Patterson, Joseph	(Navy)	(x) Taylor, Daniel	(Army)
Patton, Richard	(Navy)	Tessner, Calvin C.	(Navy)
Payne, Joy	(Army)	Teeter, Robert E.	(Army)
Peake, Harry	(Marine Corps)	Thomas, Harold	(Navy)
Pearson, Flay	(Army)	Thomas, Richard	(Army)
Pennington, Grady	(Army)	Threatt, Sidi	(Army Air Corps)
Pickett, Claudius	(Army)	Tipton, Kenneth	(Navy)
Pittman, Hoyle	(Navy)	Tobar, William	(Army)
Pittman, Ted	(Army)	Troy, Robert	(Army)
Plemmons, Hubert	(Army)	Tucker, Joseph	(Army)
Pope, H. C.	(Army)	Turner, Lee V.	(Navy)
Presnell, Robert	(Army)	Tyson, William E.	(Navy)
Pyatt, Jack	(Marine Corps)	Waldrop, Ned	(Army)
Quick, James	(Navy)	Walker, Glenn	(Army)
Quick, Simon	(Navy)	Walker, Oakley	(Army)
		Walker, Robert	(Army)

Walsh, Harold	(Army)	Williams, Everett L.	(Army)
Walters, Melvin	(Army)	Williams, Samuel R.	(Navy)
Ward, Eldridge	(Army)	Williams, William R.	(Navy)
Ward, Robert	(Army)	Williamson, Everett	(Navy)
(Enlisted 1928)		Wiles, Fred	(Army)
Ware, Dewey	(Army)	(Enlisted 1927. Now a Recruiting Officer)	
Watkins, Floyd A.	(Army)	Wilson, John C.	(Army)
Watson, Lieut. Lemuel	(Army)	Wilson, Thomas	(Navy)
Watts, Everett	(Navy)	Wilson, W. J.	(Army)
Watts, James	(Navy)	Winn, J. Harvard	(Navy)
Watts, Boyce	(Army)	Wood, James L.	(Army)
Weaden, Clarence	(Army)	Wood, William T.	(Navy)
		Wooten, Charles	(Navy)
Webb, Charles R.	(Army)	Wrenn, Lloyd	(Army)
Webster, John D.	(Army)	(‡) Wright, George	(Army)
Whitaker, John H.	(Navy)	Yarborough, Preston	(Army)
(* Whitaker, William E.	(Army)	York, John R.	(Army)
White, Marshall (Coast Artillery)		Young, Brooks	(Army)
Whitener, Richard M.	(Army)	Young, R. L.	(Marine Corps)
Whitlock, Winfred	(Army)	Young, William R.	(Army)
Widener, Charles	(Navy)		
Wilhite, James	(Army)	Ziegler, Henry F.	(Navy)

( ‡ ) Prisoner of war.

( § ) Missing in action.

( \* ) Killed in action.

( x ) Died while being held prisoner.

#### Former Students in Merchant Marine Service

Stutts, Edward  
Efird, Nathaniel A.  
Lambert, Jay

Smith, Glenn W.  
Hill, Caleb

# CHRISTMAS AT THE SCHOOL

By Leon Godown

Once more the Yuletide has rolled around and has become history. For the second time this traditional season of good cheer found us still engaged in a gigantic war effort—on the many far-flung battlefields and on the home front. There is not a person in the United States who is not, in some way, affected by the titanic struggle between the forces of democracy and dictatorship. But even in the midst of reports of suffering and hardship we feel assured that with the great democracies of the earth standing shoulder to shoulder, we have a good reason to anticipate a bright new year. It is our prayer, that, come another Christmas season, the world may again be at peace, and that the brains, brawn and energy now devoted to destruction will be diverted to the reconstruction of a better and happier world.

Here at Jackson Training School even under adverse circumstances, the Christmas season was fittingly observed, and every effort was put forth to make it a happy occasion for the nearly four hundred youngsters committed to our care and supervision.

There is an old saying that "coming events cast their shadows before them," and that proved to be quite true at the institution. For many days prior to the great event, smiling youngsters could be seen slipping about with neatly wrapped packages tucked under their arms; others were busily engaged with daily rehearsals for the Christmas exercises; curiously sly glances were turned toward the mail-carrier's auto as he daily deliv-

ered unusually large numbers of packages; decorations were being placed in the various cottages with great care, each group making an effort to excell their neighbors in this respect. All of which definitely proved that the spirit of Christmas was in the air, and that each person here was trying to do his or her part to make this the best ever.

On Sunday night, December 18th, we assembled in the auditorium to witness the pageant, "O, Holy Night," staged by a large group of youngsters, ably assisted by members of our teaching staff. Arrayed in appropriate costumes, these lads, aided by some of the older folks, portrayed the familiar scenes of the first Christmas. The musical part of this program was directed by Mrs. C. E. Thomas, while several of the teachers attended to the costumes, lighting and other stage effects.

The first scene was called "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks." The lights were turned low, suggesting night on the Judean hills, and shepherds were seen keeping watch over their sheep. One of the teachers read part of the Christmas story as found in the second chapter of Luke. A chorus of boys, off stage, softly sang the first verse of "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks." At the words, "the angel of the Lord came down," an angel, portrayed by one of the teachers, appeared and sang the next three verses, vanishing as the hidden chorus completed the song. As the reader continued that part of the

story, the shepherds departed eagerly.

The next scene was entitled, "We Three Kings of Orient Are," and as the reader gave us that part of the story, the three wise men appeared, clad in Oriental garb, sang their number, and continued on their journey.

During the intermission, the boys of Cottage No. 10 sang a Christmas carol in a very pleasing manner.

Then followed the scene, "Silent Night," showing the manger, the Holy Family, angels hovering nearby, and the shepherds standing in worshipful attitude. The chorus softly sang "Silent Night." As the narrator continued reading the beloved story, the wise men entered and presented their gifts, and as they departed the chorus sang "Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem."

A group of small boys, dressed in choir vestments, then assembled on the stage, and, looking down upon the manger, sang Luther's cradle hymn, "Away in a Manger."

The program was concluded by the entire assemblage singing that grand old Christmas hymn, "Oh, Come, All Ye Faithful," thus bringing to a close one of the very best pageants at the School in many years.

During the early part of December, an epidemic of influenza raged in this and many other sections of the country, and for a time it seemed that this disease might leave the Training School off its calling list. Such was not the case, however, and just a few days before Christmas, the pesky "flu" just about took over at the School. In a very short time the boys were daily reporting to our infirmary in groups of ten or more. They had bad colds and were running high temperatures. There were soon

about sixty-five bed patients among the youngsters, and many of the staff members were also stricken. Since the capacity of the infirmary is only twenty-five, it was necessary to send the boys out of one of the cottages in order to properly care for those who were ill. We are glad to report there were no serious results from this illness among the boys, but Messrs. R. H. Walker and R. A. Sappenfield, officers in charge of Cottages Nos. 8 and 14, respectively, were taken to the Cabarrus Hospital for treatment. According to latest reports coming from them, they are well on the road to recovery.

On account of so much illness at the School and most unpleasant weather conditions, it was decided to call off the usual Christmas Eve exercises in the auditorium. While this was disappointing to both officials and youngsters, it proved to be a wise move, as the epidemic of flu abated much more rapidly by not having the lads meet together in large groups any more than was absolutely necessary.

It had been the custom for many years for old Santa Claus to visit the cottages on Christmas Eve, while the boys were assembled in the auditorium and leave a well-filled bag for each boy. The jolly old fellow's schedule had to be re-arranged this year, and the boys assembled by cottages near the store room, just before the supper hour, where each one received a large bag filled with fruits, candies and nuts, together with a nice handkerchief and necktie.

A sleet storm early on Christmas morning made it necessary for everybody to remain indoors the greater part of the day. The boys, in their respective cottages, spent the morning

opening packages received from home; enjoying the contents of the bags received the night before; playing games; listening to radio programs, and otherwise amusing themselves as well as possible under the circumstances.

Almost every time we would look at a youngster during the morning hours, he would have his mouth and both hands filled with choice Christmas "eats, until it seemed to us that there could not possibly be any space left for the Christmas dinner. It developed that our thoughts along this line were somewhat "off the beam," for when the dinner call was sounded, the response was instantaneous—there they were at their places around heavily-laden tables—rarin' to go. The menu for this delightful holiday meal was as follows:

	Baked Chicken	
Noodles		Dressing
Rice	String Beans	
Cole Slaw		Pickles
	Boiled Ham	
	Candied Yams	
Ice Cream		Cake
	Milk	

At two-thirty in the afternoon the boys assembled in the auditorium, where they enjoyed a motion picture show, "International Squadron." At seven-thirty that night, "A Yank At Eton" was shown.

On Sunday morning the weather was very bad, and instead of going to the auditorium for the regular session of our Sunday school, the boys studied the lesson in their respective cattages.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, our old friend, Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, visited the School. He was

accompanied by Dr. Owen Moore prominent physician of that city, and Mr. David Ovens, one of the executives of Ivey's Department Store.

Following the singing of the opening hymns, Superintendent Hawfield presented Dr. Moore, who spoke briefly to the boys. He began by stating that he had come to the School for the purpose of introducing the speaker of the afternoon, but before doing so, wanted to say a few words. He said that he was particularly happy that day because he had a son who was an ordained minister, and he had heard him preach for the first time that morning. Three years ago, said Dr. Moore, he received a letter from his son, which read in part: "I have been living my own way for several years and have found that such a life is not worth living. Have definitely decided to go into the ministry in order to live a more useful life." "That boy," said the doctor, "may not be the best preacher in the world, but he's my preacher, and I'm proud of him." Dr. Moore then stated that one of the reasons why he wanted to come to the School on that occasion was that he was always glad to be in the company of Mr. Ovens, adding there was no more splendid man, no finer Christian in the state, and that he was very happy to have the privilege of introducing him to the boys.

Mr. Ovens began by telling the lads he had enjoyed previous visits to the School so much that he had just been sitting around home all day, hoping the roads would not become so icy that he would not be able to come on that occasion.

He told his listeners he thought people sometimes use the word Christmas without stopping to consider

what it was all about. Some are inclined to think of it solely as a day to give and receive presents, and just stop at that. But there is a far better way to celebrate Christmas, continued the speaker, as he called particular attention to the fact that on that day, millions of people went to church to pledge anew their allegiance to the Baby of Bethlehem. Today, he added, all over the world—in great cathedrals, in small country churches, in army camps, aboard battleships—services were being held in which people were worshipping Christ.

Mr. Ovens then told the boys that he had something to say to them on the subject, "Passing Examinations." A baby boy is born, said he, and the mother proudly looks at him and says he is the finest baby she has ever seen, and is sure he will grow up into a fine man. It is easy to pass mother's examination, he added. Then the baby's aunt comes in and looks him over and says he looks mean, and that she wouldn't be surprised to see him develop into the meanest man in town. Without knowing a thing about, the tiny babe failed to pass the aunt's examination.

From the day of our birth, right on down the line, the world is putting us through examinations, continued the speaker. We grow a little older, enter school, and are required to pass certain tests. A few more years pass, and the young man calls on a young lady for the first time. He dresses himself carefully, shines his shoes, combs his hair, and in every way puts his best foot forward, for here's another examination he wants to pass. If the girl says to her mother that she thinks he's fine and hopes he'll come again, he has passed the examination,

but if she says she hopes she'll never see him again, he most certainly has "flunked."

The young man, a few years later, having finished high school and college, will try to get a job, said Mr. Ovens. The prospective employer will ask a number of questions, of course, but it will be astounding how much information he can get about the young fellow by just looking at his face. If the lad has an open, kindly face and smiles in a friendly manner, he will pass the examination but if he goes in looking sour and glum, he will surely fail.

The speaker then pointed out the difference between success and failure in life. The fellow who is a straight shooter, clean and courageous, is the kind of a chap on whom we may depend. He may have to overcome many difficulties, but he'll get to the top. If, on the other hand, he has sneaking ways, we cannot put any confidence in him, and there is nothing in life for him but dismal failure.

At this happy season, almost at the beginning of a new year, said the speaker, it is a wonderful thing to be a boy of ten or fifteen years, with all the splendid opportunities ahead of him. Every boy in this country ought to hold up his head and be proud to live in America, where there is an equal opportunity for all, regardless of color, class or creed.

In conclusion, Mr. Ovens told the boys this story, written by Irvin S. Cobb: Dr. George Burns was a country doctor, with his office in a small town. He had many patients. For a while he made a good living. Conditions became worse and the patients became poorer, still they called on the good doctor for his services. No

night was too cold, too dark, or too stormy for Dr. Burns to answer their calls. They could not pay him, but he served them just the same, and the people for miles around loved him dearly. The doctor's collections grew smaller and he had to move to cheaper quarters, so he changed to a room over a livery stable. At the lower floor entrance to the building was this sign: "Dr. George Burns—Office Upstairs." From these cheap quarters he continued making his daily calls. While traveling through a severe storm to attend a patient, he caught a cold, pneumonia developed, and the good doctor died.

A large number of friends and neighbors gathered for the funeral. Kind hands dug the grave and buried him. The people were very poor and there were no funds with which to purchase a monument. They held a consultation, all agreeing that some kind of a marker would be required to mark the resting-place of their friend. One member of the group went to the livery stable, took down the old doctor's sign, and when the grave was filled in, placed it at the head—a most appropriate marker for one who had given all his life to the service of others—"Dr. George Burns; Office Upstairs."

Mr. Hawfield then told the boys that Dr. Moore and Mr. Ovens had just handed him ten dollars, five dollars each to be given to two boys who had made outstanding records among the lads here. Mr. Ovens interrupted, handing Mr. Hawfield another five-dollar bill, saying that he wanted it to go to the boy who had been "down in the dumps" but had really learned to smile.

Dr. Moore announced that he had

raised enough money to purchase uniforms for the School band, just as soon as they could be secured.

Following the singing of the closing hymn, Mr. Sheldon told the boys that he had contacted a number of their friends in Charlotte for Christmas donations, and by their generous response he had been able to purchase three boxes of oranges and six baskets of apples. Aided by several of the workers at the School, he distributed them among the boys.

Just before the close of the service, Mr. Hawfield called Giles E. Greene to the stage and presented him to the boys, explaining that he was a former student at the School, and had been in the United States Army nearly four years. This young man was in Honolulu when the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor, and has been in action in Guadalcanal and New Guinea. At the latter place he received an injury in action, spent some time at a hospital in New Zealand, and just recently returned to the United States. Giles told the boys he was delighted to be back with his old friends at the School. He expressed his appreciation for the training received here and urged the youngsters to do their very best at all times, adding that later in life they would be proud of the days spent here, and as they grew older, would realize the value of the things they were now learning at the institution.

During the following week all activities at the School were suspended with the exception of attending to necessary duties. There was not much opportunity for outdoor games because of bad weather. The boys spent the mornings in the cottages, but enjoyed a motion picture show



each afternoon. This treat was made possible by the kindness of those in charge of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and the Twentieth Century-Fox film distribution agencies in Charlotte, who furnished the films free of charge. The program for the week was as follows: Monday—(afternoon) "International Squadron," (night) "Tish" Tuesday—"A Yank at Eton;" Wednesday—"My Friend, Flicka;" Thursday—"Somewhere I'll Find You;" Friday—"A Haunting We Will Go;" Saturday—"Andy Hardy's Double Life."

At different times during the week, as the boys came from the picture shows, they were given additional fruit, candy and nuts. This was made possible by those who so generously contributed to the Boys' Christmas Fund.

While there was considerable illness in our midst, and a week of bad weather, during the holiday season, there was no cloud of gloom hanging over the School. In spite of what many would call adverse conditions, there stood out boldly, like an oasis on a parched desert, many visible signs of the joyous spirit of Christmas. While they were deprived of

the opportunity for much outdoor play, the boys seemed to have very definitely decided to look upon the bright side, and make the best of everything. Their behavior during this period was excellent, each one doing his part to make this a merry Christmas for everybody, and no matter how gloomy the day, whenever we would meet a youngster on the campus, he would greet us with a million-dollar smile. One could readily see that he was having a good time, and was quite willing to agree with John Ruskin, famous English philosopher, who said: "There is no such thing as bad weather; we just have different kinds of good weather." What if it did rain occasionally? What if the cold wind did bite a little? It was Christmas—the time for hearts to be happy and gay—and that was just what he had made up his mind to do.

We have heard many expressions from the youngsters, have observed hundreds of smiling faces, and feel quite safe in saying that, in spite of all that might have been expected to produce a gloomy feeling, this was really a most happy holiday season at Jackson Training School.

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## FAME

The noonday never knows  
What names immortal are;  
'Tis night alone that shows  
How star surpasseth star.

—John Bannister Tabb.

# CHIEF JUSTICE WALTER P. STACY

By R. C. Lawrence

"Out of thee shall come he who shall rule my people Israel."

If your name is Wesley and if you are a Methodist, the chances are that you will become not only a Chief Justice, but also one of the most brilliant of those who have adorned that illustrious bench; and if, moreover, you are also named Parker, all the odds are you will land either as Senior Circuit Judge of the United States Circuit court of Appeals, or as a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. This may seem a broad statement, but I can put the Q. E. D. on my theorem by citing Chief Justice Walter Clark, Chief Justice Walter Parker Stacy and Circuit Judge John J. Parker.

I know not his ancient ancestry, but under the Mendelian law of heredity there must have been one with the brain of a Galileo or a Sir Isaac Newton. His father, Rev. L. E. Stacy, was a veteran of the Methodist itinerancy, one who lived the hard, rough life of the country circuit rider, who filled for long years many of the hardest and least remunerative of assignments, in the day before the coming of the automobile or the hard surfaced highway. If you wish to learn something of the life really lived by these saintly servants of the King, read the "Circuit Rider's Wife" by Corra Harris, one of the most inspiring of American novels, for it paints a portrait of their lives worthy of the brush of a Sir Joshua Reynolds, or of James McNeill Whistler, whose ancestry lived in Carolina. His father's name became a household word

through Carolina Methodism, not only because he filled country circuits over most of the state, but for the calibre of the mentality of his three famous sons, all of whom rose to eminence both on the field of church and state through sheer intellect, and bare brains.

His eldest son was Marvin H., one of the most scholarly and distinguished of Carolina educators, dean of the University, who in a short time would have risen to its presidency had not the Pale Horseman claimed him ere his young life had scarce begun. The youngest was Senator Horace E., state senator, brilliant lawyer, eminent churchman, primarily responsible for the great constitutional change recently wrought in our public school system, now serving as a member of the State Board of Education—a man who possesses just as fine an intellect and who would grace just as high a court as his distinguished brother.

His honor is a native of Anson, Whence came that unique jurist Riden T. Bennett, the scholarly Congressman James A. Lockart and Col. Leonidas L. Polk, founder of the Progressive Farmer, president of the State and National Farmers Alliance, founder of the Populist party, who, had he lived, would have been its first nominee for President. Polk left two monuments here at home, for he was primarily responsible for the establishment of two great educational institutions in our capital city—State College and Meredith College.

My subject took his academic de-

gree from the University, where he was inter-collegiate debater (he speaks with the tongue of men and of angels) and winner of the Wiley P. Mangum medal for oratory—a medal likewise won by his two brothers, three in a row! Orange county once had both United States Senators in William A. Graham and Wiley P. Mangum, but she has never possessed three other brothers who won the Mangum medal, and I can safely predict that it will be many years ere such will again occur, if ever. Here also he read law and came to the bar. Upon his graduation in 1903 he settled at Wilmington, city famed for the eminence of its lawyers, home of William Hooper, a signer of the immortal Declaration of Independence, of United States Senator Timothy Bloodworth, of George Davis, Attorney General of the Confederacy, and other eminent men. Here his personal charm and magnetism, his superb gifts of leadership, his splendid mental equipment, soon attracted not only a large clientele, but called him into public service as a member of the legislature and to a variety of other public service.

Naturally a man of such attainments was not allowed to remain long in private life, and as soon as he reached the ripe old age of thirty, he was named by Governor Craig to the bench of the superior court. He soon demonstrated that he possessed every attribute of the born jurist: rugged integrity; high ideals; keen insight into human nature; a deep knowledge of his science; an elemental sense of justice, equity and fair play; a passionate desire to accord to every man his due; and one who on the criminal side of his docket

ever bore in mind Portia's great aphorism, "The quality of mercy is not strained."

I recall a case once being tried in western Carolina, during the progress of which the defendant walked into his lawyer's office and calmly announced that the case was as good as won, as he had sent a present to the judge. The horrified lawyer told his client that he had ruined his cause, but that unruffled gentleman blandly replied, "Oh, that is all right; I put the other fellow's card in the package!" Now this would not have deceived Judge Stacy, for I have seen more than one man try to slyly put over something on the court, but never with success.

His record on the *nisi prius* bench was short, as after but four years service he was elevated to the bench of the Supreme Court, and five years later he was appointed by Governor McLean as Chief Justice to succeed the scholarly William A. Hoke; and on this bench he has since remained being re-elected without opposition. Chief Justice Clark holds the record for length of judicial service, but when the record has been written it may be found that as Stacy went upon the bench so young, his record will rival that of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes who remained upon the nation's highest bench until he was ninety! Now why did Governor McLean appoint him as Chief Justice? Maybe the fact that Horace Stacy was his partner had something to do with it, for he knew something of the Stacy brain.

No man has rendered more illustrious service during his career upon our high court than our Chief Justice, and although he has not yet

attained unto the fame of our Chief Justice Ruffin, who was the only one of our Chief Justices to be quoted by the English courts at Westminster Hall, my subject is a young man yet, and his decisions may yet be cited as authority by the Lord Chancellor of England. Moreover deeply imbedded in his scholarly opinions you will find that he has complied with the divine mandate: "Write the vision; make it plain." The opinions of no Southern jurist carries more weight than one by Stacy, C. J.

He is a laborious worker, and even the vacations of his court found him for years teaching in the summer school at Chapel Hill or at Northwestern University. In 1923 he was tendered the deanship of the law school at the University, which he declined to continue the larger service he was rendering upon the bench.

In one of his greatest speeches, President Wilson said: I summon all forward looking men to my side. God helping me I will not fail them if they will but counsel and sustain me." And three Presidents—two of opposite political faith— have summoned this eminent Carolinian into the service of the nation, the only one of our sons to be so honored. In 1927 he was named as neutral arbitrator to serve on the Board of Arbitration to settle a wage controversy between the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and certain railroads in the Southeastern territory. The following year he was appointed by President Coolidge as a member of the Emergency Board under the Railway Labor Act, to investigate and report findings concerning a dispute between the Order of Railway Con-

ductors and certain railroads west of the Mississippi.

In 1931 he was designated as neutral arbitrator in the controversy between this same brotherhood and the New York Central and other class "A" carriers; and the same year he was again pressed into service in the controversy between some of the national brotherhoods and the Railway Express Agency—twice in one year! The following year, at the request of President Hoover, he served as one of a three member board to report on disputes between railroads in Louisiana and Arkansas and certain of their employees.

The only thing wherein President Roosevelt followed the example of his predecessor was in calling upon our Chief Justice to rener further service to the nation. In 1933 he began his service on two boards under the Railway Labor Act; and in 1934 he was named by the President as chairman of the National Steel and Textile Labor Relations Board, an assignment of great difficulty and large national importance. His service was so eminently satisfactory that in 1938 he was named as chairman of an emergency board to investigate and avert a threatened national strike on class "A" carriers. Again in 1941 he served as alternate member of the War Labor Board and as a member of the National Railway Labor Board. Thus far the people at Washington seem to have been unable to handle brother John L. Lewis; but the President still has one recourse—get Chief Justice Stacy, who is so fair, so eminently equitable, that he can make even the lion and the lamb lie down together.

He has served on a wide variety of

other fields. He has been president of the General Alumni Association of the University, and the institution founded by William R. Davie, honored itself by conferring upon its illustrious son the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. He was named as chairman of the commission in 1941 to propose a redraft of the State Constitution, which has not been revamped since 1875; and has rendered service on many other fields of statecraft. He is as gallant a fighter for legal and civic righteousness as was Sir Launfal when he pursued the Holy Grail; and his career constitutes an illustrious example of the truth of the aphorism, "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

I do not know whether James B. Duke possessed deep personal piety or not, but all will agree that he had a keen insight into human nature. In his great indenture of 1924 he wrote that he deemed the education of lawyers next to that of preachers, "as they are most in the public eye and therefore in position to render the largest service to the cause of the kingdom." And our Chief Justice is a shining example of the truth of this maxim; for he is one of the finest examples of the Christian statesman, a man who has rendered "some service" to both church and state. For many years and until the intense physical strain forced him to desist from some of his extra-judicial la-

bors, he devoted the Sabbath day to an exposition of the Sunday school lesson; and if any of you Methodists think Governor Clyde Hoey is the only lawyer of the faith of Wesley who is a great exponent of the institution founded by Robert Raikes—hear ye Stacy! The greatest sermon I ever heard preached was by Dr. William Louis Poteat, lay president of Wake Forest College; and this Methodist Chief Justice can preach a sermon which no bishop of that cloth can outclass.

On his personal side, not only the legal profession but the rank and file of our people have fallen under the spell of his magnetism, before the charm of his personality, before the breadth of his vision, his tolerance for his inferiors, his patience with mediocrity, his broad sympathy for the under privileged; and when I get old enough to be elected as a trustee of my alma mater at Wake Forest, my first motion will be to confer upon my subject the honorary degree of Doctor of Humanities.

The poet John G. Holland prayed that God give us men, as a time like this demands strong hearts and willing hands. That God answers such a prayer is evidenced by the fact that he has given to Carolina such a man as Walter Parker Stacy, who right regally wears the royal raiment of the Christian statesman.

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Use well the moment; what the hour  
Brings for thy use is in thy power;  
And what thou best canst understand  
Is just the thing lies nearest to thy hand.

—Goethe.

# THE MAGIC SEASON

(The Advance)

It is Christmas again—the festival of home and childhood. Within the hearts of grown-ups revives the child that used to be, the happy little ghost of dead youth, who laughs at Time's relentless strife and forgets grim mortality.

A strange wistfulness haunts our hearts at this Magic Season. The wistfulness comes partly because we are looking through the lens of memory. It comes chiefly because the sense of wonder is dulled and the sound of the little feet that once pattered through the house of life seems faint and far away.

At Christmas there rises, like a star, the will to believe. We try to recapture our dear, lost illusions. Our hearts join in a song of faith and declare that nothing is too good to be true.

If on Christmas Eve some man of  
zeal

Should say "Come, see the oxen  
kneel,"

Through the night with him we'd  
go.

Hoping, praying, it might be so.

Somehow the Magic Season brings back for a brief hour what once we had failed to appreciate. It relights minds that have come to know the market value of so much and the spiritual value of so little. Ears that have been dulled by the din of things are made sensitive to the rustle of wings. Eyes that have been blinded by the dust of

things are opened to the vision of a star.

The Magic Season is the great restorer. It brings back for a little while the tender grace of a day that is dead. It banishes hardness and cynicism by a strange tenderness. It puts angel-song on the air again. That which time has bent and broken becomes strangely straight. A magic hand wipes something from our brows and much from our spirits. The years, which the locusts have eaten are retored. The captive heart comes home from Babylon.

The Magic Season blesses our tomorrows. For whether we be near the farther shore or in the midst of the years, days will come when we shall plod on leaden feet and sigh for wings. Nights will come when the star will not shine and when angel-song will be hushed. When such tomorrows come, those who have walked for a little while in the Christmas light, may be able to reach through the encircling gloom and grasp the hand of God.

When we grow weary of life's sound and fury and tired of striving for place and power; when we are bruised by the rough edges of the world and saddened by what we've made of life, then Christmas comes and takes away our cruel scars and makes us children again. At the Magic Season our hearts come home from the far country, where so much of life's substance has been wasted, and we receive the robe and the ring and the welcome of the Father's House. The Magic Season

is pledge and token of the final home-coming of our souls from long exile.

To an open house in the evening,  
Home shall all men come,  
To an older place than Eden,  
And a taller town than Rome.

To the end of the way of the wan-dering star,

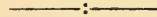
To the things that cannot be and that are,

To the place where God was home-less,

And all men are at home.



You can judge a man quite accurately by how he comes through adversity. The man with the real stuff in him never says quit. He works out his problem and quietly whips it. The quitter gives up, says there is no use trying, everyone, and everything are against him.—Selected.



## THE MAYFLOWER AT SEA AGAIN

By Louis T. Moore

The thousands of subscribers to The State are interested in everthing which pertains to the commonwealth of North Carolina. Many are comparatively new residents. Nevertheless they are always glad to know about things of a public nature, or to learn of points which have brought North Carolina favorable and helpful publicity. For this reason they will undoubtedly be interested in knowing that the former Presidential yacht, Mayflower, moored for the past few years at the wharves of the Broadfoot Iron Works in Wilmington, after initial war service in the Spanish-American imbroglio of 1898, is again in service of the Government in a fight against a common foe and enemy. Completely overhauled and refitted the beautiful ship has recently been given a new name. It is now called the Butte and within a short time will be actively engaged as a Coast Guard man-of-war.

From 1933 the former Mayflower, was a familiar sight along the river front of Wilmington. The ship about that time, practically had been destroyed by fire at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. It was bought for a fraction of its value by Frank P. Parrish, of Chicago. His intention was to convert the vessel into a floating pleasure palace considerable work had been accomplished locally. Parrish then decided to sell the ship. In the following several years ownership changed several times. The vessel continued to remain at the port of Wilmington. An end came to the inactivity of the Mayflower when war-time demand for ships and more ships caused our Government to purchase the vessel for the second time.

The historical background of the Mayflower is especially interesting now to people of Wilmington and of North Carolina. This is due to the decade of time that the handsome

craft remained at our State's major port. The ship was built by J. & S. Thompson, of Clydebank, Scotland, in 1896 for J. Ogden Goelet, a rich New Yorker. The cost was \$1,250,000. The length was 320 feet, displacement 2,696 tons, draft 21 feet, and width or beam 36 feet. With the declaration of war against Spain in 1898, Goelet's estate sold the vessel to the Government. It was then converted into a light war-ship. The Mayflower saw active service in the Spanish-American War and scored one hit against a Spanish cruiser with a 5 inch shell.

In 1902 the Mayflower was officially commissioned as the Presidential yacht. A large and adequate sum was expended in refitting and refurbishing her. The beautiful ship then remained in official service during the terms of Theodore Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson Harding and Coolidge. Roosevelt installed bath tubs, cut from blocks of Italian marble. This added to the already opulent interior of the ship. Legend says (which in itself may be a bit of bandinage directed toward President Taft's 300 pounds and more of weight), that a large crack appeared in one of the tubs between 1909-1913. Taft was in office during that period.

President Wilson (who lived in Wilmington as a youth) used the Mayflower least of all of the five Presidents. He had an elevator installed on the vessel. This was removed by President Harding. The latter took many pleasure trips on the ship. He once had Sunday papers delivered to him by seaplane. President Coolidge loved the Mayflower more than any of the other Presidents, and he was the last to use her. He is

said to have walked about her decks with a possessive air, wearing a yachting cap and assuming every characteristic of a yachtsman. President Hoover never liked the Mayflower. He had the ship de-commissioned in 1929. Following partial destruction by fire of the Mayflower soon thereafter, the hull was sold to private interests.

There are many interesting chapters in the official career of the Mayflower. Japanese Admiral Togo, father of the modern Japanese Navy (which our Navy is now sinking as fast as possible), took a trip on the Mayflower in 1911 during a visit to the United States.

President Roosevelt reviewed 16 battleships of the "Great White Fleet," from the Mayflower at Hampton Roads, Va., February 22, 1909. The fleet had just returned from a two-year good-will trip around the world. This review was one of Roosevelt's last official acts, for Taft was inaugurated ten days thereafter. German Admiral Von Rebeur Paschwitz visited the Mayflower in 1912. Kaiser William II of Germany and King Edward VII of England, also visited the ship. In 1912 the German Envoy, Count Bernstoff, saluted the American flag as he left the Mayflower.

In 1919, North Carolina's son, signally honored by both the Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt administrations, Honorable Josephus Daniels, then Secretary of the Navy, reviewed the Atlantic fleet in the Hudson River, from the Mayflower as his official ship. During World War I the Mayflower was frequently used for important conferences of Allied military missions.



After such a distinguished and memorable career, a harbinger of evil days to come, at least temporarily, was marked with the fire in 1931, which practically destroyed the handsome vessel. After being raised and sold by the Government, the Mayflower was towed to Wilmington. Here it remained for nearly ten years, with ownership changing several times, until the Government again acquired her for war purposes. In dry-dock the past summer, the rehabilitated Mayflower, now the Coast Guard Ship Butte, was fully reconditioned, refitted, and armed for service as a war ship.

It is hardly too much to anticipate

and to predict, that after the war's emergency has ended and peace once again restored to a troubled world, that the City of Wilmington officially, supported by the State Government, will request the Navy to send the Butte to the port for a good-will visit. This would be entirely appropriate and in order, for the simple reason that Wilmington was the home port of the Mayflower under private ownership. The city would certainly extend a sincere and cordial welcome to the handsome vessel, now about to sail the seas again in defense of the country which has twice owned it during disturbed war periods.

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### MIDNIGHT

Silent as an angel's whisper,  
 Speaking words the spirit craves,  
 In the lonely hour of midnight  
 When the sea winds touch the waves,  
 With a touch that's light and merry  
 As children in their twilight play;  
 And the staid old live oaks listening  
 Wait in stillness for the day.

Strange this quiet hour of midnight,  
 When the restless world is still!  
 Then my thoughts are winged creatures  
 Speeding over vale and hill.  
 Hours are seldom half so precious  
 As this deep, dark hour alone,  
 When the sea winds breathe their blessing  
 And the frets of life are gone.

—Andrew J. Howell.

## INSTITUTION NOTES

The School recently purchased a large steam presser for use at the laundry. This machine was installed a few days ago and is now in operation daily, making a valuable addition to the equipment in this department.

When Giles Greene visited us recently he gave us the names of a number of boys, former students here, whom he met while in the Army. They, too, are serving their country's armed forces. Giles named them as follows: Wilson Dorsey, Winfred Whitlock, Harry Leagon, Grady Pennington and J. O. White.

The boys on the barn force have been spending quite some time this week unloading several car-loads of coal at the School's railroad siding, and hauling a supply to the various buildings on the campus. This fuel, long overdue, arrived just in time, as our supply was running very low, and wood was being burned wherever possible.

Jack Cline, formerly of Cottage No. 2, called on us the other day. He was conditionally released from the institution, October 6, 1941, returning to his home in Hickory. Jack worked on a farm for about a year; was employed in a cotton mill about three months, but during the most of the time since leaving us, he has been employed as truck driver for the Hickory Coal and Ice Company, and is still working for that firm and getting along well. It will be recalled by all who knew him as a small lad here, that during

his stay at the School, Jack was one of the best office boys we have ever had, and his many friends at the School will be delighted to learn that he has been getting along so well since leaving us.

During the Christmas holidays we received greetings from a number of former employees at the School. Among them were those coming from: Corporal James L. Query, (U. S. Army) England; Lt, (jg) James E. Watson, (Navy) Norfolk, Va.; F. S. Clark, Camden, S. C.; Mrs. Elizabeth Baldwin, Albemarle; Miss Vernie Goodman, Mooresville; Mr. and Mrs. J. Guy Hudson, Rockingham; Miss Mary Frances Redwine, Charlotte; Miss Myrtle Thomas, DeLand, Fla.; Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Andrews, Concord,

After having enjoyed a week's holiday, the regular activities in all departments at the School were resumed last Monday morning. We are happy to report that all the boys who were ill during the past two weeks have gone back to their respective cottages and have assumed their places in school rooms and in various work departments. Everybody had a good time, and all seem to have entered into the performance of regular duties determined to make this new year a successful one at the School.

Eugene Edwards, formerly of Cottage No. 1, visited the School during the Christmas holidays. This young man, now eighteen years old, entered this institution, June 1, 1938, and was

conditionally released, July 11, 1941. He returned to his home in Newton, where he was employed in a cotton mill for several months. He then went to work in a theatre, where he remained until enlisting in the United States Navy, October, 1943. He received his basic training at Bainbridge, Maryland, and is now stationed at Norfolk, Virginia.

—:—

Quite a number of former Training School students sent Christmas greetings to friends among our staff members. Those reported to this office are as follows:

Clyde A. Bristow, Winston-Salem; James L. Brewer, Newton; William N. Barnes (Army) Camp Edwards, Mass.; William G. Bell (Navy) Norfolk, Va.; Bert Barnhardt, Concord; Arthur Boyette, Wilmington; John T. Capps (Army) England; B. L. Fausnet (Army) England; Ramsey

Glasgow (Army) England; J. T. Godwin (Navy) Piney Point, Md.; C. K. Hunt (Merchant Marine) Cleveland, Ohio; J. Carl Henry, Lincoln Park, Mich.; Thomas King (Army) Shepard Field, Texas; Clyde A. Kivett, Statesville; J. Lee McBride, Alexandria, Va.; J. W. McRorie (Navy) Bainbridge, Md.; W. S. Morgan (Navy) Kodiak, Alaska; Marvin Matheson, Lawndale; Horace McCall, Chicago, Ill.; Richard Patton (Navy) Norfolk, Va.; Roy Patton, Young Cane, Ga.; Nick Rochester (Navy) Norfolk, Va.; Edgar L. Rochester, Charlotte; Theodore Wallace, Fayetteville; Melvin J. Walters (Army) Fort Jackson, S. C.; J. Harvard Winn (Navy) Fleet Post Office, New York, N. Y.; Harold Walsh (Army) Swannanoa; Evans Watson, Deep Gap; William R. Young (Army) Camp Blanding, Fla.; David York, Lumber-

—————:—————

## TO BE CLEAN

Clean of hand clean of heart,  
 May I be clean in every part.  
 Clean of word and clean of thought,  
 As those who have so bravely fought.

Clean of brain and clean of blood,  
 As though baptized in a cleansing flood.  
 Clean in motive, clean in deed.  
 To be wholly clean, whate'er my creed.

Clean in barter, clean in trade,  
 When clean in heart I am not afraid.  
 So cleanse me, thou, without, within,  
 And purge my heart from every sin.

—Selected.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending January 2, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

William Burnett  
Charles Pearson  
Weaver Ruff  
Jerry Smith

## COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Bailey  
George Cox  
John Franks  
Rufus Massingill  
David Swink  
Raymond Hunsucker

## COTTAGE NO. 2

(No Honor Roll)

## COTTAGE NO. 3

Everett Bowden  
Edward Britt  
Eugene Connell  
Odell Cecil  
L. C. Gearing  
Fonzer Pittman  
Samuel Pritchett  
Lester Williams  
Theodore Young

## COTTAGE NO. 4

William Brooks  
Leroy Childers  
William Davis  
Clyde Godfrey  
Charles Lanford  
Harry Lewis  
William Lewis  
Malcom Seymour  
Richard Shehan  
Edgar Shell  
Roy Swink  
Newman Tate  
Walter Thomas  
Carl Willis  
Lawrence Walker

## COTTAGE NO. 5

Kenneth Atwood  
James Corn  
Larry McGee  
Robert Moose  
Truby Ricks  
Brady Tew

Robert Wilkerson

## COTTAGE NO. 6

Horace Collins  
Charles Cox  
Everett Gallion  
Stanford McLean  
Robert Peavy  
J. W. Smith  
Leroy Wilkins  
Lawrence Temple  
Craven Callahan

## COTTAGE NO. 7

Mack Brown  
R. C. Combs  
Donald Grimstead

## COTTAGE NO. 8

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE NO. 9

Robert Brady  
Thomas Brannon  
Riley Denny  
Eugene Dyson  
James Eller  
Edward Guffey  
John Hill  
Thomas Ingram  
James Jarvis  
Isaac Mahaffey  
Robert Owens  
Edwin Peterson  
Charles Redmond  
Edward Renfro  
Lawrence Rice  
Leo Saxon  
Luther Shermer  
James Stadler  
William Ussery  
J. B. Wilson  
Charles McClenney

## COTTAGE NO. 10

Paul Alphin  
George Bass  
Fred Carswell  
Donald Clodfelter  
Forrest Davis  
Earl Godley  
Robert Holbert

Arcemias Hefner  
 Alfred Lamb  
 William Lane  
 Edward Loftin  
 Robert Moses  
 James McCollum  
 Ralph Nelson  
 Jesse Parker  
 E. C. Stamey  
 Eugene Stubbs  
 A. B. Woodard

COTTAGE NO. 11

Roland Brooks  
 James Hicks  
 Paul Matthews  
 Ray Taylor  
 Robert Yow  
 William Guffey

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Woodrow Ewings  
 William Harts  
 W. C. Whitehurst  
 Fred Bostian  
 Vernon Rinehardt  
 William Whisnant

COTTAGE NO. 14

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 15

Thomas Baumgarner

James Cantrell  
 William Griffin  
 James Knight  
 Harvey Leonard  
 Sam Linebarrier  
 Charles Ledford  
 J. B. Leford  
 William Myers  
 Hilton Reed  
 Roger Reid  
 Hugh Roberts  
 Clyde Shook  
 Dewey Smith  
 Olin Wishon  
 William Whittington  
 Leroy Willetts  
 Jack Willis  
 Robert Myers  
 Houston Berry  
 Cecil Bennett

INDIAN COTTAGE

Peter Chavis  
 R. C. Hoyle  
 W. C. McManus  
 Dillard Shelton

INFIRMARY

Raymond Byrd  
 R. D. McCurry  
 James Parker  
 Lloyd Sain  
 Durham Smith  
 Alvis Watkins

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PRAYER OF A SOLDIER'S MOTHER

He went in answer to his country's call,  
 My laughing baby boy of yesterday,  
 When war clouds thundered, grew so strangely tall  
 And serious—eager for the fray.  
 He did not want to maim some other boy  
 With shrapnel, or rain fire from deadly bomb;  
 But freedom trampled by a foe his joy  
 Became decision and a holy calm.  
 Dear Father, give me courage day by day,  
 And keep be busy with the countless things  
 My country asks of me; guard well his way  
 And shield him from the shadow of thy wings.  
 O keep me trusting thee for victory won,  
 And most of all to pray "Thy will be done."

—Gertrude M. Robinson.



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# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 15, 1944

No. 2

JAN 17 1944  
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## KEEP LIGHT OF HEART

Keep light of heart and praise express  
To full cooperation gain,  
And by so doing in due time  
A host of friends one may attain;  
For happiness can't well be hid  
No more than can a shining star,  
While leaden heart and scolding tongue  
For gaining friendship prove a bar.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY  
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND  
INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## ROYAL RESOLUTIONS

I will study the language of gentleness, and refuse to use words that bite and tones that crush.

I will practice patience at home, lest my testy temper break through unexpectedly and disgrace me.

I will remember that my neighbors have troubles enough to carry without loading mine on them.

I will excuse others' faults and failures as often and as fully as I expect others to be lenient with mine.

I will cure criticism with commendation, close up against gossip, and build healthy lives by service.

I will love boys and girls so that old age will not find me soured and sullen, but fresh and free.

I will gladden my nature by smiling out loud on every fair occasion, and by outlook optimistically.

I will pray frequently, think good things, believe in men, and so do a full day's work without fear or favor.—J. S. Engle.

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## THE VALUE OF SCOUTING

We give here certain information concerning Boy Scouts in the Central North Carolina Council, of which Cabarrus County forms a part. At present the total membership is 2,742 in this area, a growth of 70 per cent over last year. This seems to be a fine record until one stops to consider that there are more than 19,000 boys of Scout age within the district. Certainly we should give these boys the opportunity to have the training of this splendid organization.

The supreme object of Boy Scouts is to develop fine manhood. We all know that the boy of today is the man of tomorrow, and that the future of this great country depends upon the interest we show in the growing boy today.

Statistics tell us that very few Boy Scouts are listed as delinquents, in fact, it is rarely necessary for our juvenile courts to be called upon to adjust conditions for boys who have had training in Scouting. Let us help the Boy Scout movement in every possible way.

\* \* \* \* \*

### JANUARY ANNIVERSARIES

Each month of the year marks the anniversary of the birth of some outstanding national figure, or the date of certain incidents that are worthy of note because of their incalculable value to mankind. To be familiar with the development of our nation and the part played by our forebears, past and present, inspires love and loyalty—the elements that make a united people with the highest ideals of Christian manhood.

We find that several noted Americans were born in January, and are calling particular attention to three—Benjamin Franklin, Alexander Hamilton and Daniel Webster:

**Benjamin Franklin**—There is something perennial about the spirit of this great American patriot of civil life, philosopher, statesman, diplomat and writer. Although born in the infancy of science (January 17, 1706) and dying (April 7, 1790) in the infancy of the republic he had helped establish, he projects himself into the interests and problems of today and of all times, as does no other man who figures in American history. His many-sided genius, sublimated commonsense, practical citizenship, hospitality to new ideas and ideals, and his moral courage make him a character to whom men of any age must have turned with confidence and hope. There is nothing in Franklin's ancestry or environment to account for him. His people were simple, industrious and pious. Lack of money for necessary education forced him to learn the printer's trade. Sarcastic, vain, resenting control and given to expressing unpopular opinions, the boy got into disrepute in the strict Puritan town of Boston. He ran away to Philadelphia at the age of seventeen. He landed with a silver dollar, a trade, plenty of self-confidence and a suddenly-formed resolution to turn over a new leaf, thus showing remarkable strength of character. Ever afterward he was noted for his suav-

ity, avoidance of controversy and patience. Franklin served his country abroad and became the ideal American.

**Alexander Hamilton**—Of all the men who aided in founding the Republic of the United States and in framing and setting up the government under the Constitution, the most brilliant was Alexander Hamilton. He was born, January 11, 1757, on the West Indian Island of Navis. He attended school at Elizabeth, New Jersey, and in 1774, entered King's (now Columbia) College, New York. In spite of his youth (he was not yet twenty when the Revolution began) he was one of Washington's most trusted aides. As a lawyer he ranked among the foremost of his time; in the critical period of 1783-89, he won recognition as one of the soundest political thinkers of the day; and in setting up the new Federal Government he had the chief part in translating the lifeless provisions of the Constitution into a strong national governing system. It is not too much to call him the greatest constructive statesman in United States history.

Washington appointed Hamilton as the Secretary of the Treasury, and it was in this office that he left his strongest impress on the American government. Due to a political difference, he was engaged in a duel with Aaron Burr and was mortally wounded. He died on July 12, 1804. Hamilton was generally mourned by his countrymen, even those who differed from him politically were compelled to respect his great abilities and patriotism, and his untimely death was looked upon as a great public calamity.

**Daniel Webster**—Daniel Webster was born on January 18, 1782, at Franklin, New Hampshire. As a child he was not robust, and as a consequence was not allowed to engage in any work that would overtax his strength. His mother was not a woman of unusual intellect, but was a woman of good common sense. By watching him physically she discovered he had a superb mentality. She taught him the fundamentals of an education, and decided he should go to college, no matter what the cost. Dartmouth College was his Alma Mater, and this place was the spring-board of his public career.

His eloquence brought him great fame, he having been recognized as the greatest orator the country had ever known. He practiced law both in the states of New Hampshire and Massachusetts, and

was also a member of Congress from both states. He served as Secretary of State under Presidents Harrison, Tyler and Fillmore. He died October 24, 1852, while serving in that capacity during Fillmore's administration.

\* \* \* \* \*

### MAKE DREAMS COME TRUE

On the tombstone of a well-known Englishman who died many years ago, is to be found this epitaph:

He walked beneath the moon,  
 He slept beneath the sun;  
 He lived the live of going-to-do  
 And died with nothing done.

Doesn't that epitaph remind you of some fellows you know? They would prefer to sleep while others work. They would rather dream than do. They get up wonderful schemes which they never carry out. They are always going to do some great thing—but they never do it.

It is a fine thing to dream of great accomplishments, to plan in your mind for wonderful things you will do some day, but you must remember that you are going to be rated by your actual deeds, not by your dreams.

There is nothing wonderful about a plan until it is carried out. Anyone can dream, but it is the execution of the dream plan that proves whether or not it has merit.—Exchange.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is of peculiar interest to note that the great and momentous conferences, which may well decide the future of the world for thousands of years to come, have been held in the very areas where civilization began. Cairo, in the Valley of the Nile, Teheran near the Tigris and Euphrates, Casablanca that saw the ancients taking voyage to find a New World; these have been the scenes of meetings of the leaders of the Allied World. Egypt and Persia were civilized lands long before Roman captains reported that the Britons were too dumb to make good slaves for the Caesars; the Egyptians built

the pyramids centuries before America was discovered or before the Indians had ceased to camp on the present site of the Empire State building.—Star of Zion.

\* \* \* \* \*

No law ever abolished poverty. Neither fortune nor misfortune has ever been equally divided by decree. No statute ever added a penny's worth to the national wealth. No soap box oratory has created a single job. No agitator ever filled a pay envelope. And, it may be added, no nation ever moved forward toward a happier destiny by bewailing its ills and forgetting its virtues, by bemoaning its wrongs and overlooking its rights, by proclaiming to the world how bad it is instead of how good it is. America and American business did not build the greatest nation the world has seen by thinking only how difficult a job it would be.—Selected.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here's a most timely message to owners of Southern forests and woodlands: The world is aflame with war, and among other things, that means that to fight with all our productive power, we on the home front must not let our timberlands become aflame with fire. Uncle Sam needs timber and forest products in huge quantities as war materials. Don't let your timber, that could help mightily on the fighting fronts, go up in smoke. Be very careful with fire in the woods.



# DAVID LOWRY SWAIN

By Beth Crabtree

In the mountains of North Carolina, about seven miles from Asheville, on January 4, 1801, David Lowry Swain was born. He was the second son of George Swain and Caroline Lane Lowry, the sister of Joel Lane. David received his schooling at home until his fifteenth year when he was sent to the nearby academy of Rev. George Newton. From Newton's he entered the University of North Carolina, but due to ill health and financial difficulties his stay there was short. After four months Swain left Chapel Hill for Raleigh to begin the study of law under Chief Justice Taylor. In 1822, having received his license, he returned to Asheville to establish his law practice.

Two years later, and for the following five years, Swain was a representative in the State house of commons from Buncombe County. He was appointed solicitor for the Edenton District in 1829, but filled the position only a year, having received another appointment—this time to the superior court bench. In his thirty-first year the Legislature elected him governor of the State, the youngest chief executive North Carolina has ever had. As governor Swain emphasized tax reform, public education, and internal improvements. His greatest contribution, however, was in the Constitutional Convention of 1835. The primary object of the convention was a reform of the unequal system of representation, between east and west, in the General Assembly. In the preliminary ground work, and later in placing the issue before the public,

one in civil engineering, the other in the application of chemistry to the arts. Also, the president stimulated student interest in public careers by insisting that they join one or the other of the two literary societies, and by his conduct of classes in political economy constitutional and international law, and "moral science"

Swain was always deeply interested in his State's history. When the North Carolina State Historical Society was incorporated in 1833, he was one of the original members. The Society did not really begin to function until ten years later when its membership consisted of the president of the University and several members of the faculty. A comprehensive program, including the collection of all books, pamphlets, and newspapers printed in the State or relative to its history, was carefully outlined. The membership of the Society gradually narrowed down to Swain and his home Swain was largely responsible for the movement's success.

Upon the death of President Caldwell, in 1835, the board of trustees of the University of North Carolina selected the former governor to fill the vacancy. Although not an outstanding educator, Swain possessed certain qualities of shrewdness and business acumen, as well as great personal popularity, that particularly fitted him for the position at that time. During his administration there was a swing away from emphasis on the classics towards a more progressive and practical curriculum. Two new departments were added—

became the receptacle for the gifts of valuable old documents.

Contemporaneous with the historical society was the North Carolina University Magazine. Begun in 1844, the magazine had a short life of one year and twelve issues. Largely through Swain's efforts, it was revived eight years later and became one of the country's leading historical magazines.

At the end of the War Between the States the new Reconstruction regime amended the Constitution in 1868. One of the changes made was the appointment of the board of trustees of the University by the State Board of Education. The newly elected board of trustees took particular care that no one connected with the old, or prewar,

University should be a part of the new. Thus after thirty-three years of service President Swain, along with the faculty, was forced to resign. Heartbroken at his dismissal, and suffering from injuries received in being thrown from his carriage, he died on August 27, 1868.

While president of the University, Swain had received his share of criticism for his departure from the classics and for his leniency in discipline. But he was also due full measure of praise for increasing the popularity of the institution, both within the State and outside its borders, and for the success of his never flagging efforts to keep it alive during the trying days of the war.

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Providence has nothing good or high in store for one who does not resolutely aim at something high or good. A purpose is the eternal condition of success.—T. T. Munger.

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## INDIAN POTTERY IN CAROLINA

By Douglas L. Rights

Some years ago I visited a farmer at his home in the upper Yadkin River valley. He informed me that he had been helping to construct a small dam across the river and adjacent bottom in order to form a lake for a pleasure resort. As he was working his plow disturbed an Indian site, revealed by flint chips, charcoal, and other objects associated with Indian occupation.

The farmer had a peck measure of materials gathered at the site, arrow-

heads, a few celts, etc. I did not care for these, but was glad to have a couple of handfuls of pieces of broken pottery he offered me.

The pottery fragments made a fine puzzle. In leisure moments I worked with them for several days. Gradually the broken pieces found their former arrangement, and last I had the pair of beautiful vessels, an effigy bowl with bird head on one end and fan-tail on the other, and a water bottle, the first of its kind found in this state.

Strange to say, the water bottle was the more difficult to fit back into shape, although there were only three pieces to it.

Signs of the Indian are found in all of the one hundred counties of North Carolina. Among these signs are pottery fragments, and sometimes whole vessels come to light.

Down along the coast are shell mounds built up by Indians. One of the most remarkable of these is on Harkers Island. Most of it is gone now, as the shells were carried away for road-building and fertilizer, but it was once more than one hundred yards across and perhaps fifteen feet high. When I examined the mound in 1931, there was enough left to show well-defined horizons of occupation, with strata of ashes, fish and animal bones, and other culinary remains. Mixed along with these were the pottery fragments.

In the sand hills and piedmont region the fragments are found on former village and lodge sites. Some locations were evidently chosen for spring fishing-camps, and others for winter quarters.

Caves and rock shelters in the foothills and mountain region have also yielded pottery remains. Such an overhanging rock shelter in Forsyth County along Belews Creek proved upon examination to be a former residence of Indians. In the shallow soil of the floor there were animal bones, a broken clay pipe, and pieces of pottery.

Wherever man has sojourned, he has usually left his thumb prints. From days long before civilization began, he has left his mark upon the clay vessels that have served his purpose.

In ancient countries such as Pales-

tine and Egypt, the tribal organizations of early times are traced through deposits of pottery long buried in the earth.

A detailed study of the pottery types of the Indians of North Carolina has not been attempted, and there are only two or three collections that have representative material, but from what is on hand it is possible to give some information as to the manufacture and use of clay vessels and some clue as to the makers.

The pair of vessels salvaged from the farmer's bucket belong to the general type which once flourished in the Mississippi Valley and spread for many miles around. Many skillfully made effigy vessels belong in this class, and the bird head-and-tail design is among them. This type of pottery traveled down the Yadkin River as far as the junction of Roaring River.

Farther down the Yadkin large numbers of potsherds have been found at former village sites, in which the larger proportion show cone-shaped, cord-marked vessels. While the clay was still soft, a net or other piece of fabric was wrapped around the vessel and left its imprint on the outer surface. A good specimen of this type was found smashed into more than seventy-five pieces, and I had an extended puzzle party before it was put together. In fact, part of the pot never turned up, but this was no surprise, for the Indians had a belief that the vessels had to be "killed" before being buried, and frequently the vessels that are unearthened have a part missing on this account.

On the lower Yadkin, or Great Pee Dee River, the southern stamped ware comes into prominence. Beautiful de-



signs were impressed upon the soft clay and showed up clearly after the vessel was fired. This stamped ware is peculiar to the southeast, and it travels up through North Carolina, dwindling out toward the extreme northern borders.

The vessel illustrated with the finder, H. M. Doerschuk, of Badin, comes from the valley of the Great Pee Dee River in Richmond County. It is of ample size, twenty-six inches high, one of the largest Indian pottery vessels ever found in this state. The use of such a large urn was probably for storage, although a smaller vessel of the same type, found after the great flood of 1916, was used for the burial of a child. The woman from whom I obtained it said that she saw it on the river bottom when the flood subsided. She went up to the urn and lifted the "lid," which was another pot placed on top of the larger

vessel, but when she saw the skeleton inside, she threw down the "lid" in fright and broke it to pieces.

The Archaeological Society of North Carolina is active in seeking to discover and to preserve as far as possible the evidences of Indian occupation in this state.

Finds of Indian material should be reported to the society. Digging on Indian sites without competent supervision usually results in destruction of valuable material. Surface finds should be preserved and marked for identification. Harry Davis, Director of State Museum Raleigh; Dr. Sanford Winston, President of the Archaeological Society, State College, Raleigh, or Dr. Guy B. Johnson, Editor of the Archaeological Society Bulletin, Chapel Hill, will be glad to enroll new members in the society or to answer inquiries.

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The slave has but one master, the ambitious man has just as many as there are persons whose aid may contribute to the advancement of his fortunes.

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## ALEXANDER HAMILTON

By A. Hoyt Levy

Looking back to the beginning of our country's history, we see in a fluorescent light a coterie of men who, to our minds were supermen:—Washington dignified, a man of rare judgment; Franklin, wondrous wise and witty; Jefferson, tawny of hair, a man of the people; Hamilton, impetuous, a dandy, an aristocrat in bearing, an orator, a soldier, a politician, a states-

man.

No man in American history has had a career so complex, so breathlessly brilliant, so meteoric as that of Alexander Hamilton.

Born and bred under conditions not conducive to easy success, particularly in public life, it is all the more remarkable that this great American, sprung from a French Huguenot moth-

er and a Scotch father, should have been able to accomplish more, in the thirty-eight years given him on earth, than almost any other American who had lived his full span of years, with none of the heavy handicaps of birth that beset Hamilton from the day he first saw light on January 11, 1757, in the hamlet Nevis of the West Indies.

In later life, when he had many political enemies, Hamilton was frequently denounced for his aristocratic tendencies. This trait was, no doubt, acquired at an early age when from the poverty of his home, he was taken into the home of wealthy relatives where, during his most impressionable years, he was brought into the society of Creole aristocracy. It was here that he learned the exquisite manners which distinguished the Creole—a trait which did not appeal to such "men of the people" as Thomas Jefferson who had no liking for this too ambitious, too self-confident, too forward young man.

Hamilton had no youth. Orphaned at 11, he refused to be dependent upon relatives and took a job in a St. Croix counting house copying letters, adding columns of figures and carrying messages.

To even begin to understand the genius of this child, you will have to look back to the time when you were 11 years of age, probably hanging to your mother's apron strings, and then try to picture yourself working at a man's job—a job requiring the mentality of a well trained adult.

It was not long before the abilities of this little genius was recognized by his employer and before many weeks the lad was placed in a more responsible position where he was

looked up to by his elders. But the boy was not satisfied to remain in commerce and trading. He was not satisfied with living his life on this little island. He had heard from ship captains with whom he had come in contact, of a new world up north, and determined to seek his future there.

With good letters of introduction, young Alexander now a man of 15, reached New York and soon found himself in the social swim where the attributes of a gentleman were measured by the amount of liquor he could consume before rolling under the table. Hamilton however, driven by a persistent ambition to achieve success through higher education, decided to forego these pleasures and after a preliminary school course, entered King's College. Here he became interested in politics and was not at all backward in making himself heard on political issues of the day and establishing a reputation as an orator. At the outbreak of the war, he enlisted and was commissioned Captain of the New York Artillery.

The war brought Hamilton to the attention of George Washington who recognized the talents of the extraordinary young man and made him his aide-de-camp. Between the fiery and impetuous Hamilton and the wise, cautious Washington, there grew up a feeling of affection lasting through the years until Washington's death.

At no time in Alexander Hamilton's life did success come without struggle. He was never popular, either with the masses or with the classes. Even as the first Secretary of the Treasury, on which his greatest fame rests, he made bitter enemies among the politicians. And it was a political enemy, Aaron Burr, himself an able statesman

who might have gone down in history as a great American, who on a most trivial pretext forced a duel upon

Hamilton which closed the most colorful life of any man in the history of American statesmanship.

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The helpful hen furnishes us a very good lesson on duty. When the market on eggs reaches the lowest mark, the hen goes ahead laying each day and cackling about it just the same as when her product sold for sixty cents or more a dozen.

—Exchange.

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## DANIEL WEBSTER

By Stephen Vincent Benet

January, 26, 1830, was a big day in the United States Senate. We believed then, as we believe now, in thrashing issues out in public, not in settling them behind closed doors—and a very big issue indeed was before the nation. In the space of a man's lifetime, we had grown from a loose confederation of squabbling colonies to a Union of sovereign States. But how sovereign were these states? Was the Union more important than the States or were the States more important than the Union? Could a State refuse to obey laws passed by the Federal government for the general good? Was a man an American first and a Virginian or a New Hampshire second, or was it the other way around? The country was split and divided on the question.

Senator Robert Y. Hayne of South Carolina had spoken, and spoken well for his side of the argument. A proud man from a proud and gallant State, he asserted the rights of his State. South Carolina could nullify Federal laws if she chose, withdraw from the Union if she chose. Now, for the

second time, in the great debate, a swarthy, burning-eyed man—"Black Daniel" of Massachusetts—Daniel Webster—rose to reply.

"I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union may be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of its people when it is broken and destroyed."

The great voice rose and fell—the packed audience in the Senate Chamber listened.

"No such miserable interrogatory as 'What is all this worth?'" but everywhere, spread all over in characters, of living light. Liberty and Union,

now and forever, one and inseparable."

The last sentence came down like the crash of a breaker. And, when the applause was over, Daniel Webster went home to his house, for he was tired. But his words about the Union were to go all over the Union. They were to go out to the Indiana frontier and touch the mind of a youngster named Abraham Lincoln. They were to make the United States seem worth living for, and dying for, to hundreds and thousands of men whom Webster never even saw. They were to be among the great words that have made and sustained this nation. And they are an answer still to all the divided and fainthearted who look around them and quaver, "What is all this worth?"

So what sort of man was it who said these words? Did he know his country and his people—did he know what he was talking about?

He was farmer, orator, fisherman, lawyer, statesman. He was a frail boy who grew into a strong man. "This is our Yankee Englishman; such limbs we make in Yankee land." Born on a New Hampshire farm of hard-bitten, resolute stock, educated at Phillips Exeter Academy and Dartmouth college, he was in the House of Representatives at 31, and, till he died at 70, he was one of the great men of the country. He was the greatest orator of his day, one of the greatest lawyers of his day. He was Secretary of State—he was everything but President—and a bigger man than many Presidents. But that does not say enough.

First, last and all the time, Daniel Webster was a good neighbor. And that wasn't a political pose—it was

in his blood. He liked growing things and raising things and helping other people grow them and raise them. Nobody who came to him in trouble went away empty-handed.

On his farm at Marshfield, Massachusetts, he raised fine sheep and fine cattle and fine horses. He had a ram named Goliath, a Hungarian bull named King Stephen—and he used to say that there was a lot more sense in King Stephen's off hoof than there was in the heads of some United States Senators. When his favorite horses died, he had them buried standing up, with their shoes still on, because he thought that did them honor. But the big farm had been poor land when he first got it—he nursed it along and improved it till it got to be a place that people came to see.

He'd get up before daybreak to talk and plan and argue with his hired men—and he didn't think of them as anything but men just because they were hired. If anyone had tried to say that he belonged to one class because he made money, and the hired men to another because they worked for wages, that man would have gotten a beautiful dressing-down from Daniel Webster.

So he became to his neighbors, and to New England, the good giant, the man you could count on, the famous orator who was never too busy to help out a neighbor, the man whose voice could roll out like thunder over Monadnock, but the human man who liked Medford rum and good living, the man who could whip a trout-stream or any enemy with equal skill. They talked about his fishing-rod, Old Killall, and his shotgun, Wilmot Proviso—and when he walked into the depot, to take the train for Washington, everybody

in the depot stood up. It takes a good deal to make New Englanders stand up, but they did it for Daniel Webster. They don't do it for many people now.

He had reverses and troubles. He spent money as freely as he made it. He used to say that good lawyers "lived well, worked hard and died poor." He wanted sons to carry on his name, but his sons died. He never attained the greatest ambition of his life.—smaller men, Polk, Tyler, Fillmore, were made President and he was not. But reverses and troubles could not break him. His last great speech, the Seventh of March speech supporting Henry Clay's compromise, was bitterly attacked by his own people in New England—they thought he was trying to compromise with slavery when what he was trying to do was to seek for a peaceful solution of the differences between North and South. But that did not break him either—he had always put the Union first, even above New England, and he said what he thought was right.

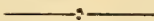
When he died, in 1852, New England felt differently. They knew a great oak was down. A mournful voice went up from every house. "The pride of our nation has fallen—our great neighbor and townsman is no more." And that would have satisfied Daniel—to be talked of as neighbor and townman, not just as a great man.

What did he do, through his long busy fighting life, so crowded with

fame and action, with law-cases and treaties, country neighbors and foreign ambassadors, orations that men still read, and fishing in Plymouth Bay? He did one central thing. He set up and affirmed in men's minds the idea of the United States, not just as a haphazard, temporary league or a partnership between States to be dissolved at their convenience, but as an entity, a deep reality, a living thing that deserved and must have the deepest devotion of every American.

He looked beyond his time to do that; he looked beyond his section and the place where he was born. We take that idea for granted, now—we would not take it for granted if men like Webster had not lived for it and fought for it. But, with Union, must go liberty, forever and ever; with Union must go good neighborliness and humanity.

Webster knew that if men wanted a great, free nation they had to work for it and pay for it and get behind it, just as he and his neighbors at Marshfield worked to make their poor ground into good ground. And that is why his great speeches are still remembered—and the memory of the man with a mouth like a mastiff's, a voice like thunder and eyes burning anthracite still haunts the New England seacoast and the New Hampshire hills.



Most people would succeed in small things if they were not troubled by great ambitions.—Longfellow.

## O LITTLE TOWN

By Anna Brownell Dunaway

To Frances Willoughby of Chicago the little town of Girard was the jumping off place. She had come out to California to spend a month or so with her young married sister. And now, after three days, she was ready to shake the dust of the town's dark streets from her feet forever.

"Not homesick, are you?" Tom, her brother-in-law, bantered. "Not pinning for the tents of wickedness? Has Chicago anything on those mountains?" He pointed to a distant chain that rose precipitously behind their little cabin. "A hundred miles away," he enthused, with true Californian ardor, "and they look near enough to climb."

Anybody can have the mountains," said Frances, but give me a little excitement, bright lights, or some thing."

"Yet in the dark streets shineth the everlasting light," her sister Janie quoted with a smile. "I have real friends here that I didn't have when I was a flat dweller. But I guess you can't get away from cities. It is in your blood."

"I'm afraid I haven't the pioneering spirit," said Frances. "I don't see how you and Tom stand the deadly isolation. Doesn't anything ever happen? You wrote something about a country club."

"Oh, I thought you came out here to get away from that sort of thing," Janie laughed. "Tom and I haven't been for ages."

"But whatever do you do?" Frances burst out.

"Oh, lots of things." Janie spoke rather vaguely. "Somehow or other, when you catch the spirit of a small town, you just naturally forget those superficial things that give you back nothing."

"Oh, really." Frances said coldly. Could this be her sister, Jane Willoughby, who had been the belle of her circle before she had married and come out to these wilds? "I don't know for the life of me, what you find to do, then." Her voice trembled.

"Sometimes," Tom said with mock gravity, "when we are up against it for diversions, we hunt game."

"What game?"

"Widow spiders."

"Don't tease her, Tom," Janie said, laughing. "I know how she feels exactly."

"Get on your bonnets," said Tom, with a grin, "and I'll take her for a ride. That ought to recall fond memories of her home town. How about Laurel Canyon? That's the prettiest stretch of scenery Frances can ever hope to see."

"And we'll go to Los Angeles," Janie added, "since she's pining away for a sight of city streets, as it were."

Frances hurried to get ready. Anything, she thought, was better than this dull town, with only a post office and a drugstore and a grocery and a clump of little cabins all alike, either topping steep cliffs or hidden in valleys. She couldn't imagine how anybody ever lived there, with nothing doing, no interests, no places to go. What did the natives do with

themselves all day long? Why did they live away out from nowhere, with only dirt roads to walk on, instead of paved streets? There was, she admitted, beauty of a sort; roses blooming in late winter, vivid hedges of wild geraniums, strange palm trunks, with the bark interlaced like intricate weaving, and sweeping pepper trees with their brilliant red pods. But what did one get out of it?

Janie's letters had sounded so fascinating. She had never spoken of the isolation at all. She had casually mentioned a golf course on the country club grounds, and a swimming pool. In her imagination Frances had pictured leisurely days spent at the club, gay parties, and ceaseless round of teas and dinners such as one might enjoy at Palm Beach or Atlantic City. But reading around a wood fire seemed to constitute Girard's chief dissipation.

"And it's rained ever since I came," Frances reflected gloomily. It was a cold, damp rain that sent the chills down her spine, and the mountains, cold and majestic, seemed to hedge her in. Only one mail a day, too. It was absolutely primitive.

"Ready?" Janie called from her bedroom. "Oh, Tom, there's somebody at the door. It's probably Mamie Lou after something. You know tomorrow's her wedding—" She stopped short at the sight of Tom's white face. He was staring at a telegram.

"It's from mother," he said gravely. "Father is very ill. They are afraid of pneumonia. Mother wants us to come."

"I'm ready, Tom," Janie said quietly. She was deftly packing a little case. "I don't know what to do about

you, Frances." She turned to her sister. "I hate to leave you alone—"

"Don't worry about me," Frances protested. In the face of a near tragedy like this, teas and dinners and parties seemed very trivial and inconsequential. "I'll get along fine. I've a new book that I've been dying to read."

"It's only about twenty-five miles to Bell, where they live," Janie said, "and we'll come home tonight if father—is all right. If we shouldn't you had better get Rose Bellew to stay with you, or Mamie Lou—Oh, I forgot. Tomorrow is Mamie's Lou's wedding—"

"All right, I'll ask—what's her name—Rose, if it will make you feel any better," Frances promised.

"And you'll find things to eat in the ice box." Janie's voice drifted back to her from the pepper-bordered lane.

Frances' volatile feelings sank as she watched them disappear around a bend in the road. What ever in the world would she do with the long, dreary day before her? She was another Robinson Crusoe marooned on a desert island. Well, for one thing she would concoct some scheme to get back to civilization.

Settling down resignedly in a chair before the fire, Frances opened her book. It was a thick book, but she wished it were thicker.

She had read barely a page and a half when she heard a step, followed by a quick knock. Opening the door a very few inches, Frances was confronted by a tall, dark youth.

"Hello," he said informally. "Tom at home?"

"Mr. Westcott," Frances told him,

closing the door another inch, "was called away."

The young man adroitly put his foot in the door. "Janie here?" he inquired with a disarming smile.

"My sister went with him." Frances would have shut the door but for the obstruction. What if this were just some sort of ruse to get in and rob the house—

"You are her sister, aren't you?" went on the young man. "My sister and I have been going to drop over to see you. We've heard so much about you we feel as if we know you. How do you like the golden state? And how's this—he indicated the mountains and the wooded valleys with a wide sweep of his arms—"for scenery?"

"I have seen just as pretty scenery," Frances said, "back in Illinois."

The young man threw back his head and laughed. "So have I," he confessed. "Fact is, I hail from the Middle West myself, Came out here to do westerns, thrillers, pot boilers and what have you."

"Thrillers?" Frances repeated. "In a town like Girard!"

"The most thrilling event in history took place in a little town once upon a time," he reminded her, his gray eyes twinkling. "I get characters here; real people, not paper dolls. But pardon me for not introducing myself. My name's Bellew."

Frances remembered vaguely having heard Janie speak of a young writer who lived in the cabin at the foot of the hill, with his sister. She said demurely, "you must find many hairbreadth adventures."

Again he laughed so ringingly that the echo came back to them from the

hills.

"The mountains act as a sounding board," he explained. "Just an ordinary conversational tone carries out here like a shout. It makes you feel close to your neighbors, some way. Great little town, don't you think?"

"I'm afraid I don't. Dark, unlighted streets."

"There are dark streets in cities, too," he said. "When all the lamps are lighted around here, they seem to give to the streets a reflected glow. But I mustn't take up your time. So long." He waved at her gaily from the steps.

His smile was heart-warming. Frances went back to her book feeling a bit less lonely. She had read a paragraph when she heard a soft tap at the back door. Opening it, she saw a gray, grizzled man in overalls.

"I'm Uncle Charley," he said with a smile like the California sunshine. "Tom told me to sort of look after you. I'm driving to Canoga Park and thought you might like some magazines or the paper."

Frances summoned an answering smile. Janie had told her about Uncle Charley. It was he who had laid out the subdivision of Girard. Frances recalled vaguely that he lived alone, his wife having died, and that he missed her terribly.

As she gazed at him Frances saw a mist like the blue haze of the mountains gather in his eyes.

"When you smiled just now," he said, "you put me in mind a little bit of my wife. She died two years ago."

"So my sister told me," Frances said softly, putting out an impulsive hand.

She put another log on the blaze



graph automatically, and then start-  
 in this little town. She read a para-  
 graduate, living out his days alone  
 thinking of Uncle Charley, a college  
 how, they had gone stale. She kept  
 now, some-  
 had been fascinating. but now, some-  
 ed and opened her book. The first pages  
 as another knock broke the still-  
 ness. Opening the door, Frances  
 found a large woman, a plaid shawl  
 over her head, on the threshold.

"Good morning" she greeted Fran-  
 ces. "I reckon you're Mrs. Wescott's  
 sister she was expecting. She told  
 me she had a book here for my  
 grandson. It was some kind of ani-  
 mal book. I don't know what Jimmy  
 would do if it wasn't for your sister.  
 If there was ever a sunbeam in the  
 neighborhood, it's Mrs. Wescott."

"My sister isn't at home," Frances  
 explained politely. "But I'll see if I  
 can find the book. Won't you come  
 in?"

"I don't want to track in mud."  
 The woman stepped in gingerly. Kro-  
 ger's my name. You see Jimmy reads  
 a lot It's about all he can do on account  
 of being crippled that way. He can't  
 walk a step. I s'pose your sister's told  
 you."

Frances recalled now a vague im-  
 pression of hearing Janie speak of  
 a little cripple living in the cabin  
 whose yard adjoined theirs. After  
 Mrs. Kroger had gone Frances again  
 settled down to read. Where had she  
 left off?

The rain had ceased, and the sun  
 beat down hotly. Frances got up to  
 open the door for fresh air. As she  
 did so a shadow fell across the stoop,  
 follow by a plump, aproned figure.

"Could I borrow a cup of sugar,  
 Mrs. Wescott?" the newcomer asked.

"Oh excuse me I thought it was Mrs.  
 Wescott. I declare, you look enough  
 alike to be twins. I guess you're her  
 sister all right enough. I'm right  
 glad to meet you. Mrs. Hearn's my  
 name. That's our place on the other  
 side of Uncle Charley's." She hand-  
 ed Frances a coffee cup.

"Will a cup be enough?" Frances  
 asked perfunctorily.

"Plenty. We've used up a twenty-  
 four-pound sack now." She gave a  
 bubbling, excited laugh. "Lots of fun  
 fixing for a wedding, isn't it?"

"A wedding?"

"Mamie Lou's. That's my daugh-  
 ter. She's getting married tomorrow  
 and going away off to Africa."

Again, in an illuminating flash,  
 Frances remembered Janies telling  
 her all about Mamie Lou and her in-  
 tended marriage to a young mission-  
 ary. It had interested Frances not at  
 all in the telling, but now she was  
 suddenly atingle. It was as if a book  
 character had stepped out of its  
 pages.

"We've made ten cakes," went on  
 Mrs. Hearn, "and run out of sugar for  
 the last one." A slow tear trembled  
 on her eyelash. "I can't seem to get  
 over her going to Africa," she apolo-  
 gized, "where they eat dried snails  
 and caterpillars and grasshoppers.  
 The only girl I've got." Mrs. Hearn  
 turned away, her shoulders heaving.

Frances put her arms about her.  
 "But you must think of Mamie Lou's  
 happiness," she said.

Mrs. Hearn smiled gratefully.  
 "you're your sister right over again,"  
 she murmured. "Just so she's happy.  
 It's life, I guess."

Frances made no pretense of read-  
 ing again after Mrs. Hearn left. Miss

Willoughby of Chicago sat idly thinking of the life swiftly revolving around her—joy, sorrow, tragedy. In all her sophisticated life she had only scratched the surface of living. It was as the young writer had said. Here was motivation, heart interest, adventure.

A faint cry broke in on her musing thoughts. Frances, listening intently, heard it repeated.

"Somebody is calling for help!" she exclaimed, and dashed out. In the next yard she saw Mrs. Kroger half-sitting, half-lying on the ground holding her leg with both hands.

"I've burst a blood vessel," explained Mrs. Kroger. "I was trying to split a piece of kindling"

Frances stood stunned, unable to move. From the house came a shrill, childish voice

"Tie a rag around her leg," it directed. "Hurry!"

There was washing on the line. Frances snatched something and tore it, tying it very tightly above the broken blood vessel. All that she had ever heard about tourniquets now came back to her. She picked up a stick and drew the bandage so tight that the blood ceased to flow.

The yard was now full of neighbors. The young writer of westerns had telephoned for a doctor, and he and the woman had got Mrs. Kroger comfortable. Mamie Lou, the pretty little bride-to-be, had come running, a dab of flour on her cheek, and Rose Bellew had dashed over just as she was, a towel around her shoulders, and her dark wet hair flying.

"What do you think?" Mamie Lou

cried as the young people strolled back together. "Jimmy is coming to my wedding." She turned to Frances shyly. "You know, I'm fixing to get married tomorrow. And Jamie Bellew—he writes stories, you know, sold a thriller and got Jimmy a wheel chair. And the doctor says Mrs. Kroger will be able to come all right by tomorrow, if she is careful."

"Thanks to Miss Willoughby here," smiled Janie Ballew. "It was her presence of mind, the doctor said, that saved Mrs. Kroger's life."

"Not mine, but Jimmy's presence of mind," Frances protested.

The telephone was jangling insistently when Frances entered the house.

"Yes?" she called into the mouthpiece.

"Oh," came Janie's relieved voice, "I thought something had happened! Been trying and trying to get you I wanted to tell you that Father Westcott passed the crisis. Yes. He's out of danger now. We'll be home as soon as we can. I hope you haven't been bored. How was the book?"

"I read exactly two chapters," Frances answered. "I never had such an exciting day in my life. And you needn't hurry on my account. I'm invited to Rose Bellew's to supper, and then we're going over to Mamie Lou's to see her wedding things, and then we're going to have a surprise party for Uncle Charley—whats that?"

But only a soft laugh rippled back to her as the receiver clicked on the hook.

# BELLS AND THEIR USE

By Herbert C. Alleman

The origin of the bell is lost in obscurity. It is almost certain that it came from the Far East. It was at first but a primitive form of percussion instruments of sound, the earliest musical instruments. The first bell was a piece of metal and a clapper, probably not joined together. Then two cup-like parts were joined together, with a small weight within, like a baby's rattle. Then the bell was enlarged by joining four tapering metal plates together and inserting a clapper. Later, molds were made and the bell was cast. Throughout the Middle Ages and into modern times foundries were established, many of which became famous. The first cast bells were counted large if they weighed from a few hundred to a thousand pounds. The largest bell in the world is in the Red Square, Moscow. Its weight is reputed to be 180 tons, but it was never hung. The largest bell ever hung is also in Moscow, in the Kremlin, and weighs 128 tons. The next largest bell is in a pagoda in Burma and weighs 80 tons. The fourth largest is in Peking, China, and weighs 53 tons. The largest bell in America is in Riverside Church, New York, and weighs 18½ tons.

Just when bells came into use in the Christian Church cannot be located on the calendar. It was not during the first three centuries when the Church was in the catacombs. After the edict of toleration under Constantine, church bells began to appear, and by the sixth century they were in general use. These first Christian bells were hand bells. One

of the famous early bells was the bell of St. Patrick in the fifth century, a small, four-side production, six inches in height. In the seventh century the Venerable Bede mentions a bell in England which was brought from Italy. These early bells were hand bells, and hand bell-ringing became a skill, and later, particularly in England, an art.

The carillon grew out of this art, after bells were cast in gradation and hung in towers. Even then in England bell-ringing continued, and in the course of time the belfry became the scene of the skillful performance called "change-ringing." This was not the playing of melodies, as on the carillon, but making all the possible combinations of sound on the number of bells at hand. This kind of ringing was called "the peal of the bells." Across the English Channel particularly in the Low Countries the carillon was developed. The Cathedral of Antwerp is particularly famous for its carillon, a chime of 99 bells. Now that the science of electronics is revolutionizing all mechanical appliances, the same sound results are secured by the amplification of sound waves from a metal bar or tongue, operated from a small keyboard, to the saving of tons of copper and tin.

But bells were created not for their tones but for their use; and there has been as interesting a development in their use as in their manufacture. It seems certain that their earliest use was prophylactic, namely, to frighten away evil spirits

or to warn of the perils of coming too close to "the holy." The bells on the robe of the Hebrew High Priest were probably for this purpose. Bells were rung at seed time and harvest to drive away the greedy ghouls that would steal the grain. To this day there is in Austria an order of Perchten, "grass-ringers," who go about performing this service. The peasants say, "Wherever the grass-ringers come, there the grass is green and the corn bears abundant fruit." In the Tyrol there are bell-ringing processions on certain festival days, and at Hildesheim on Ascension Day.

A canonist of the twelfth century tells us that bells are rung in processions that the evil spirits may fear and flee: "for when they hear the trumpets of the church militant, that is the bells, they are afraid, as any tyrant is afraid when he hears in his land the trumpets of a powerful foe." Was the figure taken from Joshua's march around Jericho, and was the initial purpose of that march to drive out the spirits of the land which were hostile to Jehovah?

Another old custom was the ringing of "passing-bell," which is thus described by an English antiquary: "(it) was rung for two purposes. one to bespeak the prayers of all good Christians for a soul just departing, the other to drive away the evil spirits that stood about his bed or about the house." Similarly bells were rung at the sight of a storm rising "in order that the demons, hearing the trumpets of the eternal king, that is, the bells, may be terrified and flee away." In some parts of Germany bells were—and are—dedicated to that purpose, sometimes by baptism.

It is interesting to follow the

rationalization of our superstitions into our sentiments. Take one instance. There can be no doubt that the vesper bells were originally rung at evening to drive away the spirits that began their prowling as night began to settle upon the land. Then they passed into a passing-bell for voyagers at sea, then for the passing of the day itself. Fanny Crosby, in her poem, "Bells at Evening," has seen in them another summons. She first fancied herself as a young maiden coming to a lovely village at twilight as the vesper bells were ringing.

"Then my heart leaped up with a  
strange wild thrill  
At the sound of the evening bells  
Now bursting in sudden clangor,  
Now melting in softer strains,  
Till I felt the power of my soul  
entranced,  
Held fast by unyielding chains;  
Even now I can hear the echo  
That floated among the dells;  
And I weep as then I wept for joy  
At the sound of the evening bells.

The bells of my heart are silent,  
The springs of my-youth are dry;  
And yet in my lonely musings  
I long like a bird to fly,  
I yearn for one look at the village  
That nestles among the dells;  
Then to pass away in the gloam-  
ing  
'Mid the chiming of evening  
bells."

The traditional processions of St. Patrick and his bell passed into the litanies of the monasteries, and these into the stately processions of the lesser clergy. Now there is only sen-

timent—and good order—in the Processional and Recessional of our Protestant worship.

Foremost their peals are praise. Of the almost countless inscriptions upon them the phrase *Gloria Dei* occurs more frequently than any other. Their ringing is a proper prelude to any service of worship. The Angelus of the Catholic churches performs a community service. Like the Mohammedan call to prayer, it halts us in the midst of our mundane tasks and turns our thoughts to heaven. It is a Christian call to prayer. It is a summons to lift up our eyes and hearts in praise and supplication to Him in whom we live and move and are.

There come times when the voice of the bells is that of alarm. In the dark days when wars were the common occupation of Europe the church bells rang to warn of the approach of an enemy. That was the origin of their place in fire towers. The alarm bell is now in universal use.

But bells also have a voice of joy. They ring wildly and long at the end of hostilities to announce that peace has come, in thanksgiving that war is done. Christmas bells ring to proclaim the coming of the Prince of Peace; the bells of New Year, the death of old ills, the birth of new hopes. That is the message of Tennyson's classic lines in *In Memoriam*:

Ring out wild bells to the wild  
sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light,  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him  
die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new  
Ring, happy bells across the  
snow;  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the  
true.

Ring out the grief that saps the  
mind  
For those that here we see no  
more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and  
poor,  
Ring in redress for all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause  
And ancient forms of party  
strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer  
laws.

Ring out false pride in place  
and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and  
right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out false shapes of foul  
disease;  
Ring out the narrowing lust of  
gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of  
old,  
Ring in the thousand years of  
peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier  
hand,  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

# THE HOUSE OF THREE WARS

By Louis T. Moore, in The State

Thousands of readers of this magazine may be interested to know of a strange and curious coincidence through which the famed "Cornwallis House" in Wilmington again becomes an officer's club for use by members of the American Army stationed at Camp Davis, Fort Fisher, the Army Air Base, Camp LeJeune, Engineering Corps, etc. This happens after it had served an identical purpose in the Revolutionary War for Lord Cornwallis and his British officers, when Wilmington was captured. At that time it was used by the English invaders as headquarters for many officers.

As the result of recent commendable action by the Commissioners of the City of Wilmington, the residence has been leased for the duration of the present war. Following authorized expenditure of five or six thousand dollars for improvements and modernization, the place again will become a central meeting point for officers. This time, however, for those in the American Army, while nearly two centuries ago it was utilized by the British

Adding yet another link to this rather unusual chain of events, the coincidence is strengthened still further by the fact that the home was frequented by Federal officers when Wilmington was captured by Union forces near the end of the War Between the States. This was a short time prior to the surrender of General Lee to General Grant in April, 1865. From the triple viewpoint of having been a place used for entertainment

and recreation by British officers during the Revolutionary War, by Federal officers in the days of 1861-65, and now by American officers in World War II, the historic place is probably without a duplicate in this country. Its traditions and sentimental historical association justify this theory.

Although more than two hundred years old, the house is in a perfect state of preservation. Inspired with a desire to make of the place an historical shrine, the North Carolina Society of Colonial Dames of America, purchased the property several years ago. It is the intention of that organization eventually to completely restore the residence to its original plan.

Lord Charles Cornwallis was an interesting figure in British military circles. He is said to have been a strange combination of gentleman and brute; of kindly soldier and ruthless despot. Within several weeks after he and his forces left Wilmington in the spring of 1781, they were forced to surrender at Yorktown.

A descendant of Lord Cornwallis, Commander O. E. Cornwallis, visited Wilmington in April 1934, exactly 153 years after his famous progenitor captured Wilmington. He was escorted through the old home and was keenly interested in his inspection of the place where his ancestor had lived. His Majesty's ship, Scarborough, of which Commander Cornwallis was in charge, paid a good-will visit to the port of Wilmington. As a memento of his trip here, Commander Cornwallis was presented with a large

brass key, nearly ten inches long, which formerly was used for the original lock of the front door of the Cornwallis House.

Removal of many layers of paint throughout the interior, has shown the original deep grays, soft blues, greens, coffee and buff, which were typical of the eighteenth century. The original wide board floors of native pine are still intact. In the attic can be seen the hand-hewn laths of various widths, and the massive beams cut and trimmed by hand. The Ionic porch columns resemble Jefferson's home, Monticello. These replaced square posts of an earlier date. The stairway and central hall are characteristic of 1750 in England and the colonies.

The finest wood carvings are found in the dining room on the second floor. In Colonial times, it was customary to have the principal rooms upstairs. There are two side windows in the dining room. Fluted pilasters are at the end corners of the chimney. Around the room is a solid wood wainscot. In each niche is a single mahogany shelf, which was used either for serving or for service display.

Tradition says that the basement was used as a prison by Cornwallis and that he quartered therein those who were guilty of minor military infractions. One of his officers is said to have used a diamond to stencil his name and date on one of the glass windows panes in this dungeon. When his will was read in England two score or more years later, a reference to this signature was found. One of his sons is said to have come to Wilmington, searched the cellar, found the pane of glass, and then carried it back to his ancestral home in Britain.

Another story from the olden time

in connection with the Cornwallis House is that there was a tunnel which led from the dungeon west toward the river for a distance of three blocks or more. Whether this tunnel ever actually existed cannot be verified.

Those who have been privileged to inspect the interior of the splendid old residence, which Cornwallis commandeered while in Wilmington, can easily picture the comfort and luxury in which he and his aides lived while there. One can then visualize for himself the pomp and dignity of the brilliantly garbed British officers, while they made themselves at home, in this splendid Colonial residence.

When the time is propitious, the Colonial Dames intend to preserve the early work and to restore the original features where nineteenth century changes have been made. Old mantels will be installed where the first ones are missing. The carriage house in the rear courtyard will be converted into an assembly or exhibition building. In the basement, or old jail, there will be a kitchen and waiting room. Behind the house the garden will be terraced and planted in accordance with the structural beauty of the historic house.

As a fitting finale to the story of the use of the handsome old home by Lord Cornwallis and his officers, it is pleasing to note that the British Ambassador, Lord Halifax, visited Wilmington on December 3. At that time he not only inspected with great pleasure the residence where his fellow countrymen had their headquarters nearly two centuries ago, but also was an interested visitor to the mammoth plant of the North Carolina Shipbuilding Company.

# ANCIENT SWISS CLOCKS

By Marie Widmer

Ever since man devised ways and means of telling time by the shadow cast by a tree or a mountain, scientific minds have aimed to invent new methods of recording time and to perfect old systems. It is, for instance, related that a water clock was presented to Charlemagne in the eighth century, a very ingeniously constructed timepiece of bronze, which was greatly admired by the recipient and his friends. Even that clock was equipped with a striking apparatus. Every hour several small iron balls fell on a bell and thus announced the passing of another 60 minutes. When the hour struck, another mechanism was set into function; twelve little windows opened and a knight came out, gesticulated and disappeared again within.

Progress in horology went on, however, and great improvements were achieved in a comparatively short period, but the complicated mechanism of some medieval clock still remains a marvel to many of the most up-to-date clockmakers. One of the most unique and best preserved specimens of its kind is to be found in Switzerland. It has stamped as a world-known landmark the so-called "Clock Tower" which is one of the ancient gateways of the city of Berne, the country's delightful capital.

This "Clock Tower" stands in what is now the center of the city and dates back to the fifteenth century. The clockwork was constructed in the sixteenth century and still today proves a never failing attraction for young and old, for visitors and natives alike. From early morning until late at night, whenever the time approach-

es for the hour to strike, groups of people station themselves before this ancient tower, eagerly anticipating the moment when the intricate mechanism of the clock is set into play.

And it is indeed well worth while to pause a moment before this masterpiece of medieval clockmaking which functions in the following manner:

As often as the hour strikes a troop of little bears go round in a circle and a cock crows three times before and once after the chiming. A sitting man holding a staff in one hand and an hourglass in the other counts the strokes by opening his mouth and smiting with his stick at every stroke of the clock. Another wooden manikin rings two little bells when the hour is about to strike. In the belfry at the top of the tower are the bells and beside them stands a figure of the Duke of Zähringen, the founder of the city, in armor, who announces the hours on the bells with a hammer.

Ancient Soleure, now a busy watchmaking center in the Swiss Jura, also boasts a medieval tower with a complicated clock. In this instance a "king" is seated on a throne and to his sides stand two figures, one representing a warrior, the other, death. As soon as the hour strikes "his majesty" opens his mouth and counts the strokes of the clock with his scepter. The warrior marks the quarter hours by placing his right arm on his chest and "death," with a grave nod of his head, reverses his hourglass every sixty minutes. This particular mechanism is supposed to remind humanity of the limits and uncertainties of terrestrial life.



# CRITICISM IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT

By Margaret A. J. Irvin

Do people criticize you?

If you have any secret hankering to be an amateur fortune-teller, try asking that question. The answer will give you a pretty good idea of the person's character and future.

You know the sort—not always feminine gender, either—who answer, "Of course, they do. No matter what I try to do, someone criticizes. As though they could do any better themselves! It's always the ones who do the least who have the most to say. Sometimes I get so angry, I think I won't try to help anyone any more."

You've caught the picture, haven't you? The small-minded, insecure person, rushing in to do a job he isn't sure about himself. Then angry and resentful when his shortcomings are pointed out.

Then there's the one who says, "I know that I've been criticized for some of the things I do, but I'm that sort of person. I just cannot help it; so I never let it bother me." Those

words may be set to either of two tunes: an aggressive self-assurance that enjoys trampling on the feelings of other people, or a self-conscious simpering that demands the center of attention, even though it be an unfavorable attention.

Sometimes the answer indicates serious thought. "Now and then, I suppose; but no more than I deserve. People are usually pretty charitable, it seems to me. Sometimes I've been criticized; and if I thought the objection deserved attention, I've tried to mend my ways. Otherwise I skip it."

I suppose no one gets through this world uncriticized, unless he is a complete nonentity. The wise person considers the source and the nature of any adverse comment and trusts his own judgment.

Criticism can swell the ego, deflate it completely, or encourage normal character growth. The result depends upon the one who receives it.



What is diplomacy? A grouch, with quite a bit of satisfaction, will reply, "It is a polite form of lying." But he is greatly mistaken. Diplomats may be liars, either polite or impolite, but falsehoods are not a necessary part of diplomacy. For example: Small Bobby had been to a birthday party, and, knowing his weakness, his mother looked him straight in the eye and said, "I hope you didn't ask for a second piece of cake." "No," replied Bobby, "I only asked Mrs. Smith for the recipe so you could bake one like it, and she gave me two more pieces just of her own accord."—Selected

## INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Adams and his boys have just completed the job of painting the Receiving Cottage basement. They did a fine job, greatly improving the appearance of that part of the building.

—:—

We learned a few days ago that Richard Parker, formerly of Cottage No. 2, was in the United States Navy. At present he is rated as an apprentice seaman, and is receiving basic training at Faragut, Idaho.

—:—

The attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show last Thursday night was "They Died With Their Boots On," a Warner Brothers production. The boys thoroughly enjoyed this picture.

—:—

After a period of idleness, we again hear the hum of the shoe shop machinery upstairs. This department was recently re-opened with Mr. L. S. Kiser in charge, and he and his boys have been doing some extra-fine repair work.

—:—

Our farm manager reports that five pounds of Coker's fine okra seed, product of our gardens, were recently sent to Mrs. Esther G. Willis, of Raleigh. Mrs. Willis is Southwestern District Agent of the Department of Agriculture and Home Economics. This seed will be distributed among garden leaders in counties in the southwestern district.

—:—

Rodney Starnes, of Cottage No. 5, had the misfortune to injure his eye while playing, about two weeks ago. He was taken to the Eye, Ear, Nose

and Throat Hospital, Charlotte, for treatment, remaining there until last Thursday. His eye was very much improved and he was brought back to the School and placed in the infirmary where he will remain until fully recovered.

—:—

The names of several former students who sent Christmas greetings to friends at the School, were received too late for publication in these columns last week. They are as follows:

Corporal J. R. Allred (Army), Robert Coleman, Theodore Bowles, Jack Harmon, William Glenn Miller, Harold Queen, D. C. Reynolds, Harry J. Sims, Edward Stutts, Ventry Smith, Sylvester Suther and Kenneth Wilson.

—:—

Mr. W. W. Johnson, our school principal, received a nice letter from Richard Kennedy, one of our old boys, who has been away from the School several years. He has been employed in a shingle plant at Eugene, Oregon, for some time, and states that he is getting along fine. Richard, better known here as "Chink," writes in part as follows:

"I think of you and others at the School often but seldom find time to write letters. Am married and have settled down. We have a sweet little girl, two and one-half years old. I have a good job here in a large shingle plant, good wages and fine working conditions, and my hours are from 9 until 3:45. In this plant I am what is called a tally man, one who has charge of and keeps record of outgoing shingles, and am making more money

than ever before. This is not due to the war, for this mill operated at the same pace before the war, and will be going long after the fighting is over, and freedom and democracy still govern us. There is not much news from here of interest to you except the weather. Thus far it has been swell—nice sunshine and just a little frost early in the morning.

"I don't know how many folks may still be at the School who remember me, but please tell all of them that I often think of them and send best regards. In closing may I ask that you write me a long letter soon, giving all the news of the School and old friends there. I am still interested in the place, and will surely stop in and see you if I ever get back to North Carolina. How about sending me an Uplift for a Christmas present? Please find out the price of it for one year, and I will subscribe, for I often wish I had one. Best wishes and good luck. Your old friend, Richard Kennedy."

—:—

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Matthew 4:18-23, and the subject of his most interesting message to the boys was "Decisions."

Rev. Mr. Summers began by telling the boys about five men who were walking along the Sea of Galilee on the occasion mentioned in the verses just read.

The first and most important man in the group, of course, was Jesus, said the speaker. We know much more about him than of the other men. We know that he was God's son; that he was born in a stable; worked in a

carpenter shop as a boy; grew up to be the greatest teacher and healer the world has ever known; he was arrested, tried, convicted and was put to death by crucifixion; he arose from the dead, ascended into heaven, and is now at God's right hand, pleading for us.

We who have been guilty of sin, have the right to call on Jesus to plead our case, said Rev. Mr. Summers, but we must put our case in his hands, with absolute faith in his ability to save us. By trusting in Christ and living according to his teachings, our case shall be won, and we shall attain the goal of the faithful—eternal life amidst the joys of heaven.

The speaker then stated that we know very little about the other four men who were walking along the Sea of Galilee. We know their names were Andrew, Peter, James and John, and that they were fishermen, and were probably poor men, barely earning enough to make a living. Jesus' birth was heralded by angels, but we know nothing about the births of these men, but we feel safe in assuming that their parents were poor people of the working class.

There were probably hundreds of people near Galilee on this occasion, said Rev. Mr. Summers, but we know of just these four men. We remember them because of the decision they made that day—to leave their work and their homes to follow the Master. These men have been remembered on down through the ages, not because of their wealth or fine homes, but the world knows them because their names are recorded in the Bible as being the first followers of Jesus.

Rev. Mr. Summers pointed out that this day was the turning point in the

lives of these four men. The day was probably about like other days, the only difference being that Jesus came, called to them, and they followed him. In that brief space of time they made the decision that has caused them to be known throughout the Christian world.

What was true in the lives of Andrew, Peter, James and John, said the speaker, will be true of us. There will come to us a short period which

shall tell if we are to be eternally happy, or to be so worthless that people will not remember a thing about us. And in conclusion, he urged the boys to make up their minds at that moment—to come to a definite decision—to strive to so live that they will be remembered as fine boys and men. As the four fishermen made their decision, we, too, have the opportunity to decide whether or not our lives shall be really worthwhile.

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## COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending January 9, 1944

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

Ernest Bullard  
Fred Jones  
Leonard McAdams  
Charles Pearson  
Weaver F. Ruff

### COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Bailey  
George Cox  
Rufus Massingill  
Harold McKinney  
David Swink  
J. W. Love  
Robert Caudle

### COTTAGE NO. 2

(No Honor Roll)

### COTTAGE NO. 3

Everett Bowden  
Edward Haynes  
Lawrence Littlejohn  
William Pegram  
Fonzer Pittman  
Samuel Pritchett  
Milton Talley

### COTTAGE NO. 4

William Brooks  
Leroy Childers  
William Davis  
John Fine

Clyde Godfrey

Jeter Green  
Jarvis Hill  
William Lewis  
Malcom Seymour  
Richard Shehan  
Newman Tate  
Eugene Watts  
Lawrence Walker  
Carl Willis  
Carroll Wiggins

### COTTAGE NO. 5

Kenneth Atwood  
Clyde Billings  
Earl Brigman  
Robert Hensley  
McKeever Horne  
Robert Moose  
Nolan Overcash  
Raymond Pruitt  
Ralph Robinson  
Brady Tew

### COTTAGE NO. 6

Horace Collins  
Charles Cox  
Craven Callahan  
Rufus Driggers  
Jack Hensley  
Sanford McLean  
Robert Peavey  
J. W. Smith

Leroy Wilkins  
Lawrence Temple

**COTTAGE NO. 7**

Max Brown  
Wallace Foster  
Ned Metcalf  
Ray Naylor  
Donald Grimstead

**COTTAGE NO. 8**  
(Cottage Closed)

**COTTAGE NO. 9**

Robert Brady  
James Jarvis  
Charles Redmond  
Edward Renfro

**COTTAGE NO. 10**  
(No Honor Roll)

**COTTAGE NO. 11**

Roland Brooks  
William Craddock  
William Guffey  
Earl Harris  
Orin Helms  
James Hicks  
Paul Matthews  
Leon Rose  
Ray Taylor  
William Walker  
Robert Yow

**COTTAGE NO. 12**  
(Cottage Closed)

**COTTAGE No. 13**  
(No Honor Roll)

**COTTAGE NO. 14**  
(Cottage Closed)

**COTTAGE NO. 15**  
Thomas Baumgarner  
Jack Benfield  
Edgar Blanchard  
Hilton Reed  
Roger Reid  
Clyde Shook  
William Whittington  
Cecil Bennett

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

James Chavis  
Peter Chavis  
Hudell Jacobs  
Herbert Lochlear  
James Lochlear  
Dillard Shelton

**INFIRMARY**

Raymond Byrd  
R. D. McCurry  
Lloyd Sain  
Durham Smith  
Alvis Watkins



Blessed is the man in the evening with happy memories to take the place of the visions of the morning. Fortunate is he who, with the passing of youth, can know the joys of the well-spent life and experience something of the sunset's glow. The compensations of life do then appear. The intolerance so often incident to age and grouchy, misspent years do not appear. Such are apt to remain cheerful and bouyant with the abiding promise of immortal youth in their blood.—N. C. Christian Advocate.



C36A

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 22, 1944

No. 3

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JAN 25 1944

## GIVING

Of worldly goods or gold,  
Though little one may have to give  
Yet what one feels if but expressed  
May bring relief untold ;  
For true affection rightly shown  
Helps heal the broken heart,  
Or smooths the road for weary souls  
Who strive to do their part.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY  
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND  
INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.  
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.  
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## TWO MEN AND A PSALM

One of England's leading actors was being banqueted. In the after-dinner ceremonies, the actor was asked to recite for the pleasure of the guests. He consented, and asked if there was anything special anyone in the audience would like to hear.

There was a moment's pause, then an old clergyman spoke up. "Could you, sir," he said, "recite the Twenty-third Psalm?"

A strange look came over the actor's face, but he was speechless for only a moment. "I can, sir—and I will, on one condition, and that is that after I have recited, you, my friend, will do the same."

"I?" replied the surprised clergyman; "but I am not an elocutionist. However, if you wish, I will do so."

Impressively the great actor began the Psalm, holding his audience spell-bound. As he finished, a great burst of applause broke from the guests.

After the applause had ceased, the old clergyman arose. The audience sat in tense silence. The Psalm was recited, and when it was done, there was not the slightest ripple of applause, but those in the audience whose eyes were yet dry, had their heads bowed.

The great actor, with his hand on the shoulder of the old clergyman, exclaimed, "I reached your eyes and ears, my friends, but this man reached your hearts; I know the Twenty-third Psalm; he knows the Shepherd."—Selected.

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## A RICH HERITAGE

This nation from the earliest history down to the present era, has given to the world outstanding men and women whose names are recorded in the hall of fame. They had a rich heritage from their early forebears who lived, worked and fought for the privileges we are enjoying today. Last week we carried short biographies of statesmen of the Revolutionary period. In this issue we take note of two outstanding men—Robert E. Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson—whose names are familiar not only to Southern people, but have at-

tained world-wide recognition. We observe these anniversaries to call attention to those who were leaders in various stages of our nation's history.

**Robert Edward Lee** was born January 19, 1807, at Stratford, Westmoreland County, Virginia. He was sent to West Point in 1825, where he passed four years without a reprimand or demerit. He was second in his class. Two years later he married Mary Parke Custis, great-grand-daughter of Washington's wife, and toward her he showed a most beautiful devotion. In 1834 he became assistant to the chief engineer of the army at Washington and later superintended the construction of defensive works in New York harbor.

All critics agree that as commander-in-chief of the Confederate Army, he was one of the greatest generals the United States has ever produced; many believe him to have been the greatest, but so since his death is due to that sterling quality as much as to that of beautiful was his character that the fame which has grown steadily his military achievements in the face of most heart-breaking difficulties. "Ideal soldier," he was, but "perfect man" no less, one writer has declared; and the North, which he fought with all the energy of his nature, now holds him in as loving remembrance as does the South which he served.

**Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson** was born on January 21, 1824, at Clarksburg, West Virginia. Left an orphan at an early age he received only limited country schooling until he was eighteen, when mainly through his own efforts he secured admission to West Point Military Academy. In 1846, he graduated with honors and soon afterward joined the army that was fighting in Mexico. In this war he proved himself one of the most gallant of the American officers, rising in less than a year from the rank of second lieutenant to that of brevet major. From 1851 to the outbreak of the War of Secession, Jackson held a professorship in the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington. Although others excelled him as a teacher, his life and character were lasting influences for good. He was deeply and sincerely religious. His Christian faith was the mainspring of every act of his life. Years afterward, a monument was erected to his memory. The first contribution came from a Negro Baptist

church in Lexington, though he had fought valiantly to maintain slavery.

Jackson gave himself wholeheartedly to the cause of the Confederacy, though he would have rejoiced to have seen the Union preserved. After Bull Run he was promoted to major general. In the campaigns against General Banks in the Shenandoah Valley, he baffled the commanders who tried to trap him. In June, 1862, he joined the defense of Richmond against McClellan—later fought against Pope in the second battle of Bull Run, gave brilliant aid to his commander in the battles of Antietam and Fredericksburg. In May, 1863, while reconnoitering after dark, on the evening following the first day of the battle of Chancellorsville, he was accidentally shot by a Confederate outpost. His death more than offset the victory over the Federals, and Lee declared he had lost his right arm. He was buried at Lexington, according to his wish, where a memorial perpetuates his memory.

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### A HELPING HAND

The lessons learned from experience teach us tolerance and inspire the spirit of charity to all classes of people, and especially to those who do the chores in and around the home. The brief story in mind is one of interest and should not be casually cast aside without taking in the serious side of the case.

We will begin our story in a style similar to that of youngsters by saying, "a long, long time ago," we had a maid who faithfully served in every capacity and kept things running on an even keel, and received in return a small compensation. This maid, as a laundress, for more than thirty-five years, was capable and trustworthy. Just a few weeks ago she was taken suddenly ill while in the midst of her pre-Christmas obligations. When the laundry was returned to those whom she had given the longest service, the word came that her physical condition made it impossible for her to continue. A small remembrance was sent on Christmas Day, without knowing the seriousness of the case.

Later, a visit was made to the home of this faithful servant. The case was one of pity, because of her very high blood-pressure. The

house was dreary, drab and over-heated, poorly ventilated because those who could have looked after the home were elsewhere working to make belt and buckle meet. We asked questions until we found out just exactly the income and the weekly expenses. One part of the picture cut deeply, and that was to see that her strong, muscular arms were bare as she rested in the bed. There were no night-clothes to cover them. It was not difficult to detect that her morale was low. She was willing to work, but could not, knowing the seriousness of her illness.

To make a long story short, we are pleased to relate that a kind friend made available funds to get the real necessities. After this old servant was informed of money on hand, the question as to needs was in order. She was most conservative in making them known, and asked for a half-ton of coal, and the balance to be paid on her doctor's bill. All will agree that this faithful maid thought only of meeting future emergencies.

Believe it or not, the cheery visits to the home of our old colored friend boosted her very much. Her humble and gracious spirit was reflected in her face as she said almost in a whisper, "I truly thank you."

We are convinced, without knowing the theory of students in psychology, that the helping hand in the time of ill health and heavy responsibilities gives a hope, therefore, one is better prepared to take things on the chin.

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### SAVE THE BIRDS

Kate Smith is truly a national figure. There are times when the subjects she discusses are not so intensely interesting, but she never fails to say something that is worthwhile and helpful. One of her most impressive talks was when she recently made a plea for the care of the birds. Her introductory remark was to the effect that while everyone was thinking of conserving food for the armed forces that the care of the birds was not in mind, however, she spoke feelingly on the subject of songbirds and those of beautiful plumage, especially in the states where the climate is severe. She said it would require but little trouble and a small part of time to

save bread crumbs and other kinds of food, and place the same conveniently for the birds. Unless this is done they will die from hunger, and, as a consequence will be greatly missed as harbingers of spring.

The renowned Kate Smith made a master stroke in making a plea for the safety of birds of all descriptions. Such lessons should be passed down to children of every community, regardless of class. One of the sweetest memories in the life of the writer is when the entire family, including parents and children, were seated around the fireside eating fruit, peanuts and other things available during the winter season, the most natural thing for a youngster on such occasions was to burn apple-cores, peelings and other scraps, this being the easiest way to get rid of them. This is where mother would speak, making every child conserve the left-overs and place them on the window-sill for the birds. The children were fully repaid for obeying mother by watching the birds as they chirped and flew back and forth after enjoying a nice meal from the window-sill. These lessons learned in childhood seemed of little consequence, but in the more mature years one can look back with appreciation as to the value of little things.

There should be an Audubon Society or something similar there-to in every community to teach the children that the birds of the air are appreciated, not alone as songbirds, but for their valuable aid to farmers in destroying insects. We take off our hat to Kate Smith and say that her talk on the conservation of food for the birds was most timely and worthwhile. We thoroughly appreciated it.

Right here we would suggest that few places in the state are more appropriate for a bird sanctuary than the grounds of Jackson Training School, and we believe our boys would later in life have a higher appreciation of our feathered friends.

# ROBERT E. LEE—GREAT AMERICAN

By Douglas Southall Freeman

In the old town where I live, the Valentine Museum preserves in a special room the original cast of the marble recumbent statue of Lee at Lexington. Around the cast, not long ago, a group of awed school children stood for the first time. "He's dead," one of them whispered. "He isn't," another insisted, "he's asleep." Then a boy touched the plaster and said, "Wake up, General Lee, we need you."

That we do! We need Lee! Equally we need Lincoln. We need Andrew Jackson; we need Grant; we need Washington. If they were here in this supreme hour of our national danger each would give his counsel, each his contribution. It is not possible to say what the advice of each might be, because, as I have had occasion to warn those who delight in military comparisons, circumstance is incommensurable.

Instead of professing to know what Lee would do now, may I recall a few of the things he did in 1861-65? His beloved Virginia and the Southland then passed through an ordeal similar in many respects to that which the country now faces, but with the all-embracing difference that the Confederacy lost inevitably, whereas the nation today can win if it will. That states the case simply. The question is not whether we can, but whether we will win. Our will is to be measured by our effort, by our sacrifice, by what we put into the war chest of the nation.

All our long road, Robert E. Lee traversed. Before 1861, General Winfield Scott had said that the United

States would be wise to insure the life of Lee for \$1,000,000 because of the value of Lee's future service to the nation. Lee decided to stand by his own state, his own people. He was born to make the decision he did. When he made it, he assumed immediately the direction of the military and naval defense of Virginia.

From the date, April 23, 1861, until the first major battle, July 21, the inflexible counsel of Lee to Virginia could be put in a single sentence: Press the preparations for war to the absolute limit of the people's capacity and resources, as long as practicable, even though this requires a strict defensive. That policy was enjoined on all the outpost commanders.

Lee, moreover, "warned those around him," a contemporary of 1861 has written, "that they were on the threshold of a long and bloody war, and he advised them if they had any idea that the contest in which they were about to engage was to be a slight one, to dismiss all such thoughts from their minds, saying that he knew the Northern people well, and knew they would never yield in that contest except at the conclusion of a long and desperate struggle." Change "Northern" to "German," and this remark is as sound and monitory now as in the spring of 1861.

General Lee never thought the defensive was the road to victory. The offensive and that alone would purchase freedom. He believed that the offensive should not be undertaken till the means of sustaining it were at hand; but once an army was ready to

strike, it must strike with all it had. Illusion must not be cherished. Nothing was certain in war but uncertainty. An adversary always must be expected to do what strategically he ought to do. In effort, as in the matching of wits, he must be outdone.

Early in the war, Lee protested against the unwillingness of the Southern soldier to do military labor. Said Lee: "Why should we leave to the enemy the whole advantage of labor? Combined with valor, fortitude and boldness, of which we have our fair proportion, it should lead us to success. What carried the Roman soldiers into all countries, but this happy combination? The evidences of their labor last to this day. There is nothing so military as labor, and nothing so important to an army to save the lives of its soldiers."

Toward the end of the war, Lee perceived that the outcome depended, not on what his valiant army was to do, but on what the people were willing to do to support the men in the field. He wrote: "Everything, in my opinion, has depended and still depends upon the disposition and feelings of the people. Their representatives can best decide how they will bear the difficulties and sufferings of their condition and how they will respond to the demands which the public safety requires."

If those two quoted sentences were in type on the "stone" of a newspaper composing room, any man who picked up the lines would think they had been dropped from a current presidential message. Now as surely as in the days of General Lee, the outcome of the war will be decided less by the valor of the army or the wisdom of the administration than by the

exertion of the whole nation. That exertion in the aggregate cannot be above the sum of individual contributions, which will have a determinable average, high or low.

Least known of all General Lee's achievements was that of utilizing a wide range of abilities. He knew that interest and hard work improved every performance, whether that performance was routine or original. For that reason, among a score, Lee always respected personality and usually got for the public service the best that every man had to offer. Consistently, Lee's appeal was to character.

American armies traditionally are riddled with jealousies and sometimes are beset with cabals, but the Army of Northern Virginia under Lee was never hampered by faction or by rivalry. This was not because of unique devotion on the part of its corps of officers. It was due almost entirely to the patience of Lee, to his skill in adjustment and to his fairness alike to mediocre and to capable, to those not of his mind as surely as to those who saw eye to eye with him. Much of his military correspondence could be put into any textbook on the management of men—an art imperative now.

For years before 1861, Lee lived close to George Washington's home and in the presence of Washington's relics. Lee's father-in-law was the adopted grandson of the first President. From Washington, the Confederate chieftain learned the power of example. Lee could have said with "Stonewall" Jackson, "I have tried to set my troops a good example." An example it was, also in sagacious leadership and in the soldiery the mean of

boldness between the extremes of overcaution and of rashness—precisely the mean that America today must find in the western Pacific.

Lee set, likewise, an animating example of the "antique virtue" of equanimity. That quality is higher than its noblest component, which is courage. Equanimity is distinguishable also from mere determination, which may be unthinking, and from patience, which may be more of a vice than a virtue. Equanimity is essentially individual, rather than national, because it postulates the superior rather than the average character. It is the state of mind that submits itself willingly to the judgment of time in the consciousness of righteous effort and in the humble admission that the finite mind cannot be infallible.

This means, in terms less abstract, that Lee believed in the invincibility of character, believed that the man who had done the best of which he had knowledge could leave the rest to God. Americans safely may do this today if, but only if, all the while, from mine to watch-tower, from submarine to pulpit, they do their best in labor and in fortitude—and no less than their best. National effort unequal to national danger never can produce the "equal mind."

Equanimity such as Lee's has no place for despair. Its dynamic is hope. Paradoxical as seems that quality in the exemplar of what men call a "lost cause," hope fired Lee even in the hour of destruction of the government for which he unsparingly had fought.

After General Lee's death in October, 1870, his heirs opened a military valise he had carried with him through his campaigns. It contained a few

papers only. Among them were several sheets, large and small, on which were reflections in the autograph of the general. Some of these manifestly were quotations from books Lee had read in winter quarters; others may have come from his pen in hours when he was alone in his tent and had wrestled triumphantly with his own spirit. The spirit of most of the papers was that of a favorite motto of his from Marcus Aurelius—"Misfortune nobly borne is good fortune."

Most cherished of all the paragraphs written in the General's handwriting and found among the papers in his valise was one which Colonel Charles Marshall quoted in the address at the laying of the corner-stone of the Lee monument in Richmond, October 27, 1887. Whether this was written by Lee or was copied by him from some book, investigation has not yet determined. Regardless of authorship, it is an epitome of the faith of Lee and is, of all his reflections, the one that most fully embraces his message to his nation today.

"My experience of men has neither disposed me to think worse of them, nor indisposed me to serve them; nor, in spite of failure, which I lament, of errors, which I now see and acknowledge, or, of the present aspect of affairs do I despair of the future. The truth is this: The march of Providence is slow, and our desires so impatient, the work of progress is so immense, and our means of aiding it so feeble, the life of humanity is so long, and that of the individual so brief, that we often see only the ebb of the advancing wave, and are thus discouraged. It is history that teaches us hope."



# THE PORTRAIT OF A FRIENDSHIP

By Bill Stern

Those who turn their radio dials to sports commentaries will perhaps have relished this human-interest story of Gen. Dwight Eisenhower, American Commander of the Allied forces in the European sector of the world war.

It occurred in a little town in Kansas, where Dwight Eisenhower spent his boyhood days. He was a comely lad, strong and virile, filled with the spirit of an athlete. He chose boxing as his pastime, and his ambition and skilled technique soon made him the champion boxer of the town. There was none who dared challenge young Eisenhower's prowess.

But one day there came to town another young man. He gave his name as Frankie Brown. Brown bore the reputation of professional boxer, and he soon learned of the ambitious young Eisenhower. A match was arranged between the two young athletes. No one was ever able to tell who won the honors, but both fought so well and squarely that before the bout was over the two

were fast friends.

They retired to a restaurant following the affair, and there they discussed plans for their future. Eisenhower desired to go to college, but Brown wanted to pursue boxing as a professional career. Eisenhower sought to persuade Brown first to acquire the higher schooling. In the wee hours of the night the two emerged, both determined to go to college.

Frankie Brown entered Notre Dame—but not as "Frankie Brown." That was merely his professional name. He entered college under his real name—Knutte Kenneth Rockne. The determination that led him to follow Dwight Eisenhower's advice, also stood him to hand in becoming the noted and beloved football coach of Notre Dame.

In a fateful hour on March 31, 1931, the airplane in which Knutte Rockne was en route to his old friend in Kansas, crashed to earth, crushing a life that had matched the determination and friendship and prowess of an Eisenhower.

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When one door closes, another opens, but we often look so long and regretfully upon the closed door that we do not see the one which has just opened for us. Defeat is nothing but education. It is the first step toward something better.—Selected.

# LEE-JACKSON DAY REMINDS US OF GREAT LEADERS

By Mrs. J. A. Yarbrough

With the exception of George Washington there are perhaps no other two men of America whose birthdays have been celebrated so often by different groups of people as those of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson.

The first Confederate organization of women, the Ladies Memorial associations from the beginning observed the birthdays of these two men whose lives were so closely interwoven during the War Between the States.

The Confederate veterans, organized in 1889, paid homage to their two greatest heroes each recurring January 19 and 21. Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, an organization now nearing its Golden Anniversary, have annually celebrated Lee-Jackson Day as have the Sons of the Confederacy and the Children of the Confederacy.

In schools, colleges, churches, book clubs and debating societies the birthdays of these illustrious men have been fittingly observed each year.

In London, where a bust of General Lee was placed by the general organization of the U. D. C., members living there always gathered to observe his natal day. At St. Cyr, the famous military school of France, where Lee's noble figure on Traveler was placed by the daughters, members of the Paris chapter assembled to render him homage on January 19th.

It would be impossible to calculate the thousands of people who for more than half a century have met together each January to pay tribute to these two famous men whose lives were so

singularly alike.

Virginia gave to the world these immortal characters who were so similar and yet so different that neither could have filled the place of the other. Lee was born, January 19, 1807; Jackson, January 21, 1824. Both were graduates of the West Point Military Academy, both were instructors in the little town of Lexington, Va. For ten years before the outbreak of the war in 1861, Jackson was professor of military tactics at the Virginia Military Institute. For five years after the war, Lee was the president of Washington College, and under his guidance it was fast becoming a noted institution of learning for young men of the South, when he was suddenly called from the scene of his labors.

Both men were devout Christians. General Lee was stricken after attending a church meeting, words of blessing for the evening meal on his lips. General Jackson died repeating the familiar lines of an old hymn, "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

Both men were known the world over as experts in military genius and their methods are studied by soldiers even to the present day.

In Lexington rest the bodies of these men of undying fame—Jackson in the town cemetery, a handsome bronze figure surmounting his grave, and General Lee beneath the famous recumbent statue in the little chapel which he himself built on the campus of Washington and Lee University.

In the army, Lee and Jackson were

declared to have been a most exceptional combination. It is said they outclassed any other two men who were ever associated together in the art of warfare. There was an extraordinary understanding and reciprocity between them.

"How these two men loved and trusted each other!" said Dr. Hunter McGuire. "Where in all history shall we find a parallel to their mutual faith and love and confidence?"

Said Jackson, "Lee is a phenomenon. I would follow him blindfolded." And Lee said to a messenger of Jackson's who brought the information that Hooker had crossed the river, "Go back and tell General Jackson he knows as well as I what to do with the enemy."

As General Jackson lay desperately wounded after the battle of Chancellorsville, General Lee sent the message, "Give him my warmest regards and tell him to make haste and get well and come back to me as soon as he can. He has lost his left arm, but I have lost my right."

The soul of the great commander was moved to its depths as the life of the brave Stonewall Jackson ebbed away. He who had so long learned to conceal emotion, could not control his anguish.

"Jackson must not die—he cannot die!" he exclaimed in broken tones.

No one but General Lee realized the irreparable loss of Jackson to the Confederacy. After the terrible disaster at Gettysburg, General Lee said, "If I had had Stonewall Jackson at Gettysburg I should have won that battle. Such an executive officer the sun never shone on. I have but to show him my design and I know that it can be done."

By quick mentality, rapidity and faultless tactical skill, he achieved the greatest possible results with the smallest possible means. The Union forces were in constant terror of his fearless, unexpected movements. Eighty years before the present war, so fraught with surprise attacks, this brilliant general proved that brains and daring and the unexpected can defeat superior forces.

Two classic rules, familiar today to military students in every land, were given by General Jackson to his soldiers: "Always mystify, mislead and surprise the enemy, if possible, and when you strike and overcome him, never give up the pursuit as long as your men have strength to follow, for an army routed, if hotly pursued, becomes panic-stricken and can then be destroyed by half their number. The second rule is, never fight against heavy odds, if by any possible maneuvering you can hurl your own force on only a part and that the weakest part of your enemy and crush it. Such tactics will win every time. A small army may thus destroy a large one in detail and repeated victory will make it invincible."

In press reports today one reads over and over the successful result of daring surprise attacks patterned by Jackson's tactics.

It was his famous Shenandoah Valley campaign of 1862 that first made him a terror to the Union and a hero rivaling Lee in the affections of the Confederacy. Bringing into play all his knowledge of military history, daring, careful reconnaissance, anticipation of enemy conduct and his principles of dividing and surprising the foe, he marched his infantry over back country roads with a speed that won

for them the name of "feet cavalry." Before the second battle of Bull Run he marched an army of 20,000 men 50 miles in two days.

In the field he behaved with such blazing-eyed audacity, some of his associates believed him insane. At Chancellorsville, when 60,000 Confederates faced 130,000 Federal soldiers, he marched his entire corps of 28,000 men clear around Hooker's right flank. Again he caught the enemy off guard and, striking from the rear, routed the Union Corps, threw the Army of the Potomac on the defensive and made possible Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania. When he died, after this great victory, at the age of only 39, at the peak of his own and the Confederacy's careers, no wonder Lee, broken-hearted, mourned, "Any victory would be dear at such a price."

The memory of this quiet, studious, devout ex-professor should be an inspiration to all United States commanders of today. New strength and courage should be drawn from the lofty characters of two of the foremost leaders ever produced in this **country, Lee and Jackson**. Those who know of them only as soldiers cannot understand the beauty and purity of their private lives and their utter abhorrence of war. They looked upon it as the sum of all evils but when there was no alternative they were compelled to fight.

When the long dreaded blow came and Jackson was ordered to Richmond with his V. M. I. cadets he went to his home in Lexington and in the presence of his wife read the fifth chapter of Corinthians, then knelt and in a voice choked with tears prayed that "if consistent with His will, God would still avert the threatening dan-

ger and grant us peace."

Throughout his brief but amazing military career, admiration followed him, not only from the Southern but from the Northern troops as well. Instead of regarding him with a sentiment of hatred they exhibited the liveliest interest and regard for him. A Federal soldier offered a Virginian \$500.00 to obtain Jackson's autograph but was refused. Said a Union officer to a Southern officer who was a prisoner in Washington: "I believe if we were to capture Stonewall Jackson, our troops would cheer him as he passed along."

Strength and tenderness were combined in this remarkable man who regarded truth and duty as the jewels beyond all price, a relentless foe in battle, a stern disciplinarian, but so beloved by his men they would have marched to death had he bade them; a victorious general of many battles who wept like a child when first he beheld his baby daughter.

General Jackson was twenty-five years of age before he became a Christian, when he united with the First Presbyterian Church of Lexington. From the beginning he took his religion seriously. Sunday was one of his busiest days. He went to church services twice, taught in morning and afternoon Sunday schools and instructed the colored servants in his home in the Bible, in addition to having them attend family prayers.

In 1853 he started a Sunday school for the Negro slaves of Lexington and their children which he conducted Sunday afternoons in the First Presbyterian Church. In three years the regular attendance had reached almost 100. General Jackson was the superintendent until he went into the

army in 1861, and his interest continued.

After the battle of Manassas, anxiety gripped the people of Lexington, for no authentic news had come. The post office was crowded as they awaited the opening of the mail. A letter was handed to Dr. White, pastor of General Jackson, who recognized his penmanship and exclaimed, "Now we shall hear all the news."

Opening the letter, Dr. White read: "My dear Pastor—Last night, after a fatiguing day's service I remembered I had failed to send you my contribution for our colored Sunday school. Enclosed is my check for that object which please acknowledge at your earliest convenience and oblige, Yours faithfully, T. J. Jackson."

The first contribution for the beautiful bronze statue which now decks the hero's grave was from the Negro Baptist Church of Lexington, whose pastor and some of the members were pupils in Jackson's Negro Sunday school.

When the Federal troops were

marching into Lexington, the large Confederate flag which always floated over Jackson's grave was taken down and concealed by some of the citizens. While Northern soldiers still occupied the town a lady went to the cemetery with fresh flowers for the grave. She was surprised to find a miniature Confederate flag planted on the grave with the verse of a familiar hymn pinned to it. Inquiring, she found that a colored youth of the Sunday school had procured the flag, gotten some one to copy the verse which Jackson had taught him, and in the night had gone to place the flag on the grave of his beloved teacher.

The Confederate veterans who celebrated with delight Lee-Jackson Day are nearly all gone. Only a thin gray line remains, hovering on the shores of eternity, usually too feeble to attend the services now held. But so long as a Daughter of the Confederacy remains, so long will the birthdays of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson be commemorated.

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### I BELONG TO THE KING

"I belong to the King." So read the legend on the collar of a little terrier which followed King Edward's bier. He was a mere dog, and not beautiful at that. But he had been loved by a king, had lain on a king's knee, had entree to royal apartments which the best accredited visitors might not enter. Many affectionate glances he received as he trotted soberly in the funeral cortege, bearing this legend: "I am Caesar; I belong to the King." Thus many a lowly disciple has found himself exalted. Even humble service is worth while when one belongs to the King. Christ came to create this sense of relationship in us, to help us know ourselves as belonging to his Father. What temptations would be mastered, what bitterness accepted without complaint, what harsh words choked, what defilements indignantly repudiated, if in moments of stress we could say, "I belong to the King!"—George C. Peck.

## H. H. BRIMLEY

By R. C. Lawrence, in *The State*

Now just in case there are one or two of my readers who are not familiar with Carl Akeley I will say that he was the lad who wrote "In Brightest Africa." and was perhaps the world's foremost big game hunter, and one of the greatest taxidermist. He was gored by and elephant. he fought bare-handed a battle with a 100-pound leopard that sprang upon him suddenly, knocking his rifle out of his hands. Akeley was almost torn to ribbon, but he killed the great cat with bare hands. The great African room in the American Museum of Natural History at New York was the work of his hands. Moreover, he was one of the most intimate friends of Roosevelt—Theodore, not Franklin, for Theodore was a mighty hunter himself as you'll know if you have read his *African Game Trials*.

I would not exactly classify my subject along with Carl Akeley, as men of the latter's calibre appear at very infrequent intervals, but some of our man's characteristics do, in a way, call a former to mind.

He was born near Bedford, England, but do not hold this against him for remember that from this soil came William Shakespeare and—Churchill! Moreover, he got over it just as soon as he could for he became a naturalized (and good) American just as soon as he reached the years of discretion. He was born' way back in 1861 and came from a race of men who, as did Robert Burns, lived close to the soil. His forebearers were

farmers, except such time as they took off to oversee the gentle art of brewing that heavy English beer which is so close to the heart of every son of John Bull.

The scene of his nativity held much of interest, for he was born near the river Ouse, into which he of course fell long before he could swim; and within sight of his birthplace are the remains of old Danish fortifications clearly defined above the banks of the river; while within the town of Bedford (where our brother John Bunyan spent twelve years in jail!) there is still to be seen the ruins of a castle built by William the Conqueror, circa 1066. But these surroundings, while medieval, were not primeval, for there was a daily mail which brought down the "Englishman's Bible," the *London Times*, which was read down to the last advertisement.

The young farm-raised boy did not get to Eton, Rugby, Harrow or other prep school for "My Lords and Gentlemen," but he did attend a local "boarding school" of the same general type for eight years and secured all the essentials of a thorough fundamental education, with some outstanding individual honors, on which he has built by omniverous reading. Yes, he played football, for he has been all his life an enthusiastic devotee of every form of sports and outdoor life.

From early youth he was, and still is, passionately devoted to the life of field and stream and there

was no wild creature which did not hold for him a deep and absorbing interest.

Agriculture has not always been prosperous in England any more than in America, and several seasons of poor crops and low prices so discouraged the Brimleys that they determined to migrate either to Australia or Canada. But how strange and mysterious are the ways of Providence, for right on the scene at just the right time was an immigration agent of the North Carolina Board of Agriculture, and he induced the Brimleys to try their luck in Carolina. Nor did they meet a warm reception when, at midnight on the last day of 1880 they reached our goodly city of Raleigh. Their reception there was anything but a warm one, for it was the coldest weather ever experienced in the section—so cold that the young immigrant had to take up the carpet from the floor to try to keep from freezing; and the water in the pitcher (no faucets in those days) was frozen solid next morning. It was prophetic that the hotel at which he stopped should have occupied the site of what is now the Agricultural Building, the very spot on which his life's labors were to be spent!

An effort at farming proved a total and disastrous failure; but there was one expedient on which the young stranger could fall back—school teaching. And so he betook himself, foreign accent and all, to a one-room log cabin schoolhouse, without glass windows, located near what is now Meredith College, but which was then in the wild and open country.

He always had a flair for everything pertaining to outdoor life, and early in his career began doing odd jobs in taxidermy, without a preceptor, guided by a fifty-cent book on that subject which had strayed into his hands. But he had a natural genius and talent for such work, and when our state had its "Centennial Exposition" in 1884, the authorities secured the versatile young Englishman to prepare a collection of native fish for display—an exhibit which he prepared with much skill, effectively using a new process which proved successful.

His work here gave him such publicity and caused such favorable comment that he soon added the work of collecting and selling zoological material until he with his younger brother, Dr. C. S. Brimley, had built up a business and a clientele which proved profitable. Such a reputation had he won on his special field, that he was employed by the State's Commission to the Chicago World's Fair to collect for exhibition a large number of native animals, birds and fishes to illustrate the wildlife resources of the state, and such a fine reaction resulted from his labors that he was employed to stay with his collection and exhibit it to the spectators who crowded the exposition grounds. He therefore spent nearly a year in the Windy City and his work attracted attention from specialists in his chosen field.

It was to house this new and excellent collection which caused the erection of an additional room to the then two small rooms which housed the State Museum; and on his return from Chicago he was engaged to ar-

range the exhibit in its new quarters; and then he was charged with the task of mounting the Museum's specimen of a right Whale which, up to that time, had consisted merely of a pile of bones upon the floor.

Way back in 1895 he was named "Curator" at the princely salary of \$75.00 a month, a title which was changed to "Director" at a later time, and the Museum was directly under his charge until 1937. Since then he has been officially "Curator of Zoology," his recent work being largely the preparation of models of large marine specimens. It will therefore be seen that he has been connected in a way with the Museum for more than fifty years; and is the oldest employee of the Department of Agriculture, under which the Museum is operated as one of its divisions.

He has seen the Museum floor-space increase from two thousand to thirty thousand square feet. He has been in charge of the state exhibits at every exposition in which we have participated, including, in addition to Chicago, the Charleston Exposition, in 1901; that at St. Louis in 1904; that at Jamestown in 1907, at each of which place he spent nearly a year in presiding over the work. At both St. Louis and Jamestown he served as a member of the International Jury of Awards. He was preparing the state's exhibit for showing at the San Francisco Exposition in 1915, when the near approach of the First World War caused the state to withdraw from participations.

He is a genial, kindly and friendly soul, holding membership in many scientific, social, civic and fraternal organizations. He belongs to the State

Academy of Sciences, is President of the North Carolina Bird Club, is a member of the American Museum of Natural History; of the Museums Association of Great Britain; the American Society of Mammalogists, the American Ornithologists Union, and the Raleigh Natural History Club. He has been President of the Raleigh local Rotary Club and of the local Festival Association, an organization composed of representatives of all the organized civic and patriotic bodies of the capital in 1924. He was co-author with our great naturalist, Gilbert Pearson, and his brother, Dr. C. S. Brimley, of "Birds of North Carolina," which has gone through several additions. He has been most active in the Boy Scout movement, having been director of the local council, and holding the Silver Beaver Award for his outstanding work of that organization he has published a large number of scientific articles, and has made many radio addresses under the sponsorship of the Izaak Walton League. Although more than eighty, Brimley still is, as was Nimrod, a mighty hunter before the Lord, and last year he participated in six deer hunts and his shirt tail is still intact

He is an expert with rod and rifle, for he not only mounts his specimens, but he goes out and collects them himself, and he is most at home when ranging the woods and waters in search of specimens. The Museum has an alligator, nicely mounted and quite life-like—nine feet long! Now it may be news to many people that you can find 'gators here at home, but down in Craven County you can find anything from a great 'gator up to



Speaker Libby Ward. Brimley was prowling the shore when his eagle eye spotted the creature swimming slowly, just his eyes and the tip of his nose showing. It takes an expert to kill such animal, as the only practical vital spot is his eye. Two bullets from Brimley's rifle cracked and the great creature sank. Now if you think it is an easy task to go out into hip-deep water—water so black that even a white object is invisible only a few inches away—in search of a 'gator that may or may not be just exactly dead—well, you just do not know your 'gators! For if the animal still possesses a faint spark of life, his teeth may inflict upon the intrepid seeker an injury which may carry him to an early grave. But Brimley did what he usually does—he brought home the bacon!

The only time his science failed him was when fishing at New River and the Madam captured a species which he had never seen before—a fish known as a "star gazer," because its eyes are almost on top of its head. They had gone camping for a stay of several days; had no preservative with

them and so the specimen was not saved. When he returned home he found what a prize had escaped him, as the species is but rarely found on our coast. It is also known as the "electric toad," and it is capable of inflicting the strongest electric shock of any animal of its size.

So accustomed is he to handling varmints of all kinds with impunity that one day he just casually picked up a live snake which proved, on inspection, to be a cotton-mouthed moccasin, one of the deadliest of all poisonous reptiles. Now this snake must have had the intelligence to realize the importance of Brimley to North Carolina, for he politely refrained from biting the learned naturalist who was treating him so carelessly.

So when next you are in the capital city, be sure to drop around and see the State Museum and Curator Brimley and its great collection which will both interest and amaze you. For he has, attractively mounted and catalogued, everything curious to be found in North Carolina except Carl Goerch, and—well in the end Bremley usually gets what he goes after.

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A few decades ago men talked of the glories of Germany with her wealth and culture. Our young scholars had to go there to finish their education. For Germany had spoken the last word in learning. It was a land of universities and freedom. Then of a sudden the world war broke out. Later Hitler took hold and set out to ravage the nations. Freedom gave place to tyranny; culture and learning to savagery. The only hope is that the Prince of Peace may be allowed to rule once more.

—N. C. Christian Advocate

# STRANDING OF THE CRAGSIDE

(Dare County Times)

On February 20, 1891, at 7 o'clock in the evening, the British steamer Cragside stranded about one mile south of the Ocracoke Station (Sixth District, near Hatteras Inlet, coast of North Carolina, and by the capsizing of one of her boats in the surf on the following day one of her crew, a seaman named Andrew Last, lost his life before assistance could reach him and while the station crew was engaged in rescuing the rest of the boat's crew.

The Cragside was a schooner-rigged steamer of twelve hundred and seventy-eight tons register, hailing from London, England, and carried a crew of twenty-three men. At the time she ran ashore she was bound up the coast to Norfolk, Virginia, to replenish her coal supply while on a voyage from Galveston, Texas, to Liverpool, England, with a cargo of cotton and oil cake. The accident was attributed to the dense fog then prevailing.

The blowing of her steam whistle as a distress signal was quickly heard by the patrol, who hastened to the station to give the alarm. Nothing could be seen of her through the fog, but Coston signals were burned and guns fired to let the people know that their situation was understood, and then the boat was taken out and an effort made to locate the steamer by the sound of the whistle.

At about 11 o'clock the fog settled a little so that the mastheads could be seen, and the crew went off alongside and offered their services. The captain declined assistance, but the life-saving crew remained on board

until 5 o'clock in the morning, when they returned ashore, the keeper arranging with the captain to make signals in case he needed aid or wished to be landed. It should be noted that at the time the vessel grounded, and during the night, the sea was comparatively smooth, and there was consequently no immediate danger to the people on board.

After landing a close watch was kept on the steamer by the station crew, and at 10 o'clock, when the captain hoisted the preconcerted signal, they went off. The surf had in the meantime risen and was so rough that the passage to the ship was dangerous. Keeper Howard again endeavored to persuade the captain to let him land all hands by the boat before the surf became too rough, but the captain persisted in his refusal and contented himself with handing a telegram to Howard to be forwarded to the telegraph station at Hatteras Village, some miles distant on the north side of Hatteras Inlet, for transmission to Norfolk for the dispatch of wrecking tugs to come to the steamer's assistance.

Before the boat cast off, however, the captain asked the keeper to be on hand to assist him in landing in case he decided to use his own boats. The keeper promised all the aid in his power, but urged the captain not to attempt such a course, as the ship's boats would be unsafe. The surf was hourly growing worse, and at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when signal was again hoisted on the steamer, it was dashing entirely over her, fore and aft.

The surf-boat was, however, quickly put into the water and a gallant attempt made to reach the stranded craft, but when almost alongside the boat was checked by the insurmountable waves and ultimately driven back upon the beach.

Upon being thus thwarted in his effort to get alongside, the keeper ordered his men back in haste to the station for the beach apparatus, as it was now plainly evident that further attempts to reach the ship would be useless. The surfmen hurried to the station and were on their return to the scene of operations when one of the steamer's cables which had held her in position, head to the sea, suddenly parted under the great strain to which it was subjected, and she dragged closer in and swung broadside to the beach. Almost immediately after this, to the consternation of Howard, who had reached the shore in advance of his crew, the sailors were observed hoisting out a boat.

Howard instantly signalled to them not to make such a foolhardy attempt but his signals were either not seen or they were disregarded, for before long the boat was in the water and with eight men in it, heading shoreward. According to the keeper's testimony, a most singular feature of the proceeding was that all the men were laboring at the oars and nobody appeared to be steering the boat. This was strange, indeed, and to the on-lookers from the shore meant certain disaster in such a high surf. And, sad enough, their fears were but too surely realized. The boat, which was in charge of the first officer, had not cleared more than a third of the distance from the steamer to the shore when a heavy breaker turned it com-

pletely over and the men were thrown out.

The keeper, upon witnessing this, and without waiting for his own men who were yet some distance away tugging at the apparatus cart, ran to the surf-boat with his number one surfman and some men from Hatteras, who had crossed the inlet that morning upon seeing the stranded steamer, and at once shoved out into the surf to the rescue of the boat's crew. The struggling sailors had, as the surf-boat approached, become somewhat scattered. Two of them were swimming for the shore, and seemed to be doing well, while five others were clustered together near the capsized boat, but making no decided effort to save themselves. Another man, with a life-preserver on, seemed to be perfectly still in the water, and was rapidly drifting away with the current. This was the man who lost his life.

The keeper first headed his boat to the group of five men and picked them all up in handsome style, although none too soon, as the poor fellows were nearly exhausted when lifted into the boat. Upon turning to the two swimmers, and assuring himself that they had reached the beach safely with the aid of those on shore, he steered for the beach himself to land the five men taken from the water, and thus place them entirely out of danger before giving his attention to Last, who was some distance off, where the breakers were heaviest.

When the rescuing party reached Last he appeared to be quite dead, although the life-preserver about his body had kept him afloat. An ineffectual attempt was made as soon as he could be landed to revive him by the method in vogue in the Service

for the resuscitation of apparently drowned persons. The captain of the steamer, when landed, afterward expressed the opinion that the man met his death almost as soon as the boat upset, as he was afflicted with heart disease, and it was thought his death resulted from shock. Another of the men picked up was insensible and so far gone that it was necessary to practice the same method upon him to bring him to. In this case it was successful.

In the meantime the beach apparatus had arrived. The gun was therefore placed in position and a line thrown to the ship; the gear was rigged, and the fifteen men remaining on board were brought safely ashore by the breeches-buoy. When the last man was landed, at about five

o'clock, the party was conducted to the station where dry clothing was furnished and each man comfortably provided for.

On the following day (Sunday) a coffin was made, and the body of the dead seaman decently buried. The wreckers arrived in due season and set to work heaving the ship off, and ressed a part of the crew, by reason of the limited resources of the station (Ocracoke) were billeted for a few days at the Durant Station, at the north side of Hatteras Inlet, until the salvage company had the vessel in such position that they could safely return on board. The steamer was floated off, and proceeded to Norfolk on March 21, in a damaged condition and with the loss of part of her cargo.

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## AS A MAN SOWETH

By Harold S. Kahm, in Good Business

Ralph Osterman was a high successful manufacturer of carpets. Over a period of less than two decades he had created a large scale business from scratch. Now, at seventy, he wanted to retire and turn the management over to his son Jim. But he was worried.

Osterman had always liked people, and he had always regarded them as human beings rather than as cogs in a business machine. Anybody could see him. If he was busy, you sat down in a comfortable chair and awaited his pleasant coming. He would see you even if you were peddling neckties, or wanted a job.

Jim had always been opposed to his father's "old-fashioned," easy-

going ways. His god was efficiency, and he was impatient with "vulnerable" methods of dealing with people. It wasn't that Jim was mean at heart, but rather that he believed in hard-boiled American business tactics.

So his father was worried, not for the business, but for Jim. One day he called Jim into his office. "Jim," he began, "I'm going to retire, and turn things over to you." Jim almost jumped at the thrill of being able to invoke his own business policy. "But there is one condition you must agree to," continued the elder Osterman.

"What's that?"

"You are to start your career as

general manager with an experiment. For the first month, this you must do: Have a record card for each individual who comes to see you. Remove all barriers to your time and office. Now get this. During the first month treat everyone, no matter what he wants or says, with utmost courtesy and consideration. And see to it—this is most important—that everyone who talks to you leaves this place as happy or happier than when he came in. You're a bright lad, and you know how to soften a refusal, how to give advise, stimulate hope, offer material encouragement. After your caller leaves, record the call and what you said.

"The second month reverse this process. Treat everyone precisely as you feel. Be efficient. Don't let anyone waste your valuable time on nonsense. Tell them what you think of them, if you wish. Get their names, too, and write down what you told them."

Jim relished the idea of the novel experiment. He would be able at least to prove to his father that modern, efficient methods would produce more and better business. So he agreed.

The first month, it seemed to Jim, streams of people came to demand his time on inconsequential things. But he dutifully racked his brain to think of ways to send them away happier than when they came. He did a good job, but all the time he chafed at the thought of wasting his valuable time. At the end of the first month he heaved a sigh of relief!

Jim began the second month with the vim of "I'll show'em a thing or two!" He had a rare good time the

first day, expressing his private opinions to callers. All the resentment against his father's "old-fashioned" ideas poured into his venomous words. "What kind of a salesman do you think you are?" he snapped at a youngster who winced under the lash. To one who asked for a meager loan, he bellowed, "This isn't a benevolent society—better get on relief," Bitter, cruel words often would have failed to get on the record had not this secretary made note of them.

"All right, Jim," said the elder Osterman at the end of the second month, "you've carried out your bargain. Now lets sum up the results."

Jim felt a distinct pride at the reduced demands on his time during the latter part of the second month. "I'll tell you Dad," he ventured, "I've had a lot more time for work under my plan."

Side by side father and son examined the record. The cards of the first month were filled with warmth and helpfulness; the cards of the second month were cold and cruel. At least, it seemed that way to Jim. He sat quiet. His enthusiasm had waned. He was staring at the record of his bitter words as though they were not his.

"Dad," Jim said after a moment, "do you suppose all these people will have it in for me?"

"I couldn't say," answered the older Osterman. "But how would you feel toward a man who turned you out of his office like a whipped dog? Yet, it is possible that some of these people are big enough not to hold it against you, but to be sorrow for you. Tell me, did the second month's experiment make you feel good?"

Jim shook his head. "After the first day I was miserable. I never realized I could be so mean to people as this record shows. It looks awful in black and white!"

"That's all I wanted to know, Son," said Osterman.

"The business is yours, and you

can run it as you like. But remember, it is more important to be happy than to pile up money."

Jim took it over. And what made the old man proud was the way Jim went after all the people he had treated so harshly the second month, and made it up to them.

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## ELISHA MITCHELL

By Beth Crabtree

In 1835, for the first time, the highest peak east of the Rockies was scientifically measured and its altitude was established. This peak, in the Black Mountains of North Carolina, was appropriately named for its discoverer, Elisha Mitchell, professor of science at the State University.

Elisha Mitchell was born in Washington, Litchfield County, Connecticut, on August 19, 1793. The son of Abner Mitchell and Phoebe Eliot Mitchell and a lineal descendant of the eminent natural philosopher, the Reverend Jared Eliot, he was prepared for college by Reverend Azel Backus and graduated from Yale in 1813. After three years of teaching experience in academies, he was called back to Yale as a tutor. While there, Mitchell was recommended to Judge William Gaston, and following Joseph Caldwell's promotion to the presidency of the University of North Carolina, he was appointed to fill the vacant chair of mathematics at that institution.

When Denison Olmstead, professor of geology and mineralogy at the University of North Carolina, accepted a position at Yale in 1835, Mitchell was

transferred from mathematics to the department of natural sciences. He was a person of wide interests—a fact which had won him the title of "walking encyclopedia" from the students of the University—but his particular attention was focussed on the sciences. As professor of geology, botany, and mineralogy he organized frequent field trips, and spent his vacations making excursions into all parts of the State until he was thoroughly familiar with the natural geography of North Carolina. To facilitate his teaching, Mitchell wrote several texts for his classes—manuals of chemistry, geology, and natural history. He also contributed articles based on his observation, to newspapers and scientific journals. His writings were not confined, however, to scientific subjects; he was one of the leading editorial contributors to the faculty-sponsored magazine, the "Harbinger."

Olmstead, before his departure from the University, had been appointed by the legislature to make a geological survey of the State, and Mitchell, as his successor, fell heir to this task. Thus, in 1827, he published the third and final part, "A Report on the Geol-

ogy of North Carolina Conducted under the Direction of the Board of Agriculture. This, the first State survey of its kind in the United States, was a summary of North Carolina's geological structure and mineral resources. Olmstead had emphasized the commercial value of the resources, while Mitchell stressed theories regarding the age and origin of various geological formations.

Several people had advanced the theory that, due to the particular vegetation found there, one of the peaks of the Black Mountains must be the highest point east of the Mississippi. Sharing this belief, Mitchell, in 1835, equipped with instruments for measurement, made the ascent. His figures established the altitude as 6,476 feet, as against 6,428 feet of Mount Washington in New Hampshire, which had heretofore been claimed as the loftiest pinnacle. Following a second

survey in 1844, the mountain was officially designated as Mt. Mitchell. Sometime later, however, General Thomas L. Clingman disputed Mitchell's claim, implying that a lower peak had been scaled and that he was the first to reach the highest altitude. To refute this charge, Mitchell set out again in 1857 to re-survey the mountain bearing his name. This, his last trip, ended in disaster, for, having left his party on June 27th, he became lost and in the darkness slipped over a precipice into a roaring mountain stream. He was buried in Asheville, but later, at the request of several of his friends, his family consented to the removal of his body to the peak of Mt. Mitchell. Today, on the highest summit of the mountain which bears his name, the traveler finds a monument to the memory of Elisha Mitchell.

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## THE STORY OF APRONS

By Perley R. Wade

In grandmother's day no lady thought of not wearing an apron whenever she was in her own home. If she traveled abroad for an afternoon's visit, or on an errand to the store, the first thing she would do on her return was to don an appropriate apron for the next task she had to do. There were the big kitchen aprons for cooking, the comfortable gingham or percale ones for sweeping and dusting, the large white ones that were always put on when she dressed for the afternoon, and there were the little

frilly, lacy ones which she wore when she served afternoon tea or refreshments at an evening gathering of friends or relatives.

Today, only a few grandmothers, or great-grandmothers, wear aprons as they were worn then. The young housewife and mother has an apron she slips on over her afternoon dress when she is getting dinner, or the simpler meals of lunch or supper, but her work completed, she slips out of it, hangs it on its hook, or folds it and slips it in a drawer, and appears

as neat and fresh in attire as when she started her work. Nowadays in many homes simple house dresses have taken the place of more elaborate dresses with aprons in the work of washing, ironing, cleaning, and the like, so that often the apron will be used only when getting the evening meal and clearing it away.

Where did this custom of wearing aprons come from? Let us see what fashion history tells us about them.

The apron was introduced into England by the Anglo-Saxon ladies who "looked well to the ways of their household," and they were worn much as they were in grandmother's day. However, during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the high-born ladies—even as the ladies of today—for a time put aside wearing aprons as ornaments, and limited their use to household duty wearing.

In the latter part of the sixteenth century the fashions began to show signs of a revival of the apron, and with the coming of William of Orange and Mary to the throne, tiny aprons, embroidered with gold and silver thread and trimmed with lace, became a part of fashionable dress.

In the reign of Queen Anne, following that of William and Mary, the aprons became larger and much more elaborate. They were rich in coloring gorgeous with gold-lace rosettes, lace puffs, and pieces of satin on which pictures were painted.

With the coming of George II fashions changed again. The aprons became plainer and simpler; and when George III sat on the English throne, it had become fashionable to wear long white aprons, perfectly plain, everywhere. So prevalent did this custom become that Beau Nash, the Master of Ceremonies at Bath, lost patience with this unbecoming style and laid down the law that no lady should attend a public function wearing an apron. Several high-titled ladies, presenting the decree as to what they should wear, ignored this order and appeared in their aprons. Thereupon Beau Nash calmly walked over to them, removed their aprons and handed them to some of the attendants. The ladies meekly accepted the reproof and wore them no more.

Aprons will still be worn, but not at social functions or in high places of society.

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There was an absent-minded Sunday school teacher with whom the boys of his class liked to have fun. One day when the boys knew that their teacher was to read a certain passage from the Bible, they pasted together the connecting pages.

The teacher came into the room and began to read. When he got to the bottom of the page he read: "When Noah was 120 years old he took unto himself a wife who was"—then he turned the page—"140 cubits long, 40 cubits wide, built of gopher wood, and covered with pitch inside and out."

The teacher looked puzzled for a moment, re-read the passage, and then said: "Boys, this is the first time I have come across this passage in the Bible, but I am ready to accept it as evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made."



## INSTITUTION NOTES

"Twin Beds" was the attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show, last Thursday night. It is a United Artists production .

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Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have been quite busy this week. They have been making improvements in the appearance of the superintendent's quarters, at the Cannon Memorial Administration Building. This work, which is now almost completed, consisted of sanding and varnishing floors and re-painting several rooms.

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We have just learned that Richard Estes Parker, a former member of our printing class, is an apprentice seaman in the United States Navy. Dicky sent us a card from the U. S. Naval Training Station, Faragut Idaho, where he is receiving his basic training. The brief message on his card reads as follows: "Hope you are getting along fine these days. I am in the Navy now and doing well. I sure started the New Year off good—was on guard duty New Year's Eve from midnight until 2 o'clock in the morning. Remember me to Mr. Kiser and Mr. Wyatt. With love from your friend, Dick Parker."

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Eugene Edwards, formerly of Cottage No. 1, now in the United States Navy, who visited us a short time ago,

wrote us the other day, as follows:

"Have been doing a little K P work lately. The house boys down there who think they work hard, should try doing K P duty in the Navy. They put me on O. G. U. here at Bainbridge but I don't know how long I'll be here. Don't think it will be long, and when I get to another place, will write you. Would appreciate your doing me a little favor. Please send that picture you snapped of me when I was down there to my mother. Let me know the cost and I'll pay you for it. Give my regards to all the folks at the School and write when you can."

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Lee V. Turner, a former member of our printing class, who enlisted in the United States Navy a few months ago, recently wrote us from the Naval Air Station, Melbourne, Florida. Lee is one of lads who went directly from the School campus to the Navy, and from what we have heard from time to time, he has been getting along well. He has attained the rank of second-class seaman. His letter reads in part, as follows: "Have been doing O. K. in the Navy. There is not so much difference between the School and the Navy—you have to obey rules in both places. So far, I have not had any kind of trouble. Will you please tell Mr. Kiser and Mrs. Dillard that I would like to hear from them? And please don't forget that I would like to see a copy of **The Uplift** once in a while, so I can keep up with the boys' names who are in the service. There is nothing better than to get a letter

from old friends, so let's hear from you soon. Sure would like to be up there for a few days and see all the folks."

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J. W. McRorie, formerly a linotype operator in our printing class, recently wrote us from Bainbridge, Maryland, where he is receiving training for service in the United States Navy. Mac wrote as follows:

"Thought I would let you know that I'm still getting along O K in the Navy. Am now in Gunner's Mate School and am learning to repair guns of all types. Will graduate in two weeks, and then go out to sea.

"Tell the boys in the print shop that they are learning a good trade, and to stick to it and learn all they can while they are there. I think printing is a fine trade and art, and will certainly get back at it when this war is over.

"Tell everybody at the old School that Mac sends best wishes and would like to hear from them. Would also like to have a copy of The Uplift. Haven't seen one for a long time. I know you have many boys to write to, but remember that I'm also one of them, and would be glad to hear from you. Your old student. J. W. McRorie."

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We had a nice letter from Nick Rochester, another former printing department boy who is now in the United States Navy. Nick writes as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Just wanted to let you know that I'm still getting

along well and hope you are doing the same. Am still the same old Nick, but changed a lot since joining the Navy in September, 1941.

"You must remember the old boy, Robert Keith—we called him 'Snake-head'. He has been in the Navy about about two years, and is now somewhere in the Pacific Zone. I'm sending you his address.

"How are you getting along in the print shop these days? Would like to have a couple copies of The Uplift if you do not mind. Met Joe Christine not so long ago. He seems to be O K. If Mrs. Lee is still there, tell her I said 'hello' and that I hope she is well and fine.

"Please give my regards to Mr. Kiser, Mr. Barber, Mr. Johnson, and other old friends there. Have to get ready for inspection, and must cut this short. Would like to hear from you. Your old boy, Nick Rochester."

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Our old friend, Dr. Ernest A. Branch, director of the Department of Oral Hygiene, North Carolina State Board of Health, never fails to make it possible for our boys to enjoy a treat whenever he has the opportunity to provide it. His latest contribution to their enjoyment was the showing of a puppet show in our auditorium last Wednesday night.

This entertainment, owned and operated by Dr. Branch's department, is called "Little Jack's Puppet Show." While it has many entertaining features to delight the youngsters, it teaches a most important lesson, conducive to good health—the proper care of the teeth. It has been shown in the schools of Cabarrus County dur-

ing the past week.

The puppeteers (if that's the correct title) in charge of this delightful entertainment were two charming young ladies, members of the Carolina Playmakers, Miss Nan Davis and Miss Rhea Sikes. We had the pleasure of going backstage and seeing them at work, and immediately decided that none but real artists could stage such a fine performance. In addition to their artistic ability, these young ladies possess most pleasing personalities, and they made a decided hit with both the boys and officials of the School.

We are indebted to Dr. Branch for this delightful program, and take this opportunity to express our appreciation. At the same time we would remind him that we shall be looking forward to another of his friendly visits the very next time he happens to be in this section of the state.

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Bernard L. Fausnet formerly of Cottage No. 10, who is now a paratrooper in the U. S. Army, called on friends at the School last spring. At the time of his visit he said that he expected to go overseas at an early date. About the middle of November, we received a card from the War Department, stating that Bernard had arrived safely overseas. A short time ago, we received a letter from this young man, stating that he was somewhere in England. His letter reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Just a few lines to let you know that I am getting along just fine. Most of all, I want to let you know that I received the copies of *The Uplift*, and certainly en-

joyed reading them. Thanks a lot. I don't get much time to read and write these days, but can always find time to read the old school paper. The other boys in my outfit also enjoy reading them. I have made a few jumps here in England and we are all hoping to see combat duty soon. I was injured a little in training a few days ago but hope to be on my feet soon.

You can't imagine my surprise the other day when I happened to meet Mr. James L. Query (a former officer at the Training School), and was I glad to see him. He said that when I wrote to give you all his very best regards and to tell you that he was fine and dandy."

"I guess you had a fine Christmas at the School. Wish I could have been there and seen all the little boys enjoying themselves.

You must be tired of reading this mess by this time, so I'll close. Give my regards to all at the School. Answer soon, and don't forget to send some more Uplifts. Good luck. Your friend, Bernard."

—:—

Mr. Charles E. Boger, our former superintendent, recently received a letter from Fred Vereen, formerly of Cottage No. 3, who has been away from the School for several years. It will be recalled by those who knew him that he was a very small white-haired youngster, who, being too small to do much work, would usually attach himself to somebody's work line, and make himself useful as errand boy, when not getting all over the place and into some kind of mischief. He

wrote an interesting letter which we are passing on, as follows:

"Dear Mr. Boger: Bet you are more than surprised to hear from me, so I'll tell you at the start that this is Fred Vereen, and that it was in October, 1939, that I left the School. Maybe you still don't know who it is, so to let you get a better picture in mind, I'll say that I was practically raised there; was sent to the School in 1932, at the age of seven; was there seven years; went through your school grades up to the seventh. When I left, was sent from there to Utah, to join my father, and made the trip by myself. Remember me now?

"Would you please send me an Uplift? I'd like to see if there are any of the boys there I used to know. Is Mr. Godown still there, and does he still publish the Uplift. I used to get a lot of pleasure reading that little paper, and it sure would seem nice to read one again.

"Am not living with my father any more but am out here in Los Angeles, Calif. Have been out on my own for about two and one-half years. I went through school, and have had six months' training as a draftsman. You will be glad to know that I've been staying out of trouble, which isn't so very hard to do sometimes.

"This might sound crazy to some people, but the old Stonewall Jackson Training School has always seemed like a home to me. Maybe it's because I was practically raised there, or perhaps it's because it's Christmas, and it seems funny to be away from there at this time of the year. Christmas reminds me of times at the old School—how all the boys and officers used to assemble in the auditorium at 8 o'clock on Christmas Eve, see a good

play, and sing the old carols, and then go to the cottage and get the huge paper bags filled with randy, nuts and fruit. Do they still do that? Boy, how we used to sing at those meetings, and at Sunday school and church services. Those were the days.

"I was there when they built the new hospital, gymnasium, swimming pool, Indian Cottage and cannery. Has anything else new been added?

"Do you remember the time we went to High Point to sing for the Rotary Club? On the way back, you bought a cigar, and Miss Smoot said for you to go ahead and smoke it, as it wouldn't bother her, but you wanted to chew it instead. We had a good time on that trip.

"Well, Mr. Boger, I'll close for this time. You probably have a lot to keep you busy, besides, I guess I had better go to bed myself. Please answer soon and give me all the news of the place, and don't forget a copy of The Uplift, please. Closing for this time, thinking of a swell guy, and a great institution. Yours very truly, Frederick Leo Vereen."

—:—

Rev. R. C. Whisenhunt, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the fourth chapter of John, in which is the story of Jesus and the woman of Samaria. The subject of his message to the boys was "The Way Jesus Looks at People," for which he selected as a text, Philippians 4:8, and had the boys repeat this verse in chorus several times.

The speaker began by stating that

most of us have both good and bad qualities. Far too often we look at a fellow man and see only that which is bad. We should remember this—no matter how far down in sin a person may go, there must be some good in that person, and we can find it if we will only look for it, rather than to be constantly looking for faults. We must think of the good, and try to bring it to the light, where all the people around us may learn of it.

Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt told his listeners that Jesus sees some good quality in every boy, and wants to help him develop that part of his life in order that he may grow up to be a good man. He illustrated this point with the following interesting story:

An artist was working on an old stone and, because of some flaws in it, threw it away. A great sculptor came along, saw the stone and noticed the flaws, but in addition to the bad spots, he also saw some good in it. He asked if he might have it, and his request was gladly granted. The old sculptor took the stone to his workshop and spent many months chiselling on it, and finally fashioned a great marble figure of David. Out of the discarded stone he had carved a

statue that has been recognized on down through the years as one of the world's masterpieces. This man was a true artist. He looked at the stone two ways and saw something good in two ways and saw something good in others.

That's the way Jesus looks at us today, continued the speaker, and as a result it brings to us two important factors in the development of our lives: (1) It brings hope. With the Samaritan woman, about whom we read in the lesson, it meant that people saw only evil in her. She was an outcast. Jesus saw something good in her and she was saved. The Master reached down and lifted her up. (2) It brings us inspiration. To have Jesus look kindly upon us makes us want to do better. Encouragement always spurs people on to greater accomplishments. There is no better inspiration than to have the Master look upon our lives with approval.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt told the boys to remember that if there is any good in people, we should think of those things, and always try to help those who have fallen.

—————:—————

I am one of those people optimistic enough to believe in the future of democracy. No matter how widely we may have departed from the practice of democracy, no matter how many failures we may have had as a nation, it is a conviction to me that it is something too precious to make it a matter of any light moment that those things should be discarded.—Exchange



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THE

# UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 29, 1944

No. 4

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JAN 31 1944

## GOOD IN MOST OF US

There is good in the man who is doing,  
The best that he can right along;  
There is good in the man who is sorry,  
For things that he did that were wrong;  
And the soul is not dead in the father,  
Who brings home a toy to his child;  
And the world still has faith in the fellow  
Who met a misfortune and smiled.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY  
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND  
INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## THE CREED OF THE AMERICAN BOY

I believe in myself, because I am myself and because I can be no one else and no one else can be me.

I believe in sport, for it requires me to train hard, play fair, and sacrifice often.

I believe in the sacredness of my body, and consider it my duty to keep it strong and pure through regular exercise, proper eating, clean thinking, and right living.

I believe in the great out of doors and will acquaint myself with its beauty, its fragrance, its music, and its life.

I believe in education, and will apply myself diligently and conscientiously in acquiring the best possible training for my life work.

I believe in work, and will assume my full share of it both as a boy today and as a man tomorrow.

I believe in my country, and will faithfully and intelligently prepare myself for the responsibilities of citizenship.

I believe in God, and will pattern my life—in thought and in deed—after the example of His Son, Jesus Christ.

I believe in today, because I am preparing myself for the greatest things of tomorrow.

—E. N. Hale, in American Youth.

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## FOURTH WAR LOAN DRIVE

This Fourth War Loan Drive calls for \$14,000,000,000 for the further support of the war in which we are still engaged and in which we will still be fighting long after this above amount is expended. General Eisenhower says: "We will win the European war in 1944." Secretary of State Cordell Hull says: "The war in Europe can be ended in 1944 provided all peoples of the United Nations redouble their efforts and work in greater unity." This might be the theme song for our new drive, but without the audience joining in the chorus the show won't run. A pledge of victory by the fighting

forces, only if we at home make the gain possible. We cannot storm a fortress without proper equipment, conquer an enemy without financial backing. All nations have been able to train fighters, to get up an army from all walks of life, and even fight for all kinds of causes. We do not belittle the ability of our enemies. But in any army, the winning side, the superior force, the one who will finally succeed, is the best equipped one. Force in numbers does not mean much if the men are not given the needed tools and the best and newest and safest goods will speed them to victory the sooner. Why do we expect to win the war? Because we know we have superior equipment. We know we are going to supply our boys with the best food possible, the finest medical attention available. This, the people's war, means not only to man the supply, but to supply the man. This is why a new War Loan Drive is necessary. Make every dollar a fighting weapon.—Mooresville Enterprise.

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE MARCH OF DIMES

The date, January 30th, is the sixty-second birthday of our much honored President, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. With best wishes, we hope he will realize many more anniversaries in a peaceful world. The way has been hard for this beloved Chief Executive, but he has courageously stood the test, and proves to the world that he "loves a good fight." The traditional Roosevelt mettle has been sustained in this world-wide fight, and will so continue until peace is declared. Even if physical handicaps arise, the spirit of this noble character will meet every emergency with a faith that right will overcome, and subdue the greed of the aggressors.

The anniversary of the birthday of our great leader has been emphasized by people of the nation contributing to the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, this fund to be used specifically to scientifically study and prevent the spread of that insidious disease. Another way of contributing to the fund to arrest the disease which is either fatal or leaves the victim crippled for life, is the "March of Dimes." A dime is a small contribution but if the response is general the amount will be surprisingly large. When but a child we watched the waves of the blue Atlantic, and at the same time let the

white sand of the beach sift through our fingers, which brought to mind the little jingle, "Little drops of water, little grains of sand, make the mighty ocean and the wondrous land." In like manner, the collection of pennies, nickels and dimes will, if saved, make big money.

A few evenings ago, we were highly entertained by "listening in" while a man of national fame made an address, having as his theme the "March of Dimes" and the value of the same. On the home front, he said, our national defense should be to protect the human family from the scourge of infantile paralysis. This interest, continued the speaker, should be stressed not alone at this particular season, but every day and every month of the year.

Let us not fail to contribute to this most worthy cause. Let us at all times endeavor to stamp out this illness, which is no respecter of classes, but reaches all people, regardless of color, creed or race.

Regardless of the many serious angles of this global war, our President is not oblivious of conditions on the home front. He is deeply concerned as to the needs of the child who will have twisted limbs unless scientifically treated. The individual who thinks of the lowly and helpless is really a big man, and President Roosevelt possesses all the qualities of a superior person. The entire personnel of this institution wishes him a very happy birthday.

\* \* \* \* \*

### ANNIVERSARIES OF THE WEEK

**Johann Wolfgang Mozart**, one of the greatest music composers of all time, was born, January 27, 1756, in Salzburg, Germany. At the age of four he began the study of music under his father. At six, he was making tours of the country in horse-drawn carriages; at seven, he played before royalty in England. At this time, weak and tired from travel, they became victims of smallpox. The boy was temporarily blinded, and the frightened parents hurried with him home to Salzburg. He finally grew stronger, studied consistently, and married against his parents' wishes. The marriage was unhappy because his wife knew nothing of responsibility nor of domestic ability, and wasted the little money he managed to make. After nine years of struggle and disappointment, he became ill, and in his

illness two of his loveliest melodies were written—"The Magic Flute" and "Requiem." As he composed the latter, the conviction haunted him that it was for his own funeral, which in truth it was, for a few days afterward he died at the age of thirty-five.

**Robert Burns**, greatest lyric poet of Scotland, was born near Ayr on January 25, 1759, in a clay-built cottage, made by his father's own hands.

His father, a farmer and gardener, was very poor, but greatly interested in the education of his children. Mr. Burns and four neighbors hired a teacher to conduct a school a few yards from the Burns cottage. The teacher was amazed at Robert's power of concentration and brilliant intellect. He made rapid progress in reading and memorized hymns and poems with uncommon facility.

When Robert was ten years old, Mr. Burns moved to another farm and continued the education of his children himself. Although Robert had little schooling after he was ten, he had mastered English and French, and had learned the art of turning prose into poetry and poetry into prose. His short life was lived in toil and poverty, yet kings and queens, and rich and poor the world over continue to do him honor. Today a fine mausoleum shines over his grave and many monuments in various countries have been erected to his memory; the street where he languished in poverty is now called by his name; and the highest critics of literature were proud to call him friend after he was gone and his true worth came to light. Some of his most famous songs are: Auld Lang Syne, Highland Mary, Flow Gently Sweet Afton, My Heart's in the Highlands, and Farewell to Ayre.

\* \* \* \* \*

### SOMETHING NEW

Each day brings us news of something new in the world of science. The greatest regret in the lives of many of advanced years is that life for them will not be long enough to realize developments that are sure to come. The following, clipped from an exchange, tells of a new part the common rabbit is playing in scientific circles:

Now it is the rabbit that is being enlisted—or drafted, since

his consent is not being asked. Whether they come as jack-rabbits, or Belgian hares, or backyard bunnies, or from the woods, makes little difference. Their bodies are being prepared to add millions of pounds to the food supply; their best pelts become distinguished furs with impressive names, and many enter the air force; their inferior covering is used to make felt for various uses from head to foot; their feet—there are plenty of them for those who look to them for luck. But the humble hare has entered into a new dignity by the use of his blood for the production of a serum that operates successfully in overcoming twenty-three different types of pneumonia. Since that dread disease is an ever-present menace on the fighting front, the rabbit may now be said to be a first-line soldier.

\* \* \* \* \*

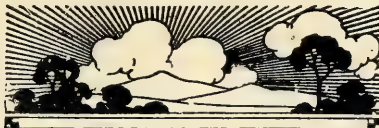
Once a man made a large garden. In it he planted choice seeds, all in straight rows. Then he built a high fence around it, to keep out the dogs and the chickens.

After this he went away, thinking the seeds would grow into fine plants, and the fence would keep out all that would destroy; and at the harvest time he would come back and gather vegetables and pick the beautiful flowers that would be in bloom.

How great was his disappointment when he returned! The fence had kept out the chickens and the dogs, and no harm had come to the garden from the outside. And yet, there was no harvest. The man had forgotten one thing—he had forgotten that fences do not keep weeds out of a garden.

That seems a bit silly, but how common a practice it is in our personal life, and one might observe, in our national life as well.

—Sunshine Magazine.



# A VOICE FROM OVER SEAS

(Morganton News-Herald)

Somewhere aboard a warship in the South Pacific a sailor wrote to his home-town paper expressing his reaction and that of many of his ship-mates to the strikes going on in America.

The writer was Kenneth (Irish) Walsh, and he wrote to the editor of The Muncie (Indiana) Evening Press. Along with the article came a letter telling how the sailor came to write it. His ship had put in at an island port and he attended a movie in the heart of the jungle. During the program it rained, "but not a single man left his seat to find shelter, for entertainment is a rare thing in these parts." A newsreel showed pictures of the coal strike back home. The men cursed bitterly. Young Walsh went back to his ship and did something he had never done before—he tried "to put on paper the whirling thoughts that came to mind."

The letter he wrote portrays so well the feelings and reactions of the average over-seas service man—as well as those in training camps at home—when they hear of failures on the home front to back them up 100 per cent, that it should be given, in our opinion, wide publicity. Promoters of strikes in industry essential to the war effort are, in the minds of the fighting men, nothing less than traitors to our country. If they can undergo inexpressible hardships, sufferings and face death with "wages" as the least consideration in their lives, surely workers back home can at least forego striking and tying up vital supplies while the very foundations

of our country are threatened.

The News-Herald considers the article, reproduced herewith in full, as more than worth the occupancy of these two full columns. The story follows:

I want to show you a bit of hal-  
lowed ground—it is the Arlington Cemetery of the South Pacific; it is the Valhalla of American Service men; I'm going to show you this bit of ground, but it will be done the hard way. Come with me up Sealark Channel on that dawn of August 7, 1942. The feeling of living in a vacuum tells you that this is the thing that these men have waited for so long. Like actors that have rehearsed well their lines, the marines and sailors stand there in the hush of the opening curtain.

Yes, Mr. Striker, I want you to stand at the rail with these men, nerves drawn as taught as a violin string—mouth, eyes strained to the breaking point, breath coming in short gasps of fear—that awful feeling of nothingness in the pit of your stomach. The objective comes into view, the time has come for these men to step out on the stage, and they know full well that death plays the leading role in this theatre. There they go over the side of the big transport, Tom Jones, Dick Brown, Harry Smith, hand-over-hand they crawl down the cargo nets into their small craft that is to take them to a rendezvous with that death. You know it's death—it is in the destiny of these men. An attempt at a small joke, a few scattered laughs, as the small craft pulls

away from the protection of the mother ship.

The first objective is reached — the cocoanut grove at the water's edge. Men are down never to rise again, but like some great tidal wave, other men move up to take the places of the fallen. The main objective is an airfield beyond that fringe of cocoanut trees, and as though God Himself has pulled the curtain on this brutal stage, their movements become vague and finally obliterated and these movements become lost to you. The uncertainty, the utter feeling of helplessness leaves the element of time suspended in the hellish hot sun of the tropics.

Close your eyes, Mr. Defense Plant Worker, close them tight; it is another day in another month; your hands are gripping another rail, the inevitable cocoanut tree rail that separates the living from the dead in these areas of war. You can open your eyes now, Mr. Coal Miner, open them wide. Yes, the seeds that have been planted have grown into bloom; the bloom is the row upon row of white crosses that meet the eye. These men have paid the price in full for just seven small acres of ground, but seven of the most important acres of ground ever owned by Uncle Sam. Restful, isn't it, peaceful and quiet—yes, quiet with eternal peace. Read the epitaphs, Mr. Labor Leader, they tell a story in themselves—America, the Land of the Free. One sees the Star of David beside a pair of rosary beads owned by some Irishman. A captain of marines and a colored boy from Georgia sleep side by side—a lieutenant from Indiana, a sailor from North Dakota, an aviator from Ohio, from here, from there, from every

star in the flag, a cross in the ground. Tom Jones, Dick Brown, Harry Smith. It's their home now, some 7,000 miles from home. These men were making \$50 a month, Mr. Striker, \$50 a month, room and board.

Mr. John L. Lewis, look up into the misty blue of yon mountain top that frames this cemetery. Is that a vision I see? Is that the murmuring of the trade winds, or is it some message He is trying to convey to you and yours? I believe I hear it. I think it is a message, and the murmuring seems to say, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

"For the want of the nail the shoe was lost, for the want of the shoe the horse was lost, for the want of the"..... We got some news out here the other day, the kind of news that hurts, the kind of news that makes a man wonder if this thing is worth the price. No! Not in money, Mr. Defense Worker, but in something that you seem to have lost.

When you were a kid you studied about the American heritage of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Read it again and then again; study it; delve back into the pages of American history and show me anything in the American creed of living that will justify your wartime strikes. Come out here with us in these South Pacific waters and stay a while. Eat our chow, sleep in our sacks, watch us work, help us fight these jungle flies, help us kill dangerous, malaria-bearing mosquitoes. Walk with us through the mud and the slime of the swamps of these jungle islands; walk with us in the sweltering heat of a noon-day sun. There isn't any air-conditioning out here, Mr. C. I. O., and there

isn't any way you can strike for it, either. You haven't even the time to think about it.

Come with me to the bridge over the jungle river. I want you to see someone who would make you ashamed of that extra 50 cents an hour you get in your pay envelope. He's just a 17-year-old kid that the brass hats put on duty at this infrequent bridge for the simple reason that he isn't sure of himself any more. Did I hear you ask what's wrong with him? He was on a destroyer that took three "fish" amidships and blew up, Mr. Twenty-Dollars-a-Day-Man. His only brother was on that ship, too. There were but a few survivors from a crew of 300, and his brother was not among them. He's plainly shell-shocked. Talk to him a while, watch him; he'll break your heart, man, if you have one. Did you ask how much money he makes—\$50 a month, Mr. Welder, \$50 a month, room and board.

Here's a guy I want you to meet—a left-handed marine. What's so remarkable about that? I should make myself clear. He's learning to be a left-handed marine. A Jap slashed off his right hand at the wrist as he was climbing out of a fox hole on Guadalcanal. He is making \$50 a month, room and board. His room, since last August, has been a stinking, muddy hole, and his board has been canned, untasty food—when he has time to eat it. Ask him how near-sighted the Jap is reputed to be. He will tell you that in a morning check-up no less than 25 of his buddies were found dead at their posts, shot through the head, Mr. Slacker. Found 7,000 miles from home in a God-forsaken hole on a God-forsaken bit of land. Not very nice to hear about,

is it? But it's the brutal truth. Think about it the next time you sit over a big steak dinner in your comfortable home.

See that boy sitting over there on that hatch cover, Mr. A. F. of L.? He's only 22—just a boy, maybe the one that lived down the street from you. He looks down in the mouth, doesn't he? Why shouldn't he? Some time this week his wife is going to have a baby, but he's not going to be there when it happens. He has to stay out here for the duration. Don't you suppose he's thinking something like this: "1945—now if this thing is over by then mykid will be almost three years old. I'll be a stranger, not only to my kid but the wife will hardly know me any more. But one thing about it, the Government will give me an extra \$12 a month for the little shaver. Wonder if it's a boy or girl; hope it's a boy. I wonder if my wife is well. Please, God, she doesn't die—she can't die—I've got to get home." Fifty dollars a month, Mr. Coal Miner, \$50 a month, room and board.

What are you going to do, Mr. Rail-roader, when the eerie sound of the air raid siren sends out its warning cry over Los Angeles, Frisco, Seattle, Middletown, Peoria—the small and the large, they're all bomb sights. Those eggs the Japs lay weigh 500 pounds apiece. Be sure one isn't laid in your front yard—your children may be out there. What are you going to send up in the sky, Mr. Striker, to fight those madmen from Japan—dollar bills? Don't think it can't happen over there.

A ship is bringing in a cargo today that you might be interested in, a cargo of human suffering. Come on



down to the quay with me and witness the transition of young America. Yes, there is the familiar little locomotive and her white-painted coaches, each carrying the red cross of mercy on its side. She is here to take away these human derelicts, it's an old story to her. A little to the left of the train is a great army band standing rigidly at attention. The big hospital ship slowly comes into her berth and as the ground-crew makes her fast to the wharf, one hears the band softly playing the music these men loved so well, "My Old Kentucky Home," "Beautiful Ohio," "On the Banks of the Wabash."

The men on the wharf become tense, the music has a sound to it that is of the infinite as all eyes are strained toward the slowly descending gangway. The first man of these thousands of battered troops tortously feels his way to the ground, the band strikes up "The Star-Spangled Banner" as soldier after soldier follows in his wake.

But what is this? What is wrong? These men have to be led! They are not sure of themselves as they stumble and fumble their way down to Mother Earth. Mr. John L. Lewis, look into eyes that are open, but see not. Watch lips that move, but say nothing. Look at the stumps dangling from their bodies that once were arms and legs. Look into the souls of these shell-shocked, fear-ridden, malaria-sick men that are not men but sacks of skin and bones. Nerves gone, minds temporarily deranged, bodies numb from being stretched on the searing, tearing rack named war.

Yes, Mr. C. I. O., these men that are

no longer men, have paid part of the price with their arms and their legs, their eyes, their nerves—but stay awhile, don't leave me now! Do you hear the bugle in the far distance blowing taps, it has an unearthly sound and it is for the unearthly that it is being played. The band in an undertone plays on and one hears their music as though they were playing in a thick, grey fog. The big boom on the hospital ship swings downward and picks up the last of her cargo — the wicker baskets of the dead. Look around you, man. Those are tears you see in the eyes of these hard-bitten veterans, they who have just witnessed a scene from God's greatest of plays, "Life and Death." The baskets are lowered to the cold concrete of the dock and draped with the flag that they gave their lives for. Their work is done, their race is over, these men have paid their price in full.

Yes, Mr. Defense Plant Striker, these men were getting \$50 a month—\$50 a month, room and board.

On and on it goes, things too horrible to mention in black and white, unbelievable things, things that would make your hair stand on end; the story of the five Sullivan brothers on the cruiser Juneau, the one about Schmidt, Diamond and Rivers, marines in Guadalcanal, the story of the Coral Sea, Wake Island, the Argonne, Belleau Wood, Bull Run, Gettysburg, Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill—the cradles of our liberty. Each battle, each life sacrificed that in some future date men and women like you and me can live and worship and talk in the peace and security of an American people united.

## DR. HUMPHREY HUNTER

By Edgar Abernethy, in The State

Humphrey Hunter was born near Londonderry, Ireland, May 14, 1755. His father's family was originally from Glasgow, while his maternal grandfather was a native of Brest. Thus in his veins was mingled the blood of French Huguenot and Scotch Covenanter, a fact which perhaps accounts for his career, in which was displayed a sincere love of liberty, coupled with deep religious devotion.

While Hunter was still little more than an infant his father died, and shortly afterward his mother joined the great stream of emigration flowing toward the New World.

On May 3, 1759, the Hunters embarked on the good ship *Helena*, bound for Charleston, S. C. The vessel safely reached its destination on August 27, after a voyage of 116 days duration. Today, when the Atlantic is daily spanned by air only a few hours, and even ships can make the voyage in less than a week that figure seems fantastic, but it was about par for that day and time, and typical of eighteenth-century transportation in general.

Mrs. Hunter chose the eastern part of Mecklenburg for her home in America. Here, near the old Poplar Tent Church in what is now Cabarrus County, she purchased a small tract of land, and here Humphrey spent his boyhood and youth.

As he approached maturity great events were in the making. Daily the colonies drifted nearer to an open breach with the British government,

and nowhere did the flame of freedom burn brighter than in the hornet's nest of old Mecklenburg.

Young Hunter was present at the signing of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence on May 20, 1775, and was privileged to hear the first reading of this notable document, the first public Declaration of Independence in the United States. The noble spirit of this document struck a responsive chord in Hunter's breast, and he made a private resolution of his own, a resolution to aid the cause of liberty by every means within his power.

In the ensuing years, Hunter carried out this resolution to the fullest extent. He had determined to become a Presbyterian minister, and he realized that much study lay before him before he could attain the high scholastic standards set by that denomination for its ministers even in that early day.

Nevertheless, he repeatedly interrupted his studies to serve the cause of freedom. Soon after the signing of the Mecklenburg Declaration a regiment was raised in the county and dispatched to Cross Creek, where a large body of Tories had been reported. Hunter served as a private in this force, which saw no actual fighting. The Tories had dispersed before its arrival, and it immediately returned and disbanded.

Soon afterward, Hunter enrolled in a school conducted by the Rev. James Hall, in Rowan County. His studies here were of short duration.

A Cherokee outbreak near the headwaters of the Catawba required a military expedition, which Hunter joined with the rank of lieutenant.

The expedition was successful in several skirmishes with the Indians. When it returned, Hunter again turned to his studies, enrolling at Queen's Museum, in Charlotte. This institution soon assumed the more patriotic name of "Liberty Hall Academy."

Here he remained until 1780, when the school was broken up by the arrival of Lord Cornwallis with his army. Hunter immediately joined a brigade raised by the Western counties, under General Rutherford, serving first as commissary, later as lieutenant in Captain Given's company.

This force joined the army of General Gates at Cheraw and took part in the unfortunate battle of Camden on August 16, 1780. While most of the raw militia broke and fled precipitately, Hunter's company firmly stood its ground with the Continental regulars until surrounded by overwhelming numbers. In consequence, he was among the numerous prisoners captured by the British in this engagement.

Here he witnessed the tragic death of Barton De Kalb. The Baron, proud aristocrat that he was, wished to surrender only to an officer. Hence, when a British soldier demanded his sword, he inquired, "Etes vous un officier, Mon sieur?"

His antagonist did not speak French, and De Kalb's English was likewise imperfect. Neither was able to understand the other, and as the Baron, disdaining to surrender to any but an officer, galloped off, the

British musketeers fired upon him. He fell with seven bullet holes in his body, and soon afterwards died of his wounds.

After a few days confinement in Camden, Hunter and the other American prisoners were taken to Orangeburg, S. C., there to remain until exchanged. When captured he had been robbed of most of his clothes. As winter approached he felt the need of more clothing, so one November morning he set out to visit the nearby home of a kind-hearted lady who had promised him a coat. On his way he was stopped by a Tory horseman, who arrogantly refused to hear any explanation of why the prisoner was out of bounds.

The Tory herded his captive back toward camp, from time to time pricking him with his sword. With every prick, Hunter's indignation flamed higher, but he made no move until he reached a huge fallen tree, with a pile of pine-knots beside it.

He could endure his captor's insolence no further. In one single bound, he took refuge behind the tree trunk, and snatched up a pine-knot for defense. The Tory fired one of his pistols, ineffectually, then leaped his horse over the tree. For several minutes the Tory and Hunter dodged about and over the tree trunk. Finally the horseman discharged his other pistol, and missed again.

Hunter now had his adversary where he wanted him. He poured in a deadly fire of pine-knots, hurled with a force and precision which might have gained him a berth on a big-league baseball team at a latter date. His adversary was soon knocked from his horse and deprived of his sword.

The vanquished Tory had no wish for the result of the encounter to be known. The victor likewise could hope to gain nothing by revealing the details of his triumph, so both parties agreed to go back to camp and say nothing of the whole matter. This was not so easily done, however; the riderless horse reached camp before they did, and the Tory bore on his countenance several bruises and contusions which could not be concealed.

The upshot of the whole matter was that Hunter, expecting punishment for his exploit, managed to escape by night, and in company with several other erstwhile prisoners, made his way back to his home. During the nine-day journey, their only food was corn which they found in the fields.

A less tenacious individual might have considered his duty done, but Hunter had long since resolved to fight his country's battles to the finish. After only a few day's rest, he enlisted again. His experience in fighting the Tory horseman must have convinced him of the advantages of the mounted branch of the services, for this time he joined the cavalry company, acting as lieutenant under Colonel Henry Lee. In this capacity he took part in the battle of Eutaw Springs, the last important battle fought in the Carolinas. This campaign concluded his military service, as it marked the virtual close of fighting in the South.

Hunter now resumed his studies, which he pursued assiduously for some years. In October of 1789 he received his license to preach, and in December of the same year he was

married to Jane Ross, of Laurens, S. C.

In those days, good physicians were extremely scarce, particularly on the frontier. As his bride happened to be the daughter of a doctor, he took advantage of the opportunity to learn something about the practice of medicine. At that date, as you probably know, medical schools were unknown in America. The only way to learn the profession was to study it with some practicing physician.

• Under the tutelage of his father-in-law he became a competent physician, and soon acquired a wide reputation as a medical man. This was especially true after his removal to Lincoln County, where he settled in 1795. In his new home the demand for his medical services was so great that for a time it threatened to interfere with his ministerial duties. This practice was never a source of any great income to Dr. Hunter, as he was usually called, for his fees were always moderate, and often gratuitous. His first emphasis was always placed upon his duties as a pastor; his only motive for taking up the study and practice of medicine being his desire to render additional service to his people.

When Dr. Hunter accepted his call to Unity and Goshen churches, he became the first Presbyterian preacher to serve in Lincoln County. Goshen today is in Gaston County, while Unity is still a leading church of Lincoln.

In 1804 Dr. Hunter accepted a call to the Steele Creek Church in western Mecklenburg County. To this work he devoted his chief attention for the remainder of his life, although

for a number of years he continued to serve Goshen, too, and at various times seems to have preached at several other churches.

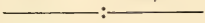
Even today, after more than a hundred years, Dr. Hunter is still remembered as one of the ablest and best-loved pastors ever to serve Steele Creek, a church which has had its full share of gifted and devoted ministers. His leadership in those early days was doubtless an important factor in the early development of a church which has become one of the outstanding churches in the state.

Dr. Hunter died August 21, 1827, and is buried in the Steele Creek

Cemetery. The inscription on his tombstone reads, in part, as follows:

"For nearly thirty-eight years he labored as a faithful and assiduous ambassador of Christ, strenuously enforcing the necessity of repentance, and pointing out the terms of salvation. As a parent he was kind and affectionate; as a friend warm and sincere, and as a minister, persuasive and convincing."

From all accounts, this is no exaggeration. His truest and best memorial, however, is the continued growth and progress of those churches which he served in their infancy.



Who would have imagined that Norwegians would be called upon to suffer because of lack of wood? Norway's still spacious forests are capable of supplying sufficient fuel, but obstacles in the way of its harvesting have been steadily multiplying under the conditions of the military occupation. These obstacles are: (1) shortage of workers in rural areas and insufficient food and clothing for them; (2) when attempt was made to collect extra workers, the use of those subject to conscription on military projects was forbidden by the occupying forces; (3) when farmers were eager to harvest fuel after their crops were in, they were forced to produce logs, and saw lumber; (4) the fuel harvest was further hindered by a great shortage of horses and trucks; (5) in spite of the fact of a solemn promise given that the occupying troops would cut their own fuel, a great quantity produced by the people for their own use was suddenly requisitioned by the soldiers. As an illustration of the situation, Oslo hopes to have enough fuel to keep one room heated in each home through January. Did someone say we have a fuel shortage?—The Lutheran.

# DUTIES OF A HUSBAND

By Margaret A. J. Irvin

Some people attract stray animals. They always have room for one more stray kitten. Any living thing, no matter how bedraggled or undernourished, arouses love and sympathy in their tender hearts.

A dog wanders to the door. They don't want the care of another dog in these days or rationing. They try to find the owner. They fail. The dog is adopted.

A neighbor is too tenderhearted to drown a litter of kittens, but cannot feed them. Our animal-loving friends make themselves responsible for bread and milk. Eight cats are looking for a daily "hand-out."

Stale bread goes out to snowbound birds and squirrels.

You know people like that. They truly love animals, and their love is magnetic.

Other people are like that about books. They have all the books they need or want, but they cannot turn one down. Their friends are always giving them the remnants of their libraries. Someone dies, and all the books the deceased loved so well are left behind. The heirs don't want them, but they hate to throw them away or see them fall into unappreciative hands. Then they remember those friends of theirs who love books. Perhaps that would be a good place for the ancient but honored relics.

You probably realize that the writer is speaking from experience. My husband and I seem to attract

stray books as others attract stray animals.

Our latest acquisition of this sort has turned out to contain some real gems. One of them is called *Home Memories, or Social Half-Hours with the Household*. It was written and compiled by Mrs. Mary G. Clarke and published in Philadelphia in 1857.

The Lutheran doesn't usually print reviews of books published in 1857. So this is not a review. But I can't resist sharing with you the exposition of *The Duties of Husbands*, by William Hague, D.D.

The first duty is obviously, according to Dr. Hague, the one enjoined by the apostle, "Husbands love your wives and be not bitter against them." He thinks this is good advice for both husband and wife, but perhaps more needed by the husband. "The man of active habits and many cares, all-engrossed with the concerns of his own sphere, forgets sometimes the difficulties of managing a house, and the unrelaxing pressure that daily comes upon the weaker nerves of her to whom he looks for some balmy influence that shall soothe and cheer his own perturbed spirit." (I am sure this oracle of other days meant no disrespect to the wife when he referred to her as a "balmy influence.")

He advises the husband not to brood on the unhappiness that comes from the discovery that the wife is not an angel but an imperfect human being like himself.

He also points out that when the apostle says, "Ye husbands, dwell with them according to knowledge," he means "dwell." He describes the unhappiness that comes when a man has a house but is virtually a "non-resident." "Many an amiable woman finds to her sorrow a marked contrast between the eagerness with which her society was sought before marriage and the readiness with which it is abandoned now."

So far, our friend of by-gone years sounds fairly modern, doesn't he? It is when he begins to define the way in which a christian shall honor his wife that we realize how manners and customs have changed. "He is under solemn obligation to honor her conscience and allow her, as an inalienable right, full liberty to carry out practically her religious convictions." The italics are Dr. Hague's.

He grows quite heated about the importance of allowing her some discretion in financial matters. "When she cannot give a cent to any object of benevolence without asking her husband's opinion or making it a matter of grave discussion, he does not honor her with his confidence. . . . He places her in a state of bond-

age at war with self-respect." Dr. Hague records the amazement of a clergyman who asked a wealthy merchant for a contribution, only to be referred to the man's wife. The clergyman was mute with astonishment. He felt that here was a soul gifted by nature with all the material needed to form a noble Christian.

We have come quite a distance, haven't we? It is hard to picture an American woman nowadays having to consult her husband about every dollar she spends. Occasionally it is he who was to receive permission to alter the family budget.

Finally, it is the duty of a husband to realize that however much he and his wife may be one on earth, they must eventually go through the valley of the shadow alone. Each is an immortal spirit, and neither can go to heaven on the merits of the other.

"The mental peace inspired by a deep Christian faith . . . is the crowning qualification for the real, the enduring happiness of home life."

Yes, I'm glad we seem to attract stray books. Every now and then one of them turns out to have in it some ideas that are timeless.

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After all the air-raids on London, the spirit of the citizens of that city is pretty well summed up in this statement, accredited to a London woman: "All Hitler has done so far as I am concerned is to keep me awake—and I have known a lot of tomcats able to do that just as well."

## DOING OUR STUFF

By Dr. Joseph Fort Newton

A lovely story of the Middle Ages tells of a famous clown who entered a church and found it empty. Moved by a religious impulse, he wanted to make an offering in honor of the mother of Jesus. He had no gold to give, no gems, only the tricks of his trade; they were all he knew. So, approaching the altar, he began to do his tricks in praise of the mother of Jesus. He did them reverently, using his finest art.

A priest, entering the church, was horrified to find a clown doing his tricks before the altar! They were about to throw him out of the church, but the mother of Jesus rebuked the priest and blessed the clown—he had given his best.

What makes an act religious, if it be not its motive and the spirit in which it is done? Any act, not actually evil, if done as for the will of God, may be a sacrament. George Herbert was right: "Who sweeps a room as for Thy will. Makes that and the action fine"

Many kinds of life must be lived, and no one kind has a right to call itself religious. Handel wrote the

"Messiah" because what a man should do comes out of what he is. A man of science need not lay down his implement of research in order to be religious—unless he hears a far, clear call to do so. Science has its saints, too, and their service and sacrifice are often sublime, putting pious folk to shame.

"All service ranks the same with God," said Browning; and it is literally true. It is better to be a good butcher than a poor bishop. A golden little book called "The practice of the presence of God" was written by a dish washer in a monastery kitchen, who had learned to find God in the midst of pots and pans, where we need to find Him.

If we do our stuff, whatever it may be, honestly and with our best stroke, interpreting our job in terms of God and our duty to Him, we are living a religious life. It is not the job but the spirit in which we do it which makes it sacred or secular. Our business, if we think of it in the right way, is our best contribution to the kingdom of God. What we call "divine service."

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People today are like subway trains, which take on bad and good, and carry them where they would go. The minds of many take on any kind of freight, with not very much interest, and let it go at any sort of place.—Milo H. Gates.



# GREATER PART OF EUROPE A STRANGER TO POLITICAL LIBERTY

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

With the exception of France, Holland, and Scandinavia the people of Europe are utter strangers to democracy and freedom as we Americans and the people of Britain know and appreciate these. Germany, for instance, in the Protestant Reformation obtained its religious freedom which has been a precious heritage till the days of Hitler. But the German people have through the generations been governd by their rulers even from Charles the Great (Charlemagne) to the late Kaiser, who dreamed of and in 1914 plugged into the conquest of the whole earth.

The German people on the material side of life have been a tremendous success. They have made also a great record in science. Literature, philosophy and the fine arts but not in

democracy. And only in democracy is there much hope of political liberty.

Italy, Spain Russia and the smaller nations of Europe have not done so well as Germany in most respects. They may in some things differ, and do, but they are all in much the same boat as concerns government.

So we need not be greatly surprised to find the present state of affairs in Europe. A dictator is not so anomalous in Europe as he appears to us. But when an American is inclined to adopt the methods of European dictators, that is unspeakably bad. And the regimentation of business by the government is the method of a European dictator. And it is a method of government that for a decade has had too many friends in this country of ours.

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If war should sweep our commerce from the seas, another generation will restore it. If war exhausts our treasury, future industry will replenish it. If war desicate and lay waste our fields, under new cultivation they will grow green again and ripen to future harvest. If the walls of yonder Capitol should fall and its decorations be covered by the dust of battle, all these can be rebuilt. But who shall reconstruct the fabric of a demolished government; who shall dwell in the well-proportioned columns of constitutional liberty; who shall frame together the skillful architecture which unites sovereignty with state's rights, individual security with prosperity?—Daniel Webster.

## AT ADOLESCENCE

By Earl S. Rudisill

My son, who is now fourteen, is disobedient to the rules and regulations of our home. When he was smaller he was far more obedient. The younger children now obey much better than he does. He goes out and returns when he pleases. He tells us nothing and does not want to answer questions as to where he has been. He does not want to be criticized. He loses his temper whenever any of his faults are pointed out. He has also become selfish, reckless, and thoughtless. He does not seem to want anyone to tell him what to do or what not to do. I have told him that as head of the family I have the right to tell him what to do, but he resents that. He even neglects to wash his hands for supper until I command him. I am at the end of my wits as to what to do with him.

Your description of your problem is not at all complete. But attitude and your method indicated that you are trying to deal with a fourteen-year-old boy as you would treat one of six or seven. Rules and regulations are necessary in a household, but it is quite possible to have too many, especially for an adolescent.

It also seems that by keeping the boy hemmed in with restrictions

which he resents you have hindered his development of personal responsibility. He is no longer a child and should be growing more and more self-directive.

I believe that it will be better for the family and for the boy if a number of your family rules are dropped. While a fourteen-year-old is not ready to go his own way in all things, he is ready for a considerable degree of free choice, and his better development will be fostered by having such freedom. It is a sound principle that young people should be treated as adults as far as they are able to accept such treatment with profit. Such dealing begins very small, but gradually increases, until at last the young man or woman takes over full direction of life.

The boy's development and the happiness of all will be furthered by friendly informal companionship with him. Try to meet him on equal terms, so that he can feel that he is a person in his own right. By your own democratic ways try to invite his confidence, and be ready to be helpful without invading his privacy. Such treatment, as a rule, brings improved relationships and fosters the right kind of development.

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When we used to hear "One and, two and, three and," it meant that Junior was practicing his piano lesson. Now it means that Mother is trying to plan a meal under the point-ration system.—Girlhood Days.

# HOW THEY STARTED

By Bertha Wood Barron in Boy Life

Frank W. Woolworth's first job was helping out on rush days in a small general store. For this he received no compensation except the knowledge of the work. His second job was with the leading dry-goods store of the town. Here he had to work the first three months without pay; then he received \$3.50 per week. The turning point in his career occurred when business was slow, and his employer decided to inaugurate a five-cent sale. It was young Woolworth's job to arrange the wares. The sale was a huge success, and Frank's idea for a new kind of store was born.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, the philosopher, was working on his uncle's farm when he heard an ignorant farmhand remark that he thought people were always praying, and that their prayers were always answered. The words impressed young Emerson profoundly. From this encounter he was convinced he should not look to books nor to educated people for wisdom, but to life. The philosophy which came from Emerson's pen af-

ter he reached this decision has shaped the lives of many.

Henry Ford's beginning in mechanics and work with machinery was as small as Woolworth's start in business or Emerson's beginning and philosophy. Will Bennet, had been given a watch but it was not running Henry persuaded Will to let him fix it. In the next few months Henry had taken apart and put together again every timepiece on the place. So Henry Ford's lifelong work with machinery began with the rebuilding of a watch.

Florence Nightingale started her career by nursing her own and her sisters, dolls, and by rendering tender assistance to sick and wounded animals.

Alexander Graham Bell stumbled upon the invention of the telephone when he was trying to perfect a hearing device to aid his deaf wife.

Do you have a tiny seed of ambition pushing at your consciousness? Give it a chance to grow. Who knows what the mature plant may turn out to be!

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Let's oftener talk of noble deeds,  
And rarer of the bad ones,  
And sing about our happy days,  
And not about the sad ones.

—Exchange.

# TOGETHER THEY DID

By Rev. Dr. Paul Little

Quite some years ago, services of a famous church organist were secured to dedicate a new organ in a rural town. The organ was of the old type and had to be pumped by hand. In this instance the pumping was done by the old sexton. The church was crowded and the organist gave an excellent recital and was quite proud of himself as he walked backstage for a few moments of relaxation during the intermission. There he encountered the old organ pumper who was strolling around to ease his weary arms. "We're giving them a fine concert," remarked the old man. The proud organist acted as if he had not heard him speak. "I say," the old man ventured once again, "we are giving them a fine concert!" The organist drew himself up haughtily and said, "I am giving a fine concert!" and, whirling on his heels returned to the console to begin the second half of his program.

The first selection opened with the full organ, he pulled out the necessary stops, opened the swell and crescendo pedals to their limit, paused dramatically until the audience had become breathlessly silent, and with a great flourish brought his hands down on the keys. Not a sound ensued. The organ was as dead as a door nail. The audience tittered. Greatly flustered, he pulled out another stop, then another, jiggled one here and another there, again made his dramatic pause, again brought his hands on the keys. And again not even a sigh came from the mighty pipes and at the same time the audience broke into genuine

unrestrained laughter. This time the organist surmised something and quietly slid off his seat and made his way back to the post of the organ pumper. He found the old fellow tilted back in his chair, smoking his pipe. He had not laid a hand on the pump handle, hence there was no wind in the bellows. In that moment the organist achieved greatness of character. He dropped his pompous attitude, stretched forth his hand, grasped the old man's horny paw, and with great earnestness and sincerity said, "You were right, my friend. We did give them a fine concert, didn't we? Now give us some more wind and we'll do even better on the second part of the program." And together they did.

Who guides the gigantic and majestic ocean liner across the stormy seas? The two pilots. The one visible, standing on the "bridge" of the ship; the other, standing unseen at his side with His hand on the wheel of the universe. Who guides the massive engine with its heavy load of rolling steel as it glides swiftly along the rails? Two engineers. The one visible, who sits there in the cab with his hand on the throttle; the other the Invisible, who while He guides the stars in their courses, at the same time controls the forces of steam that drives the piston back and forth in the cylinder.

Let us remember that ultimate victory over the tasks of life is unalterably conditioned upon our recognition of the Invisible Partner—God. How truly the Master said, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

# WHIMS OF THE GREAT

(Selected)

It is recorded of Daniel Webster that he had a peculiar fancy for painting the faces of his cattle, and he changed his color scheme frequently. Today the neighbors would see Webster's cows grazing in the park with their faces painted blue, and the following week the animals would appear with red-painted faces. Webster, it is said, delighted to mark the look of surprise with which his friends regarded the results.

One of the favorite entertainments of William the Conqueror was watching a dog fight. His subjects, knowing this, used to send him dogs from all over the country, and the King would select from these the biggest and fiercest types. Then he set them to fight in pairs, and would sit all day watching the combats.

Of a very different nature was George Washington, for, though he loved fox-hunting, his main idea of the chase was always to try to capture alive a young fox cub, which he would take home with him. Then, patiently and with much perseverance, he would teach his captive tricks, which the cub later performed for the amusement of his friends.

James Fenimore Cooper could not write unless he was chewing gumdrops, of which he went through large quantities as he developed his famous novels. Robert Browning was unable to sit still when writing, and always holes were worn in the carpet at his desk as the result of the constant shuffling of his feet. Edgar Allen

Poe always took his cat to bed with him, and was very vain of the size and shapeliness of his feet.

It is recorded of Thackeray that every time he passed the house in which he wrote "Vanity Fair" he lifted his hat; and Hawthorne always washed his hands before sitting down to read a letter from his wife.

A peculiarity of the younger Dumas was that every time he published a novel he went out and bought a painting to mark the occasion.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was given to carrying a potato in one pocket and a horse chestnut in the other, in the belief that these kept rheumatism away.

Peculiarities of dress in authors are remarkable. Disraeli wore corsets. Dickens had a weakness for flashy jewelry. Tolstoi was fond of French perfumes, and even kept his linen scented.

Francis Bacon was so fond of fine clothes that he spent his odd time in trying to design new styles and fashions. When he could not persuade anyone to wear them, he got what satisfaction he could by hiring men to don his grotesque creations and promenade the streets in this guise.

The ruling passion of Peter the Great was to ride about in a wheelbarrow, and many of his state visits to cities and towns over which he ruled were made in this fashion, the monarch being wheeled along in his homely conveyance pushed by a perspiring man-servant.

# UNKINDNESS TO ANIMALS

By Angelo Patri

It seems odd to have to speak to children about being kind to animals. Why should they be unkind? Why are not all the children kind to the animals they meet, friendly to those who are so friendly to them? It seems to me there must be something wrong with children, who are old enough to know kindness from unkindness, gentleness from cruelty but who hurt helpless creatures purposely. Seems to me a doctor ought to look such children over to see what ails them.

How about a boy who gets his BB gun out to shoot a cat who is sunning herself on the wall of her own garden? The cat is a family pet and has never done anything to make the boy want to hurt her, yet he shoots and wounds her and the poor thing hides away from those who want to help her. Imagine how the poor thing suffers lying in the brush with the ache of the wound growing worse by the minute, this gentle pet who has been accustomed to affection and care.

What about the boy who forgets to feed his dog? He ate his own dinner and never offered Fido a crumb. He meant to give him his dinner when he had finished his own, but his chum whistled for him, and he raced off, and poor Fido went hungry until night time, when the boy's mother noticed the actions of the dog and fed him. A gentleman, another name for a

good American citizen, feeds his horse, his dog, his cattle before he feeds himself, always. He makes his helpless friends comfortable before he seeks his own comfort, because he knows that he can always get about and do for himself, while they cannot. They depend on him, and he does **not** betray their trust.

Birds are so lovely, and so helpless in the face of cruelty one wonders that anybody could be found on **earth** with the desire to hurt them. Yet people who would scorn to be cruel to a dog or a horse shoot the birds and leave them to die lingering deaths of their wounds with never a thought of their cruelty. Good sportsmen are careful about this but there are too many that are not good sportsmen, shooting at anything that flies, hit or miss.

All living things are related in intelligence. The dog feels for his master, is attached to him deeply, suffers when he suffers and rejoices in his gladness. The horse loves his people, works faithfully for them, carries them over the rough places, shields them with his life. The cats and the birds that belong to the house, the birds and the small creatures of the fields and the woods, all are related to us. When they are hurt, we are hurt spiritually and materially.

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Another argument against marriage is the increasing difficulty in supporting the government and a wife on one income.

# RAILROADING IN BY-GONE DAYS

By R. C. Lawrence

Mebbe you are old enough to remember the early automobile, the ancient "steamers" whose motive power was kerosene oil, and where the boiler was placed right under the seat of the driver. No wonder the legislature had to pass a statute requiring the drivers of such contraptions to stop when a team appeared to be frightened—as all of them did!

The ancient railroads were just as fearfully and wonderfully constructed. When the original Raleigh and Gaston was built in the early thirties, it did not boast either cross-ties or steel rails. The crude "strap iron" rail was laid on longitudinal stringers of pine wood; with the result that every now and then the rail would buckle into a "snake head" which would burst through the bottom of the flimsy coaches. And the speed! The Clerk of Wake Superior Court wished to attend Wake Forest commencement but on reaching the depot found his train had left. Procuring a conveyance from a livery stable, he traversed the eighteen miles over the rough roads of the period and was sitting comfortably in the College Chapel, when the whistle announced the arrival of the train from Raleigh. The engines had names instead of numbers, and the name of that particular locomotive was "Tornado."

The first railroad of which Fayetteville was able to boast, was not built to haul either freight or passengers, but to reach the "coal fields" of Chatham, which were then supposed to be of enormous value; fuel from

which was used throughout the Civil War. This coal was so low grade that it gave off a dense smoke which prevented its use by the blockade runners, but it otherwise furnished most of the fuel used in this section during the period of the Civil War.

The names of some of the early lines were most ambitious, and it seemed that the shorter the line, the longer its name. That of the short line between Charlotte and Statesville was the "Atlantic, Tennessee and Ohio"; while the "Raleigh and Charleston" did not come within a hundred miles of either of these cities. These are but two instances of many misnomers.

One of the best examples of the skill of the early engineers can be found on what is now the Seaboard between Navassa and Laurel Hill, where more than ninety miles is a perfect tangent, the longest stretch of perfectly straight track in the South. On this line is located "Old Hundred," so named because it was just that distance from Wilmington! When what is now the Seaboard between Raleigh and Hamlet was constructed immediately following the close of the Civil War, its chief engineer, William Moncure, had at his disposal a construction force consisting of some dump carts, a few mules, and numerous steers! But he completed the line, even if he did not have the benefit of the present-day steam shovel.

It is not generally known that the main line of the Southern between

Greensboro and Danville was constructed by the Confederate Government during the war as a military necessity, for it was feared that the line between Wilmington and Petersburg might be cut by raiding Federal cavalry. In this event there otherwise would have been no other route by which supplies could be conveyed to Lee's army. The construction of this line—then called the Piedmont Air Line—was hurriedly undertaken; and as the South did not possess new rails for additional construction, those on the line between Charlotte and Statesville were taken up and relaid to form the track of the Piedmont. Supplies for Lee's army were carried over this artery until the fateful day of Appomattox; and it was over this line that the Confederate President and Cabinet fled South from the doomed capital of the Confederacy.

One of the scenic wonders of the nation is the line of the Southern between Old Fort and Asheville, a perfect marvel of engineering, product of the engineering genius of a native born Carolinian, Major James W. Wilson who later served as chairman of the original "Railroad Commission." On this line, at a point near Round Knob, the railroad can be seen at sixteen different places, both above and below the observer! The place known as "Mud Cut" was long a problem to the engineers, for after every heavy rain the track would simply slide down the mountain. But the skill of the engineers finally anchored it, as had to be done at Kill Devil Hill to keep the wind from blowing the great sand dune away.

The line between Asheville and

Murphy is also a triumph of engineering, for the going is quite as rough as it was across the crest of the Blue Ridge. At one point between Asheville and Waynesville the gradient is so steep that it is known as "Devil's Dip," for the track appears to go straight down and then straight up the opposite hill! Then you come to Balsam on the edge of Jackson County, and you stand on the top of the world, for it is the highest railroad station east of the Rocky Mountains. From there to Murphy you simply slide down. The people out there think of Asheville as being in the eastern part of the state, as a distance of one hundred and forty miles separates the town from the Buncombe metropolis.

Probably the most difficult engineering problem presented in the construction of the mountainous section of the Southern was the line down Saluda mountain. The terrain did not admit the great winding curves as did the section around Round Knob. The grade was so steep that it was the site of many wrecks where southbound trains got beyond control of the engineer and went so fast they piled up at the bottom of the grade. The situation finally had to be controlled by the installation of an automatic device which would shift the train to an up-grade track unless the engineer signaled that his train was under control.

But all heavy grades are not confined to the mountains. Lack of sufficient funds often cause construction to be laid almost as the contour of the ground. The line between Aberdeen and Fayetteville is laid out almost without regard to slopes, and some of



tis grades are simply terrific, yet the line has been the scene of but few wrecks and almost no human casualties have resulted from such derailments as it has had. The Sandhills is quite a hilly section, and the grade on the Seaboard between Southern Pines and Aberdeen is the controlling grade in the state, where going south the line drops some five hundred feet in five miles.

Most of the early lines came into existence with much travail. Practically all such lines were constructed with state aid; and the issuance of bonds in aid of railroad construction was the medium through which the carpetbaggers defrauded the state of so many millions. The proceeds were not used for construction purposes, but to line the pockets of the carpetbaggers.

The three great systems which traverse our state, the Southern, Atlantic Coast Line and the Seaboard, were originally made up of a large number of small, independent lines which had to be forged and welded into systems. Parent line of the Coast Line was the "Wilmington and Weldon"; that of the Southern was the "Richmond and Danville"; that of the Seaboard was the "Seaboard and Roanoke." Railroad stocks ran the entire gamut in value, and I can remember the time when the stock of one great system sold for less than a dollar a share, while that of another brought around two hundred! Its stock was eagerly

purchased and was supposed to be as safe and solid as the Rock of Gibraltar. But that was before the day of the Interstate Commerce Commission and of Senate Investigating Committees. It has been many a long day since the stock of the great carriers paid dividends, although the present Global War has brought a recrudescence in prosperity, especially to the short lines which serve the great military posts.

It is a far cry from the era of little more than a century ago when the first carrier in our state was constructed, the "Experimental Railroad" built to haul the stone from the quarry for the construction of the State Capitol, to the great oil burning, diesel-powered, streamlined passenger trains of today, roaring through the night at eighty miles an hour, marvels of luxury and carrying every convenience the traveller would ask.

We can also point with some measure of pride to the fact that our state possessed the first electrically operated railroad on the field of the South in the electric "Piedmont and Northern," constructed by the Duke Power Company and operated between Charlotte and Spartanburg. It wished to extend north and parallel the Southern, but the Interstate Commerce Commission would not grant the necessary permit, as it held that section was already adequately served by carriers.

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There are two things needed in these days, first, for rich men to find out how poor men live; and second, for poor men to find out how rich men work.—Edward Atkinson.

## INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Austin G. Ledwith, our bandmaster, who has been ill for several days, is back on the job again.

—:—

At this writing there are five patients in the infirmary. These boys are being treated for minor ailments, and are reported to be getting along nicely.

—:—

The boys on one of the outside forces have been cutting cedar posts for the past few days. These posts will be used to enclose a pasture for our young cattle.

—:—

"Dr. Gillespie's New Assistant" was the attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night. It is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production.

—:—

Mr. J. H. Hobby, our dairyman, made a trip to Boone last Wednesday. He brought back a fine registered Holstein bull calf, obtained from the herd of the Appalachian State Teachers' College.

—:—

While strolling around the other day we noticed Mr. W. M. White and his poultry yard boys killing and

dressing chickens. This means there will be another chicken dinner for our entire "family" tomorrow.

—:—

We see many boys these days busily engaged shooting marbles, in all sections of the School grounds. On several occasions we saw some youngsters throwing baseballs around. This is usually a sure sign that spring is "just around the corner."

—:—

The spring-like weather of the past few days seems to have caused some of the folks at the School to think of early gardening. In going about the campus the other day, we noticed a number of the ladies, assisted by some boys, preparing flower beds.

—:—

Mr. C. M. Brinn, officer in charge of Cottage No. 2, was suddenly taken ill one night last week. He was taken to the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, for treatment. According to latest reports as to Mr. Brinn's condition, he is getting along nicely.

—:—

Mr. C. B. Barber reports that he has just received another letter from A. C. Elmore, formerly of Cottage No. 5, who is in the United States Marine Corps, and has been stationed

somewhere in the Pacific for more than eighteen months. Elmore says he is well and is getting along fine, also that he had a very enjoyable Christmas season in spite of the fact that he was so far away from home. He mentioned having received several copies of *The Uplift*, and said he thoroughly enjoyed reading them. This young man enlisted in the Marines in December, 1941, shortly after the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor.

—:—

While some of us were finishing breakfast in the dining room in the basement of the Administration Building, last Thursday morning, a great commotion was heard upstairs. Upon investigation, we learned that a large wharf rat had entered the building and was trying to make his way upstairs to the living quarters on the second floor, when he met some of the ladies on the stairs. Of course, some loud yells were really "turned loose," which brought Superintendent Hawfield and three other men to the scene. A broom was the most convenient weapon, and was snatched up by one of the men, and then a merry chase ensued, ending in the basement, where the unusually large rodent was "given the works."

—:—

PFC Harold Walsh, a former student here, who has been in the United States Army about fourteen months, recently wrote Mr. Barber. Until a short time ago, Harold was stationed at Moore General Hospital, near Asheville. He writes that he has been transferred to Camp Butner, Durham,

and states that he likes his new location very much. While stationed at the hospital, he lived off the post with his wife and child. Harold was first accepted for limited service, but this transfer seems to indicate that he may be getting ready to receive training for combat service.

Harold said that he had enjoyed reading copies of *The Uplift* sent him from time to time, also that he would be glad to hear from any other staff members who might care to write him occasionally. This lad has always been a great booster for the Jackson Training School, and we think it would be nice for more of his old friends here to write him.

—:—

A few days ago, a boy by the name of McNeill was admitted to the School, coming from Lumberton. He was accompanied by his father, and a member of the staff mentioned the fact that we once had a boy here whose name was Preston McNeill, who came from the same town. Mr. McNeill replied that Preston was his first cousin, and that he had been in the United States Army for more than a year, and had been in England for some time. Preston was a member of the crew of a Flying Fortress which was recently shot down or damaged. He received wounds in this engagement, and spent some time in a hospital, but is out again.

Preston McNeill entered this institution, February 2, 1921, remaining with us until January 20, 1925, when he was permitted to return to his mother in Lumberton. At the time of leaving us, he was employed as house boy in Cottage No. 12. His record

during his stay at the School was very good, and he was well-liked by both boys and officers. Preston is now thirty-five years old.



Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, visited the School last Sunday afternoon. He was accompanied by Rev. Hawley Lynn, assistant pastor of the Myers Park Methodist Church, of that city, who was the guest speaker for our regular service. For the Scripture Lesson he read the story of the rich young man and his conversation with the Master, as found in the 18th chapter of Luke.

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Lynn told the boys the lesson just read could be found in three of the Gospels—Matthew, Mark and Luke, but that he would talk to them of the one in Mark's Gospel. Here it states that he was a young man of great possessions. He probably came from a fine family, and it is quite likely that his parents were leaders among the people.

The important thing about this man, in all three stories, continued the speaker, is that he was a young man, and had plenty of money. But in spite of having all that he wanted, he still was not satisfied. He knew that he could purchase practically anything which money could buy, but that was not enough. He wanted to know what was to become of him when life on earth was over.

The young man went to Jesus and inquired what he must do to inherit eternal life. The Master told him of the laws, but he said he had kept them all his life. He was still seeking something more worthwhile, and

asked what he could do to live the right kind of life.

Jesus then told the young man to sell all his possessions, give the money to the poor, and then follow him. In other words, Jesus told him to put off his life of ease, and take up a harder life.

Rev. Mr. Lynn then stated that it was not human nature to accept the hard way, and the young man went away sorrowing, because he did not want to give up his easy way of living.

From the days of the early settlers in our country, said the speaker, the ones who have contributed most to the building of our great nation have been the men and women who were not satisfied with their ways of living. Rather than just go along and accept conditions as they were, they accepted most difficult tasks in order to make improvements. They settled in an unknown wilderness, encountered many hardships, but were successful in establishing the foundation for the greatest system of government in the world. This was accomplished because they had the courage to carry on in the face of countless disappointments and trials.

Rev. Mr. Lynn told his listeners that it was not always children we see trying to find an easy way through life, for frequently grown people do the same thing. He urged the boys not to adopt such a policy, for success cannot be reached in an easy chair.

The speaker pointed out how Jesus told the young man to deny himself and help other people. The same applies to us today, he added. We must make sacrifices if we are to live and work for the Master.

Rev. Mr. Lynn concluded his mes-

sage by briefly telling the boys the story of St. Francis of Assisi. That good man, known as "The Brother of the Poor," spent his whole life in

serving mankind. People like that, said he, have found out that it is only by making great sacrifices they can best help those in need.

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### A WORD AND A SMILE

Don't hurry through life with a frown on your face,  
 And never a moment to spare,  
 For the word and the smile are always worth while  
 In a world full of trouble and care.

There are others with burdens as heavy as yours,  
 Hearts weary and aching with pain,  
 That are longing to hear just a word of good cheer,  
 Will you let them be pleading in vain?

Don't feel that misfortune's singled you out,  
 And made you, her special prey;  
 You may be sure there's no home so secure  
 But that trouble will enter some way.

There is sunshine for all in this workaday world,  
 But you'll have to go after your share,  
 And you'll miss it, of course, if you're hurried and cross,  
 With never a moment to spare.

And if you have sunshine and love in your home,  
 If pleasure and plenty abound;  
 Don't hoard up your store, you'll enjoy it the more  
 If you scatter it freely around.

For the light of your smile can be seen from afar,  
 And heaven records its full worth;  
 Though you whisper your word, yet its echo is heard  
 To the furthestmost ends of the earth.

—Selected.



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FEB 7 1944

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 5, 1944

No. 5

FEB 8 1944

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CAROLINA ROOM

## SPIRITUAL PROTECTION

Once there was a man waterin' flowers with a sprinklin' pot, an' two little bugs heard the drops fallin', an' one said to the other, "We're lost . . . there's a flood!" Some folks is jest like them little bugs. Jest ez soon ez they are hit with a drop 'r two of misfortune, they set up a hollerin' that they're done for. What they should do is to h'ist up their spiritual umbrels, an' they wouldn't git wet at all.—Harvey Hamblyn.

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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**S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor**

**MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor**

**LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor**

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## THE LORD'S DAY

It is not possible for us to call attention too often to the claims of the Lord's Day upon us. No person can honestly write the story of what has happened during the past nineteen hundred years without giving the first day of the week a very large place in it. How true are these lines:

"A Sabbath well spent brings a week of content,  
With strength for the toils of the morrow;  
But a Sabbath profaned, whatever be gained,  
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow."

Time and again efforts have been made to do away with the Lord's Day. But they have been as futile as our attempts would be were we to undertake to turn the Mississippi backward in its course. Man has come to see that such a day is as necessary as are food for the body and thought for the mind.

Our minds and bodies have been geared to that plan. Otherwise they would break down completely. Man often feels that it is necessary for him to use this rest day for secular purposes, but he little realizes what harm would result to him and others were his feelings followed.

The day should mean more to us than mere cessation from labor of body and mind. The underlying purpose of the day is to afford opportunity to turn our thoughts to spiritual matters. One of the bulwarks of our national strength and resourcefulness has been the First Day of the Week. We cannot afford at this late date to secularize the "day of all the week the best."—Selected.

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## THE GROUND HOG

"Are you superstitious?" is the question often asked, and the answer usually is. "Oh, no!" Well, we have our doubts about people who positively say they are devoid of superstition. However, we have observed that the ones who class themselves free of being disturbed by bad omens, look very much relieved when such signs fail. We will admit having a touch of "whatever you may call it,"

and breathe a sigh of satisfaction when the supposedly ill omen does not show up. We judge others by the way we are affected.

All of us know the traditional story of the ground hog. This pesky little animal is also known as the woodchuck, and may be recognized by its long, coarse fur, which is blackish or grayish above and chestnut red below, and by its short, thick legs, bushy tail, flat head, and long whiskers. It is fifteen to eighteen inches long, or about the size of a house cat.

The ground hog has a fondness for the edges of sparsely wooded areas, and digs a burrow which is divided into several compartments. Red clover, alfalfa and early garden vegetables are relished by this animal. Woodchucks do not lay up stores of food for winter use, but they eat gluttonously toward the close of summer, and while sleeping during their winter hibernation period, they are nourished by the stored food in their bodies.

Getting back to the traditional tale, the ground hog is supposed to come out of his underground quarters on the second of February, to observe conditions. If he sees his shadow, he goes back to his den, and we are to have six more weeks of winter, but if no shadow is observed, we are told that spring "is just around the corner."

Even those who declare there is not the least suggestion of superstition in their make-up, are heard to make remarks concerning the appearance or non-appearance of the pesky little prognosticator. After realizing a winter that has been cold and disagreeable, we truly hope "Mr. Ground Hog" will not see his shadow on the second of February. The signs given by his coming out or remaining in his burrow, take lodgment at least in the minds of many people. Just watch yourself! Are you watching for the ground hog?

\* \* \* \* \*

### BUNKER HILL

The shaft erected to commemorate the Battle of Bunker Hill was finished and dedicated one hundred years ago. A radio program was broadcast on Sunday, January 30th, giving in detail an interesting story of the many headaches before sufficient money was realized to pay for the historical marker. As usual, the women of New England arose to the emergency, and through the combined

efforts of practically all families, there were sold pies, cakes, candies, fancy needlework, and other products of the home, until the sum of \$50,000.00 was raised.

One conspicuous figure in this great crowd of patriotic women was Sarah Josepha Hale, a talented author and editor of "Godey's Lady's Book," and a tireless worker in the interest of higher education for women. Mrs. Hale is also known as the "Mother of Thanksgiving," for it was largely due to her efforts that President Lincoln, in 1864, appointed the last Thursday in November as Thanksgiving Day.

After having in sight the necessary funds for the purchase of the shaft, plans were made for elaborate dedication exercises. It was in 1825, the 50th anniversary of the battle, that all plans were completed and the corner-stone was laid by General Marquis de Lafayette, the noted Frenchman, who aided nobly in the fight for American independence. On this occasion, Daniel Webster delivered one of his greatest orations. His closing sentence was something like this: "I call your attention to this shaft. When you look upon it, remember you see America."

The monument was completed in 1842 and dedicated the following year, with Webster again being the orator of the day.

The freedom established by those patriots of old, once more is hanging in the balance, as ruthless dictators attempt to destroy democracy in all lands. But it will be securely held by the same spirit of freedom as was shown by the early pioneers in the establishment of our great nation.

\* \* \* \* \*

### ANNIVERSARIES OF THE WEEK

Victor Herbert was born in Dublin, Ireland, February 1, 1859. He was one of the most popular composers of his time, and attained great popularity as an orchestra conductor. Herbert, while but a youth, became a violoncello artist, and after playing in various European orchestras, he came to America to appear as soloist with the Metropolitan Orchestra in New York. He then played with other orchestras in this country, and in 1893 he succeeded Patrick S. Gilmore as bandmaster of the famous Twenty-second Regiment Band; from 1898 until 1904 he was conductor of the Pittsburgh Symphony

Orchestra; and later toured the United States with an orchestra of his own.

Herbert's long list of light opera compositions are enduringly popular. Songs come and go, but his "Kiss Me Again," "Sweethearts," "Gypsy Love Song," and others are as pleasing to the ear of the music lover today as when first written.

This talented composer died in 1924. His music will continue to echo and re-echo on down through the ages to come.

Albert Sidney Johnston, a leading Confederate general in the Civil War, was born in Washington, Kentucky, February 3, 1803, and was graduated from West Point in 1826. He became chief of staff to General Atkinson in the Black Hawk War, and in 1837, joined the Texans in their struggle for independence from Mexico. After the Mexican War, Johnston joined the United States Army. At the outbreak of the Civil War, he united with the Confederate States, and in 1861 was made commander of the military forces in Kentucky and Tennessee. At the Battle of Shiloh, April 6-7, 1862, when General Grant halted to rest his men, Johnston, with a superior force, fell upon the Federals. Grant was driven back, but in a moment of apparent victory, Johnston was struck by a rifle ball and soon died. He has been ranked with the ablest of the Confederate commanders.

Joseph E. Johnston, an American soldier and Confederate general, was born in Cherry Grove, Virginia, February 3, 1807. His father was a jurist and his mother was a niece of Patrick Henry. In 1829 he was graduated at West Point, Robert E. Lee being a classmate. During the Seminole War, Johnston was aide to General Winfield Scott; was twice wounded in the Mexican War; in 1855 he became colonel of the First United States Cavalry; and in 1860 was quartermaster general of the army.

When Virginia seceded from the Union, he resigned from the army, and was commissioned a brigadier general by the Confederate president, and almost immediately thereafter was raised to the rank of major general. He served the South with distinction during the entire conflict. In 1887 he was appointed commissioner of railroads by President Cleveland. General Johnston died in 1891.

## AN APPROPRIATE GIFT TO THE SCHOOL

Mrs. H. C. Dwelle, of Charlotte, long an esteemed friend of the Jackson Training School, recently gave to the School a beautiful reproduction of the famous painting, "The Boyhood of Raleigh," by Millais. This is a very appropriate picture for our boys and throughout the future it will, no doubt, furnish much joy and inspiration to them. All of us, both boys and officials, are deeply grateful to Mrs. Dwelle for this gracious and generous donation. This is a large picture, 34 inches by 40 inches, and the size within itself adds much to its beauty and usefulness.

The picture has been placed in the School's library, and there it blends beautifully with the other pictures and the general environment. Arranged as it is, all of the boys will have numerous opportunities to enjoy the picture.

"The Boyhood of Raleigh" is one of the world's most famous and renowned pictures. It is noted for its exquisite beauty as well as for its meaningful message. Its rich colors of various tints and hues, delicately blended as they are by the touch of a skillful artist, give it a most pleasing and fascinating appearance. But the picture is most famous for its meaningful message to youth. In the center of the picture one sees a boy, representing Sir Walter Raleigh as a lad who dreams of the mysteries of the world, especially the mysteries of the great ocean. With him is an unknown companion of his own age and size. Facing the two boys is a seaman, who seems to be unfolding to them all the mysteries of the sea which are known to him. Not only is he doing this, but evidently he is stirring their imagination with the dreams of his own boyhood days. He apparently is telling the boys that he believes there are vast continents in the world which remain undiscovered and unsettled. The boys seem to listen intently to all that the rugged seaman has to say, and they seem to dream of the part they may play as great explorers and men of destiny.



## WITH THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES



The following list includes the names, as they have come to this office, of members of the staff, former staff members, and former students of Stonewall Jackson Training School, who are now serving as members of the armed forces of the United States. It will be seen that four employees went into the service directly from the School campus. The others listed have, in some cases, been away from the institution for quite a number of years, joining the fighting forces several years after severing their connection with the School.

In checking over the list of our old boys, we find that practically one hundred per cent voluntarily enlisted in "Uncle Sam's" service, rather than wait to be called by the selective service system. It is also interesting to note that many of these fellows had been in their country's service several years prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

If any of our readers know of former Training School boys who are now in any branch of service, and can furnish definite information as to their present location, please notify the editor of THE UPLIFT, P. O. Box 32, Concord, N. C. We shall appreciate your co-operation.

### Staff Members

Brausa, Ralph J.	(Navy)	Patterson, James L.	(Army)
Liner, James H.	(Army)	Query, James L.	(Army)

### Former Staff Members

Adams, J. E., Jr.	(Navy)	Parker, Lt.-Col. Samuel I.	(Army)
Barrier, Major George L.	(Army)	Watson, Lt. (jg) James E.	(Navy)
Cleaver, James A.	(Navy)	Wingate, Lt. W. J.	(Army Air Corps)
Hollingsworth, Jesse G.	(Navy)		

### Former Students

Adams, Clyde	(Navy)	Atkinson, Hiram	(Navy)
Adams, Felix	(Army)	Atwell, Robert	(Navy)
Alexander, J. Mack	(Army)	Atwood, Earl	(Army)
Alexander, Robert	(Army)		
Almond, Odell H.	(Navy)	Bailiff, Wilson	(Navy)
Allen, Burl	(Navy)	Ballew, Edward J.	(Navy)
Allen, Julian Herschel	(Navy)	Barber, Winfred V.	(Army)
Allen, Grady C.	(Navy)	Barker, Jewell	(Army Air Corps)
Allen, Wayne	(Navy)	Barkley, Joel	(Army)
Allred, James R.	(Army Air Corps)	Barnes, Norton	(Army)
Amos, Gerald	(Navy)	Barrett, Allen	(Army)
Andrews, Julian	(Marine Corps)	Barrier, Carl	(Marine Corps)
Anderson, Raymond	(Army)	Barrier, William T.	(Navy)
Ashley, Arthur	(Army)	Batson, Jack	(Navy)
Atkins, Richard	(Army)	Bishop, Garrett W.	(Army Air Corps)

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Branch, Glatley	(Army)	Cooper, Dewell J.	(Navy)
Baynes, Howard	(Army Air Corps)	Cooper, Walter	(Army)
(Previously served in the Army.)	an enlistment period	Cox, J. C.	(Marine Corps)
(‡) Beach, Ernest L.	(Army)	Craft, Arthur	(Army)
Beaver, Albert	(Army)	Crawford, Jack	(Navy)
Beaver, Walter	(Army)	Crawford, Louis	(Army)
Bell, James	(Navy)	Cunningham, David C.	(Army)
Bell, William Clarence	(Navy)	Cunningham, Jesse S.	(Navy)
Bell, William G.	(Navy)	Dalton, James	(Army)
Beheler, Reid	(Navy)	Daubenmyer, Nelson	(Army)
Benson, John	(Navy)	Davis, Duke	(Army)
Blackman, William	(Army)	Davis, Hubert	(Navy)
Bordeaux, Junior	(Army)	Davis, James	(Army)
Bowman, Charles	(Army)	Deal, Paul	(Navy)
Branch, Horace	(Army)	Deese, Horace R.	(Navy)
Brantley, Elmond A.	(Marine Corps)	Detherage, James	(Army)
Bray, Relons Odell	(Army)	Doel, Carroll	(Army)
Briggs, Paul	(Marine Corps)	Donaldson, Harold	(Marine Corps)
Britt, Jennings	(Navy)	Dorsey, W. Wilson	(Army)
Broadwell, William	(Navy)	Downes, George	(Army)
Brogden, Norman	(Navy)	Downes, William H.	(Army)
Broome, Jack	(Army)	Driver, Malcom	(Army Air Corps)
Broome, Paul	(Marine Corps)	Dyson, Fred	(Navy)
Broome, Shannon	(Army Air Corps)	Eaker, Arnold Max	(Army)
Brothers, William	(Naval Air Corps)	Earnhardt, Donald P.	(Navy)
Brown Aldene	(Army)	Edmondson, Arthur	(Army)
Brown, Elbert M.	(Navy)	Edwards, Eugene	(Navy)
Brown, Harold	(Army)	Efird, N. A., Jr.	(Army)
Bunn, Dewey	(Navy)	Elders, James R.	(Marine Corps)
Bunn, Homer	(Army)	Elmore, A. C.	(Marine Corps)
Burke, Ensign William H.	(Navy)	Ennis, James C.	(Navy)
Burkhead, Dermont	(Navy)	Ennis, Henry	(Marine Corps)
Burrow, John B.	(Navy)	Ennis, Noah	(Navy)
Butner, Roy	(Marine Corps)	Ennis, Samuel	(Army)
Capps, John T.	(Army Air Corps)	Eury, James	(Army Air Corps)
Carter, Adrian L.	(Navy)	Evans, John H.	(Army)
Carter, Douglas	(Army)	Evans, Mack	(Army)
Carter, Fred	(Army)	Everett, Carl	(Army)
Carver, Gardner	(Army)	Everidge, Samuel	(Navy)
Causey, Floyd	(Army)	Faggart, John	(Marine Corps)
(‡) Causey, James D.	(Army)	(Enlisted 1929. Made Warrant Officer by Act of Congress, 1941.)	
Chapman, Edward	(Army)	Farthing, Audie	(Navy)
Chattin, Ben	(Army)	Faschnat, Mose	(Navy)
Cherry, Herman	(Army)	Fausnet, Bernard L.	(Army)
Cherry, William	(Navy)	(‡) Ferris, Russell	(Army)
Cline, Wade	(Army)	Fisher, Edward	(Army)
Christine, Joseph	(Navy)	Fisher, John H.	(Army)
Coats, Clinton	(Army)	Flannery, John	(Army)
Cobb, Frank E.	(Army)	Freeman, Richard	(Army)
Coffer, Robert	(Army)	French, Ian	(Army)
Collins, Glenn L.	(Army)	Furches, William	(Marine Corps)
Connell, Harry	(Army)	Gaddy, William	(Navy)
Connell, James	(Navy)	Gardner, Horace T.	(Army)
Cook, William	(Navy)	Gatlin, Britt C.	(Army)
Cooke, George C.	(Army)		
Cooper, Lake	(Army)		

Gentry, William	(Navy)	Jackson, William	(Navy)
Gibson, Merritt	(Army)	Johnson, Clawson	(Army)
Glasgow, Mumford	(Army)	Johnson, Coley	(Navy)
Glasgow, Norwood	(Navy)	Johnson, Edward	(Navy)
Glasgow, Ramsey	(Army Air Corps)	Johnson, Hugh	(Navy)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1929-1933. Member China Expeditionary Force, '29-'32.)		Jolly, James D.	(Navy)
Glover, Henry	(Marine Corps)	Jones, Mark Twain	(Navy)
Godfrey, Warren	(Army)	Jones, S. E.	(Marine Corps)
Godwin, John T.	(Navy)	Jordan, James E.	(Army)
Godwin, Paul D.	(Army Air Corps)	Keen, Clinton	(Army)
Goodman, Albert	(Army)	Keith, Monroe	(Army)
Goodman, George	(Army)	Keith, Robert	(Navy)
Gray, Delma C.	(Navy)	Kelly, Grady	(Army Air Corps)
Greene, Giles E.	(Army)	Kelly, Jesse	(Army)
Gregory, Charles J.	(Army)	King, Cleo	(Army Air Corps)
Gregory, Roy	(Army)	King, Frank L.	(Army)
Griffin, Charles	(Army)	King, Jesse	(Navy)
Griffin, James H.	(Marine Corps)	King, Thomas	(Army Air Corps)
Grooms, J. B.	(Army Air Corps)	Kinley, Robert	(Marine Corps)
Guffey, Lawrence	(Army)	Knight, Thomas	(Army Air Corps)
Hall, Joseph	(Army)	Knight, Thurman	(Army)
Hames, William R.	(Army)	Koontz, J. Milton	(Army)
Hamilton, Leo	(Navy)	Kye, George	(Army)
Hampton, Roy	(Navy)	Kye, James	(Army)
Haney, Jack	(Marine Corps)	(‡) Lamar, A. C., Jr.	(Army)
Hardin, Wilbur	(Navy)	Land, Reuben	(Army)
Harris, Edgar	(Army)	Land, Wilfred	(Marine Corps)
Hawkins, William T.	(Navy)	Landrum, Luther H.	(Army)
Head, Elbert	(Army)	Lane, Floyd C.	(Marine Air Corps)
Heath, Beamon	(Navy)	Langford, Olin	(Army)
Hefner, Charles	(Army)	Langley, William	(Army)
Hefner, Eugene	(Navy)	Laramore, Ray	(Army)
Hensley, J. B.	(Navy)	Lawrence, Robert	(Marine Corps)
Hendren, Isaac	(Navy)	Leagon, Harry	(Army)
Hendrix, John	(Army)	Ledford, Harvey L.	(Army)
Henry, Charlton	(Navy)	Ledford, James	(Marine Corps)
Hicks, Garland	(Army)	Lemly, Jack	(Army)
Hildreth, John	(Army)	Lee, Valton	(Army)
Hill, Doyce	(Army)	Lett, Frank	(Army)
Hill, William	(Army)	Lewallan, Paul R.	(Army)
Hodge, David	(Army)	Link, Bruce	(Navy)
Hodge, Dallas	(Army Air Corps)	Long, Loyce	(Army)
Hogan, Gilbert	(Army)	Long, Stacey L.	(Army)
Hogsed, John R.	(Army)	Martin, Willie H.	(Army Air Corps)
Hoke, Bernice	(Navy)	Mathis, D. B. (Jack)	(Marine Corps)
Holland, Burman	(Army)	(*) Matthews, Douglas	(Army)
Holland, Donald	(Army)	Matthews, Harley P.	(Navy)
Hollars, Ralph	(Army)	May, Fred	(Navy)
Holmes, John	(Army)	May, George O.	(Army)
Honeycutt, Nathaniel	(Army)	Mayberry, Douglas J.	(Army)
Hulan, Norman	(Navy)	Medlin, Clarence	(Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)		Medlin, Ervin J.	(Army)
Ingram, John E.	(Navy)	Medlin, Wade	(Navy)
Irwin, Raymond	(Army Air Corps)	(‡) Medlin, Wilson	(Army)
Jackson, Edgar	(Marine Corps)		



Merritt, Edgar	(Army)	Quick, James	(Navy)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)		Quick, Simon	(Navy)
Merritt, Julian	(Army)	Ramsey, Amos	(Army)
Miller, Latha	(Navy)	(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)	
Montford, James B.	(Army)	Reep, John	(Navy)
Montgomery, Samuel	(Navy)	Revels, Grover	(Navy)
Moose, Claude L.	(Marine Corps)	Riggs, Walter	(Navy)
Morris, Everett	(Navy)	Rivenbark William W.	(Army)
Morrow, Chas. W.	(Army Air Corps)	(Served in Marine Corps, 1933-1938.)	
Morrozoff, Ivan	(Army Air Corps)	Rhodes, Paul	(Army)
Morgan, William S.	(Navy)	Roberts, Lonnie	(Navy)
Murphy, Lemuel	(Army)	Robertson, John C.	(Army)
Murray, Edward J.	(Army)	Robinson, Perry	(Army Air Corps)
Muse, Robert	(Navy)	Rochester, Nicholas	(Navy)
		Routh, Walter	(Army Air Corps)
McBride, Irvin	(Army Air Corps)	Russ, James P.	(Army)
McCain, Edward G.	(Navy)	Sands, Thomas	(Navy)
McCull, Vollie O.	(Navy)	Scism, Arlee	(Navy)
McCoy, Hubert	(Army)	Seibert, Fred	(Army)
McEntire, Forrest	(Marine Corps)	Sexton, Walter	(Army)
McFee, Donald M.	(Army Air Corps)	Scott, Archie	(Army)
McGee, Norman	(Army)	Shannon, William L.	(Navy)
McHone, Arnold	(Navy)	Shaver, George H.	(Navy)
McKay, John C.	(Marine Corps)	Sides, George D.	(Navy)
McKee, Thomas R.	(Army)	Simmons, Horace K.	(Navy)
(Enlisted 1937)		Sloan, Lonnie	(Army)
McNeely, Robert	(Army)	Small, Clyde E.	(Army)
(Enlisted 1933)		Smith, Julius D.	(Navy)
McNeill, Preston	(Army Air Corps)	Snider, Samuel	(Navy)
McPherson, Arthur	(Navy)	Snuggs, Charles L.	(Navy)
McRorie, J. W.	(Navy)	Spears, James	(Navy)
		Springer, Jack	(Army)
Nelson, Larry	(Navy)	Stack, Porter	(Army)
Newton, Willard M.	(Army)	Stallings, William	(Navy)
		Stanley, Brown	(Coast Artillery)
(‡) Odom, David	(Army)	Stepp, James H.	(Navy)
Owen, Fred, Jr.	(Marine Corps)	Strickland, Robert W.	(Army)
Owens, Leroy	(Army)	Stubbs, Ben	(Army)
Oxendine, Earl	(Navy)	Sullivan, Richard	(Army)
		Talbert, Morris	(Navy)
Padrick, William	(Navy)	(x) Taylor, Daniel	(Army)
Page, James	(Army)	Tessneer, Calvin C.	(Navy)
Pate, Hansel	(Army)	Teeter, Robert E.	(Army)
Patterson, James	(Navy)	Thomas, Harold	(Navy)
Patterson, Joseph	(Navy)	Thomas, Richard	(Army)
Patton, Richard	(Navy)	Threatt, Sidi	(Army Air Corps)
Payne, Joy	(Army)	Tipton, Kenneth	(Navy)
Peake, Harry	(Marine Corps)	Tobar, William	(Army)
Pearson, Flay	(Army)	Troy, Robert	(Army)
Pennington, Grady	(Army)	Tucker, Joseph	(Army)
Pickett, Claudius	(Army)	Turner, Lee V.	(Navy)
Pittman, Hoyle	(Navy)	Tyson, William E.	(Navy)
Pittman, Ted	(Army)		
Plemmons, Hubert	(Army)	Waldrop, Ned	(Army)
Pope, H. C.	(Army)	Walker, Glenn	(Army)
Presnell, Robert	(Army)		
Pyatt, Jack	(Marine Corps)		

Walker, Oakley	(Army)	Wilhite, Porter	(Army)
Walker, Robert	(Army)	Williams, Everett L.	(Army)
Walsh, Harold	(Army)	Williams, Samuel R.	(Navy)
Walters, Melvin	(Army)	Williams, William R.	(Navy)
Ward, Eldridge	(Army)	Williamson, Everett	(Navy)
Ward, Robert	(Army)	Wiles, Fred	(Army)
	(Enlisted 1928)	(Enlisted 1927. Now a Recruiting Officer)	
Ware, Dewey	(Army)	Wilson, John C.	(Army)
Watkins, Floyd A.	(Army)	Wilson, Thomas	(Navy)
Watson, Lieut. Lemuel	(Army)	Wilson, W. J.	(Army)
Watts, Everett	(Navy)	Winn, J. Harvard	(Navy)
Watts, James	(Navy)	Wood, James L.	(Army)
Watts, Boyce	(Army)	Wood, William T.	(Navy)
Weaden, Clarence	(Army)	Wooten, Charles	(Navy)
Webb, Charles R.	(Army)	Wrenn, Lloyd	(Army)
Webster, John D.	(Army)	(‡) Wright, George	(Army)
Whitaker, John H.	(Navy)		
(*) Whitaker, William E.	(Army)	Yarborough, Preston	(Army)
White, Marshall	(Coast Artillery)	York, John R.	(Army)
Whitener, Richard M.	(Army)	Young, Brooks	(Army)
Whitlock, Winfred	(Army)	Young, R. L.	(Marine Corps)
Widener, Charles	(Navy)	Young, William R.	(Army)
Wilhite, Claude	(Army)		
Wilhite, George	(Army)		
Wilhite, James	(Army)	Ziegler, Henry F.	(Navy)

( ‡ ) Prisoner of war.

( § ) Missing in action.

( \* ) Killed in action.

( x ) Died while being held prisoner.

#### Former Students in Merchant Marine Service

Stutts, Edward  
Efrid, Nathaniel A.  
Lambert, Jay

Smith, Glenn W.  
Hill, Caleb

# CAPTAIN KIDD'S TREASURE

By Louis T. Moore, in The State

Did the fierce and redoubtable Captain William Kidd, a pirate famed in tradition and story bury his stolen treasure of gold on Money Island, at Greenville Sound near Wilmington? Newcomers to Wilmington, and readers of The State, may be interested to know that there are many people here who are convinced that the query can be answered in the affirmative. They feel that sooner or later, some lucky person will find the hidden gold and become much the richer for his search.

Kidd was a dreaded pirate of the seventeenth century. He was executed in London in 1701 for the alleged murder of one of his sailors. Prior to his death and while operating along the Carolina coast, local tradition, handed down from generation to generation, asserts positively and definitely that Captain Kidd concealed two large chests of gold coin and silver plate on the small water surrounded acreage in Greenville Sound. It has been known then, and ever since as Money Island.

Of all the buccaners and pirates probably Teach, better known as Black Beard, and Captain Kidd were the most famous. Or rather the most notorious. They are said to have carried on their murderous work off our coast from points as far south as Beaufort in South Carolina, northward to Elizabeth City, in North Carolina.

So far as is known no Wilmington people have ever discovered any trace of the treasure said to have been bur-

ied on Money Island. Constant search has been made at intervals by persons inspired with curiosity and hopes that they might be the "lucky ones." Belief among the negroes living in the vicinity is firm that treasure was buried on the small islet many, many years ago. They think that sometime someone will discover the reputed hidden coins and silver plate. Whether or not this one of the several spots selected by the famous Captain Kidd to hide his stolen loot, no one can disturb the belief of "Sounders" living nearby that in fact and in truth, it was one of the places. For this reason a revival of this tradition, which casts a glamour over Money Island, may not be amiss. This old, old story may interest many citizens who have recently come to Wilmington, and who may have heard little of "pirates and their doings."

Money Island is a beautiful islet, several acres in size. It is situated in the sound, about one mile southwest of Wrightsville Beach. It is about a quarter of a mile east of Greenville Sound and borders the Intra-coastal Canal. It is heavily wooded. The place presents a most attractive appearance. The location is somewhat remote both from the mainland and the fringe of the beach which separates it from the mainland.

It is known that Captain Kidd ravaged the coast near Wilmington. On one of his particular trips he had gotten together a vast quantity of treasure. This had been accumulated from a successful voyage against the

Spanish colonies in the South. Northward bound, when the ship was stopped opposite what is now known as Masonboro Inlet, just south of Wrightsville Beach, Kidd told one of his assistants (Captain Redfield) that he had an important secret to impart. This was that he wished to hide secretly a deposit of valuables. Only Redfield and he were to know the exact location. He told Redfield that whichever one returned first in the future, this one could remove half of the treasure, leaving the balance for the other. He also made a stipulation that Redfield should leave the ship and take up his residence nearby. In this way one of the two would be in close proximity to the treasure.

With this understanding, Kidd and Redfield took the two large chests of coin and silver, left the ship at midnight, got in a small boat, rowed to Money Island, and as the story goes, then proceeded to bury the chests at a spot known only to the pair. Redfield then repeated his agreement that if he left the area, for a life aboard ship, and should return at some future time prior to the coming back of Kidd, that he (Redfield) would observe the pact as already made.

Captain Kidd then sailed away with his men. At a later date a few of the seamen departed from the ship. They had a suspicion that Kidd and Redfield possessed a secret that related to the treasure which had been stolen in the past. They were determined to find out the truth and therefore returned to the place where Redfield had built his cabin on the main-

land, and within a short distance of Money Island.

The pirates then coolly informed Radfield that they had decided to band together for the purpose of finding the treasure. They asserted their belief that the money had been hidden nearby and were determined to get their share. Redfield told the men that he had given his word to Kidd and intended to keep it. He did his best to convince the other pirates, with whom he had first associated for years, that there was no doubt Kidd would compensate them adequately when he returned for the treasure. Redfield told them also if and when Captain Kidd learned of their traitorous act their lives would not be worth a penny. The men refused to accept Redfield's protestations, and tradition says, that when he continued his refusal to reveal the hiding place of the treasure, they killed him in cold blood. This act, however, helped them in not the slightest degree to find the hidden treasure.

So ends the tradition and the legend of the concealment of treasure on Money Island. From time immemorial, Wilmington boys whose parents spent the summers on the sounds, have visited the place. They have wasted a tremendous amount of energy and perseverance digging for the supposed buried treasure of Captain Kidd. To date, however, it remains as securely hidden as when Kidd and Redfield on a dark night are said to have hidden it away.

# HE WHO TRAVELS BEST

By Alice Crowell Hoffman

A king in the eastern world once caused to be built in his country a great paved highway that was the marvel of his time. A day was set to fittingly celebrate the opening of the new road, and the king proclaimed a day of feasting and hilarity.

The outstanding event of the affair was a unique contest. Far and wide the king's couriers proclaimed the tidings that a purse of gold would be awarded to the one who should travel best over a certain section of the new highway.

"What does the king mean by 'traveling best'?" asked his subjects one of another.

"Oh, of course, he means to give the prize to the one who travels most swiftly," said one. "It is just his way of announcing a race over the wonderful new road. I have a horse that is very swift, and I am even now giving him a special training for the fete."

"But may it not be possible that the king means to give the purse to someone who is fleet of foot?" asked another. "His couriers made no mention of horses. I intend to run the race on foot, and I shall be the first on foot to reach the goal."

"What makes all of you think that the king has offered a prize for a race?" objected a third. "The couriers said naught about speed. I think it much more likely that the king has in mind pageantry and display befitting such a noble occasion. I, for one shall travel the road leading up to the palace of the king in my

chariot in solemn dignity, followed by a retinue of servants."

So each, according to his own interpretation of the king's order, made eager preparation for the great contest. When the day arrived, the racers on horseback, in chariots, and on foot traveled the smooth surface of the road, all delight with its inviting swiftness, when suddenly all were annoyed by a great pile of rough stones which had been left in the middle of the road, about halfway between the two goals.

"How strange!" muttered one contestant to himself as he turned aside to get around the stones. "I wonder why the guards do not order them removed."

"What can the king mean by allowing a fine highway like this to be disfigured, yes, positively made unsafe by a heap of rough stones directly in the line of travel!" complained another as he swerved from his direct course.

"A sorry sight I shall be to stand before the king," peevish the foot-racer as he picked himself up, bruised and bleeding, having stumbled over the obstacles in the road. "I shall hurry on and tell the king about it."

"How irritating to have to turn aside awkwardly because of a pile of stones that some stupid workman neglected to clear away!" commented another racer who had interpreted the king's meaning as pomp and display.

On and on they came in continuous procession throughout the day, each

turning aside upon reaching the obstacle in the road and muttering some disapproving comment.

"Ah the shades of even are ening," said the king to his counsellors, "and it sorely grieves my heart that none of my subjects have qualified for the prize. Surely, among all this host of travelers there should be one who knows how to journey aright!"

Even as the king spoke, there was ushered into his presence a youth of sturdy frame and eager countenance.

"Here, my king, is a leather bag filled with precious coins of gold. I found it underneath a pile of stones which I cleared away from the new road, and hastened here to give it to you so that it might speedily be restored to the rightful owner," explained the youth, almost out of breath.

"Thank you, my son," said the king

as he received the leather bag filled with gold. "Your wish to have it speedily returned to the rightful owner shall be granted at once. Take it, for it is yours!"

"Mine?" exclaimed the astonished youth. "Surely, there must be a mistake. I am very poor. I never owned so much as the worth of one of these many pieces of gold in the leather bag."

"My son, I myself placed the bag of gold underneath the stones," explained the king. "See?" and he revealed to the youth's astonished eyes the royal seal. "It is the prize for which so many have vainly competed all this day, but they know not how to travel best. Here, take this prize, for it is yours, for you alone have shown that he travels best who makes the way easier and safer for those who follow after."

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He killed the noble Mudjokivis,  
 With the skin he made him mittens,  
 Made them with the fur side inside,  
 Made them with the skin side outside;  
 He to get the warm side inside  
 Put the inside skinside outside;  
 He to get the cold side outside,  
 Put the warm side fur side inside;  
 That's why he put the fur side inside,  
 Why he put the skin side outside,  
 Why he turned them inside outside.

—Not by Longfellow.

# MARCH IN OUR HISTORY

By Caleb Cotton

In the march of events that have made the history of our country, the month of March includes the dates of many of the more important events in our national history. Although March was named after Mars, the mythological god of war, the month includes but a few of the most important military events. Among these, taking place in the month of March, more than a few glorious pages of American military history were written during the Mexican War. Back in March of 1847, the Mexican city of Vera Cruz, made prominent on several occasions because of its strategic military position, became the objective of General Scott, who, with a small army of 12,000 men set out to capture it. On March 16, 1874, he took the outlying position of San Juan de Ulva, and, on the 22nd of the same month initiated the bombardment of Vera Cruz. Within five days, General Scott, with his small but hardy fighting force, took the Mexican stronghold. Serving under General Scott in this operation were two officers destined to outshine him in American military history. These fellow officers serving with General Scott were Lieutenant U. S. Grant and Captain Robert E. Lee, the two becoming equally famous as worthy antagonists during the Civil War. It was from the victory at Vera Cruz on the coast that General Scott continued into the interior of Mexico to attain ultimate triumph six months later with the capture of Mexico City, over which the Ameri-

can flag was unfurled to bring the war to an end.

Once again in our history the month of March dated an American invasion of Mexico. On March 15, 1916, General Pershing tracked the Mexican bandit, Villa, across the border, after Villa with his Mexican "army" had raided Columbus, New Mexico, six days earlier in the same month and, strangely enough, the American fleet took Vera Cruz without firing a shot. The Texas fight for independence from Mexico became national American history when Texas joined the Union. But in fighting for independence from Mexico, it was the hardy frontier Americans who made American history by their last-stand defense of the Alamo in March of 1836. It was to the glory of Americans that we proudly include this heroic event in those of our national history. The Mexican general, Santa Anna, with 5,000 trained soldiers, besieged 145 Texans for 11 days in an old building known as the Alamo, and more than 1,200 Mexicans were slain before the 145 Texans, with never a thought of surrender, perished to a man, and that historic event occurred on March 6, 1836. The Greek heroes at Thermopylae were neither more heroic, nor deserved more epic adoration than the heroes of the Alamo. The American-Texans, Colonel "Davey" Crockett and Colonel "Jim" Bowie had as Americans reached the upper rungs of fame before they mounted to the top at the Alamo where heroic death

earned them immortal fame. These two men with Col. W. B. Travis and the 142 men under their command, prepared the later scene at San Jacinto, where Colonel Sam Houston captured General Santa Anna, and destroyed the Mexican army under his command. Following that smashing victory, March 2, 1837 signaled the election of Sam Houston as president of the Texas Republic, later to become the great "Lone Star State" of Texas, the Lone Star finding congenial company among that galaxy of stars in our noble flag designating membership in our present great union.

The historic and crucial Civil War naval engagement between the Union Monitor and the Confederate Merrimac on March 9, 1862 upset naval tradition. The fight between the two modern fighting ships of that day proved the superiority of the flush-decked, gun turreted, heavily-armored Monitor over the less modern heavily armored, fixed-gun and exposed super-structured Merrimac, the decisive victory of the Monitor also decided the fate of the city of Washington, which would have been at the mercy of Confederate naval operation had not the Merrimac been stopped in its wake by the Union Monitor.

In our military history an important event took place, March 23, 1901, when General Funston captured Aguinaldo, the Filipino chieftain leading the insurrection against the authority of the United States. General Funston's daring exploit brought the insurrection to an end. The Filipinos accepted the good intentions and accruing benefits of United States guardianship. The close friendship that has been established was nobly

marked by the cooperative but unsuccessful efforts to save the Philippines from Japanese invasion, and the sworn promises of mutual effort in the certain expulsion of the present Japanese occupational forces. Japan took the Philippines from us in March 1942.

Of the historic events other than military that happen in the month of March, we must go back as far as the beginning of American history. Ponce de Leon in his legended search for the "Fountain of Eternal Youth" first quenched his thirst in Florida when he discovered it on March 27, 1513. Ponce de Leon having passed away in the usual mortal fashion, Florida lays no extravagant claims for any natural invigorating waters, although thousands of winter tourists are wont to revive their youth sojourning at Florida's famous resorts. However, most of these luxurious Florida resorts are now quite properly being used as barracks for our boys in training in the armed forces of our country, and we all agree that nothing is too good for them.

It can be said that Ponce de Leon started Florida on its way to becoming an important state in the Union and while William Penn did not discover Pennsylvania, it was the grant he secured from King Charles the First on March 4, 1681 that gave impetus to the successful colonization and subsequent agricultural and industrial progress that now makes Penn's name-state one of the greatest in the Union. A colonization project of equal importance to that of Penn and preceding it, was conducted by Leonard Calvert in March of 1634, when with 200 immigrants, he established a colony at St. Mary's, Mary-



land. And Maryland owes to Leonard Calvert the same tribute that Pennsylvania owes to William Penn. The first settlement in Delaware was also established on March 29, 1638.

One of the preliminary events that led to the Revolutionary War was the passage of the Stamp Act by Great Britain on March 22, 1765. Five years later on March 5, 1770, British soldiers fired upon American citizens, killing and wounding several, and this "Boston Massacre" further inflamed the colonists against England. With the mounting inconsiderate actions of England against the colonists, it was quite natural that the colonists gave ready ear to Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty or give me death," in his immortal speech delivered on March 23, 1775. And it was on March 17, 1778, that France recognized the independence of the American colonies. "The Star Spangled Banner" was legally designated our national anthem by an act of Congress on March 3, 1931.

It was on March 11, 1794 that Congress authorized the first warship for the United States Navy—the birth of the U. S. N. On March 14, 1794, a patent for a cotton gin was granted to Eli Whitney and as a result the South became industrially important. The first telephone patent was granted to Alexander Graham Bell on March 7, 1876, and the telephone was used for the first time three days later on March 10, when the first utterance was "What has God wrought?"

Whitney was born in Westbrought, Massachusetts, December 8, 1765. He graduated from Yale in 1792, and the demand for private tutors in the South occasioned his seeking such a position in Georgia, and finding no

position as a private tutor, he decided to study law. Mrs. Greene, the widow of General Nathaniel Greene, offered young Whitney a home on her plantation along the Savannah River while he pursued the study of law. As a handy man around the plantation. Whitney invented a number of gadgets made useful on the estate. It was Mrs. Greene and her friends who sensed the importance of mechanics as applied to the ginning of cotton and encouraged Whitney as their inventive protege, with the result that Whitney brought forth his famous invention. And it is interesting to note that Whitney had never seen a bunch of raw cotton with its seeds until the suggestion of inventing the gin was proposed to him by Mrs. Greene and her friends who became his sponsors. And so to the kindly widow of the great General Nathaniel Greene, who served his country so brilliantly as a military leader, we owe, in no small part, one of the greatest inventions for the advancement of our economic welfare. Unlike Eli Whitney, who was a natural mechanical genius, Alexander Graham Bell had a scientific back-through affording easy and widespread perthe first, invented and perfected a method for the removal of impediments of the speech. Alexander Melville Bell, the father of the inventor of the telephone, was an inventor in his own right. Grandfather, father and son were professors of vocal physiology and founded systems of visible speech (mute speech)—quite significant of what Alexander Graham Bell was to do in making mute metal talk. Politically, Whitney's invention of the cotton gin indirectly added fuel to the fiercest burning question in our

history, that of slavery, which the invention encouraged through the increased demand and production of cotton fabrics. Whitney's cotton gin while an economic boon to both the textile industry of the North and the raw production of cotton in the South, helped to separate our country during four years of dreadful civil war. Bell's invention through affording easy and widespread person-to-person conversation, has been one of the greatest forces in bringing the country together into a homogenous social and economic people.

The first newspaper use of electric power in operating newspaper presses was at Ilion, New York, on March 13, 1864, and the first steamboat, the Savannah, crossed the Atlantic on March 28, 1819.

The United States added greatly to its territory by the purchase of Alaska from the Russian government, the transaction being effected on March 30, 1867. Four states celebrate their birthdays in March. Nebraska was admitted to the Union on March 1, 1867. Maine was admitted on March 15, 1820, Florida was admitted on March 3, 1845, and Vermont was admitted on March 4, 1791. The railway suspension bridge at Niagara Falls was opened on March 8, 1855. The General Post Office was established by Congress on March 12, 1789, and Standard Time was established in the United States on March 13, 1484. The West Point Military Academy was founded on March 16, 1802.

Our present foe, Japan, renounced the Washington Naval Treaty on March 27, 1935. It was on March

20, 1918, that the United States and Great Britain requisitioned German ships in their waters, and on March 28, 1918, the American Army in France was placed under the command of General Foch, generalissimo commanding all the Allied armies.

March the 4th has lost its preference as the inauguration date of our Presidents, January 20 having been designated from President Roosevelt's second inauguration on March 4, 1937 and henceforth.

March furnished a complete mystery when on March 11, 1841, the steamship President, with 100 on board, sailed for Europe never to be heard of again.

Many of the famous Americans, including four of our Presidents, were born in the month of March, among them James Madison, John C. Calhoun, John Tyler, Alexander Graham Bell, Andrew Jackson, Phil Sheridan, Grover Cleveland, Stephen Hopkins, Lewis Francis, William Jennings Bryan, Thomas Mckean and Robert T. Paine. Three Presidents, Millard Fillmore, Benjamin Harrison and William Howard Taft, died in March. The effort to convict Associate Justice Samuel Chase, impeached in 1804, for violation of the Sedition Act, was decided by acquittal on March 1, 1805. The United States Senate building was occupied March 5, 1909.

Four signers of the Declaration of Independence, George Clymer (Pa.), Hopkins Stephen (R. I.), Francis Lewis (N. Y.), and Robert Paine (Mass.), were born in March, while one, Thomas Heyward (S. C.), died in March.

# MAGGIE

By Selby E. Southard

In the hill country of the Great Smokies, and surrounded by the green of expansive meadows, once stood a little cabin that meant home and peace to a family of sturdy, faithful mountain folk. Old Cedar Mountain, with its lofty peak, daily submerged the crude cabin in its lengthened morning shadow, as if to shield it from a sordid world.

In the environ of this simple life, a youth, scarcely well into his teens, dreamed a changeless dream... a dream of haunting melody that would not spend itself. There were the hills, daisy-covered, over which he roamed to his heart's content; and the mountain peaks, not so very far distant, whose murky clouds veiled them in mystery. These, all these, were inspiration to his dream. But one day there was an awakening.

"There is gold in the mountains to the west," was the cry. And the challenge was irresistible. Packing his little belongings, George Johnson set out one day in a skiff down the leisurely flowing Hiwassee to the west.

Amid ever-changing bewilderment of scene, the youth followed in the course of the river and his ambition. After many days of lonely paddling, he came out of the fastnesses of his mountain country and into a wide expanse of low, green hills. Looking behind, he saw more vividly than before the peculiar beauty of his native haunts, for the great peaks which he loved to challenge were imbedded in a bewitching bower of golden glow

from the evening sun.

It was springtime in the valley. The sky above, unhampered by mountain peak, was beaming in ecstasy of freedom never before known to the youth. To the west—still to the west—lay the low range of mountains of gold... and surely their fringes shone brilliantly golden in the evening sun.

Young Johnson was a monarch of his own as he contemplated his argonaut. Suddenly, as he paddled along in the thrill of his triumph, he heard a low, tranquil, creaking as of a water wheel. Rounding the bend of the widening river there came into view an old mill. It was a rustic two-wheel overshot affair, but picturesque in its setting. In the doorway of the old mill stood a figure... a comely, charming girl, apparently watching him intently.

The current of the river drew Johnson closer all too slowly, and as he approached the old mill he was smitten with the loveliness of the mountain girl. For the first time in his life, he seemed to feel the warm reality of a dream come true.

It was Maggie Harris... the Maggie destined to be immortalized in song dear to millions of hearts.

Young Johnson sought no further for gold. Instead, he sought, in the shadow of the old rusty mill, the key to the heart of this winsome mountain girl. After many days, the dreamer turned his face back to his old home up the Hiwassee, his bride by his side. There he built a moun-

tain home, and there they lived until both were "aged and gray."

There came a day when Johnson, over whelmed with a desire to once more see the place where he realized the most cherished of his dreams, set sail once again on the placid Hiwassee to the site of the old rusty mill, this time his fair bride of many years by his side. There, in the beautiful retrospection, the ever-flowing river continuing on its way, but the creaking old mill stilled with the ebbing of the day, the dreamer dreamed again, not of what was to be, but of dreams come true. And there he wrote the famous lyric which brings back to us our own familiar scenes and sacred memories as we sing the old, old song:

They say I am feeble with age,  
Maggie;  
My steps are less sprightly than  
then;  
My face is a well written page,  
Maggie,  
But time alone was the pen.  
They say we are aged and gray,  
Maggie,  
As spray by the white breakers  
flung,  
But to me you're as fair as you

were, Maggie,  
When you and I were young.

And now we are aged and gray,  
Maggie,  
And the trials of life nearly done;  
Let us sing of the days that are  
gone, Maggie,  
When you and I were young.

The poem was made into a song by the noted composer, J. A. Butterfield, years after Johnson's death. The beautiful, haunting melody catches all the emotion Johnson felt in his heart.

Since the day of the original Maggie's mill, two others have been built on the same site. The present mill is little changed from the far-back day when young Johnson came paddling down the river... and Maggie Harris stood waiting for him. Loyal to their instincts, mountain folk of today are like those who peopled the hills then—loathe to change. It is fortunate that the famous song should come from such a people, for in them sentiment is genuine. Their life, beautiful in its simplicity, expressed in song, gives understanding to a jaded world.

—————:—————

Here's a health to the future,  
A sigh for the past;  
We can love and remember,  
And hope to the last;

And, for all the base lies  
That the almanacs hold,  
While there's love in the heart,  
We can never grow old.

—Selected.

# BETTER SCHOOLS AND HEALTH

(Greensboro Daily News)

North Carolina's school and health programs will be closer related in postwar days, Governor Broughton believes.

"I don't believe in socialized medicine as such," he says, "but I do believe every child in the state who needs medical care, ought to have it. If the child's parents can't provide the money, then there should be some public assistance."

There undoubtedly will be a big expansion of public clinics, the Governor says, and hospitals at abandoned camps might be used for public purposes. With the state leading the way, the hospitals would be operated on a several county basis, and if all available ones are utilized, they will be located at strategic places throughout the state.

For the state to thrive, its children must be healthy and the public schools are the logical supervisors of the general welfare of minors, he says.

"We have set up the foundation of an educational system as good as any where in the United States," he says. "We have the nine months school, the 12th grade, increased teacher pay and retirement benefits. Emphasis in the coming years will be more and more on vocational training."

The Governor points out that one reason why North Carolina did not obtain more war industries was a lack of trained labor.

That truth, he says, will not be forgotten. A textile training school has

been located at Belmont, a diesel training school has been opened at State college here and that institution's engineering school will be expanded.

He makes it clear, however, that great things cannot be accomplished overnight in the fields of education and health. The state must make long range plans for its progress, he says, and take advantage of every opportunity to improve its programs.

"We want to be able to offer training in our high schools and state institutions for new industries, not necessarily for labor but leadership as well.

"Incidentally, I look for a great expansion in State college to meet the rise in agriculture and industry. Ample opportunities should be offered for the negro, too.

"The biggest problem in education will be the expansion of our school facilities. Many cities and counties already are suffering.

"We are going to have to have a large building program for our schools, especially in rural areas, but whether that will be accomplished by a combination of funds is a matter which will have to be studied."

If a county is unable to provide the schools, there will have to be a supplement, the Governor says, adding that "if a county is too poor to provide those facilities and does not have help, then it always will be poor."

# THE FALLACY OF WAITING UNTIL THEY GROW UP

A Radio Address by Richard L. Evans

We sometimes hear of parents and others responsible for the guidance of youth, who defer or indefinitely postpone the religious education of children. This attitude is often defended as being modern, liberal and broad-minded, and the explanation usually given is that "We'll wait for the children to grow up and let them make their own decisions with respect to these matters. We won't urge our opinions or convictions upon them." It sounds easy and plausible, but logic would dictate that if it were good to wait for the children to grow up before we instil in them any religious or spiritual convictions, wouldn't it also be best to wait until they have grown up before we begin to school them in any of the phases of life—wait until they grow up and let them decide for themselves whether or not they want to be honest, whether or not they want to be law-abiding, whether or not they want to go out unclad in freezing weather, whether or not they want good health. If, in the name of being modern and liberal, we are not going to take a hand in the habits and thinking of a child with respect to religious and spiritual matters, logic would demand that we don't take a hand in his habits and thinking with respect to physical or ethical or intellectual matters—let him grow up before he decides whether or not he

wants to go to school, before he decides whether or not he wants to be polite, what he wants to eat, whether or not he wants to respect other people's property. The fallacy is that by the time the children become old enough to do their own choosing in such things, they have fixed habits, and then it's too late. Before a child is out of the cradle his character and his attitudes begin to take shape, and there is no fundamentally vital matter concerning his future well-being that can safely be left entirely until he is able to choose for himself—in matters of morals and ethics, in matters of food and raiment, in matters of mind or of spirit. The training of a child, including the shaping of sound spiritual and religious convictions, can scarcely begin too soon. It is by early vigilance and prayerful guidance that parents can later send forth their sons and daughters from their homes with the comforting assurance that the influence of this restraining and protecting benediction will continually abide with them: "My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother: Bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck. When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee." —Proverbs 6:20-22.

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Flattery is having somebody else tell us the nice things we have always thought about ourselves.—Exchange.

# DELINQUENCY ON INCREASE

By Garry Cleveland Myers, Ph. D.

With more and more mothers entering war industries and employed on other jobs away from home, it is the child from 6 to 15 who is most neglected. This age range in which juvenile delinquency is growing faster. While not so many youngsters from 6 to 8 come into the clutches of the law, many who are neglected at this age are getting ready to acquire official labels of delinquency.

It was relatively easy to get the public aroused over the need of nurse schools for the pre-school child and to create social pressure on the working mother to place her baby or tot in one of these schools, in case she had no mother-substitute for him at home. But even at that, only a very small number of these nurse schools are available.

In some communities where the public schools have provided an extended school service for children of working mothers, to care for the child from six to 15 after the regular school day, very few children of working mothers are using this service, and practically no children of the ages

from 10 to 15 are availing themselves of these facilities.

Why? Because most working mothers either don't suppose children of this age-range need protection, or don't have sufficient control to make them stay at the school center when they should. After all, these mothers reflect the general sentiment and practice of parents.

If this war continues a few more years and the public grows aware of national disgrace of uncontrolled and neglected children, resulting in a leaping rate of juvenile delinquency, there will be local, state and federal action to require children, not otherwise cared for, to be in the child caring centers, while the mother is away from home. Moreover, mothers who can't guarantee adequate protection of her child under 15 will not be permitted to work until all available women who are childless or have children who are practically grown shall have an opportunity to be really patriotic, but they have not, as a rule, given much evidence of their patriotism.

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Doubt and delay go hand in hand  
 And doubt one can't efface;  
 Till by right action we go forth  
 And win our goal or race.

## INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. R. H. Walker, a member of the School's staff of employees, who has been ill for several weeks, came back to work last Monday morning.

—:—

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys, assisted by Mr. Tom Adams and the boys of the Receiving Cottage, have been busy the greater part of the week, building concrete plant beds. This will be a great improvement over the wooden beds heretofore in use.

—:—

With all the fine weather we have been enjoying for the past few days, our farmers just couldn't resist the call to do some planting, the first of the 1944 season. During the first part of this week early Irish potatoes were planted in several acres. Those in charge of the work stated that the soil was in excellent condition.

—:—

Marshall Hunt, one of the Indian Cottage boys, was taken to the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, last Tuesday, to have an infected thumb treated. He spent one night there, returning to the School the following morning. Marshall is now in our infirmary, and the injured thumb is healing nicely.

—:—

Mr. J. H. Liner, a former member of the School's staff of workers, called on friends here last Wednesday. For the past several months he has been in the United States Army, and was stationed at Camp Blanding, Florida. He has been transferred to a camp in Maryland, and while en route to his new location, was able to spend a few

days with relatives and friends in his home state. Harold was looking fit as a fiddle and we were glad to see him.

—:—

For the past few days we have been hearing the "snip-snip" of the barbers' scissors in the "beauty parlor" just across the hall from the printing department. Mr. Adams and his young helpers have been giving the boys neat hair-cuts. Mr. Adams tells us that several of his assistants are rapidly developing into real tonsorial artists.

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John Reep, formerly of Cottage No. 13, who is now in the United States Navy, wrote Superintendent Hawfield from a naval station in Little Creek, Vermont, as follows:

"Dear Mr. Hawfield: Was very glad to get your letter. Hope that you and all at the School are well. I hope to get a leave next month, and will try to get down to see you. I want to show you all what the Navy has done for me. It will help anyone who wants to make something of himself. I know I did wrong when I was down there, but am going to try to make up for it, and do all I can to help in this war for freedom. With best wishes, John Reep."

—:—

Just when we were beginning to think our friend, Bill Morgan, was about to lose his reputation as the most regular correspondent among our old printing class boys, we received a most delightful surprise. Instead of his usual cheery letter, the mail boy brought us a neat little package,



mailed in Kodiak, Alaska, where our former linotype operator is now stationed at a United States Navy submarine base. The package contained a handsome chromium Ronson cigarette lighter. To simply say we were pleased with such a nice gift would be expressing it far too mildly — we were tickled to the nth degree. Many thanks, Bill, old boy, for your kindly thought of “de boss.”

—:—

Superintendent Hawfield recently received a V-Mail letter from Jesse Cunningham, formerly of Cottage No. 8, who is now “somewhere in the Pacific” as a member of the United States Navy. Jesse writes as follows:

“My dear friend: At this time it is a pleasure to write to you, the staff members and the boys. I sure hope everything is going good at the old school. Hope you will understand why I have not been writing more often, for we don’t have much time to write letters here. I often think of old friends there and would like to hear from them, especially the boys in No. 8 and No. 9. Wishing you and all the folks at the School the best of luck, I am, your friend, Jesse Cunningham.”

—:—

On Monday, January 31st, we received a V-Mail letter from Ivan A. (Tiny) Morrozoff, another of the printing department’s representatives in Uncle Sam’s fighting forces. This letter, dated January 19th, came from North Africa, where Tiny, a member of the United States Army Air Corps, is now stationed. Since but twelve days were required for this letter to reach us, we are of the opinion that such mail service will be hard

to beat. Tiny writes as follows:

“Dear friend: Just thought I’d let you know that I am well and doing O K. Hope this attempt at a letter will find you doing the same. As you can see, I’ve changed my address again, which should be nothing new to you, since I move about every time I write. Am now somewhere in North Africa, and am having quite a time seeing things which I didn’t believe existed. If you could see some of the people living here, it would make the skin crawl all over your body. How they live in such dirt and rags is a mystery to me.

“You probably think of Africa as a hot country, but I want to tell you it gets plenty cold here. I sleep under four blankets and then could stand some more, but these people go about in bare feet and are half-clothed, and never show that they mind it the least bit. Judging from appearances I don’t believe many of them have ever eaten an honest-to-goodness square meal. Most of them are beggars, yet they seem to have plenty of money. The reason I say they are not short on cash is because of the prices they are willing to pay for American articles. Just for example—they will pay from \$4.00 to \$5.00 for a carton of American cigarettes; GI mattress covers, \$20.00 to \$30.00; Turkish towels, \$2.00 to \$3.00. You can sell one of these birds a 50-cent fountain pen for \$5.00. When I go to town, it is necessary to push the shoe-shine kids out of the way. They sure worry you lots. Anyway, it is something new, and I’m enjoying it. Give my best to all the folks at the School, and don’t forget that I’d like to hear from you soon. Your friend, Tiny.”

We were glad to receive a letter from John Thomas Capps, who is in the United States Army and has been stationed in England for several months. This young man was once a member of our printing class, and got along fine as a linotype operator for several years after leaving us. At the time of his enlistment in the Army, he was employed by the *Transylvania Times*, Brevard, N. C., He writes as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Just a few lines to let you know that I have not forgotten you or the School. Am getting along just fine and like the work I am doing now. I like it here in England, although they do have some funny customs, but if these people should visit our country, some of the things we do would probably seem strange to them. One thing certain, these English people surely like their tea—about as well as we like coffee.

"I have a girl friend over here, and she is one of the finest young ladies I have ever seen. So far, I have spent two week-ends in her home, and don't believe I could hope for a better reception back in my own home. Her people have been more than swell to me, and that kind of treatment helps a lot when a fellow is so far from home, especially in a strange country. For my part, I can see nothing wrong with England. Some of the boys don't seem to like it, but here is one lad who will never forget his stay in this country.

"On week-end trips I have to pass through London, and have stopped to do a little sight-seeing. Have not yet visited all the historic places I want to see, but hope to in the future. I have my camera with me and hope to get pictures of the places visited—

that is, as long as my film supply lasts, which is just one roll at present. Perhaps in a month or two I may get a furlough, and will have a chance to see more of this country. Will try to write as much as I can about it, and send some pictures for your large book. By the way, if you can get some films, size 120, I would appreciate your sending them to me, and will be glad to pay for them.

"Please give my regards to all the folks at the School, and send a copy or two of *The Uplift*. Yours, Johnnie."

—:—

We recently noticed a news item, clipped from the *Journal & Sentinel*, Winston-Salem, stating that Mrs. Lurinda Wilhite, of Mount Airy, is a five-star army mother. Five of her eight sons are in military service; a sixth is a minister; and the two others are too young to be accepted by the armed forces.

This news is especially interesting to us because of the fact that four of these young men were once students at Jackson Training School. Following is a brief record of these boys:

James Wilhite, who is now twenty-one years old, entered the School, February 1, 1936, and was conditionally released, January 27, 1940. During the greater part of his stay he was a member of the Cottage No. 4 group. He enlisted in the United States Army, September 4, 1940, and is now somewhere in the Pacific with an anti-aircraft unit. He has attained the rank of corporal.

Claude S. Wilhite, twenty-six years old, was admitted to the School, September 24, 1932, remaining until July 17, 1934. He was a member of the group in Cottage No. 15, and was employed in the dairy. He has been in

the United States Army since February 18, 1942, and is with the infantry in Alaska, where he has been promoted to the rank of first-class private.

Porter Wilhite, aged twenty-five, entered the School, May 20, 1933, and stayed with us until allowed to return to his home, February 1, 1936. During his stay at the institution, he was in Cottage No. 4. Porter is now a corporal in the United States Army, and according to the latest report received here concerning his location, was at Camp Forrest, Tennessee.

George Wilhite, nineteen years old, entered the School, February 1, 1936, and was conditionally released, July 21, 1941. While here he was employed as house boy in Cottage No. 6, and also worked in the shoe shop. He joined the United States Army, March 7, 1942, and is a first-class private at Camp Haan, California.

Another interesting feature of the story of this family's contribution to our nation's war effort is that the Wilhite boys have a step-brother, Harley P. Matthews, in the United States Navy. This lad is also a former Jackson Training School student. Harley was admitted to this institution, July 2, 1936, and upon being conditionally released, July 21, 1941, returned to his home in Mount Airy. Upon first coming to us, he was placed in Cottage No. 6, but was later transferred to Cottage No. 3. We have no information as to his present location other than that he is serving in the Navy.

We are indebted to Mr. Bausie Marion, Superintendent of Public Welfare in Surry County, for the information concerning these five former students.

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### YESTERDAY—TODAY—TOMORROW

If tomorrow could only be yesterday,  
 And yesterday have been tomorrow;  
 Today would be like heaven on earth,  
 Without one thought of sorrow.

How little do we know what tomorrow may bring,  
 While on yesterday we look back with a sigh;  
 Today, we must take life just as it comes,  
 Though our souls within us, may die.

—Selected.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending January 30, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

James Benton  
Ernest Bullard  
William Burnett  
Lee Hollifield  
Fred Jones  
Leonard McAdams  
Charles Pearson  
Weaver Ruff  
James Stamper  
Harry Wilson

## COTTAGE NO. 1

Richard Billings  
Clyde Brown  
George Cox  
Marion Cox  
Donald Carland  
John Franks  
Jack Gray  
Raymond Hunsucker  
Roy Jones  
Rufus Massingill  
Harold McKinney  
Floyd Puckett  
Leonard Robinson  
David Swink  
Harlan Warren

## COTTAGE NO. 2

(No Honor Roll)

## COTTAGE NO. 3

Edward Britt  
Raymond Davis  
Earl Green  
John Holder  
Lawrence Littlejohn  
William Pegram  
Fonzer Pittman

## COTTAGE NO. 4

Everett Benfield  
Leroy Childers  
Clyde Godfrey  
Jeter Green  
George Hawks  
Charles Lanford  
William Lewis  
Lewis Sawyer  
Malcom Seymour

Newman Tate  
William C. Willis

## COTTAGE NO. 5

Kenneth Atwood  
Cecil Bennett  
James Corn  
Jerome Duncan  
McKeever Horne  
Earl Hoyle  
Sidney Knighting  
Raymond Pruitt  
Brady Tew  
William Watts

## COTTAGE NO. 6

Horace Collins  
Charles Cox  
J. C. Cayton  
Rufus Driggers  
Carl Gilmore  
Robert Taylor  
Everett Gallion  
Jacob Myers  
Stanford McLean  
J. W. Smith  
Lawrence Temple  
Leroy Wilkins

## COTTAGE NO. 7

Max Brown  
Donald Grimstead  
Ned Metcalf

## COTTAGE NO. 8

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE NO. 9

Robert Brady  
Thomas Brannon  
Raymond Bullman  
Leonard Church  
Riley Denny  
John Hill  
James Jarvis  
Winley Jones  
James Lowman  
Charles McClenney  
Lawrence Rice  
Glenn Wilcox  
J. B. Wilson

**COTTAGE NO. 10**

Fred Carswell  
 Jack Clifton  
 Alfred Lamb  
 William Lane  
 Edward Loftin  
 James McCollum  
 Jack Parker  
 Charles Tate  
 A. B. Woodard

**COTTAGE NO. 11**

Roland Brooks  
 Jack Gentry  
 William Guffey  
 Orrin Helms  
 W. C. James  
 Paul Matthews  
 Maxie Shelley  
 Ray Taylor

**COTTAGE NO. 12**

(Cottage Closed)

**COTTAGE No. 13**

Woodrow Ewing  
 Eugene Graham  
 Homer Johnson  
 Paul Painter  
 Emerson Sawyer  
 Russell Stikes

Eugene White  
 W. C. Whitehurst

**COTTAGE NO. 14**

Robert Bailey  
 Wilton Barfield  
 Joseph Case  
 Robert Holbert  
 Robert Moose  
 James Norton  
 Charles Pittman  
 Carlton Pate  
 Thomas Ruff  
 Paul Stone  
 Ezzel Stansbury  
 Robert Wilkins

**COTTAGE NO. 15**

Robert Myers  
 Roger Reid  
 Hugh Roberts  
 Clyde Shook

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

Peter Chavis  
 Marshall Hunt

**INFIRMARY**

R. D. McCurry  
 Durham Smith

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**BOOKS**

Books, books, books, and the treasure they hold,  
 The tales they tell and the songs they sing—  
 Worth their weight in the finest gold  
 That was ever given a king!

One tells of gardens, and one of the sea,  
 One's full of fairies all spangly slim,  
 Yours are for you and mine are for me,  
 And the one about bears for him.

Opening a book is like opening a door,  
 Turning a leaf's like a bend in the lane—  
 You can never know how far you'll go,  
 To Kalamazoo or Spain.

You may meet a bear, or a prince at a ball,  
 Emperor, poet, you can't tell what.  
 Books, books, books—they are just like that,  
 You never can tell at all! —Nancy Byrd Turner.



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FEB 16 1944

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 12, 1944

No. 6

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## BE A GOOD FORGETTER

Be a good forgetter. Life is too short to remember that which prevents one from doing his best. "Forgetting the things that are behind, I press forward," said a brave old man in the first century. The successful man forgets. He knows the past is irrevocable. He lets the dead past bury its dead. He is running a race. He cannot afford to look behind. His eye is on the winning post. The magnanimous man forgets. He is too big to let little things disturb him. He forgets quickly, and forgets easily. If anyone does him wrong, he "considers the source" and keeps sweet. It is only the small man who cherishes a low revenge. Be a good forgetter. Business dictates it, and success demands it.—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,  
Gentle and merciful and just!  
Who in the fear of God, didst bear  
The sword of power, a nation's trust!

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,  
Amid the awe that hushes all,  
And speak the anguish of a land  
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free;  
We bear thee to an honored grave,  
Whose proudest monument shall be  
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close  
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,  
Among the noble host of those  
Who perished in the cause of Right.

—Selected.

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## A SELF-MADE MAN

The best possible observance of Lincoln's Birthday would be for every American to read some of the words Lincoln has written.

He wrote so clearly, so simply, so beautifully. And he learned practically unaided.

In the brief "autobiography" which Lincoln wrote once in a personal letter just before the Civil War, he told the story of his education:

"There were some schools, (so called) in Spencer County, Indiana, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond 'readin',

writin', and cipherin' to the rule of three. If a straggler supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course, when I came of age, I did not know much. Still, however, I could read, write and cipher to the rule of three, but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity."

So the man looked back on the days of his youth. "I did not know much," he recalled. But he taught himself much later on, after school days were over.

That is the key to all education. Its aim is to make a man wise. Some men, true, became wise without any formal education. Lincoln would never have been a fool, even if he had not been able to "read, write, and cipher to the rule of three." He might even have become wise, for he was observant, curious, reflective.

But education, which means in its original sense, merely the "drawing out" of latent possibilities, was necessary to bring out the Lincoln who stands like a colossus over the American scene. Lincoln knew that, and, since ready opportunity was denied him, he fought for every chance to read books, to meet interesting people, to do everything that would widen his horizons and open the broad world to his eager mind.

Read his words, and see how this man who as a youth "did not know much," taught himself the mastery of his English language. It enabled him to pass on to people of his own time, and down to us by the written word, the wisdom that came to him as education helped him to develop it.

The ceremonials are well enough. But the best tribute to Lincoln at his birthdate this year would be for every American to read his inaugural addresses, the Gettysburg speech, his letters and papers. For by his own naked efforts, Abraham Lincoln made himself not only an educated, but a wise man.—Exchange.

\* \* \* \* \*

### AN AMERICAN GENIUS

The ninety-seventh birthday anniversary of Thomas Alva Edison,

a man who made incalculable contributions to the world of business, was celebrated February 11, 1944. Few people realize that the genius of Thomas Edison revolutionized the entire business world.

Strangely enough, Edison's greatest invention was not the phonograph, motion picture camera, nor even the incandescent lamp, but the development of the dynamo and the system whereby electricity is distributed to all parts of a community, bringing light, heat, and power into millions of homes and factories. This one invention has achieved miracles.

The industries arising directly from the inventions and discoveries of Thomas Edison represent an estimated value of over thirty billion dollars. They have made the United States the greatest industrial nation on the face of the earth. A recent survey disclosed the information that one-ninth of the people of the United States owe their employment directly to the genius of Thomas Edison.

—Selected.

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### VALENTINE'S DAY

St. Valentine, according to the Roman legend, was arrested and thrown into chains at the instance of the Emperor Claudius, about the year 270 A. D. He was handed over to Calphurnius, who employed one Asterius to win him back to idolatry, but instead of this, Asterius was won over to the Christian faith on account of the healing of his blind daughter by St. Valentine. The Saint was kept in prison for a long time, but was finally beheaded. However, the custom of sending valentines is the survival of a practice connected with the worship of Juno, on or about February 14th, and the association with St. Valentine is purely accidental.

The story related above was taken from a Students' Reference Book, which gives briefly, even of a myth, a story of devotion to a cause and sympathy for suffering humanity. The entire story reflects love, therefore, it is only fitting that messages sent out on February 14th, should be expressions of joy, friendship, or better still, of love.

There are times when grotesque valentines with ugly sentiments inscribed are sent purposely to hurt one's feelings. When this is

done there is not a proper understanding of the sentiment connected with the life of the ancient Christian martyr, St. Valentine.

St. Valentine's Day presents a fine opportunity to exchange messages of love for some one. The young people have a glorious time in commemorating this occasion by assembling in groups, having an evening of fun by playing such games that tell of the future. Every valentine is decorated with a heart, the symbol of love, with a fine message of love or friendship. There could not be a sweeter suggestion to commemorate one, either in real life or a myth of ancient folk history. However, anything done in the spirit of love is indeed beautiful.

\* \* \* \* \*

### HATS OFF TO KATE SMITH

No one worked with a greater interest for the Fourth War Loan Drive than did the nationally known Kate Smith. The least one can say of her is that she is a "hum-dinger." She continues grinding on and on, evidently showing the least exhaustion, from eight o'clock in the morning until seven in the evening. She declared after making her final appeal that she felt as "fresh as a laisy." We prefer saying she was "as fit as a fiddle," because a fiddle not only stands the test of time, but becomes sweeter and more valuable with age. The intense interest in worthwhile things gives color and strength to the life of this courageous woman. She sold more than a million dollars worth of bonds. She has an inexhaustible supply of energy, interest and devotion to a cause—the privilege to burgeon out our own way of living—that cannot be surpassed. In fact we feel there is but one Kate Smith. She stands ready to defend any cause that stands for the right.

\* \* \* \* \*

### LEADERSHIP

There are many lessons to be learned, not alone from experience, but by observation. Take for instance the much discussed subject, the need of leadership. We have seen good leaders, chosen for a specific duty, absolutely become obsessed with their importance and

lose out. The thing that spells failure in such cases is that such characters do not know how to co-ordinate their many duties, and are jealous, to the extent that they want to impress people with their own ability. There would be better leadership in all the land if it were possible to realize it is better to do one thing well than to have many things half done. A good leader is always conservative, looking after every detail of work until the goal is realized.

Some people are born leaders and there are others who are trained for leadership. The best qualified person to lead any group, or stand at the head of a great corporation or institution, must know human nature so as to be able to choose his co-workers with a faith that inspires one to be true to trust. The best leaders are the ones who can get others to work by working with them. The finest technique in any workshop is to possess the knack of making others work, and then give credit for the same. The spotlight leader or the grandstand player will in the course of time be forgotten. The way is hard for a leader to get others to carry responsibilities, but harder still for him to attempt to carry the entire load himself.

\* \* \* \* \*

Promises are an alluring trade-in-stock. They are eagerly seized upon as an antidote for dissatisfaction and discontent. They are the stuff out of which the manifestoes of the politician, the exhortations of the opportunist and the demagogue, and the prophecies of the theorists are coined.

But the fulfillment, ah, that is something else. It has to do with drab, colorless realities—the sweat and toil out of which accomplishment is born, the foundation that must be laid in the muck and mire, the sticks and stones that must be put into place before the spires can be raised to the sky.—The Square & Compass.

# THE BOY WHO SAW LINCOLN EVERY DAY

By Vincent Edwards

Being an orderly for the War gave Department in Washington in the closing years of the Civil War gave a boy a chance to see a succession of stirring events and a large number of important people. But out of the impressive panorama of American history that unrolled before young Thomas Hopkins, one figure stood out above all others. This was Abraham Lincoln, the great war president.

Tom's duties carried him to all parts of the National Capital. The result was that hardly a day passed in which he did not catch a glimpse of the President. The homely figure with the high silk hat and the hauntingly sad face made a lasting impression upon the young man.

Sometimes Tom saw Mr. Lincoln riding back and forth from his summer cottage at the Solders' Home, just outside the city. On such brief journeys his usual escort was a body-guard of cavalry, with long lances at the end of which fluttered a tiny red flag. There were frequent occasions when the President and Mrs. Lincoln went for a carriage ride after dinner, through Washington's streets and parks. Whenever Mr. Lincoln stepped out of the White House to depart on such outings, the observant orderly never forgot how the President had to bend his tall body before he could enter the carriage.

There was nothing proud or awe-inspiring about this man who had

grown up on the Illinois prairie. Once Tom Hopkins saw Lincoln step out on the portico of the White House, eating an apple which he held in both hands. The President appeared to relish every mouthful. The only sign of Mr. Lincoln's exalted rank among his associates—if it could be imagined as such was his high silk hat. This he wore summer and winter, come fair or foul weather.

Yet even in those casual encounters, there was something about the great American that won the affection of this youth. Mr. Lincoln did not know Tom Hopkins from thousands of other chaps who had offered their services to the nation. Nevertheless, when the young orderly saw the ineffable smile that flitted across the President's face suddenly lighting up those rugged features with a warm and unaffected friendliness, Tom always felt, "I'm glad I enlisted!"

That smile of Abraham Lincoln became one of Tom Hopkins' most treasured memories. Even he could see that the President's understanding and sympathy were free to all. Here was a nation's ruler who loved not himself, but his fellow men—the misunderstood people of the South as well as his loyal and brave followers in the North. Tom's whole heart warmed to so magnanimous a leader.

The last time that Tom saw Abraham Lincoln was on the evening of April 14, 1865. He never forgot it because of what happened afterward.

By that time Tom Hopkins had seen a great deal of the President. He had heard him address regiments just back from the Virginia battlefields, and he had seen him walking without a bodyguard along the Washington streets. More than once he had shaken Lincoln's hand at White House receptions. (On one of these occasions the crowd and confusion had been so great that Tom had lost his own hat and, then bareheaded, had to escort home the laugh-girl whom he afterward married.)

On this April evening, close to sunset, Tom and a friend were walking near the Navy Yard entrance when Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln came by in the White House carriage. They were evidently going to drive through the Navy Yard grounds. Their usual mounted bodyguard was not along.

Tom and his companion paused to watch the President and his wife pass. The lines in Mr. Lincoln's face stood out more plainly than ever, but now even more pronounced was that tenderness of expression which had so impressed the young orderly.

It was as if this man had come through some great tribulation, but at last saw a shining reward for all his sorrow.

As soon as the carriage had passed, Tom said to his friend:

"There isn't another country in the world where you will see the head of th nation like our President riding out in public without an armed guard!"

Four hours later Washington was in a wild uproar. In the great forts that surrounded the Capital, drums beat the long roll. Cavalry went dashing through the streets, and the lower part of the city was jammed with angry, grief-stricken throng.

Carring message after message through all that mad night, dashing from one place to another, Tom saw tears on the faces of many who had never been known to show grief before. He felt like crying, too. It was not till then that Thomas Hopkins realized how strong was the love he bore the great man who, on a quiet spring evening, had been the victim of an assassin's bullet.

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That the Standard Oil Company has discovered oil and is operating wells in Egypt is generally known, but its reason for going to that ancient land to look for oil is probably not so well known.

It is asserted that the attention of someone connected with the company was attracted by the statement in Exodus 2:3, that the ark of bulrushes which the mother of Moses made for her child, was "daubed with slime and with pitch."

Reasoning that where there was pitch there was oil, and if there ever was oil in Egypt it was probably still there, the company sent out a geologist to investigate, with the result that oil was discovered.—The Lamp.

# VALENTINE CARDS AND HOW THEY GREW

By Pauline Tyson Stephens

During these few days in early February myriad numbers of lovely valentines are passing across the counters, for next to Christmas cards, more valentine greeting cards are sent to friends and relatives than any other kind. When you purchase these dainty little messages of love and friendship, did you ever stop to wonder how we happen to have them?

There is a real and romantic history behind these cards, and this history which is five hundred years old, is a most interesting one.

Of course we all know that Valentine Day is supposed to have been named for a Roman Saint by the name of Valentine. At any rate, from the beginning, valentine was a time set apart for lovers. Every year, the young men and the young maidens drew names from an urn, and the names they drew were supposed to be their valentines for a whole year.

Since this valentine drawing was a pagan custom, it was only natural that real Christian people should frown upon it. But people loved to send these messages at valentine, so gradually they began to send them by choice.

Five hundred years ago, few people could write, so the ones who did not know how to pen their messages, sent symbols of love, such as handkerchiefs, flowers, or a special bunch of leaves. These messages were usually hidden in hollow trees, or pitched over the fence of the beloved's home.

Then about 300 years ago a few

people with inventive turn of minds, began to make their own valentines by hand. The words were written in dainty letters, on thick, gilt-edged sheets, and sent by hand. Since envelopes were unknown, they were left open and decorated with a gilt cupid, or perhaps a cupid with a bow and arrow. Like many other things that have lived through the ages, the bow and arrow, as a symbol of love, have lived to the present time, and we still see them on cards to this day.

About a hundred years after this period someone wrote a book of valentine verses to be copied on valentine cards. If a young lady knew how to sew, and was not very good at writing verses, she might find a verse that would express her sentiments exactly. The verse might have been something like this:

Be my Valentine  
Sweet and true  
And I'll sew a fine seam  
Just for YOU.

There were verses in this book to suit practically every occupation.

It was not until 150 years ago that the first valentine cards were made for sale. They were real works of art. Dainty and white, they were usually composed of layer upon layer of fluffy white paper, with a bow or heart of real silk or satin in the middle. In the corners there would be a gold or colored love bird, or a cupid with a bow and arrow.



It is a very strange thing that just about this time someone began to make comic valentines that bore cruel, hurtful messages. Of course thoughtful people would not send such cards, but they have existed for a long time. In fact, a few such cards may be found on the counters today, but they do not really belong with the lovely friendliness of valentine.

Only about sixty years ago did valentines undergo the change that made them what they are today. Louis Prang, a German artist who came to the United States, made the first valentine cards that were ever made in America. He made them less fancy, and very much as they are today.

About twenty-five years ago, still further changes took place in greeting cards for valentine. Until this time valentine had been considered a time for lovers only, and the cards had contained messages for lovers only. But today it is far different! If you examine the cards, you will see that they bear not only messages of love, but they are greetings of good cheer

and friendliness, and good wishes.

While you are looking for your valentines, you can find one for "mother," "sister," "farther," and in fact for every member of the family down to the cousins. But the ones for "sweethearts" and "friend" are still to be found also.

As you read these verses did you ever wonder where they originated? You may be surprised to learn that some of them come from writers in foreign lands, but by far the most of them come from the far corners of the United States, from towns, cities, villages, and even rural districts. And most of them are written by women. These women writers know just what you have in your heart to say to your friends and loved ones. In fact, they know how to say it better than you can say it yourself. That's why you buy the cards with the loveliest verses you can find. Truly, valentine cards are one of the greatest agencies for good cheer and good will in the whole world.

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The world is needing you and me  
 In places where we ought to be;  
 Somewhere today it's needing you  
 To stand for what you know is true.  
 And needing me somewhere today  
 To keep the faith, let come what may.

The world is needing me and you  
 To share the tasks it has to do;  
 It needs high-minded men to stand  
 Against the thoughtless of the land;  
 Men who will scorn to stoop to wrong  
 To win the favor of the throng.

—Edgar A. Guest.

# HONEST ABE

By Sarita Carter

The comb fluffing up Laurie Fuller's chestnut curls moved more and more slowly; then her arm dropped and the mirror gave back solemn blue eyes in a pretty, troubled face.

In all her sixteen years, Laurie had never known fear of competition but now, for the first time, she admitted to herself that she was afraid of May Allen. It seemed ridiculous to have a moment's worry over that shy, quiet girl whose family had moved to Carston the previous spring. May had slipped into class in high school, and no one had noticed her very much. Perhaps no one ever would have if it had not been for an assignment in English class one day in October, calling for impromptu essays on education.

Laurie laid a finger on her dresser as if pinning down the exact moment that had put May Allen on the map at Carston High.

Not a dry line in her work; it had been thought-provoking, sparkling, and only Laurie's more finished style had placed her essay ahead of it. Since she learned to read and write, Laurie had put ideas on paper; her older brother Tom hardly ever called her anything but "Scribbler." At school everyone expected her to be head and shoulders above the rest in composition, and she always was. In a recent charity drive, the committee chairman had said, "Oh, ask Laurie Fuller to write the general appeal, then we'll have something heart-stirring!" Laurie had been proud of that.

Then, just before Thanksgiving, the school principal, Mr. Saunders, had announced that a citizen of Carson,

greatly interested in promoting writing and uncovering talent, was offering a prize of two weeks' attendance at a prominent writer's conference the following summer, his influence making possible a small junior group there. Listening, Laurie had been wild with delight. Carston High School was a large one, drawing from many neighboring towns, but her place as to writing was too secure to give her any idea save that this tremendous privilege was for her. She would meet the top-notch writers of the day, attend their classes, talk with them in friendly sessions. There was nothing in the world she wanted so much. She heard a "S-s-t-" and turning her head, met Archie Hunt's broad smile of congratulation. May Allen was looking straight ahead of her, absorbed in thought, a flush on her delicate cheeks, her big brown eyes shining. So May was after that prize, too! Well, she wouldn't get it if Laurie Fuller knew what she was about, and she usually did.

"Want to go home by the station to engage your passage for the conference?" Grace Miles asked gaily as she and Laurie ran down the school steps. "If I could write, I'd envy you, Laurie! Give me some scraps of material, cotton, ribbon, anything, and can I turn out a costume! But that doesn't help now. Practically everybody will try, though. There'll be loads of entries."

Archie Hunt joined them with, "Got the great American story on the skids yet, Laurie?"

There was an idea right off! Ameri-

can setting; the announcement of awards in mid-February; Abraham Lincoln as central character for a fiction story absolutely correct as to background. There was importance and timeliness!

Laurie haunted the public library, reading up on her subject. One day she met May Allen there and May made a timid overture. Laurie answered briefly; she didn't like May Allen, she never had, never would. If that girl thought she was going to grab Laurie Fuller's place, she had a big surprise waiting for her. Laurie's soft red lips had tightened.

She was full of her subject and wrote with enthusiasm. It was a fragment of talk between two teachers that had given her the first uneasiness. "...I'm not so sure about that. There is May Allen to consider, you know. She has developed..." Seeing Laurie, they stopped abruptly. She could hardly wait to get home to re-read her finished work, all ready to turn over to the custodian, Mr. Saunders. The closing day for entries was only a week off. She read swiftly. Why-she grew cold all over-it wasn't good. Not at all! Why had she thought it was,

In the 2 days that followed Laurie saw a hopeless situation. She could not produce a single idea for another story. Her mind seemed a blank as far as that was concerned. Never before had she been like this, always she could think of something. Frantically, she thumbed over notebooks. Nothing, just nothing! Her eyes traveled dismally around her pretty bedroom that suddenly felt like a prison; no inspiration anywhere. Then she fastened her gaze on a small wooden chest. Her heart leaped. Why

on earth hadn't she thought of that sooner? Rushing to her desk, she fumbled for a key and the lid of the chest lifted stiffly. It had been closed a long time. In the fall, helping her mother to rearrange the attic, Laurie had come across this chest.

"What's in this, Mother?"

Mrs. Fuller had studied it. "That belonged to your Uncle Laurie. It was sent to us after he died in Canada. Your father never could bring himself to go through it, and the friend who sent it said it held nothing of importance, just odds and ends."

"Couldn't I see them?" Laurie asked eagerly. But in the excitement of the contest announcement, she had gone no further than to place the find in her room. Now perhaps with new material, a real idea! she shuffled over letters, photographs, pen and ink sketches, and a magazine. In this a story by Laurence Fuller. Looking at it, Laurie felt proud that she had been named Lauren for this uncle whom she had never seen. More than once her father had remarked that she certainly must have inherited her taste for writing from his brother who had edited his school paper and had also done some newspaper work.

In the bottom of the chest lay a manuscript in longhand; the tale of a homesick lad in a strange land and how one glimpse of his own American flag had heartened him and given him the courage to change his whole life. At the end of the final page were jotted notes for the final revision. Clearly it had never been used. It was a gem! Laurie clutched it tight. Her father had also told her that when he was a boy, if ever he was in trouble there was his elder brother with a hand out to help him. So here was

a legacy now to his niece! It was just too wonderful. No one had ever seen this story and it was hers! Let May Allen beat this if she could!

The sooner it was copied and turned in, the better; Laurie rolled paper and a carbon sheet into her typewriter. The next day the story was entered. That was that. Now she must burn the original. As flames seared it to ashes, Laurie felt sick at heart. Father would have loved to keep that bit of Uncle Laurie's work in his own handwriting. But that was impossible. After all, her uncle would have wanted to help her and Laurie stubbornly chose to ignore the fact that the rules of the contest forbade any collaboration whatever. This she kept telling herself, was a peculiar situation. She simply had to hold her own.

Now, her original work might as well go, too. She crumpled the pages and tossed them into the fireplace. The title page fluttered loosely, the last one to vanish.

At last the words turned to gray and crumpled, but Laurie could not shake them off. Honest Abe—the words floated in front of her. She kept remembering. There was the time when young Abraham Lincoln was clerking in Offutt's store in New Salem, Illinois, and sold a woman purchaser goods to the amount of two dollars, six and a quarter cents. She paid him and departed. On adding the items again just to make sure, he discovered that he had taken six and a quarter cents too much. It was night, the end of a long, hard day's work, but Lincoln promptly locked up the store and walked three miles to the home of his customer. There he repaid her the overcharge and walked

home again, his conscience satisfied. There was the occasion when, just as he was closing the store one night, a woman asked for a half pound of tea. He weighed it out, she paid him, and the store was closed. The next morning the first thing that he noticed was a four-ounce weight on the scale. He realized at once that he had made a mistake. Without waiting for his breakfast, he hurried off, on another long walk to make good.

Then, too, Lincoln was kind. While riding with a party of lawyers to attend court, they missed him. He was discovered on foot looking for the nest to replace two baby birds he had noticed helpless on the ground. He once went to the rescue of a young pig mired in a ditch, his only reward was having his clothes heavily spattered with mud. Abraham Lincoln loved truth, justice and mercy—and honesty. The Bible had nourished his boyhood and manhood; in the mornings he rose early to have time to read it and to pray.

Sleepless, Laurie listened to the shriek of winter wind in the bare branches of a huge maple tree on the lawn. That tree had stood for years and would continue to stand because its roots were firm. Nothing could stand without good roots. Lincoln had them. Laurie, too, had been brought up on the Bible. However could she have even considered stealing? Stealing! There was no other word for it. Justification that the prize ought to be hers faded away. If only she had not done that—if only!

At breakfast Tom, home on furlough, remarked with brotherly frankness, "Hey, Scribbler, what's up? You look like something the cat dragged in!"

Laurie's eyes filled suddenly, she could not answer.

As she started for school she overheard her mother say, "Don't tease Laurie, Tom. She must be worrying over that contest. I wish she didn't take things so hard! And of course she'll win."

That last sentence lay heavy as lead in Laurie's mind. Her mother and father expected success of her, they would be terribly disappointed, their pride in her would be gone if she did not get it. But if they knew the truth! If Grace knew, or Archie, or anybody. Laurie could not bear it. Abraham Lincoln would have said gently, "My child, God knows. Make this right with him now. No prize is worth the sacrifice of truth and honor."

If only it were not too late! Matters had gone too far. How could Laurie ask for her entry back, how explain? She could not. Yet the peace that would come from a clear conscience—. All day long her mind rode a mental see-saw. Her recitations were poor. At recess she sought the quiet of an unused room; she could not join in the general talk and laughter of her school crowd. At the end of the final session she was near the breaking point. Anything was better than this dreadful haggling and indecision.

She hurried to the principal's office. Mr. Saunders looked up with a smile and said, "Well, Laurie?"

She gazed at him beseechingly; she could not, could not say it. Then a tall, lanky figure seemed to rise beside her, whispering, "Courage—Honesty! Truth!"

"Mr. Saunders, I—please give me back the story I entered. I—did not

follow the rules. I had help."

"Laurie! I can hardly believe—"

"Neither can I," Laurie's voice shook, "but it is true. No one knows, but I can't go on with it. I will withdraw from the contest altogether."

Mr. Saunders turned to a file, then silently handed Laurie a manuscript. She was half way to the door when he called, "Lauren! Come back. We must go into this. Of course it will be absolutely confidential, if you care to tell me exactly what has happened."

Laurie's words poured out, ending with, "And I don't deserve any prize."

Mr. Saunders considered. "Don't lie down on the job, Laurie. Show the good stuff that is in you! Make an honest entry. Can't you recall your first story well enough to write it again?"

"Some," Laurie said, "but it wasn't good."

"The writer isn't always the best judge. You have two days more and tomorrow is Saturday."

Laurie squared her slender shoulders. "I will try."

She must begin again in every way, she thought. But the story with the Lincoln background demanded to be written. "All right," Laurie said as if talking to someone. "if that's the way of it."

#### HONEST ABE

By Lauren Fuller

Was it the same story? Was it better or worse? She did not know.

Hours later her mother tapped at the door. "Laurie dear, really you must not work so hard!"

"I'm sorry, Mother, about the typing noise, I mean, but I can't stop. Then, when I am through, I mean through!"

Going down to Sunday breakfast, she met Tom in the hall. He looked at her approvingly. "Pipe the gal! Our little Merry Sunshine no less! Nothing to worry about now, Scrib-ler?"

"Nothing to worry about," Laurie agreed.

"I sure am glad!" Tom hooked an arm into hers. "I infer that means that the prize is just as good as in your pocket."

Oh, no," Laurie said quickly. Nothing like that at all.

"But you said—"

"That I have nothing to worry about," she repeated placidly.

Tom seated his sister at the dining table, took his own chair and adjusted two smoking hot griddle cakes on his plate. Then he remarked, "Well, what I mean to say is, that the workings of the feminine mind are entirely beyond yours truly, Sergeant Fuller."

At church Laurie saw May Allen come in with a younger sister and brother, watched her settle them tenderly and competently in the pew. Laurie wondered now why she had never recognized a power behind May's gentle expression, why she, Laurie, a leader in the school, had never made one gesture of friendship, of hospitality to the stranger who had come there. It was small behavior, very small. Laurie felt more than a twinge of regret. She had been jealous of May's talent in the field where she wanted to reign alone. What might have been a bond between them had pushed them apart. Well, Laurie wasn't going to waste another day. She would ask May over that evening to the informal Sunday supper that was a feature in the Fuller home.

Decision as to the successful candidate, it had been announced, would be made by a personal call from the promoter, Mr. Whitman. The very evening of the final day Laurie met him on the street. He smiled, bowed but said not a word. She watched him cross the street and turn a corner. Going no doubt to the Allens'. Laurie drew a long breath. She wanted that prize but not with the fierce, possessive feeling that had swept her into something that would have hurt her whole life had she not drawn back. If May had it, well, that was all right. Since that Sunday supper the two girls had discovered countless points of interest; they were founding a real frindship.

All evening Laurie listened for the telephone. Still, May would not call up to tell her. May was too considerate. May would shrink from hurting anyone. They had never mentioned the contest to each other; it had seemed impossible.

Just before recess at school the next day, all high-school students were requested to meet in the assembly hall. On the platform sat the principal and Mr. Whitman.

The contest, Mr. Whitman announced, had exceeded his greatest hopes, both as to quantity and quality. There would be several honorable mentions. But awarding of the prize had given the judges considerable trouble. Two stories ran neck-and-neck. In all fairness, Mr. Whitman had doubled the prize. The winners were Lauren Fuller for "Honest Abe," a story of unusual brilliancy, sympathy, and understanding, and May Allen for "In a Far country," an absolutely different but equally fine tale of a medical missionary.

When the congratulations and applause had finally ceased, Laurie managed to corner May alone. "Oh, May I'm so glad—so glad! This is so much better than winning alone I mean, if I had won. To go there with you! It's too wonderful!"

"Oh, Laurie-truly? I've been afraid it might spoil our friendship somehow, that you might not like it this way."

"Real friendship," Laurie said slowly, "hasn't room for anything mean or small. It means sharing, too."

Involuntarily she glanced up at the picture of a rugged, lean, homely face—a wonderful face—draped with the American flag in honor of his own birthday, February twelfth. Now she could look straight into those deep, questioning eyes without a qualm. Honest Abe was her friend, too!

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### MISTAKES

Mistakes are only made by those  
 Who strive much to attain,  
 While those who make no big mistakes  
 No great ends ever gain;  
 For didn't Ford forget to place  
 Reverse gears in his car,  
 But finally enabled man  
 To travel fast and far?

'Tis said that Thomas Edison  
 Spent millions on a scheme,  
 Which he had thought most wonderful  
 But proved an idle dream;  
 And if the truth or facts were known,  
 Mistakes galore were made  
 By Wrights, Marconi and Burbank,  
 Whose fame will never fade.

When delving into unknown fields  
 In search of something new,  
 Mistakes are likely to be made  
 Before the search is through;  
 So we should e'er remember this—  
 To great perfection gain,  
 Mistakes must first be overcome  
 Ere greatness we attain.

—Alonzo Newton Benn.

# THE GUIDE TO REAL PERSONALITY

By Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick

The world is full of people who are merely tied together. They appear to hold together very well; they are shored up by an established social position, a secure family, a fortunate and assured environment. They are like a sheaf of wheat tied together, like a collection of iron filings clustered on a magnet, like a mosaic of separate pieces held in place by cement. Their seeming integration is not inherent but it dependent on the continuance of their outward situation.

No wonder the statistics of insanity mount so that there are more hospitalized cases of mental disease than of all physical diseases put together. To remedy such social evils as shatter personality is imperative, but no remedy can ever make a merely propped up person immune to the shocks and changes that knock the props away and reveal that his coherence was a sham.

All great living must spring, like a fountain, from within. The man of honor is not merely shored up by external supports; he lives by an interior scale of values that are his very own, like William Penn in London Tower, saying, "My prison shall be my grave before I will budge a jot; for I owe my conscience to no mortal man." The genuine Christian is not merely the inheritor of a creedal tradition, or the passive servant of an accepted code; his motive power is inward and dynamic—"I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

Many a youth experiments with doing in Rome as the Romans do; like a chameleon, he takes the moral color of his various social environments and so manages to feel at home in diverse ways of living, from unrestrained looses to formal respectability. He defends this by a theory in accordance with which, as one modern writer expresses it, morality "is really nothing but a fashion, which changes from one year to another, from one country to another, from one place to another, and more especially from one person to another, as surely as the fashion and taste in hats or furniture."

Soon or late, however, he runs upon a stubborn fact. Conduct tends, one way or another, to develop a pattern; it becomes set and habitual. One cannot be a night-club habitue, a devoted husband and father, a drunkard, a good citizen, a debauchee, a trusted business man and a spendthrift all at once—or even in succession, turning at will from one to the other.

Facing this fact, the youth sees as an alternative to his present course the uninviting prospect of surrender to conventional codes. Many modern people live in this state of ethical confusion, satisfied neither with trying to live all kinds of moral life at once nor with surrender to conventional respectabilities.

Their fallacy lies in the fact that both alternatives, as they conceive them, are external. Neither the attempt to live all sorts of ways, nor



the attempt to copy the conventionally respectable, reaches far into the depths of personality. Serious ethics involves a third type of living which St. Augustine enjoined when he said, "Love God and do as you please." That is to say, goodness, to be genuine and dependable, must spring from within, from insights, loves and devotions personally possessed. Let these interior tastes and affections be right and one can do as one pleases to the profit of the world. As Jesus said, "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit." There are thus not two, but three major types of ethical living: trying all the moral fashions there are; accepting the conventional code; opening oneself in the depths of one's personality to such faiths, loves, and loyalties, that one's ethical quality inevitably comes from living up to them and out from them.

These three major types of moral living are illustrated in the historic experience of mariners. In the early

days seamen faced a disagreeable choice, either to risk unguided adventure on the high seas, with no help of chart or compass, or else to restrict themselves to the coastline and beat up and down the shore. The solution of their problem came with the mariner's compass, and what that did was to put inside each ship something to sail by. Something inside to sail by is essential to real personality, and nowhere more evidently than in ethical living.

Every significant ethical system, one way or another, has recognized this fact, and it is the essential element in Jesus' teaching. All his emphases strike inward to the quality of life from which outward conduct comes. Freedom from hate, not simply from the act of murder; from lust, not simply from adultery; from insincerity, not simply from perjury—such inwardness is characteristic of his ethical message. To him a real person must be right.

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There was once a wise clergyman who kept on his desk a special notebook, which he had labeled, "Complaints of Members." But the book contained nothing but blank pages. When one of his people called to tell him of the faults of another, he would say, "Well, I have a complaint book here, and I shall write down the things you say. And when I take the matter up with the official board, I shall tell them of your complaint."

The sight of the complaint book and the ready pen had its effect. "Oh, no, I don't care to have you write it down, nor that I made the complaint!" each one would say. And no entry was made.

The clergyman kept the book for forty years, opened it thousands of times before complainants, and never had occasion to write a line in it.—Sunshine Magazine.

# THOMAS EDISON'S BIRTHDAY

(The Charlotte Observer)

On February 11, 96 years ago, in the little town of Milan, Ohio, Thomas Alva Edison was born, and many doubt that there is another man, living or dead, to whom the world owes a greater debt of gratitude.

He is described as probably the greatest humanitarian of modern times, the man who gave the world more than 1,150 inventions, each of which adds much to the comfort and pleasure of the world of 1941.

To get an idea of what Edison's inventions have meant, one only has to imagine life without the things he made possible through his genius.

At home, there would be no electric lights, electric clocks, shavers, toasters, stoves, vacuum cleaners, radios, washing machines, refrigerators, irons, mixers, or other electrical appliances which mean increased leisure, health, convenience, and entertainment, for although he did not invent all these things, he did make the commercial generation and distribution of electric power possible. It was because of this and of his invention of switches, meters, and sockets, that all these present-day benefits were brought about. It was in 1882 that he opened the Pearl Street station in New York, the first commercial electric plant in the world and it was from that beginning that homes and business houses all over the world now have their own supply of electric power.

In the world of business, one finds there would be much inconvenience were it not for the Edison inventions. There would be no electricity to oper-

ate elevators. There would be no business dictating machines, for it was his development of the Ediphone dictating machines from the phonograph which brought business dictating machines into being. Edison also assisted Scholes with the first working model of the typewriter. He invented the mimeograph. Without him, even this newspaper could not go to press—for the presses are operated by electricity.

Although there would be no work in communications business under such conditions, there are many difficulties which would arise in getting to work were it not for Edison's inventions. Electric trains—Edison built and operated the first one in this country—would be powerless. Incidentally, Edison gave the railroads the "third rail" system. He also invented the nickel-iron-alkaline storage battery and perfected a primary battery used to operate railroad signals, crossing lights, and many other safety devices. Had it not been for Edison, rail transportation would be utterly crippled, trolley cars would be paralyzed, for there would be no electricity or batteries to run them. Subways would lie idle and motorcars would be at a stand-still, for gasoline pumps now operate by electricity.

In the industrial and shipping world, there would be more paralyzed transportation. Two-thirds of the industrial trucks in the United States use his nickel-iron-alkaline batteries and thus would be without power if they could not have the advantage of the Edison inventions. Mine locomotives, which

use the same type of battery, would be idle and steamships would have neither power nor electric lights for it was he who pioneered the electric lighting of steamships.

Amusement would be far different had it not been for Edison. Movies were another Edison invention. There would be no phonographs and no recorded music. Radios would be silent for he invented the "thermionic tube," the basis for all present-day radio tubes. Dining out would be difficult because the whole countryside would be under an "Edison-less blackout."

It is interesting to know the history of this man who has meant so much not only to his country but to the world. He began his schooling in Port Huron, Michigan, but because his health was so bad his family was forced to take him out of school after only three months. From his mother he received his rudimentary schooling and after this he taught himself, becoming a noted example of a self-educated man, a field in which he was on a par with Benjamin Franklin and Abraham Lincoln. He was lucky that his mother was a school teacher and could give him the type of early training that he needed. He had a love of books which caused him to undertake to read almost every book in the Detroit public library and to be able to say in later years that during his lifetime he had read more than 10,000 books. It is said that he never wasted a minute, that he spent all his spare time reading.

The reason back of all this reading and study was that he wanted to do things in the world, something which regular people as well as geniuses are interested in doing. He was known as a "regular fellow" and it is told that

in his boyhood he got into trouble with annoying frequency. He fell into the town canal, he tumbled into a great wheat pit and nearly suffocated before being pulled out, he was chased by bees, he was butted through a fence by an angry goat, and when he built a fire in his father's barn and burned it down, he was publicly thrashed in the town square. Most of his troubles, however, resulted from a desire for knowledge and a curiosity about what was going on around him.

When he was only 12 years old, he had gained considerable working knowledge and had begun experimenting in chemistry in the cellar of his home. To make sure that no one touched his chemicals, he put a "poison" label on each bottle. Because he thought it was high time he earned his own living, he sold newspapers on a local train running between Detroit and Port Huron. Later, he started a printing shop in the baggage car and soon published the first newspaper ever to be printed on a moving train. It was called the "Weekly Herald" and was such a good newspaper that the editor of the "London Times" congratulated him on it. But he had just begun. He studied telegraphy, chemistry, and physics. At the time when most boys of his age were through school, he was digging deeper and deeper into every book he could find, learning more and more and studying harder and harder until he was prepared for the great inventions he was to make.

One of the important periods in Edison's life was in August of 1862, when he saved from death the young son of the station agent at Mt. Clemens, Michigan. The father was so grateful that he taught Edison tele-

graphy. Two years later, he had his first position as a regular telegraph operator on the Grand Trunk railway at Stratford Junction, Canada. He spent several arduous years in this work in various cities in the central western states, always studying and experimenting to improve the apparatus.

He landed in New York City from a Boston boat in 1869, poor and in debt. Shortly afterwards, when he was looking for work in the operating room of the Gold Indicator Company, when the apparatus broke down. No one but Edison could fix it and because of this ability he was given a job as superintendent at \$300 a month. He received his first money for an invention, the sum of \$40,000, the next year and used it to open a manufacturing shop in Newark, where he made stock tickers and telegraph instruments. The next year he assisted Scholes, the inventor of the typewriter, in making the first successful working model and then in 1875, he discovered the previously unknown electric phenomenon which he called "etheric force," a phenomenon which 12 years afterwards was recognized as due to electric waves in free space and became the foundation of wireless telegraphy.

Through the years, his work continued with each invention adding to the fullness of man's life. He became actively interested in the problem of electric lighting in 1878, and in 1879, he invented the incandescent electric lamp, and on December 31st of that year, gave a public demonstration of an electric lighting system in the streets and buildings at Menlo Park, New Jersey.

Edison established the first com-

mmercial incandescent lamp factory at Harrison, N. J., in 1881 and in the same year organized and established shops for the manufacture of dynamos, underground conductors, sockets, switches, fixtures, and meters. The first life-size electric railway for freight and passengers was invented and installed in the two years between 1880 and 1882, and on September 4th of the latter year, operation began of the first commercial central station in New York City for the distribution of electric current for light, heat and power. The first three wire central stations for electric lighting were started at Sunbury, Pa., on July 4, 1883.

It was also in 1883 that he discovered a previously unknown phenomenon when he found that an independent wire or plate, placed between the legs of the filament of an incandescent lamp acted as the valve to control flow of current. This became known as the "Edison effect" and it covers the fundamental principle on which every modern radio tube is based.

In the seven years from 1880 to 1887, he devoted strenuous efforts to extending and improving the electric light, heat and powered system, and in these years he took out more than 300 patents. One of these inventions was the system of wireless telegraphy, by induction, to and from trains in motion, between moving trains and railway stations, between ships at sea or between ships and shore.

The motion picture camera was invented in 1891 and it was through the invention of this mechanism, with a continuous tape-like film originated by Eastman, that it became possible to take and reproduce motion pictures

as they are.

In 1914, he developed a process for the manufacture of synthetic carbolic acid. He designed a plant and within a month was producing a ton a day to help overcome the acute shortage due to the World War. On December 9th of that year, his plant at West Orange, N. J., was destroyed by fire but immediate plans for rebuilding were made and new buildings began to rise almost before the ruins of the old were cold. The next year, he established plants for the manufacture of coal tar derivatives vital to many industries previously dependent upon foreign sources. These coal tar products were needed later for the production of war time explosives and his work in this field is recognized as having paved the way for the important development of the coal tar chemical industry in the United States today.

From 1916 to 1918, he served as president of the Naval Consulting Board and did a large amount of work connected with questions of national defense, particularly with reference

to special experiments on over forty major war problems for the United States Government. He made a study of economic conditions in 1923 and as a result presented to the Secretary of the Treasury a proposed amendment to the Federal Reserve Banking System. In 1928, he was presented the Congressional Medal by Andrew W. Mellon, the Secretary of the Treasury.

His last important work was in 1931, when he vulcanized a small piece of rubber from the latex obtained from goldenrod in his laboratories at Fort Myers, Florida. He died at Llewellyn Park, West Orange, New Jersey on October 18, 1931.

While it is impossible to begin to place a money value on his work, it is estimated that the value of the equipment and devices made from his inventions reaches fifteen billions of dollars. In other words, he has brought to the country nearly \$600,000 worth of property every day from the time of his first patent 72 years ago.

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Earning an education in China has its own peculiar difficulties, but they have been yielding to industry and ingenuity. To overcome the deplorable monetary situation, a work-clothing barter system has been devised. For a cotton-padded overcoat a student must construct a section of road 40 feet long by 13 feet wide, or its equivalent in other forms of construction. A group of students recently purchased their overcoats by building two roads and two stone dams; dredged several creeks and erected fourteen primary schools for illiterate adults. A few months ago the entire student body of the Chinese university of Honan reclaimed a long stretch of land paralleling a beach, and planted 15,000 willow trees as part of a soil conservation program. There can be no doubt that these students know what they are working for, and love it.—The Lutheran.

## POST-WAR TB CONTROL

By Howard W. Blakeslee

The foundation for ending tuberculosis in the United States, and for its control in all the world, is now being laid in wartime by the U. S. Public Health Service and the National Tuberculosis Association. The outlook for success is good.

This is in face of the fact that, in long wars, tuberculosis has been a prime factor in raising the general death rate. The rise already has come in Europe. Its first signs appeared this spring in the United States, where the general tuberculosis death rate still was falling, but where an upturn came among the young.

The small American setback has an ominous counterpart in Europe, where children were affected much more than adults, particularly by the non-pulmonary types of the disease. In England and Wales, deaths among children under 10 years of age from all forms of disease increased 45 per cent during 1941 over the 1939 figure, as compared with a 12 per cent increase for the general population. In Paris during the same period, the death rate among children from one to nine rose 28 per cent, as against only a 10 per cent increase for the general population.

As much as anything, this child threat shows the insidious ways of tuberculosis and the magnitude of the job, because, when this war started, it was not British children but young women war workers who were expected to be hit hardest. These young women in England had been

the foremost victims in World War I. An explanation suggested for the plight of American children is their mother's diversion to war work.

Certain major records favor the hope that this war can be used as a springboard to end tuberculosis. In World War I in Germany, the tuberculosis death rate rose 61 per cent, Italy, 44 per cent, England, 42 per cent, the United States, 6 per cent.

Authentic reports from Germany and Italy have not been available since the start of World War II. Meager reports from France show that deaths from tuberculosis have increased. But England, as has been pointed out, held her increase in deaths from the disease to about 12 per cent during 1940 and 1941, and during 1942-43 the number of deaths dropped to the 1938 level, which is the lowest on record. The tuberculosis death rate in the United States during a period lacking only a few months of the duration of her participation in World War I was still dropping. Our 1941 death rate was an all-time low of 44.4 per 100,000, probably will be about 43 for 1942, and this year to date is down 5 to 5.5 per cent further.

There are many angles behind this hopeful side. But the main weapon by which Americans propose to drive tuberculosis from the land is the chest X-ray; particularly the way this detector is being used. The selective service employs it on draftees. State after state, and county after county, is following up the men deferred or

rejected on account of tuberculosis.

The U. S. Public Health Service and state tuberculosis organizations are extending the chest X-ray to war industries. The Public Health Service has at least a score of photo units at work this year for industry. The same follow-up to induce medical care is used as in the selective service.

The Public Health Service is extending its offer of service to families of workers found to be tuberculosis. The War Emergency Committee of the National Tuberculosis Association has recommended to local tuberculosis as-

sociations many measures, including special attention to women employees and emergency housing conditions.

Tuberculosis is coming to light in a great sector of the population where it was never before searched out on a large scale. The magnitude amounts to something new in this great health battle.

The momentum here and in England promises success for international postwar control activities, now planned by the U. S. Public Health and the National Tuberculosis Association.

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### THE OLD FRIENDS BEST

How dear were the friends of our childhood and youth,  
In the days when our spirits were gay;  
Who walked with us then in the fair paths of truth,  
And shared in our work and our play.

But years will go by and changes will come,  
And friendships be formed that are new;  
How sweet 'tis to feel as thoughts turn back home,  
The old friends will ever be true.

They knew us so well in the days long ago,  
Yet loved us in spite of it all;  
If living on earth or in heaven, we know,  
They still the clear faces recall.

And some day we hope, when earth days are done,  
And heaven unfolds to our view,  
We'll know them again who once we have known,  
And find both the old friends and new.

But for those that remain and linger a while,  
Like last leaves that cling in the fall,  
We'll bid them good cheer, while we say with a smile,  
"The old friends are still best of all."

—Rev. F. L. Gould.

# THE POWER OF SILENCE

By Harold V. Melchert, in *Sunshine Magazine*

He had secured a desirable position with a big company. He liked his work, and his ambition and self-confidence made him proficient and valuable to his employer. Before many months he received a merited promotion. Then came further advancement, and his rise became a matter of reasonable certainty.

One day the young man became conscious of his own importance. He discovered a number of ways in which the company might improve its management, and he was confident of the dire need of reorganization. So, after some thought, he wrote his employer a fourteen-page letter, giving in detail how the affairs of the company should be conducted.

He deplored at some length and in no uncertain regret the "old-fashioned" methods still used, and proposed that some responsible person be employed to correct the errors. The writer, he contended, while not seeking the place, would refuse no responsibility that might be for the good of the business. It was a masterpiece of critical analysis, that fourteen-page letter!

Four days passed without results. Four expectant days they were, but not without some misgivings. Yet he felt provoked at the inertia of his employer not to grasp hastily the situation. The conservatism of the company, he surmised, might protest his suggestions, but he had already listed a volume of vitriolic remarks to use in answering the long reply he was certain the "boss" was prepar-

ing. His eagerness, and subtle feeling of anxiety, increased meanwhile.

Finally, the morning after the fourth day, the letter came. The feel of the envelope indicated, however, that it was not an elaborate document. There was just a half sheet of letter paper folded in the middle. There was one line of written matter. And it read:

"Your resignation is accepted, effective at once." Then the name.

Furious at the unexpected outcome, the youth answered the dismissal at once, expressing deepest resentment in a letter comprising several pages. The next day he wrote another letter, equally vitriolic, and then he wrote the third. To all these he received no answer.

Finally, a feeling of remorse swept over him, and he determined upon the only course that seemed open to him—to leave the city. But just as he was taking his leave there came a knock at his door, and as he opened it he stood face to face with his employer.

"You are going away?" inquired the visitor.

"Yes."

"You were expecting me to answer your several long letters?"

"Yes," hesitatingly.

"Well, what stronger answer could I have given you than silence?" asked the employer, calmly.

The young man stood tense for a minute. Then his eyes lifted, and his countenance brightened.

"I understand; I thank you," he



said, and the words came meekly. "It has been a lesson I shall never forget." The next day the young man was again at his post.

The power of silence is unrelenting.

Give your friend a pat on the back, and more has been said than hours of talk. The look of adoration in the eyes of the lover; of sympathy and tenderness as a mother gazes at her child; the understanding nod, and perhaps a smile, from dad when son finds himself in difficulty—what words could match such silence?

Or, can one fathom the silence of the breaking heart? No word of a sick friend or loved one comes to waiting ears. Moment by moment the anxiety increases. The terrible silence is like the stillness of death from whence no sound comes.

Then there is another picture—the silence of peace and contentment. Sit by the flickering fire as shadows lengthen and day fades into night. Walk along the bank of a murmuring stream and fill the eyes and heart with the beauties of mountain and of vale. Lie in the grass and watch the eagle circle silently in majestic flight. Stand with eyes upturned to the silent, starry sky while thoughts of its grandeur grip you, and an all pervading peace fills your soul.

In the words of Joaquin Miller: "The song is in silence, yet so profound, so loud, and so far, it fills you, it thrills you with measures unbroken; and as soft, and as fair, and as far as a star."

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### IN DEFENSE OF YOUTH

We call them wrong! God pity us, the blind,  
Imputing evil as our grandsires did  
When we explored new realms with feet and mind,  
Uncovering what old fogies damned and hid!

The dreams, the wanton fantasies are there,  
As you and I once knew them, loved them, till  
We came to staleness and to foolish fear  
Lest something change, be different, jolt our will!

'Tis life they seek, not sin, no sordid thing,  
But joy in health and beauty, and in all  
The urge of thrilling bodies that would sing  
And freely dance with laughter at earth's call.

Let's laugh with them, full knowing that when tried  
By Truth and Duty, Youth is on God's side.

—Robbins Wolcott Barstow.

## INSTITUTION NOTES

Until hindered by rainy weather during the past few days, our farm forces were busily engaged sowing spring oats.

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All of the outside forces were hard at work making the usual early spring farming preparations, until being handicapped by several rainy days this week.

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Mr. Wyatt and his machine shop boys recently overhauled our power sprayer, and did a very fine job. It shines like a new one. This machine is now in readiness for spraying our fruit trees.

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"Sing Another Chorus" was the feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night. A comedy, "Good-Bye Mr. Moth," was shown at the same time. Both are Universal productions.

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We learned a few days ago in a report from the welfare department of Newton, that Glenn Drumm, one of our old boys, has been in the United States Army since May 21, 1943. Glenn left the School, August 11, 1942. He made a good record while with us, and according to progress reports coming in from time to time, kept up the good work after returning to his home.

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William R. Young, formerly of Cottage No. 10, spent a few days at the School last week. Bill was inducted into the United States Army last September, going directly from the

School campus to Fort Jackson, South Carolina. He was later transferred to Camp Blanding, Florida, as a member of an infantry unit. He was recently granted a furlough, and after spending some time with relatives in Raleigh, and with old friends at the School, reported for duty at Camp Meade, Maryland.

Army life seems to agree with Bill, for he looked fine. The fact that he had been advanced to the grade of first-class private would indicate he is getting along nicely as a "dough-boy."

Bill told us he had met three former Training School boys since joining the Army, who were also in service. They are: Lewis Andrews, formerly of Cottage No. 3, who is now in the United States Marine Corps, stationed somewhere in the South Pacific; Lee Watkins, a former Cottage No. 1 boy, in the Army; and Hubert Holloway, once a member of the Cottage No. 12 group, whom he saw inducted into the Army at Fort Jackson.

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Floyd C. Lane, formerly of Cottage No. 2, was a visitor at the School last Sunday. He came to see his brothers, Joseph and William, of Cottages Nos. 5 and 10, respectively, and to renew acquaintances among members of the School's staff of workers.

This young fellow entered the School, April 16, 1937, and was conditionally released, July 15, 1940. When he first came to us he was placed in the third grade, and had been in the seventh about nine months at the time of leaving. During his stay at the institution he worked on the farm.

about four months, but for the remainder of the time spent here, was a house boy at Cottage No.2.

Upon leaving the School, Floyd went to live with an aunt in Hickory, and secured employment in a store, where he made an excellent record up to the time of his enlistment in the United States Marine Corps.

Floyd now wears the insignia of a technical sergeant in the Marine Air Wing, and has done considerable traveling since his enlistment. He first went to Parris Island, South Carolina, for basic training, and was next transferred to Quantico, Virginia, where he was stationed when war was declared in December, 1941. He then went to San Diego, California, where he stayed until January 8, 1943. Since that time, Floyd's travels have included the following places in the Pacific area: New Caledonia, New Hebrides, Guadalcanal, Russell and New Georgia Islands. He participated in two major engagements, at Munda, Guadalcanal and the Russell Islands, but escaped injury. He returned to the United States, December 14, 1943.

Floyd told us that he was married to a young lady in Hickory in January, and after spending the remainder of his furlough there, would report to the Marine Air Field at Cherry Point, N. C.

Floyd has developed into a fine-looking young man and has a most pleasing personality. His experiences in the fighting areas have changed him in appearance, from that of the quiet youngster who used to serve our meals, to the regular "he-man" type, who looks very much at home in a Marine uniform. He said that he hoped to attain the rank of

master-sergeant within the next few months. We were very glad to see this young man and to learn that he has been getting along so well since leaving us.

—:—

Captain James P. Henry, of the Salvation Army Post, Concord, was in charge of the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. He was accompanied by Mrs. Henry, and the following Salvation Army workers: Miss Dorothy Carawan, Miss Sue Ennis, Miss Joyce Cooke, Miss Iris Ahstin, Wade Ahstin, Jack Brewer, Grady Bennick and Pahl Liner.

The opening prayer was made by Wade Austin, after which he sang a number entitled "I'll Fly Away" in a most pleasing manner.

After our boys sang a couple of their favorite hymns, Mrs. Henry rendered a vocal solo, "In The Garden," playing the accompaniment on an accordion. A trio, composed of Mrs. Henry, Miss Ennis and Miss Cooke, then sang "The Old Rugged Cross." The next number was a male trio, Grady Bennick, Wade Austin and Paul Liner, singing "How Beautiful Heaven Must Be," with Grady playing the guitar accompaniment. The Misses Joyce Cooke and Sue Ennis then sang "Face to Face," with Mrs. Henry accompanying at the piano.

Captain Henry then read the 23rd Psalm for the Scripture Lesson, and in his brief comment on this beautiful portion of the Bible, told the boys he wanted them to let their thoughts dwell on these words: "I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

He next called attention to John 6:37—"All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." In

this verse, continued the speaker. God is telling us if we need anything to go to Him, and if we do, He will not turn us away. God will help all who put their faith in Him.

The reason so many people go around with troubled expressions on their faces and burdens on their hearts is because they don't trust the Lord, said Captain Henry. Faith and will-power work together, as we see

in the story of the prodigal son. The turning point in that young man's life came when he made up his mind, and said: "I will arise and go to my father." The same is true in the lives of people of today. We must make the decision and stand by it.

In conclusion, the speaker told the boys there was only one way to have joy in their hearts—to take the Lord at his word and have faith in him.

---

## COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

James Benton  
Ernest Bullard  
William Burnett  
Fred Jones  
Leonard McAdams  
Charles Pearson  
David Prevatt  
Weaver Ruff  
Harry Wilson

### COTTAGE No. 1

Richard Billings  
Eugene Bowers  
George Cox  
Marion Cox  
Jack Gray  
Preston Lockamy  
Rufus Massingill  
Harold McKinney  
Floyd Puckett  
David Swink  
Harlan Warren

### COTTAGE No. 2

(No Honor Roll)

### COTTAGE No. 3

Everett Bowden  
Edward Britt  
Paul Childers  
Hugh Cornwell  
Raymond Davis  
Edward Haynes  
John Holder  
Lawrence Littlejohn  
Roy Manoley

Samuel Pritchett  
Milton Talley  
Lester Williams

### COTTAGE No. 4

Everett Benfield  
Leroy Childers  
Clyde Godley  
Jeter Green  
Charles Lanford  
Lewis Sawyer  
Malcom Seymore  
Edgar Shell  
Clifford Shull  
Roy Swink  
Newman Tate  
Walter Thomas  
Eugene Watts  
William C. Willis

### COTTAGE No. 5

Randolph Ammons  
Kenneth Atwood  
Cecil Bennett  
Clyde Billings  
James Corn  
McKeever Horne  
Earl Hoyle  
Sidney Knighting  
Earl Brigman

### COTTAGE No. 6

Charles Cox  
J. C. Cayton  
Craven Callahan  
Rufus Driggers  
Earl Gilmore

Stanford McLean  
George Marr  
J. W. Smith  
Leroy Wilkins

## COTTAGE No. 7

Max Brown  
Wallace Foster  
Donald Grimstead  
Samuel Lynn  
Ned Metcalf  
Richard Tullock

## COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 9

Leonard Church  
Winley Jones  
James Lowman  
Isaac Mahaffey  
Glenn Wilcox

## COTTAGE No. 10

George Bass  
Fred Carswell  
Jack Clifton  
Evan Craig  
Alfred Lamb  
William Lane  
Ed. Lofton  
Bobby Moses  
Carlton Morrison  
Gerald McCullom  
Eugene Stubbs  
Charles Tate  
A. B. Woodard

## COTTAGE No. 11

Roland Brooks  
William Guffey  
Orrin Helms  
W. C. James  
Ray Taylor  
Maxie Shelley

## COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 13

William Deal

Woodrow Ewing  
Dexter Goard  
Eugene Graham  
Richard Kye  
Emerson Sawyer  
Russell Stikes  
Homer Johnson  
Vernon Reinhardt  
Eugene White

## COTTAGE No. 14

Robert Bailey  
Wilton Barfield  
Robert Caudle  
Joseph Case  
Robert Holbert  
Robert Hensley  
Robert Moose  
James Norton  
Charles Pittman  
Thomas Ruff  
Paul Stone  
Ezzell Stansbury  
Robert Wilkins  
Lawrence Walker  
Theodore Young

## COTTAGE No. 15

Thomas Baumgarner  
Robert Bluester  
James Knight  
Robert Myers  
Roger Reid  
Clyde Shook

## INDIAN COTTAGE

Jack Bailey  
James Chavis  
Peter Chavis  
Marshall Hunt  
Hudell Jacobs  
Herbert Lochlear  
James W. Lochlear

## INFIRMARY

Raymond Byrd  
R. D. McCurry  
Lloyd Sain  
Durham Smith

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The fire you kindle for your enemy often burns yourself more than him.—Chinese Proverb.



# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 19, 1944

No. 7

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U. N. C. Library

## M. Y DESIRE

If I can live in simple comfort and owe no man, sharing intimately with loved ones life's varied experiences; if I can bring a touch of healing and a clearer outlook into the trials and problems of those with whom I mingle; if I can humbly undertake public service when the public calls me, caring neither too much nor too little for popular approval; if I can give spiritual values always the first place, and gladly sink from sight, like a bit of leaven, that others might be elevated—then will this experiment of living yield in full measure the true wealth of contentment and happiness.—Alfred Osborne.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## A PRAYER WRITTEN BY GEORGE WASHINGTON

Almighty God, we make our earnest prayer that Thou wilt keep the United States in Thy protection; that Thou wilt incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to government; and entertain a brotherly affection for one another and for their fellow citizens at large; and, finally, that Thou wilt most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that charity, humiliation, and pacific temper of mind which were the characteristics of the divine Author of our blessed religion, and without humble imitation of whose example in these things we can never hope to be a happy nation.

Grant our supplication, we beseech Thee, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Amen.

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## TRAINING SCHOOL BOY SCOUTS MAKE FINE RECORD

On Friday night, February 11th, the annual Cabarrus County Father and Son Boy Scout Banquet was held in the Armory in Concord.

The attendance on this occasion was in excess of 600 Boy Scouts and either their fathers or foster fathers.

The Scout Troop from the Training School was represented by eighteen Boy Scouts and each of these had a foster father. This was a momentous occasion for our boys. It was their first opportunity to attend a meeting of this sort, and it would be impossible to estimate the benefits in their lives of such a meeting.

All of the Training School Scouts wish to express their sincere appreciation for the courtesies extended to them by their friends. Their deportment at the meeting was above reproach, and it will be an occasion long to be remembered in their lives.

The Training School Troop is known as Troop No. 1 and is trying to live up to the meaning of this number. The troop succeeded in winning three out of four of the awards that were given in the Concord Council. These awards were as follows:

(1) The Training School won the award for having made the greatest record of improvement during the year.

(2) Arcemias Hefner won the award for the individual Scout making the greatest advancement in Scouting.

(3) The Training School Troop won the honor of having the best attendance, having all of its eighteen members present.

Following is a list of the foster fathers and their Scouts:

Mr. E. K. Willis.....	Roger Reid
Mr. Walter W. Perry.....	Arcemias Hefner
Mr. J. J. Barnhardt.....	David Swink
Dr. H. W. Ritzman.....	William Lane
Mr. Bert Wellman.....	Hugh Cornwell
Mr. Frank Shinn.....	Weaver Ruff
Mr. R. E. Bryson.....	Everett Bowden
Mr. Frank Davis.....	Donald Grimstead
Mr. Hubert Hahn.....	Jacob Myers
Mr. Zack Roberts.....	Joe McKenny
Mr. Roy Davis.....	Brady Tew
Mr. John Braswell.....	J. T. Jacobs
Mr. J. N. Parker.....	Harvey Leonard
Mr. Homer Bollinger.....	Thomas Ingram
Mr. F. C. Niblock.....	Cecil Caldwell
Rev. Frank Jordan.....	Sam Linebarrier
Mr. J. G. Lowe.....	John Pritchard
Mr. S. G. Hawfield.....	Fred Grimstead

\* \* \* \* \*

### GEORGE WASHINGTON

Above all the great men of our country towers the mighty figure of Washington. Today, in our greatest crisis since his time, we should ask ourselves wherein his greatness lay.

George Washington was an able general, one of the ablest. But there have been greater generals. He had a vision beyond most of his contemporaries; yet he could not foresee all the complexities of future policy. He was a leader, wise as well as forceful, and yet he had more astute minds even in those around him.

Washington's greatness was above all a moral greatness, and therein lies his message to Americans today. He was guided always by the highest vision for the country. He lived for the nation and not for himself. The wealthiest man of his day, he had little to gain and much to lose by the Revolution. Yet he accepted the leadership of the ragged army and created out of it a force which set a nation free. No odds could overwhelm, no mischance or danger or hardship or treachery discourage this man. He saw the right course, and followed it with unshakable determination.

After the war was won, the same spirit guided Washington. The course of ease and responsibility would have led to his retirement; he could have cultivated his acres and helped to manage the affairs of his community. Ambition might have suggested another course; some men wanted to make him a dictator. But placing country before self, as always, Washington agreed to serve as America's first President.

Under his leadership we learned the two primary lessons of national existence: How to defeat aggression without, and how to govern ourselves within. He held the key to this "total victory," because his own life was a pattern of the new nation he worked and fought to build.

George Washington speaks with a prophetic voice to America. Today much is said about the great new world of the common man. But the new world will only come as men and women everywhere achieve the greatness of Washington. This greatness depends upon the willingness to make daily hard moral decisions in our own lives. The ordinary man may not be very brilliant, very able, very brave. Most of us aren't. But we can achieve the true greatness of always choosing the right course instead of the wrong, and fighting for it in every detail of our lives and of the nation's life. Guided by Washington's spirit, we can attain the stature of mature patriots. The man in the street can become the man of the hour.

In the birth-pangs of the nation, amid crises and problems, military, economic and political, the Father of His Country offered this counsel. We would do well to heed it now: "Let us raise a standard," he said, "to which the wise and honest can repair; the event is in the hand of God."—The Lambertville (N. J.) Beacon.

## JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Another birthday anniversary to be observed this month is that of James Russell Lowell, America's most representative man of letters, who was born February 22, 1819, at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Graduating from Harvard at the youthful age of nineteen, he took up the study of law for the next three years. Finding no great appeal in this profession he turned to literature where he soon became famous as author of the Biglow papers and the poem, "The Vision of Sir Launfal."

Lowell spent two years abroad studying modern languages, after which he succeeded Longfellow as professor of modern languages at Harvard. After several years of teaching he was appointed minister to Spain and then to England where he rendered great service in strengthening the bond of friendship between these countries. He was the author of many books of poetry and prose, but is best known as the author of "The Vision of Sir Launfal."

\* \* \* \* \*

## A GOOD WEATHER PROPHET

All of the ill effects following close on the trail of the groundhog seeing his shadow on February 2nd, have been realized to date. There have been occasional bursts of sunshine through the dark clouds, also cold winds that gave those exposed to the weather the shivers, followed by intermittent rains that washed Mother Earth and gave the soil a much-needed soaking. The news comes from as far north as the New England States, also reaching far out into the West, and all along the Atlantic Coast, that the country is wrapped in a blanket of snow, therefore, the groundhog as a traditional prognosticator of the weather is so far holding his place. At least, there has been nothing else for the past twelve days but bad weather with just an occasional glimpse of the sun. The gloom has been rather depressing, but experience teaches us that the best way to realize genuine joy is to live one day at a time, with superb faith that behind such clouds there is a silver lining.

We thoroughly agree that "life can be beautiful" if we turn a deaf ear to all the things that handicap progress, and realize it is "the set of the sail, and not the gale that determines the way we go."

## APPROPRIATE RECOGNITION

The greatest genius known to the universe, Thomas A. Edison, was signally honored on the anniversary of his ninety-seventh birthday, February 11th, by turning on the lights in the tower that caps the Empire State Building, New York City. This building extends up into the clouds, and has the capacity to accommodate twelve thousand people. The dome of this monstrous creation of architecture had been in total darkness since the Japs made their sneak attack upon Pearl Harbor,—a practical demonstration of conserving electricity for the duration of the war. It is possible from this vantage point of the Empire State Building to see the surrounding country as far as human sight permits.

When the dome of this structure was flooded with a brilliant glow of electricity it was a most appropriate recognition of the genius, Edison, who contributed enormously to the progress of civilization. No doubt this incident made many who witnessed the glamorous picture feel like bursting into song, "When the Lights Come on Again All Over the World."

\* \* \* \* \*

The United States Government has dramatized the part a citizen plays in supporting the war effort by stating that a man who pays \$1,000 in income tax pays for this country's participation in the war for one-half second.—Exchange.



# WASHINGTON PORTRAIT GALLERY IN STAMPS

By Allyn Tunis

George Washington had picture trouble. Just like the distinguished citizen today tries to dodge the news cameraman, so did the Commander-in-chief of the Revolutionary forces try to escape the energetic artist of his time.

Painters followed him through campaigns, visited him at Mount Vernon, sketched him on parade, in the council room, at dinner and even drew his features in the church and in the theatre.

Washington spent much of his time sitting for artists. It can be safely said that 150 portraits of the First President were taken from life. The large number proven to have been originals may provoke a smile and will suggest an overproportion of personal vanity on the part of Washington. This is an unjust conclusion; the truth has been developed that the American hero was made a martyr to the devotion of his friends at home and his admirers abroad.

The general was proverbially a bad sitter, and he became so restless under the increasing demands of painters that he was inclined to declare, even in the earlier days of his military career, that each yielding to such requests should be the last, but, like the prominent men of today, he would submit finally to the inevitable.

Each one of Washington's portraits has a history of more or less interest linking together many memories and family legends. Old comrades naturally desired a counterpart of the face and form they had watched in

many an hour of peril; women often asked the favor of a portrait of the leader of the armies in which their husbands and their sons fought; artists were sent by monarchs and nobles of Europe to secure an accurate rendering of the features of the citizen of the New World who commands their veneration.

Many of the artists who painted George Washington from life made numerous copies of their work. Gilbert Stuart made about 70 copies of his famous Athenaeum portrait. The original of this work, which was done at Germantown, Pennsylvania, in 1796, three years before Washington's death, hangs in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. This was Stuart's third and the most famous of his works, perhaps best known of all to Americans because it adorns our \$1 bill and has appeared endlessly on United States postage stamps.

The Peale family is celebrated in relation to Washington's portraits. Not only did Charles Wilson Peale and his brother, James, work on the subject, but also the former's son, Rembrandt Peale. The latter made 39 copies of his father's pictures and 79 of his own.

In 1795, General Washington sat for all three Peales at one time. From sketches made at this sitting, James Peale produced a full-length and Rembrandt Peale painted his greatest picture.

The circumstances of Washington granting a sitting to this trio of artists drew forth one of Gilbert Stuart's

sarcasms: "I looked in to see how the old gentleman was getting along, and, to my astonishment, I found the General surrounded by the whole family. They were 'peeling' him sir!" In modern phraseology the Father of His Country "was being shot from all angles."

"Which of the numerous paintings of George Washington, executed by his contemporaries, bears the closest resemblance to the man himself?" is a question in which artists, critics and historians for generations have been interested.

Admirers of The Peales, Staurt, Trumbull, each claims that his favorite artist has left "the" portrait.

Elizabeth Bryant Johnson, in her work, "Original Portraits of Washington," asserts: "It must be conceded that no artist succeeded in producing an entirely satisfactory portrait." She added: "Still it is a matter of congratulation that we have the elements from which to compose his desired work; they may be found in the figure of Trumbull, the expression of Peale or Stuart at different periods in Washington's life, the ungainly fidelity of Wright, the profile of Sharpness, the drawing of Saint Memin, or the life-moulding of Houdon.

Stuart is reputed to have placed Jean Antoine Houdon's bust of Washington, done at Mount Vernon, above his portraits as a likeness of the First President.

This bust was made by the French sculptor when he came to Virginia at the invitation of the General Assembly, extended through Thomas Jefferson, to render in marble that priceless treasure—Houdon's Washington—which thousands gaze upon

every month in the rotunda of the Virginia State Capitol.

It is known that Houdon did several busts of Washington, but the number is not fixed. Washington's diary tells of the making of the casts. Houdon left a bust at Mount Vernon which has been the subject of much speculation, while it is generally supposed to remain there, the United States George Washington Bicentennial Commission is authority for the statement that "the original bust is now believed in the hands of J. P. Morgan."

Regardless of the whereabouts of the original, Houdon's bust faces the country daily—from our postage stamps. Its use upon millions-and-millions of stamps by the Post Office Department exceeds the number of reproductions of Stuart's portrait, through the latter is a close second.

In a study of the portraits of Washington by so many different artists and at various periods are seen the exaltation of patriotism, the scars of war, the sternness of command, the deep lines, carved by civil responsibilities, and the softening lights thrown over all in the delights of retirement and domestic peace.

Everyone may study an interesting variety of Washington's portraits, done by different artists as reproduced on the country's postage stamps. Inspection of both old and new issues, done to the best advantage with the aid of a magnifying glass, will reveal a surprisingly large group of some of the more important images.

Practically every issue of stamps by the United States Government, since the adhesives came into use in 1847, has borne one or more likenesses of the first President.

The first authorized issue consisted

of two stamps, one of 5-cents' denomination bearing a portrait of Franklin, and the other, of 10-cents' value, bearing Stuart's Washington.

In the second issue of 1851-56, Houdon's Washington occupied most of the space on the 3-cent stamp, while the 10, 12 and 24-cent denominations featured Stuart's portraits; and on the 90-cent stamp appeared Trumbull's Washington.

The stamp issue of 1869, largely pictorial, clung to only three portraits—Franklin on the 1-cent, Stuart's Washington on the 6-cent variety, and Abraham Lincoln on the 90-cent. With the appearance of Lincoln in this issue came the first reproduction of a photograph on United States stamps.

In the issue of 1870, Houdon's Washington took its place on the 3-cent stamp. By this time the pictures of other immortals began to appear—Thomas Jefferson, Daniel Webster, Winfield Scott, Alexander Hamilton and Commodore O. H. Perry.

For the first time, Washington appeared on the two-cent stamp of the 1873-75 issue and Houdon's bust continued on the three-cent denomination. Since that time Washington's features were fixed on the 2-cent stamps, for years the most widely used of any denomination. Today, because of the importance of the 3-cent variety, Stuart's Washington appears along with Houdon's bust on the 2-cent stamp.

With one or two exceptions, Washington's likeness has been omitted only from commemorative and special issues of postage stamps. His face disappeared from the stamps in 1893, when the Chicago World's fair was

honored with the first commemorative stamps, known to stamp collectors as the Columbia Issue, which told in pictures the story of the discovery of America. However, Washington remained on the regular issue of that date.

Washington has been absent from most of the special issues, but the set of a dozen stamps designed to commemorate the bicentennial observance of the birth, two years ago, shows Washington as he was presented by different artists at different times in his life.

Charles Wilson Peale's portrait, the original of which is now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, was featured on the ½-cent stamp. The 1-cent stamp gave a reproduction of the profile of Houdon's bust.

Peale's portrait, treasured at Washington and Lee University, features the 1½-cent stamp. The 2-cent emphasized Stuart's Athenaeum.

The 3-cent stamp is regarded as one of the most interesting in this series. It was done by C. W. Peale at Valley Forge in 1777 and shows Washington in the uniform of a general. Another Peale portrait will be noted on the 4-cent stamp. The Peale portrait owned by the New York Historical Society is on the 5-cent denomination.

Trumbull's Washingtons, from the Trumbull collection at Yale University, occupy the 6 and 7-cent varieties.

Many authorities regard the pastel portrait done by Charles B. J. St. Memin as one of the best likenesses of Washington. It was drawn in 1798 and has been termed. "The General of the Army." Its vigor and



strong individuality are easily observed on the 8-cent stamp.

The prized picture of Washington, which hangs in the Masonic lodge at Alexandria, and shows the subject in the regalia of a craftsman of the

fraternity, is reproduced on the 9-cent stamp.

Stuart's painting, known as the Vaugh Portrait, ends the special commemorative issue on the 10-cent stamp.

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### THE YOUNG ORATOR

Once there was a little boy, whose name was Robert Reece, and every Friday afternoon he had to speak a piece. So many poems thus he learned that soon he had a store of recitations in his head, and still kept learning more.

But unexpectedly the little boy was called upon one week, and totally forgot the piece he was about to speak. His brain was mixed, and not a word remained within his head! And so, he started blindly—and this is what he said:

“My Beautiful, my Beautiful, who standest proudly by,  
It was the schooner Hesperus, the breaking waves dashed high!  
Why is this Forum crowded? What means this stir in Rome?  
Under a spreading chestnut tree, there is no place like home!  
When freedom from her mountain height cried, “Twinkle little  
star,”

Shoot, if you must, this old gray head, King Henry of Navarre!  
Roll on, thou deep and dark blue castled crag of Drachenfels,  
My name is Norval, on the Grampian hills, ring out wild bells!  
If you're waking, call me early, to be or not to be,  
The curfew must not ring tonight! Oh, woodman spare that  
tree!

Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on! and let who will be  
clever!

The boy stood on the burning deck, but I go on forever!

His elocution was superb, his voice and gestures fine. His schoolmates all applauded as he finished the last line. “I see it doesn't matter,” Robert thought, “what words I say, so long as I declaim with oratorical display!”—Carolyn Wells.

# GEORGE WASHINGTON, CHRISTIAN PATRIOT

By Rev. Wm. S. Patterson.

United States history has many names of which we are justly proud. It was H. Lee in his eulogy of George Washington, who placed at the top of the list the right name, when he said, "George Washington, First in War, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Truly Washington was and is the Father of his country. He was versatile and many sided, but today we think of him as the Patriot and Christian.

Debunkers in such books as "Patriots off their Pedestals," have sought to lessen his glory. George Washington was human, and "To be human is to err." But the errors of Washington were of judgment and not of character, and were remarkably few.

Four characteristics of Washington as a Patriot and Christian stand out before us. First, Washington believed in Jesus Christ and God. Second, he relied upon God for his guidance and strength. Third, he was consistent in his Christian life. Fourth, he zealously recommended to others, that they too, believe and so live

Marshall in his *Life of G. Washington*, says, "Without ostentatious profession of his religion, he was a sincere believer in the Christian faith, and truly a devout man." The *New International Encyclopedia*, "His abiding faith in God and absolute integrity and purity of mo-

tive when these virtues are considered permit few heroes of history to be placed besides him." He was a Vestryman in the Episcopal Church in Alexandria, Va. His pastor praised him for his attendance and performance of duties. He observed the Sabbath rigorously, permitting visits only by his most intimate friends. To a friend, he said, "I have no remembrance in the course of my life to have broken a promise or forfeiting my word made to any one." To Hamilton, he wrote, "I will not say of a man anything which I have the slightest scruple of saying to him." To his physician, he said, "I have been dying some time, but I am not afraid to die." Those who knew him in life, had inscribed on his tomb, the words of Christ, which they thought descriptive of his life, "I am the resurrection and the life—."

At the entrance of the Sub-treasury of the United States at the head of Wall Street, in New York City, a bronze tablet pictures Washington in prayer at Valley Forge. Those were dark hours, when men could offer little of light, trying hours when human strength seemed to be failing; but Washington found light and strength in God.

Laurens, personal friend and President of Congress, informed him of the anonymous criticisms being made. He urged that the whole matter be placed before Congress and that nothing be suppressed or concealed.

Upon occasions in battle, God's

providence was so evident that he noted it and called to others their attention of it. An Indian Chief made seventeen attempts to shoot him. He shot two horses from under him, four balls went through his coat, but Washington was unharmed. The Chief ceased to shoot believing that the Great Spirit was protecting him.

Writing a friend he said, "The hand of Providence is so conspicuous in all this that he must be worse than an infidel who lacked faith, and more than wicked who had not enough gratitude to acknowledge his obligation." His papers and addresses have many references to his reliance upon God for light and strength.

Neither his contemporaries nor more than one hundred and fifty years of history has uncovered conduct unbecoming a Christian of his age. His Christian consistency is so patent and unchallenged that we merely mention it and pass to our next thought.

To his officers in the army he wrote, "The General is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practice of profanity, cursing and swearing, a vice hitherto little known to the American army, is growing in fashion. He hopes the officers by example as well as by influence will endeavor to check this evil. They and the men should reflect that they have little hopes of the blessing of heaven upon our arms, if they insult it by their own folly and impiety."

Addressing the troops before the battle of Long Island, he said, "The time is near at hand which will probably decide whether Americans shall be freemen or slaves. Let us rely upon the goodness of our cause and the aid of the Supreme Being in whose

hands victory is, to animate and encourage us to great and noble action. In his first inaugural address he said, "It would be peculiarly improper to omit in my first official act, my fervent supplications to that Almighty Being who rules the universe and presides in the council of the nations, and the Providence that will supply every human defeat. The Almighty Being is the author of every public and private good."

Speaking to the Senate, he said, "Now I feel myself to be inexpressibly happy in the belief that heaven, which has done so much for the infant nation, will not withdraw Providential influence."

In his farewell address, he said, "Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusiveness of religious principle. Of all the dispositions and habits that lead to political prosperity religion and morals are the finest props for the duties of men and citizens. Mere politicians equally with the pious men ought to respect and to cherish them."

Americans may well at this time refresh their minds concerning the Father of his Country, and in so doing learn of his God and religion.

The greatest of the Great look up to Washington. A. Lincoln looked and said, "To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is impossible."

England places his monument in the midst of her own glorious names.

Napoleon eulogized him, and France draped her flags in black crepe for ten days, when she heard of his death.

Jefferson, Franklin, perhaps others, were as great in intellectual power but not honored as Washington. Why? Christain Character answers.

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### PLAYING THE GAME

Life is a game with a glorious prize,  
 If we can only play it right.  
 It is give and take, build and break,  
 And often it ends in a fight;  
 But he surely wins who honestly tries  
 (Regardless of wealth or fame),  
 He can never despair who plays it fair—  
 How are you playing the game?

Do you wilt and whine, if you fail to win  
 In the manner you think your due?  
 Do you sneer at the man in case that he can  
 And does do better than you?  
 Do you take your rebuffs with a knowing grin?  
 Do you laugh though you pull up lame?  
 Does your faith hold true when the whole world's blue?  
 How are you playing the game?

Get into the thick of it—wade in, boys!  
 Whatever your cherished goal;  
 Brace up your will till your pulses thrill,  
 And you dare—to your very soul!  
 Do something more than make a noise;  
 Let your purpose leap into flame  
 As you plunge with a cry, "I shall do or die,"  
 Then you will be playing the game.

—Author Unknown.

# WASHINGTON

By Dr. Joseph Fort Newton

To me Washington remains a mystery, and no one can solve it. It is hardly correct to speak of him as a man of genius, tho his old flint-lock intellect is more highly rated abroad than at home. But if he was not a genius he was something better—a still, strong, wise, clear-seeing man who picked his way amid the intrigues of friends and trickery of foes, leading his people to victory, peace and honor.

If we are to understand Washington at all, we must remember that he was distinctly a man of action—a man born to do, to achieve, to lead, not to think, to write, to dream; 'he lived not in ideas or feelings, but in duties and deeds—he did more and said less than any man of his age. There was in him a certain stateliness of soul a blend of courage, foresight, integrity and moral authority which won and swayed men.

No one would say that he was a military genius of the first rank, tho like William of Orange, he could lose every battle and yet win the campaign. He triumphed more by tenacity than by strategy, more by endurance than by adventure. He had not the eloquence of Patrick Henry, the financial wizardry of Hamilton, the legal acumen of Marshall, the political science of Madison, the creative inventiveness of Franklin, or the intellectual curiosity of Jefferson. Yet such

was his power that he was the acknowledged master of all these men, commanding their confidence and loyalty.

At a time when others temporized with shifting prejudice and sectional animosity, Washington gave his voice for a powerful Union. Others doubted; he was sure. The people did not trust Jefferson, much as they admired him—they seldom trust a brilliant, facile mind. Hamilton did not trust the people, on the ground that to be ruled by the majority is to be ruled by ignorance. Had not it been for Washington, who stood above all parties, our republic would have fallen between two stools.

All men knew that whoever else might let go of faith, betray the public trust and sink into self-seeking, that Washington would never do. The secret of his power lay not in the magic of personal magnetism of which there is no trace, but in the sheer power of character, in which moral integrity and common sense were lifted to the level of genius. No man in history ever did more by virtue of what he was. Our nation may alter as time brings new occasions and teaches new duties, but Washington himself will live while humanity treasures worth, his labor a legacy of inspiration to mankind, and his character a consecration to his country.

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When a man is wrong and won't admit it, he always gets angry.—Exchange.

# WHERE WASHINGTON WENT VISITING

By Ruth I. Simon

How would you like to go visiting in two of the very same houses where George Washington was often a welcome guest? You may do that when you visit historic Fredericksburg in old Virginia. Boy Scouts of the town sometimes act as guides, and perhaps one will be yours. If so, he will probably tell you how fortunate he thinks he is to live right in the midst of these interesting places, and with pride he will show them to you.

First he will take you to an attractive little house at the corner of Charles and Lewis Streets, where you will be graciously welcomed by a hostess in a costume of long ago. This old house with its charming garden was once the home of Mary Washington, mother of George, and is now fully restored and open to all of us. The old Washington homestead, famous for the story of the cherry tree, was just across the Rappahannock River. When the family grew up and left the old farm, Mrs. Washington was alone. Betty Washington Lewis invited her mother to live with her in her beautiful Fredericksburg home; but the mother felt that since her needs were few she would prefer to care for herself in a home of her own.

It was then that George Washington bought and remodeled this little house which was only a short distance from his sister's home, making it as attractive as possible for his mother. Often he visited her here, probably spending many hours in the garden which was her special pride, and where we may still see the boxwood hedges which she herself planted.

Communication was not as simple as it is now, but messages to the little house were not forgotten. There is a story that one day when Mrs. Washington was busy in her garden a mud-splattered courier rode up, followed by many who were eager for news from the front. Unhurried, she completed her task of digging plants for a waiting neighbor, cleaned her hands and opened the message. Calmly, but it must have been with real joy, she announced, "George has crossed the Delaware."

It was to this house that the first President of our nation came to receive a mother's blessing before he would journey to New York for his inauguration. This was not only a blessing but a last farewell, for Mary Washington died a few months later.

A constant companion of George's childhood was his sister Betty, only a little younger than he. When she was but seventeen she married Fielding Lewis, who built for his young bride a stately home in Fredericksburg. The survey of the 861 acres of land surrounding the house was made by George Washington. This survey was only the beginning of his deep interest in "Kenmore," his sister's home. His diary records many visits here. The house is now fully restored to its original beauty, and an invitation to roam through its gardens, to wander in its halls, and to look into its historic rooms is yours.

In the living room or great hall of this house we may see the famous mantel which it is thought General Washington took time to design at his

sister's request. The work is a fine plaster which is still in perfect condition. It was done by Hessian artists who were prisoners of war at that time..

"Please design a large overmantel that will teach some important lessons to the children as they play and work before the fire," Mrs. Lewis probably asked her brother.

In answer to this request, we see in the background the home, the church, and the fort which George Washington thought the three strongholds of the nation. In front are pictured three of Aesop's fables. The familiar one of the fox and the crow was a warning against flattery. The arrogant swan, plucked of her feathers and hiding behind the shrubbery, brought the lesson that it is more important to be the right kind of a person inside, than it is to wear fine clothes. Another group warns against spite. An angry lamb stirred up the water so that her companion could not drink, forgetting that if the water was muddy she could'nt drink it either. As we stand before it we feel that our first President must have looked down through the years and designed this mantel not only for the children who lived in "Kenmore" long ago, but also for the boys and girls and the men and women from many states and

countries who would sometime visit this historic home.

Probably no room in the house is of more interest than the boys' room, where Uncle George must have been a hero. The furniture now in the room dates back to that period and shows how this room must have looked when a famous uncle joined his nephews for a chat.

His sister's house was so much a home to General Washington that he came and went without warning. One day when Mrs. Lewis returned from the country she was surprised to find her brother there asleep. He had thrown himself on the bed, so completely exhausted after the battle of Yorktown that he had even forgotten to remove his boots.

It may be that your Boy Scout guide likes gingerbread. If so, he will want you to hurry on to the kitchen which is an annex to the great house. This room with its refreshments for guests is as attractive to modern boys as the original kitchen must have been for the boys and girls of "Kenmore." Here negro musicians sing their spirituals to the accompaniment of a banjo and the crackling of logs in the big fireplace. Uncle Baccus and Aunt Dorsia, in their costumes of long ago, serve their guests as graciously as their ancestors served General Washington.

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It is not what a man gets, but what a man is, that he should think of. He should think first of his character, and then of his condition; for if he have the former, he need have no fears about the latter. Character will draw condition after it. Circumstances obey principles.—Henry Ward Beecher.

## THE MIXER

By Godin V. Greene.

It was a gloomy sight that stared John Gilman in the face as he stood in the doorway of his small furniture factory. "Will people never start buying furniture again?" he asked himself. For six long months the shop had been closed. There was not even enough work for a part time shift. He had taken a loan on his equipment, and unless orders started coming in soon, everything would be lost.

Stepping inside the shop, his eyes fell upon a card tacked above the sander. It bore the word "Smile." With a cynical laugh Gilman strode over to the machine and tore the card down, throwing it on the floor. "Smile," he muttered; "Oh, yeah!" Leaning against a post, he stared at the torn bit of cardboard. It had been tacked on the wall where Tim Bonny, his sander, had worked.

"Queer duck," mused Gilman; "never a serious thought; always just smiling, as though that would get him anywhere. It's work that counts—not smiles!" He shook his head. "Poor Tim—a hopeless dreamer. A good sander, but he'll never be anything." more

Suddenly he wondered what had become of Tim Bonny. It struck the man standing in the silent shop that Tim had not been around. The other boys showed up every once in a while to see if things had picked up, but the sander man had not dropped in since the day the shop shut down.

Three days later Gilman's curiosity was satisfied. Bonny came in to see him. "Well, well!" the shop owner

exclaimed by way of greeting. "I thought you'd left town!"

Bonny grinned. "Nope, nothing like that. I've been sort of busy—too busy to come around, but—well, that's what I came to see you about."

Gilman was puzzled. Why would Bonny want to see him, if he was busy? Perhaps he wanted to borrow some money. "All right, Tim; what's going on?"

"Well, John, it's just this: My little daughter had a birthday shortly before you closed the shop. She asked if I wouldn't make her a toy table with two chairs for a birthday present. I promised her I would; so as soon as I was out of work I picked up some cheap lumber and made the furniture by hand. You know how little girls like to have play tea parties. I painted it light green, and found a stencil of a horse around the house, and put a brown horse on each chair; also on the table top.

"Little Betty was tickled pink with her birthday present. Well, that was that. My wife and I were starting to worry about money matters just about that time. I hadn't been able to save very much, and the payments on our home are pretty stiff. Well, I just shoved worry out of my mind, and told my wife to stop worrying, too. I simply knew that everything would be taken care of. Then Betty started telling me how all her little girl friends liked her birthday present and wished they had a set just like hers.

"That brought me a new idea, so I



called on several of the parents the next day, and to my surprise, got orders to make three more sets. I enameled them in whatever color they wanted, and delivered them at about four dollars profit on each set of a table and two chairs. Next I worked out a doll cradle that will hold those large size dolls the stores are selling, and colored the cradles to match the tables and chairs. It was no trouble at all to sell the cradle.

"Now, here's what I want to see you about. The holidays are only a short way off. Do you see this book?" He pulled a small memorandum from his vest pocket. Gilman nodded, now all attention.

"Well, I've been soliciting orders for those wooden toys for Christmas gifts, and this book is already a third filled with orders," the man continued, enthusiastically. "I'll never get them all done by hand. Besides, if I do the work by hand I'll have to charge five dollars per set for the table and two chairs, but if I were to use your machines, I could sell them at three dollars and fifty cents, and still make a good profit. The factory is standing idle. Why not let me use the machines, and I'll split the profits with you?"

Gilman's eyes took on a new light. He had caught some of the man's enthusiasm. He took the memorandum book and leafed through it without a word. "O. K., Tim!" he said finally. "Help your self. The place is yours till I get some more furniture orders."

A month later Gilman called Bonny into his office. Bonny wondered what was wrong; the entire crew was back

to work, and there were a number of unfilled orders still ahead. The interview that followed was a complete surprise to the toy-builder—the second he had received that day. The first was when he discovered an attractive new card bearing the word "Smile" tacked above his sanding machine.

Gilman motioned him to a chair. "Tim, I'm afraid I'm going to have to get a new sander man," he said after a moment; then laughed at Bonny's startled expression. "You're too good at order-getting to be kept on a sander. How would you like a job as salesman at an increased salary?"

Why—why—that's the kind of work I'd like best," the man stammered.

"Well, it's yours! Go home and talk it over with your wife, then come in tomorrow morning ready to start selling."

"Well, thanks—a lot!" A new sparkle shone in Bonny's eyes as he turned to go.

"Oh, just a minute!" Gilman exclaimed. "I think I should let you in on a secret, but keep it under your hat. I'm a full-fledged 'mixer' now, too."

"A what?" asked Bonny, perplexed.

"A 'mixer.'" Gilman laughed; then continued: "I decided several weeks ago that if you could mix smiles with your work, and get results, I could too. I feel like a different man now, Tim. And I've got a lot of new ideas for the business. Why, I actually feel younger!"

Bonny only smiled as he turned and left the office.

# THE MASTER OF MELODY

(Sunshine Magazine)

The window was half open. Through it streamed light and warmth, and the enchanting sound of a girl's voice in song. Now the voice stopped, but the music went on, soft notes rippling in a cascade of fairy sound, now strong and sure, sweeping everything before it.

It was raining, but the very patter of the raindrops seemed in perfect harmony. Giuseppe, nose pressed between the pickets of the high fence, eyes half closed, listened breathlessly.

"What now, my little man? What are you after here?" a kindly voice asked.

Giuseppe's instinct was to flee. But the voice was so full of sympathy, and the touch on his torn wet sleeve so gentle, that he stammered, "I came to listen!"

"Then come in. My daughter will play for you." And the man took the boy's hand and led him up the steps into the softly lighted room.

"Here he is, Grazia," he said to the young lady, who rose from her instrument. "It is your music that brings him night after night to peer through the fence." Then turning to the wonder-struck waif, he asked, "What is your name?"

"Giuseppe Verdi."

"Do you know anything of music?" asked Grazia.

Giuseppe blushed and stammered. "I play a little. The grocer has a spinet. Four evenings a week he lets me play on it."

"Who taught you?"

"No one."

"Will you not play for us?" asked the girl kindly.

Giuseppe approached the spinet slowly, laid his hand on the keys, then dropped to the bench and began to play. The boy was so in earnest, and put such feeling into his music, that the Barezzis were delighted.

"Splendid! Splendid!" cried the father. "The child is truly talented. Now, Grazia, do play for him while I think what must be done about this little musician friend of ours." The good signor became from that day on Giuseppe Verdi's guiding angle. One day he told Giuseppe, "I have a surprise for you. You are to have a scholarship at the Conservatory of Milan."

Young Giuseppe was wild with joy. That there must be certain entrance tests did not occur to him, but the directors of the Conservatory, on hearing him play, were obdurate. "Too erratic!" they declared. "He will never make a musician. Why, he has his own method entirely—it will be impossible for us to accept him!"

The rejection fired Giuseppe's determination. So severe a denunciation by the Conservatory attracted the sympathy of Signor Marelli, who encouraged young Verdi to write an opera. This proved to be interesting, and Marelli purchased it. Verdi was elated, took unto himself the daughter of his grocer friend for wife, and moved from his home village of Busseto to Milan. But when his opera was presented to the public, it proved a dismal failure.

Verdi and his wife, too proud to let their Busseto friends know their circumstances, starved and shivered in a garret room. He wrote another opera, a very funny one, though his heart was breaking over the deaths of his two small children. But this opera, too, was a failure. Then Verdi's wife died, and for two years he hid himself away, playing the piano in cheap restaurants, caring for nothing.

One day in the park he met Marelli again. Always hopeful, Marelli insisted that Verdi write another opera. "I am not interested in operas," was the curt answer. But the suggestion haunted him until one day he rented a piano and set to work. The opera was finished in a month. Marelli asked him the price. "Oh—a thousand francs," Verdi answered carelessly—a ridiculous answer, he felt, for another flop. And on the night of its production he went to bed in his attic room and thought no more about it.

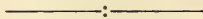
At five o'clock the next morning Marelli burst into his room. "How much for your opera now?"

"Thirty thousand francs," Verdi answered jokingly.

"But you asked only one thousand francs. Why so much more now?"

"Because you are here at five o'clock in the morning." And Verdi turned away to go back to sleep. Marelli, shrewd as he was kind, left a voucher for twenty thousand francs. The opera had proven a phenomenal success. It was *Il Trovatore*!

For a half century Verdi labored at creating a new world of music. Withal he established a new home and worked happily composing, farming, and raising flowers. Of his operas Verdi liked best his *Il Trovatore*, *Rigoletto*, and *La Traviata*, because he and his wife had planned them together. He wrote the magnificent *Aida* at the urgent request of the Shah of Persia. Some of Verdi's best work was done when he was in his eighties. Henry James, an American writer, once saw Verdi and his wife in Cremona. "Think of who they are," he wrote, "and what they stand for—nearly a century of music! The master is tall, straight, proud, and commanding. He has a courtly, old-time grace of bearing; and he kissed his wife's hand when he took leave of her for an hour's stroll."



A good character is, in all cases, the fruit of personal exertion. It is not inherited from parents; it is not created by external advantages; it is no necessary appendage of birth, wealth, talents, or station; but it is the result of one's own endeavors—the fruit and reward of good principles manifested in a course of virtuous and honorable action.—J. Hawes.

## “ONLY GOD CAN MAKE A TREE”

(Sunshine Magazine.)

The groves were God's first temples, says the immortal Bryant. Ere man learned to hew the shaft, and lay the architrave, and spread the roof above him—ere he framed the lofty vault, to gather and roll back the sound of anthems; in the darkling wood, amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down and offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks and supplication.

Bordering on the outskirts of the quaint little city of Carlinville, Illinois, is an institution planting pillars for God's temple. In soil well nourished with devotion and work, the sproutlings quickly pass into the miracle of beautiful spreading trees. The Creator and the genius Will B. Otwell seem to be in partnership.

And not alone are trees the magic of this intelligence, but plant life in all its varied charm. Indeed, who in this country of ours in all its thrilling wonders has not heard of the Otwell Iris fields—a startling realm of massive beauty each year in the month of May!

“There are two kinds of men,” says the inspired Mr. Otwell; “one takes fifty years to grow a giant tree, the other takes fifty minutes to cut it down. The wanton destruction of a grand old oak, or elm, or walnut tree should be the cause for mourning in the whole community.” And the distress in his eyes as he contemplates betokens his seriousness.

“One day I took a ride of two hundred miles,” continues Mr. Otwell,

“trying to count the forest trees that had been cut down in the past year. I counted up to five hundred—and lost count. Then, I tried to find a single forest or fruit tree that had been planted, but I could not.” And with an air of vengeance he declares, “The retribution of this slaughter of God-made trees is already being visited upon our land—heat, draught, erosion. The hot winds are scorching the countryside; the cold winds are increasing in fury; the dust storms are more frequent and more violent, until the whole nation is alarmed.

“If the destruction of trees is not abated, or not supplanted by the wholesale production of new trees, some day America will be shown on the map of the world as a new Sahara Desert.”

Out of this distressing condition was born the Otwell Tree Planting Club of America, a new organization that has for its purpose the restoring to this nation a million trees within the year—trees that have been wantonly destroyed. Adults and children—all ages—are eligible. It is urged that schools, instead of planting one tree on Arbor Day, encourage each pupil to plant a tree. This, it is contended, will give the child an interest in Nature—an inspiration all through life.

“There is nothing to pay,” says Mr. Otwell, the organizer and intelligence back of the project; “membership in the tree-planting club is as free as the air in which the trees grow.” Each

member is provided with a coupon, which reads: "I am glad to add my sympathy and good will to the plan of planting trees; I agree to plant a tree during the present year."

"I plant thousands of trees every year," modestly confesses Mr. Otwell. "I do not plant them to reap nuts, or fruit, or logs—I plant them for the good they will do people now living, and to posterity. Somebody planted trees fifty—a hundred—years ago; great trees from which I gather delicious nuts today. My grandparents planted these apple trees from which I eat this luscious fruit. Every time I do anything, I don't have to stop and think what there is in it for me. The world will go on after I quit, and I want to feel that I have done something for those who come after—something to make the world a little better place in which to live and live and be happy. I look around me and see innumerable things that my ancestors did unselfishly, and with no thought of personal reward. Can

I not do as much for those who shall follow?"

And Mr. Otwell admonishes: "You will never know your worth until you invest your sympathy in an unselfish cause like this. There is no one who does not have an influence far beyond his estimate. The simple act of planting a tree may lead others in this noble thought. Every tree that grows is a blessing to mankind in some way, and when this club shall have planted a million trees, you will be happy that you had a part."

Verily, stranger, says the poet, if thou hast learned a truth which needs no school of long experience, that the world is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen enough of all its sorrows, crimes, and cares to tire thee of it, enter this wild wood and view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade shall bring a kindred calm. And the sweet breeze that makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm to thy sick heart.

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Don't contradict people, even if you are sure you are right. Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend. Don't underrate anything because you do not possess it. Don't believe all the evil you hear. Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd. Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile; few care whether you have an earache, headache, or rheumatism. Learn to attend to your own business—a very important point. Do not try to be anything else but a gentleman; and that means one who has consideration for the whole world, and all races; one whose life is governed by the Golden Rule.

—Harvard Herald.

## THE SIDEWALK TWINS

(Good Business.)

Just before noon a man entered the lobby of a popular downtown cafeteria. Hardly had he become aware of his surroundings when a young man jumped up from his seat on a reed settee, where he had apparently been waiting to meet someone.

"Hi, there, Mr. Johnson; you're just the man I want to see!" exclaimed the young man, grabbing Johnson by the arm. "Come over here and sit down for a moment, won't you? I won't keep you long."

Johnson was surprised, but remained calm. That face, he thought, was familiar, but where had he seen it before? As the young man pulled him down beside him onto the long reed seat, the identity of the fellow suddenly flashed into his mind. Early one morning Johnson had called at the public library. It was just after opening hour, and no one was there but one young man, the one now sitting beside him in the cafeteria lobby.

They had started a conversation in the library, and Johnson learned that the young man was an unemployed office man who had been seeking work for several months. He confided in Johnson that just before losing his job, he had become engaged to a young woman. They had planned to be married in the spring; then his job was wiped out. Shortly afterward the young woman, who was an efficient private secretary, also lost her job.

Together they had trudged from employment agency to employment agency they were never apart,

and as they made the rounds day after day, the various vocational specialist grew so accustomed to seeing them together that if one came in alone, the employment agent invariably inquired about the other. A woman who operates one of the smaller agencies laughingly referred to them as "The Sidewalk Twins."

The curtains at the front of the cafeteria had parted and an attractive young woman with dark, curly hair came into the lobby, put some music on the piano, and then approached the two men.

"Here she comes now," the young man said. "She has to help with the music today, as the regular musicians are on a vacation."

After the introduction, the three sat chatting. Johnson saw that the young man was enthused about something, but he simply asked the question: "Well, Jack, what did you want to see me about?"

"I simply wanted to tell you that your idea worked," replied the young man. "You remember that morning in the library?" Johnson confessed that he did. "Well, you told me that ideas make money, providing they enable you to serve more people, or to serve them better. It certainly works. Do you know what we did, Patty and I? Well, we set to work getting an idea to serve people. Patty thought of it first—and it turned out to be a humdinger! We put it to work right away, and conditions changed so fast that it was like moving into a new neighborhood.

No more job hunting for the Sidewalk Twins! Here's one of our cards."

Johnson took the neat business card, and under the name were the words: "Flower Maintenance Service."

"Well, just what is that?" asked Johnson.

"For a definite amount of money paid to us regularly each month," said Jack, "we furnish hotels, office, restaurants, theaters, or any one, for that matter, with fresh flower bouquets. We change the flowers every third day. The price we charge for the service is very reasonable, and of course depends on the number of bouquets."

"But didn't you have to have quite a bit of capital to start with?" Johnson remembered that Jack was exceedingly low in funds the first time he met him.

"No! You'll laugh when I tell you that we started the whole thing with only one dollar and fifty cents, and that was for getting a thousand cards printed like the one I just gave you.

We told our plan to a wholesale florist, and he allows us to take out anything we wish at wholesale, and doesn't bill us for it until the tenth of the following month. That enables us to collect our money for the service before paying him. And since we have access to his entire stock at all times, it's better than having a stock of our own; we haven't any money tied up."

Jack hesitated for a moment. Then he leaned over to Johnson. "And I must tell you a secret, too. The Sidewalk Twins are going to be married real soon—but here comes the cafeteria manager. He's the man I've been waiting to see. He asked me to bring him an estimate for keeping the entire dining room and lobby supplied with fresh flowers. I'll see you again, Mr. Johnson—many thanks!"

Somehow, after leaving the cafeteria, Johnson couldn't resist whistling a tune as he walked along.—Adapted: "Good Business."

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Every time a new invention is announced, or a new way of handling a situation is discovered, we have evidence that a new contact was made with the source of ideas—infinite mind. The idea itself, in its outer expression, may seem to be new; actually it has been in existence since the beginning. It has merely awaited the time when a human mind should become sufficiently attuned to its source to provide a channel through which it could come into expression.—Clinton Bernard.

# THE BINGHAMS

By Beth Crabtree

The Bingham--Williams, William James, and William and Robert, for three generations outstanding teachers in North Carolina, represent over a century of labor and achievement in the field of education.

Reverend William Bingham, the first of the family to come to this country, was a native of Ireland and an honor graduate of the University of Glasgow. As a participant in an unsuccessful rebellion, he fled Ireland and came to America in the latter part of the eighteenth century. After landing in Delaware, he continued south and located in Wilmington, North Carolina. Bingham remained there, as principal of the Wilmington Academy, until 1793 when he became head of the Pittsboro Academy. Eight years later he left Pittsboro to fill the post of Latin professor at the University of North Carolina. In 1806 he left Chapel Hill for Hillsboro, again establishing an academy for the instruction of boys. Desirous of raising his sons in the country, he moved the academy from Hillsboro, ten miles northwest, to Mt. Repose, where he remained until his death in 1826.

Following the death of Reverend William Bingham the school was taken over by his eldest son, William James. The latter was born in Chapel Hill, April 6, 1802, attended his father's school, and helped with the farm work until he entered the University of North Carolina in 1821. Four years later, in accordance with Bingham tradition, he graduated with

highest honors. For a short time he taught school in Williamsboro, but soon devoted his time to the study of law under Judge Archibald D. Murphy. Upon the death of his father, however, William James returned to Mt. Repose to take over the instruction for the remainder of the term and, after due persuasion, he dropped his law studies to become the second headmaster of the academy. His reputation as a teacher was widespread and the academy was accordingly popular, yet he consistently stuck to his ideal of a small but thorough school, limiting the student body to thirty. In 1827 the academy was moved back to Hillsboro where it remained for ten years before being returned to the country—this time to Oaks, Orange County. Although William James was headmaster for forty years, serving until his death in 1866, he was ably assisted by his sons, Wm. and Robert, whom he had associated with himself as partners in 1857.

William, the fourth child and eldest son of William James and Eliza Norwood Bingham, was born in Hillsboro, July 7, 1835. After completing his early schooling, he attended the University, graduating with honors in 1856. The three Bingham, in their association, divided the instruction between them with William James teaching the upper classes and the two sons teaching the lower ones. But due to his father's poor health and Robert's immaturity, William assumed most of the administrative responsibilities.



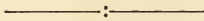
The War Between the States brought many changes to the academy. In 1864 the legislature granted William a thirty-year charter and the school for the first time was incorporated as "The Bingham School." it also became a military institute; the headmaster was commissioned a colonel in the State militia and the teachers were given commissions of lower rank. In the same year, finding difficulty in obtaining provisions, Colonel Bingham was forced to move the school from Oaks to a site near Mebane. At this new location several dormitories were built and a boarding department was added. William was also engaged in writing texts of Latin and English grammar, which were popular for many years throughout the United States. By the winter of 1872, however, his duties as administrator, writer, and teacher had severely weakened him. He died in February of the following year.

At the beginning of the war, Robert Bingham had left to fight for the Confederacy, but with its conclusion

he returned to Mebane to assume his share of the school's responsibilities. In 1891 Robert moved to Asheville and opened a new Bingham school there, while the old academy continued near Mebane, under the supervision of various members of William's family, until the early part of the nineteenth century. The academy in Asheville was suspended following Robert's death in 1928.

Although Robert Bingham did much to expand his own institution, his interests were by no means confined to the field of private education. He was prominent in all programs relating to public education, as well as in the movements for the establishment of the State Agriculture and Mechanical School in Raleigh and the Greensboro Normal College.

Thus for more than a hundred years the Bingham family steadily and tirelessly devoted their energies to the systematic and thorough training of the minds, bodies, and morals not only of the boys of North Carolina, but also of those from many other states of the Union.



Why should we not begin each day with a song in our hearts—a song as rich and full and free as the birds sing in the earliest dawning of the sun's light—a song so attuned with infinite life and hope and love that it must be sung? After all, no matter how poor we may feel, in reality we have a plenty and to spare—and that is all the richest of us can use. So let us mount our souls unto the highest reaches of living thoughts and generous deeds, that we may give to others of the good that has come to us. Unfettered by unholy greed, we can feel the unity of universal brotherhood, and we can be just and true, honest and helpful in all our dealings with all men.—Henrietta G. Moore

## INSTITUTION NOTES

The floors in the Receiving Cottage are being sanded and re-finished, greatly improving the appearance of the interior of this building.

—:—

The boys on the barn force have been quite busy for the past few days, hauling coal from our railroad siding to various buildings on the campus.

—:—

Superintendent Hawfield is spending several days this week in New York City. He attended the annual conference of superintendents of correctional institutions. These meetings were held in the Hotel Pennsylvania.

—:—

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Solomon, of Charlotte, were visitors at the School last Sunday afternoon. Melvin, who was once a student here, entered the institution, July 16, 1930, and was granted a conditional release, July 12, 1934, and received his honorable discharge, October 20, 1937. When admitted, he was placed in the first grade and was in the fifth at the time of leaving us.

When Melvin left the School he returned to Rockingham, and was employed in a cotton mill in that city for about two years. He then became obsessed with the urge to travel, and signed up with a carnival company which was then operating in the South. About three months later his travels had taken him to New Jersey, and in a short time he secured a position as truck driver for George F. Taylor, in Somerville, where he was employed about four years. He was married in that city four years ago.

About three months ago, Melvin

and his wife came to Charlotte, and purchased a little cafe, which they are now operating. They report that business is good and they are getting along well.

—:—

Superintendent Hawfield recently received a very nice letter from James Hales, formerly of Cottage No. 9. James entered the School, July 2, 1940 and when conditionally released, August 7, 1943, was placed with an uncle at Chocowinity. He writes as follows:

"Dear Mr. Hawfield: Thought I had better write you today, it having been so long since I have written.

"It rained all night down here and is still raining. Hope it will stop soon so we won't have to miss school. We have but three more months to go. I expect to be in the ninth grade next year, and hope to graduate from high school in four years. I have been promised a good job in the Standard Laundry, in Washington, and at good wages, too.

"Mr. Hodges and the rest of the family have been very nice to me, and I really appreciate their taking me to raise, and to give me a good chance—one that many American boys would like to have. They seem to like me and I am very fond of them. I have made many friends since coming down here, and that's the best a fellow can have, for the Bible says, 'It is better to have friends than riches'.

"I haven't missed more than a week since I've been going to school, and have not failed in a single study. Hope to be able to continue to do as well.

"Please send me a copy of the latest Uplift, and write soon. Sincerely yours, James Hales."

—:—

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read the story of the feeding of the multitude, as recorded in the fifth chapter of John, and the subject of his message to the boys was "The Boy Who Filled the Bill."

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Summers stated that the story just read appeared in all four of the Gospels, but John, in his Gospel, had brought out something which the other writers had not mentioned, and asked the boys if any of them could tell him what it was. A hand was immediately raised, and one of our lads said that the part in question was the statement concerning the boy. The speaker assured him that his answer was correct, and explained how the other writers had told of the same great miracle, but John was the only one who had spoken of the boy who gave the loaves and fishes.

The speaker then stated that in this story we find a boy who "filled the bill," and called attention to some of the characteristics concerning him, as follows:

(1) That boy was in good company that day. You can usually judge a boy by the company he keeps. Quite frequently he chooses the wrong kind of companions and gets into serious trouble. On the day referred to in this story there was a huge crowd assembled to see Jesus and to hear him preach, and the lad was a part of this great company.

(2) He was a boy who had not run

away from home. We are sure of this because he had a good lunch with him—just such a lunch as a mother would prepare for a boy who was going to spend the day away from home. Another thing that seems to assure us that he had left home with his mother's permission, is the fact that he was not found in a place where a lad who runs away from home would have gone. He was in the crowd which had gathered to hear the Master. A boy who runs away from home is not likely to be found in church or at an outdoor preaching service.

(3) This boy was one who believed in taking care of himself. He did not intend to be begging from others, nor to steal. He was prepared. He had made provision against his hunger, and had taken a lunch with him. In other words, the boy had taken advantage of the opportunity to care for himself, rather than depend on others.

(4) He was not timid nor ashamed of what he had—a very meager lunch. Neither was he timid when Andrew spoke to him.

(5) This lad was not ashamed to have a good man for a friend. He was glad to know him. Any man who is worthwhile likes a boy to be friendly to him.

(6) He was not afraid to trust Jesus with what he had. We find many boys today who seem to be afraid to trust the Master, and to give up doing that which is wrong. The boy in the story gave all he had, and trusted Jesus to give him some food along with the others. He was willing to share with the other people. By doing this he became the human hero of that great occasion, the account of which has been read by people in all parts of the world. By giving

ing what he had to help others, he received a great blessing himself.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Summers told the boys that Jesus has the power to take even the worst kind of a boy and make a fine man of him. But

this can only be done by the boy giving all he has to Jesus, and if a lad does this, there can be no doubt about his developing into the right kind of a man.

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## COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending February 13, 1944

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

Leonard McAdams  
David Prevatt  
Jerry Smith

### COTTAGE No. 1

Eugene Bowers  
George Cox  
Marion Cox  
Donald Carland  
Jack Gray  
Roy Jones  
J. W. Love  
Preston Lockmay  
Rufus Massingill  
James Shell  
Harlan Warren

### COTTAGE No. 2

(No Honor Roll)

### COTTAGE No. 3

Everett Bowden  
Edward Britt  
Odell Cecils  
Raymond Davis  
John Holder  
Roy Monoley  
Troy Morris  
Fonzer Pittman  
Samuel Pritchett  
Bruce Sawyer  
Milton Talley

### COTTAGE No. 4

Everett Benfield  
Clyde Brown

Leroy Childers  
Clyde Godfrey  
Jeter Green  
George Hawks  
Charles Lanford  
William Lewis  
Roy Swink  
Newman Tate  
Walter Thomas  
Eugene Watts  
William C. Willis

### COTTAGE No. 5

Kenneth Atwood  
Clyde Billings  
Cecil Bennett  
McKeever Horne  
Earl Hoyle  
Samuel Price  
Brady Tew

### COTTAGE No. 6

Horace Collins  
J. C. Cayton  
Craven Callahan  
Rufus Driggers  
Everett Gallion  
Jacob Myers  
Sanford McLean  
Lawrence Temple  
Leroy Wilkins

### COTTAGE No. 7

(No Honor Roll)

### COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Leonard Church  
James Eller  
Edward Guffey  
Thomas Ingram  
Charles McClenney  
Lawrence Rice

COTTAGE No. 10

Paul Alphin  
Fred Carswell  
Jack Clifton  
Evans Craig  
Clifford Lowman  
Edward Loftin  
Robert Moses  
Harold McCollum  
E. C. Stamey  
Eugene Stubbs  
Charles Tate  
A. B. Woodard

COTTAGE No. 11

Roland Brooks  
William Guffey  
Earl Harris  
Jack Gentry  
James Hicks  
Paul Matthews  
J. C. Michael  
Ray Taylor

COTTAGE No. 12  
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13  
Woodrow Ewing  
Eugene Frazier

J. B. Gallyan  
Dexter Goard  
Eugene Graham  
Paul Painter  
W. C. Whitehurst  
Homer Johnson  
Eugene White

COTTAGE No. 14

Robert Bailey  
Wilton Barfield  
Robert Caudle  
Joseph Case  
William Hardin  
Robert Holbert  
James Linebarrier  
Robert Moose  
James Norton  
Thomas Ruff  
Paul Stone  
Ezzell Stansbury  
Robert Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 15

Robert Bluester  
William Griffin  
David Lewis  
Robert Myers  
Dewey Smith

INDIAN COTTAGE

Jack Bailey  
Peter Chavis

INFIRMARY

Raymond Byrd  
William McNeill  
R. D. McCurry  
Durham Smith



There is no group so cosmopolitan as an ordinary family. We deliberately select and reject all our other associates—club members, friends, fellow workers. But the members of our family, bound by deeper ties, are thrust upon us. If we can live with them, we can live with anyone.—G. K. Chesterton.



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# THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 26, 1944

No. 8

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## SMILE

What good did it do—to be grouchy tolay?  
Did your surliness drive any troubles  
away?

Did you cover more ground than you usual-  
ly do,

Because of the grouch that you carried  
with you?

If not, what's the use of a grouch or a  
frown,

If it won't smooth a path, or a grim trouble  
drown?

If it doesn't assist you, it isn't worth while;  
Your work may be hard, but just do it—  
and smile.

—Selected.

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## THE INFLUENCE OF THOUGHT

We all want happiness to take up her abode in our house of life. Whether she does or not depends upon our thinking. We can scare her away by morose thinking. We can never hope to entertain her if our thinking is malicious. She will pass our hospitality by if there is unfriendliness or unkindness in our thinking. But she will enter our lives and abide with us if our thinking is gracious and true. "The happiness of our lives depends on the quality of our thoughts." We are influenced by our thinking as by no other power.

"Stronger in influence than thy nearest friend  
For with thee more than he,  
Thy thoughts a power o'er all thy life extend,  
Surely though secretly.  
So, guard and guide thy thoughts with constant prayer,  
In constant watchfulness,  
And all other life shall be divinely fair  
And other lives shall bless."

—N. C. Christian Advocate.

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## FINE UNDERSTANDING

There is not a day that passes that valuable lessons are not learned by observation. These give us a better understanding of conditions in homes other than our own. In order to have a well-rounded nature we should have first-hand knowledge relative to the lives of people of the underprivileged classes. When there is a better understanding of environment concerning these people, there is greater sympathy and consideration for them.

We had an interesting experience last week that was, if you will permit the use of a common expression, an "eye-opener." It so happened we were in one of the Jackson Training School cottages at the

noon hour. After lunch the officer of that unit of youngsters was called out. The good housewife was also necessarily attending to some detail duties. We were asked to remain with the boys during their absence. Something could have happened, but nothing out of the ordinary occurred. The boys were orderly. We were impressed with the picture, for all of us are familiar with the old saying—"when the cat's away the mice will play."

We had an inner urge to say something to the boys, so the first thought was to ask if any of them knew the legend about the "Ground Hog." They knew the mythical story, and told it with all the assurance of youngsters from the best of homes. "Well, how about Valentine Day?" we asked. Their reply to the second question was as intelligent as their answers to the first one.

The quiz was continued because we enjoyed the interest shown in the many bright faces. There were twenty-nine boys in this group. We touched the present global war, but dared not probe too deep for fear of not being sufficiently informed for a discussion. However, consumed with curiosity, we said, "You boys who have kinsmen in the service, raise your hands." Now, would you believe it, twenty-five hands went up! One of the number had three brothers in service and another had two brothers across the waters, fighting for freedom. This story was told by one of the officers, that 93 per cent of the Jackson Training School boys have near relatives in some branch of service. This estimate has been verified by counting boys when assembled in the school auditorium. The facts revealed in this brief story is that men in service are taken from all classes. The fine results of training in this institution cannot be estimated in currency. The goal of the personnel here is to mold fine Christian citizenship with an understanding of true democracy. Our boys are the men of the future—a large contribution to the national defense on the home front.

\* \* \* \* \*

### A WOMAN OF WONDERFUL CAPACITY

The resignation of Mrs. W. T. Bost, State Commissioner of Charities and Public Welfare, came as a surprise to the general public, and most especially so to her many friends throughout the state.

This splendid woman has held this high post for fourteen years, and has given of herself to the cause with an earnestness of purpose to prove herself worthy of the trust. As far as we can see by reviewing the past, Mrs. Bost has shown much diplomacy and wisdom in managing the affairs of her office. She possesses the elements of fine womanhood by heritage, environment and training. Coming from a Christian home of rare culture, she was fitted to meet the demands of a public office with an understanding of the needs of all kinds and conditions of people. There are times when women holding political office over a period of years, as Mrs. Bost has, they lose the touch of sweet womanhood and motherhood, but this cannot be said of this woman of superior qualifications. Mrs. Bost is unspoiled by her career of fourteen years as a public official. She will leave her high office with the same poise and grace as when she entered it, and take her place in the realm of the social life, her home and her church with the same interest and zeal as in former years.

We learn through the press that when Mrs. Bost took office the department consisted of a personnel of but thirteen persons, and handled less than \$100,000 annually. At this time it is composed of a staff of eighty-five workers and administers more than \$7,000,000 of State, Federal and local funds. All of which shows that Mrs. Bost has grown with the job.

\* \* \* \* \*

### A CRYING NEED

We, today, are lingering on the threshold of Spring, therefore, the grounds surrounding the beautiful homes, churches and other public buildings will soon be a carpet of green. The entire setting is made more inviting and attractive by the exquisite shade trees that border the streets, also the same trees make the homes look like havens of rest. A face reflects the inner life of a human being, so in the same manner an orderly, well-kept residence is evidence of the taste and systematic team work of the powers behind the scenes.

The city of Concord has experienced many changes, the same as other places in the piedmont area. There are new developments wherever one goes, and the homes and well-kept grounds make an

attractive landscape that catches one's attention. The picture given speaks louder and more impressively than words.

Well, perhaps we have rambled without coming to the point in mind. The sum and substance of the thought to be emphasized is that lovely homes, splendid schools adequate for the youth of the city, churches sufficient to meet the demands, and a hospital, the equal in every respect to any elsewhere. But there is one thing lacking—properly equipped, supervised playgrounds that attract and keep youngsters from the streets. There is nothing that helps develop children physically, mentally and morally like clean sports. The birthright of every child is the privilege to play, and when that privilege is denied something is crushed that prevents a well-rounded personality. From every front of this global war echoes from the men in service tell of their improvement in every way due to outdoor recreation. They are good sports, understanding how to take a defeat, or accept a victory modestly. In fact they have neither the inferior nor superior complexes, but meet conditions like men. From these reports it is obvious that physical preparedness is as necessary as the culture of the mind.

The advent of Spring brings little folks out on the streets. It will not be long before the patter of their feet and sound of merry voices will be heard. Doubtless many have yards large enough to permit engagement in some kind of clean pastime, but there are hundreds and hundreds moving around to find—heaven knows only what.

Have you stopped to think that this war is being fought by the young people, therefore, greater is the reason to have supervised playgrounds for the youths of Concord, so that they may be better prepared to meet physically any emergency in the future. A "sound mind within a sound body" should be the slogan of all citizens interested in the welfare of childhood.

\* \* \* \* \*

### CAN YOU SAY, "I WAS WRONG?"

Sometimes you hear someone say, "Yes, Fred would be a nice fellow if he wasn't so stubborn; he never will admit he's wrong."

Such people as Fred have a fault they should try to correct, for it is a bad one. Each one of us has a certain streak of stubbornness.

We like to think we are always right. But some of us outgrow that trait. We learn to master it, and when we find we are in error, we admit it. It is simply a matter of being honest.

Of course, it is well and good to persist when we are sure we are right. We must stand up for our beliefs to the very end, or we are nobody. The real meaning of stubbornness is not to give up when we find we are wrong. It is not only foolish, but is irritating to others.

Stubborn people are unpopular. They soon find themselves lacking in friends. It never injures one to say, "I was wrong; I had never thought of it in that way." Friends respect us for clinging to our opinions, but they do not respect us for not changing our minds when it is shown we are mistaken.—Sunshine Magazine.

\* \* \* \* \*

Prejudice implies a pre-judgment without just grounds or sufficient knowledge. In other words, it is a leaning to one side of a question from other considerations than those that really belong to it. There is lacking a disposition to find the facts and to weigh evidence. Hence it is as useless to argue against prejudice as it is to argue against passion. Well has Abdu Baha said: "Beware of prejudice; light is good in whatsoever lamp it is burning. A rose is beautiful in whatsoever garden it may bloom. A star has the same radiance whether it shines from the east or from the west."

—N. C. Christian Advocate.



# HOW THE CHAPLAIN SERVES

By Chaplain Roy L. Yund

The work of an overseas army chaplain is done under so many different types of circumstances and conditions that it is difficult to make any general statement; but certain things are done by every chaplain.

One of them is the providing of religious services: Sunday, weekday and special days. The chaplain and his assistant with their folding organ, case of small Army and Navy hymnals, and the field altar set are ready to have services at any time, anywhere. I have been fortunate in having as my assistant T-S George B. Arnold, Jr., a member of the American Guild of Organists, former church organist and director of church music. He is an Episcopalian from Kingstown, N. Y. We have had our services on ship board, in well-arranged chapels, in recreation halls, offices, mess halls, in dusty fields, on barren hillsides, in pine woods, on mountain tops, and on the beach. Our average number of services per Sunday is four. At the present time they are: one in a battalion at 10.00 A. M., a general service for the whole unit at 11.15, evening service at 7.30 and Holy Communion at 8.15. Midweek service is held Wednesday evening at 7.30. Sometimes, circumstances change time and place.

The sacraments are provided for all who feel the need of them. Young men who never were baptized suddenly feel that they must be baptized, and they come (generally after a service) to inquire about Baptism and to express their belief. After

thorough questioning and instruction, they are prepared for the sacrament and often are baptized that same night (as in case of those moving forward the next day). Two young fellows came desiring immersion. It happened that a Baptist chaplain was in the camp temporarily and we arranged a Baptismal Service at the beach, the two being baptized in the Mediterranean. The singing of "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," "Blessed Assurance," and "My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less," resounded against the rocky cliffs of the shore and out across the blue water.

At first we had Holy Communion once a month; but so many groups came asking for it at other times that we now have it every Sunday. Many express their appreciation of this.

Daily interviews and personal talks with the men take up more time, add more variety, and provide a more direct way to help than any other part of the chaplain's work. Fellows who have just arrived from the States; those who are about to go forward to combat; those who have just returned from combat, wounded, sick, weary—all are anxious to talk with the chaplain. Some have genuine problems; some come with a request to intercede for them for transfer to another unit, or for recommendation for another kind of work; some are looking for books, magazines, or devotional literature; and many come just to have a personal talk with someone who will listen in-

terestedly to their story. Among the problems are home, family, financial and moral problems; illness, lack of mail from home, trying to find a brother, a son, or a wife, supposedly in the same theater of operation. Many come seeking guidance and help in spiritual matters saying that they always believed, but out here religion has become of a new and vital importance. One young fellow said after an informal get-together to sing some old songs, including hymns and a prayer, "That brought me nearer home in spirit than anything else I have done in the army." Another said after the service in an open field, "The singing of the good old hymns and the preaching of the Gospel never meant more to me than they did today." To be the channel through which God takes a sick, discouraged, homesick, weary soldier and makes him a brighter spirit with new courage, new hope, and a new vision, is a joy indeed.

Visiting the sick and wounded is another means of spreading cheer and encouragement. In every section there are general hospitals, station hospitals, évacuation hospitals, and dispensaries, all of which are filled with soldiers who are anxious for a chaplain's visit. In my unit we keep in the chaplain's office a daily record of every entrance to a hospital and of every discharge from a hospital, and I go to the battalions and companies to get each man's mail and deliver it to him. In many cases the mail has been delayed because of changes of location and transfers from one hospital to another; and to have such delayed mail actually delivered was number one moral booster. Some fellows want

personal articles brought to them from to be taken to a buddy or to an officer. their companies. Some have messages. Thus the chaplain's visit becomes a medium of cheer and assistance as well as of spiritual enlightenment. Anyone who is sick or wounded lying on a hospital cot in a strange country, welcomes such a visit.

Then there are always fellows who enjoy having part in a song fest. In one location before the Special Service had their program in operation my corporal and I went out nearly every evening into a different company or battalion, set up our organ in a suitable place (in the open) and started to sing old familiar songs: "Pack Up Your Troubles," "Way Down Upon the Swanee River." "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," "You Are My Sunshine," etc. Not many minutes pass until the whole crowd was there, calling for numbers of their own suggestion. Sometimes we made it a hymn sing and had prayer. It was always a good opportunity to announce the church services.

In another place there were winding trails up a mountainside and we took groups of fellows there for walks and for personal chats. When we were near the seaside we went with groups for walks along the beach or for a swim.

Letter writing is also a fruitful field in the chaplain's work. A soldier has a problem concerning which he wants the chaplain to write to his parents, wife, sweetheart, or pastor. Parents at home write and ask the chaplain to be on the lookout for their son and to take an interest in him. One man said that his parents were so upset and worried about his

being away that he thought it would help considerably if the chaplain wrote to them. And it did; for they answered my return mail, expressing profuse thanks for my interest in their son. Parents in New Jersey wrote asking me to look for their son somewhere in North Africa. Strangely enough, several days later the son was on a detail to clean the very chapel and recreation hall in which I had my office at the time. He himself had not yet heard from his parents. Pastors have written in answer to my letters saying that it was a blessing and a comfort to parents and loved ones to know that a chaplain was interested in their soldier. Chaplain's letters are written

also to other chaplains and to other commanding officers concerning the men.

It is a joy and a privilege to be accepted the Commanding Officer and his staff and to have his hearty approval.

It is also most hearting to sense the support of the Church at home as evidenced by their prayers, their encouraging words, and the abundance of supplies that come through the National Lutheran Council, from funds provided in the Lutheran World Action appeal.

Thus the chaplain's work is designed and actually works out to guide, to help, to comfort, to steady the faith.

---

If I could hold within my hand  
 The hammer Jesus swung,  
 Not all the gold in all the land  
 Nor jewels countless as the sand  
 All in the balance flung,  
 Could weigh the value of that thing  
 'Round which his fingers used to cling.

If I could have the table he  
 Once made in Nazareth,  
 Not crowns of kings, nor kings to be,  
 Nor pearls unnumbered from the sea  
 As long as men have breath,  
 Could buy from me the thing he made—  
 The Lord of Lords, who learned a trade.

Yea, but that hammer still is shown  
 In hands of honest toil;  
 And 'round that table men sit down,  
 And all are equals, with a crown  
 Nor gold nor pearls can soil.  
 The shop at Nazareth was bare—  
 But brotherhood was builded there.

—Selected.



## A BLIND HYMNIST

By Elmer Schultz Gerhard

We know some blind poets and song writers: Homer, the legendary (?) and blind Maeonides, Milton, and Fanny Crosby (1820-1915), the blind song write who married a blind man. Very likely few people, if any, of today know that the Rev. George Matheson, author of the hymn, "O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go," was blind virtually all his life.

George Matheson was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1842. His father was a successful Glasgow merchant, shrewd, kindly and God-fearing, who at one time had looked upon the ministry as his future career. The special gift of the boy's mother was song. If from his father the boy inherited a God-fearing spirit and a sane view of worldly matters, he was certainly indebted to his mother for the gift of song, imagination, and a spiritual insight into the nature of things. There were eight children in the family, of whom George was the second, coming next to that sister (Jane) with whom his life was inseparably linked to the very end. He never married. It was to this sister that he attributed much of his success and happiness.

When he was but eighteen months old his mother made the melancholy discovery that the child's power of vision was decidedly imperfect. This impairment of vision was due to inflammation back of the eyes, for which affliction there was at that time no known cure; aside from this he had a perfect organ of vision. The

failure of his sight was gradual; by the time he was eighteen years old his sight for all practical purposes was gone. He was never totally blind—stone blind—for he had moments of a little vision; seemingly his ability to distinguish a few things now and then varied with the intensity of the inflammation. But these rays of a little light in the darkness were few in number and far between.

Nevertheless, he took his handicap philosophically all through his life; for, in the first place, he never knew what it meant to have perfect sight, and in addition he was of a cherry disposition and of unconquerable faith; of a joyous and genial nature and of brilliant intellect. His mental and spiritual qualities overcame and completely outshone his physical handicap and disabilities. But he did not take his misfortune lying down; on the contrary, he endeavored to turn it to a glorious use. And yet at the very beginning of his manhood he had to face the appalling fact that he would have to go through life maimed in the very faculty by means of which the world of knowledge—in which he took a supreme delight from his earliest years—could be gained.

It cannot have been wholly accidental that he made a study of the Book of Job at an early age. It made him ask some very pertinent question; but in the spirit of his master, he conquered through submission. It may not be amiss to state in this connection that in October 1885

George Matheson was chosen to preach before Queen Victoria in Balmoral Castle, a coveted and distinguished honor. The Queen is said to have remarked that she was "immensely delighted with the sermon and the prayers." It is still further noteworthy that the theme of the sermon was the Patience of Job, based on a text in the fifth chapter of James. One can readily understand how such a theme appealed both to the preacher and to the Queen, none of whose subjects had passed through so many sorrows. Besides bearing the burden of a mighty Empire, she also carried the weight of her own personal griefs. She ordered this sermon to be printed for private distribution.

The first of May is the day fixed at the University of Glasgow for the distribution of prizes. When he stepped up to receive his prizes, his teacher, Professor Buchanan, passed a memorable eulogy on the youthful scholar, and quoted Milton's lines from the sonnet on his own blindness. Matheson may have entertained thoughts about his affliction similar to those which Milton expresses in this sonnet, a perfect literary gem. It needs to be read in its entirety; to quote only a few lines mars it:

"When I consider how my light  
is spent  
Ere half my days, in this dark  
world and wide,  
And that one talent which is  
death to hide,  
Lodged with me useless, though  
my soul more bent  
To serve therewith my Maker,  
and present

My true account, lest He, return-  
ing, chide;

'Doth God exact day-labour,  
light denied?'

I fondly ask; . . . . ."

ending in that memorable line:

"They also serve who only stand  
and wait."

Despite his great handicap, Matheson entered the University of Glasgow when only fifteen and finished his course there with a brilliant record. He was awarded many prizes, scholarships, and fellowships. From the time he entered the university until the end he was dependent upon others for it was only by having others read to him that he could get the needed information. After entering the ministry, he was first pastor at Innellan on the Firth of Clyde. When he was forty he was

He was a rather voluminous writer. While at Innellan he wrote a series of devotional books which rank among the best in the literature of the English language. He also wrote much sacred poetry. A selection of such verses appeared as Sacred Songs in 1890. The third edition, 1904, included, "O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go." He described it as the "fruit of pain." He left the following account of the writing of this great hymn:

"My hymn was composed in the manse Innellan on the evening of 6th June, 1882. I was at that time alone. It was on the day of my sister's marriage, and the rest of the family were staying overnight in Glasgow. Something happen to me which was known only to myself, and which caused me the most se-

vere mental suffering. The hymn was the fruit of that suffering. It was the quickest bit of work I ever did in my life. I had the impression rather of having it dedicated to me by some inner voice than of working it out by myself. I am quite sure that the whole work was completed in five minutes, and equally sure it never received at my hands any retouching or correction."

There are more than a few touching and inspiring proofs of its world-wide reputation and appeal to the souls of men. One of these must be told; the best and finest is too long to quote here. The hymn was sung by 1,800 delegates to the World's Sunday School Convention in Jerusalem in 1904 from fifty-five different church communions representing twenty-six different nations and on the brow of Calvary and close by the spot where the Cross was planted and on the ground where

" . . . blossoms red  
Life that shall endless be."

Those who were present remarked that they had never witnessed such a seen nor heard such music, such singing.

A word or two should be said regarding the music to which it has been set. A tune can make or unmake a song, however beautiful in itself. Mr. Matheson was humble and gracious enough to give generous credit for its wide popularity to Dr. Albert L. Peace, the composer of the tune to which the hymn is sung. It is said that he composed the tune with as little deliberation as the author wrote the hymn. Dr. Peace was at the time musical director of the Scottish Hymnal. He was in the

habit of carrying in his pocket a copy of the words for study. While sitting on the Sands of Arran (island off the coast of Scotland) reading, "O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go," the tune came to him like a flash; whereupon he dashed it off right then and there.

The four stanzas follow each other Light; O Joy; O Cross. The last line in each stanza is a run-on line, which leaves the impression of prolonging and of extending the illimitability of the respective virtues, or attributes, of the Divine Being, and of time and space. God's love knows no bounds, no dimensions. In it, in the words of Milton,

" . . . length and breadth and height

And time and space are lost."

Milton employs a similar "poetic conceit" when he causes Mulciber to be hurled over the battlements of heaven. Notice how the time he kept falling is prolonged—

" . . . from morn

To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,

A summer's day; and with the setting sun

Dropp'd from the zenith like a falling star."

How prosaic, commonplace and ineffective it would be if Milton had simply said that he kept falling for twenty-four hours!

This beautiful and tender hymn has become deeply rooted in the affections of all lovers of good and inspiring hymns. It is worthy of still more extensive use. It is found in virtually all the leading hymnals, among them our Common Service Book.

Time alone will tell what may be-

come of his many other writings, but one thing is certain: this hymn will be sung as long as the Cross and

divine love—of which it is a symbol—continues to lift up the head of fallen humanity.

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In days of old when knights were bold, and barons held their sway; they took their orders from their wives, just as men do today—Pathfinder.

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## MY FIRST VISIT TO JACK'S NECK

By W. C. Allen, in The State

I have often wondered what would be the reaction of the average citizen of today if he were suddenly forced to cope with conditions as they existed in North Carolina fifty or sixty years ago!

No automobiles. No paved roads. No electric lights or other electrical improvements. Very few trains. No telephones and only limited telegraph service.

There are many, many other things that might be added to this list, because living conditions in those days were entirely different from what they are today. I believe, however, that the greatest change of all has been in transportation, and in this connection I would like to tell you about my first trip to Pantego, in Beaufort County.

It was in 1885 that I graduated from Wake Forest College. When I got to my home in Halifax, I found a letter there from Dr. W. J. Bullock, of Pantego, telling me that the principalship of the Pantego School was vacant and wanting to know if I would accept the position at \$700 a year.

Inasmuch as I never had earned a hundred dollars in my life up to that time, I lost not a day in letting him know that I would accept. And I thanked him most heartily for the offer.

The first difficulty I encountered was in ascertaining the geographical location of Pantego. It took me some little time before I found someone who had been down in that part of Beaufort County. The information I obtained about the place was not encouraging. I was told that it was located in one of the most swampy sections of Beaufort County, where the mosquitoes swarmed day and night. Dr. Bullock himself used to say that you had to climb a tree in order to get out of the path of chills and fevers. Greatly different, however, is the attractive town of Pantego as it exists today. It is a very nice little place and I always will have a lasting affection for it, because it was there that I found my wife.

Luckily, shortly before I was scheduled to leave Halifax, I met up with the Rev. Bob Peel, pastor of the Pantego Baptist Church. He told me

that there was no railroad within thirty miles of my destination. Nor was there a stage-coach or mail line. The roads were terrible in good weather and impassable after a rain.

"What, then, is the best way to go?" I inquired of Mr. Peel.

He told me that the quickest way to get to Pantego was to go from Halifax to Weldon. From there I would have to go to Franklin, Virginia where I could take the Black Water boat down the Chowan River as far as Edenton. Then across Albemarle Sound and up the Roanoke River to Plymouth. From there the arrangements were uncertain.

It sounded like a terrific journey, but I made up my mind that I would get that \$700 a year even though I might have to walk. A friend took me in his wagon to Weldon. There were four railroads running through Weldon at that time, each of which had a separate ticket office. I bought my ticket at the Seaboard station.

As soon as I arrived at Franklin, I went down to the boat landing. There I found a fine little passenger steamer which was named the Chowan. It was anchored out in the little river which was known as the Black Water, and it was barely deep enough to float the craft. The captain had to navigate very carefully in order to keep the Chowan from grounding, but we were lucky and finally came out into the Chowan River. By that time I began to feel that I really was getting somewhere.

It was nearly an all-day trip to Plymouth. Arriving there at about nine o'clock at night, I found a boarding house and spent the night. The proprietor very kindly consented to

look up a man who would take me thirty-six miles over the Long Acre road to Pantego in a buggy. Satisfactory arrangements were made and the next morning we started our journey.

The Long Acre road passed through several bad sandy stretches. We had to drive very slowly and it took eight hours to make the trip from Plymouth to our destination. I was mighty tired by the time we reached the village.

And that is the way we travelled in those days of long ago. Nowadays you can jump into an automobile and make the trip from Halifax to Pantego in about three hours.

I enjoyed living in Pantego. The people were very cordial and my work as principal seemed to give satisfaction.

There was a spot four miles below Pantego which was known as Jack's Neck. It is now called Belhaven. When the school term ended and I was making preparations to return home, Dr. Bullock proposed to sell me an acre of land at Jack's Neck for \$160. He said that the place was destined to become a thriving community. I had saved some money during the nine months I had been teaching school, so I told the doctor that I would go down to Jack's Neck and take a look at the land. I went down the creek in a canoe with Ed Bullock, the doctor's son. I saw nothing at the place except a one-room house and a corn crib. The idea that it would ever develop into a town seemed preposterous to me, and I was so disgusted with myself for having made the trip in the canoe that after getting back to Pantego, I left for

my home in Halifax without even bothering to see Dr. Bullock.

The next time I went to Jack's Neck was in 1904. What a wonderful change had taken place! A town of almost 3,000 people had built and the wheels of progress were really turning. Dr. Bullock's vision had become a reality. John Wilkinson, the man who started the real spurt in developing the place, was making his influence felt throughout that entire section. I have been regretting ever

since that I did not buy that acre of land.

Yes; transportation was slow and difficult in those days, but people had took things as they found them, with-learned not to become impatient. They out complaining. Life moved along in leisurely fashion and we had none of the rush and bustle that is so prevalent everywhere today.

Sometimes I wonder whether we weren't more genuinely happy then we are now!

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### TEN LITTLE AUTOS

Ten little autos, road, weather fine; one hit a culvert—then there were nine.

Nine little autos, one a little late; driver struck a railroad train—then there were eight.

Eight little autos—but one went to heaven, running through a stop-light—that left seven.

Seven little autos speeding through the sticks; one skidded off the road—then there were six.

Six little autos 'til one took a dive through an open draw-bridge—that left five.

Five little autos, one with rattling door; driver tried to shut it tight—then there were four.

Four little autos, one tried to climb a tree, but didn't do it very well—so that left three.

Three little autos, one driver was a "stew"; loaded up on high-balls—now there's only two.

Two little autos tried to beat the gun when the warning signal flashed—that left one.

One little auto around the corner tore; hit a truck—that's all there is—there isn't any more.—From 'The Safe Driver.'

# THE POINT OF VIEW

(The Christian Herald)

You probably will remember the story from school days about the two knights who met on a road right under a shield which was hanging on a tree," remarked Seth Parker in one of his characteristic sketches. "One knight said, 'that's an awfully pretty gold shield,' and the other said, 'Why, that shield isn't gold, it's silver., And they got madder and madder about it until they fought. And they wounded each other seriously, and while they were lying on the ground dying, they both took another look at the shield, and one side was gold and the other silver. So they'd both been right—and both wrong.

"I can remember my grandfather telling an old story about a different point of view—and it would tickle him considerable. In a little town in upper state there was a boy along about 'leven by the name of Joe. When he was a baby he had a fall and lost the use of one eye, and the boys would twit him about it until he was sensitive

"Well, one day his father sent him downtown to get a pumpkin pie at the store, and on the way back Joe had to go by the little white church, and he heard some singing inside. He didn't want to go in and so he went around to the side where there was a window, and he flattened his nose up against it and looked. It was a Sunday school meeting and the superintendent was a lady who was quite a sticker fer symbolical things. She didn't understand young ones at all, but she saw Joe out the

window with his nose flattened up against it, and so she beckoned to him to come in. Of course everybody looked, and little Joe was so upset and nervous he didn't stop to think—but walked right around front and entered and sat down in the back seat, twirling his cap in one hand and holding the pie in the other.

"Now it just so happend that that Sunday school meeting was a test meeting. For six months the superintendent had been training the young ones and there was a prize up of ten dollars—and this was when it was going to be giving out.

"Well, the superintendent she gave quite a little talk and then she said, 'I'm going to give you your test now and see how you react to it,' and with that she stepped back and held up one finger. No sooner had she done it than Joe down in the back seat held up two fingers. The superintendent smiled, and held up three fingers. Joe closed his hand. The superintendent smiled again, and she held up an apple. With that Joe held up the pie and the superintendent after a moment's hesitation walked down the aisle and gave Joe the ten-dollar prize. He took it and put his cap on and went out.

"After the meeting, the preacher went to the superintendent and said, 'I heard that you gave little Joe the prize. All the other scholars who were here have worked for six months and Joe hasn't even been coming.'

"'Well,' said the superintendent, 'Joe won it fairly and squarely. He

answered my symbols perfectly. I held up one finger, denoting the Son. Joe held up two fingers, denoting the Father and Son. I held up three fingers, denoting the Trinity. He closed his fist, denoting the power of the Trinity. I held up an apple, symbolizing the Garden of Eden and the commencement of life, and he held up the pie he had, denoting that he would give all he had toward life. And so I have given him the prize.'

"Well, when Joe got home, he showed his father the ten dollars. His father was aghast, and said, 'Joe, have you stolen ten dollars?'"

"Joe said, 'No, the Sunday school superintendent gave it to me.'

"The father couldn't believe it. 'What did she give it to you for?' he said.

" 'I don't know,' said Joe. 'I heard singing in the church and I went over and looked in the window. She saw me and waved for me to come inside, and I got so excited because they all looked at me, I did, and got in the back seat—and she gave me ten dollars.'

" 'What for?' his father asked him.

" 'I don't know,' said Joe again. 'You see, she started in by making a

long speech, and then she looked down at me and held up one finger, just 'cause I had one eye. I got mad and I held up two fingers, meaning my one eye was just as good as her two. Then she held up three fingers, meaning we had three eyes between the two of us, and that got me so mad I shook my fist at her. When I did that she picked up an apple and got ready to throw it at me, and so I got up with the pie, meaning you throw that apple at me and I'll throw this pie at you, and then she got scared, I guess, and came down and gave me ten dollars to go home and not throw it at her.'

"And that was Little Joe's point of view.

"When Grandfather had finished his story, he'd set back and chuckle and chuckle and chuckle. I used to think it was the craziest story I ever did hear, but you know as the years went on I'd find myself chuckling every now and then. When somebody'd see something one way and I'd see it another, the story would come back to me—and the first thing I knew, instead of being a little put out because the person didn't agree with me, I'd find myself smiling and thinking of little Joe with the pie."

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One who is too wise an observer of the business of others, like one who is too curious in observing the labor of bees, will often be stung for his curiosity.—Pope.



# THE GLORIOUS SUCCESS OF FAILURE

By Rev. Dr. Paul Little, Los Angeles, California

In the Epistle to the Hebrews written by an unknown author we read the following startling statements: "Were slain with the sword. . . Of whom the world was not worthy."

Rightly interpreted and understood, failure can be a greater friend than foe. Success and failure are not like day and night, heat and cold, mutually exclusive; night the absence of day, and cold of heat. Success and failure subtly interpenetrate. The ground beneath the peach trees is covered with pink petals. If every blossom set to fruit, would that mean success? The tool of the carver is dulled and worn. Is that a failure? Is the life of the dead soldier a wasted life? **What through his arm can strike no in logical sequence: O Love; O more, what though he is buried in a lonely and a nameless grave!**

Did the blossom fail that withered in obedience to that law that sought for quality rather than insignificant quantity of fruit? Did the carver's chisel fail that, in wearing away the wood, was itself worn away for very faithfulness? Did the brave heart fail though the soldier fell? To gather the spear-points like a sheaf of arrows into his breast and make for liberty was death, but no failure. It was supremest victory, indeed a consummate success.

But what if the peach tree bloomed in vain? What if no fruit ripened that year? What if the carving failed? What if the cause was lost for which the warrior died? Would these be failures? A thousand times no. The peach ovule that did its

best to swell into fruit, the tool that was true steel, and the soul that was true unto death succeeded. Each was true to itself and each fulfilled its mission. Thus, the outward may perish while the inward is renewed. The plan that we may conceive may fail, the cause that we love may be defeated, while we, loyal to our convictions, true to our principle, blazing away at our gun, are a success and not a failure.

In our humble judgment, failure is never an absolute word but always relative, and the only real failure is inside, not outside; within, not without. The tragic failure is not being true to the best we know. In a sense, an outside failure may be the greatest sort of blessing. True heroism is doing what is right, no matter what it costs, no matter how much it is worth. The discerning Ruskin says: "It is better to prefer honorable defeat to a mean victory, to lowering the level of aim that we may more certainly enjoy the complacency of success." Oh for the strength to fail for a noble cause! To fail gloriously, because honorably; to be poor, but clean; to have fortunes broken but conscience whole. To have fame, pleasures, plans, and even friends failing outside, but honor unstained, principles inviolate, integrity integral, no failure inside.

The blood of the martyrs, was it in vain? No, indeed. the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church, Savonarola, Huss, Jerome of Prague died with a burning vision but were burned at the stake. Were they fail-

ures? No. The blaze of their burning lightened the way by which Martin Luther, Calvin, Zwingli, and Knox came out of the dark to be the leaders of the new world. Considered from a

worldly point of view, Christ's death was a supreme failure, and yet it was the supremest victory. Truly, "Of Whom the world was not worthy."

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Anger is the most impotent of passions. It affects nothing it goes about, and hurts the one who is possessed by it more than the one against whom it is directed.—Clarendon.

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## THE BIBLE GOES TO WAR

By Isa Lang

Fifty feet beneath their building on the site of the New York World Fair Grounds, the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company deposited a "Time Capsule."

The parcel weighs 800 pounds and contains a ten-million word description which is reproduced in miniature form on microfilm. The capsule is not to be opened until the year 6939 A.D. or fifty centuries in the distant future.

Besides the film two volumes were enclosed. One a booklet of instructions; the other a Bible. The reason for their selection is stated by the Westinghouse officials;

"The Holy Bible, of all books familiar to us today, will likely survive through the ages. Therefore, the Bible which we place in the Time Capsule, will be sort of connecting link between the past, present and future."

A century and a half ago proud infidels like Voltaire and Paine boasted that they would exterminate the Christian religion and fling the Bible

into oblivion. They died; yet the Book they despised lives on and speaks in more than one thousand languages than when they hurled against it their ungodly defiance.

What is the secret of the survival of this Book of Books?

In conversation with His disciples, upon one occasion. Looking out over the City of Jerusalem with its massive buildings and its magnificent temple which had been erected to His worship, Christ foretold its destruction, and looking down to the days in which we now live, said there would be "distress of nations with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring, men's hearts failing them for fear and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth." And then He declared; "Heaven and earth shall pass away; but my word shall not pass away."

What wonderful fulfillment of these two prophecies we have before us today.

Never since the dawn of history has

there been such distress of nations with perplexity, never such disasters at sea as the world is witnessing to-day, and only He who foretold these things knows what the future holds for the nations of men.

With these unprecedented things that are taking place in the world to-day, there comes an unprecedented call for the Bible both by civilians and members of the armed forces. Never in any previous war has there been such a demand for the Bible though paper shortage may interfere, khaki testaments for soldiers, blue testaments for sailors and testaments bound in white for nurses and chaplains, are going out by the thousands.

Why is there such a revival of interest in the Bible?

In time of stress when everything seems to be crumbling, men realize that the material things of life cannot help, and when faced with the imminent possibility of death the Book which many of them have never read becomes a priceless possession.

Many analyst of religious trends feel this new interest in the Bible is a sign of an outward awakening in spiritual things, but an unopened medicine bottle on the shelf or an un-

opened Bible in the bookcase or knapsack of the soldier will not save the life of the possessor. The Bible in the bookcase or knapsack of the soldier must be studied, the doctor's prescription must be taken faithfully.

Speaking at an Armistice Day ceremony in Jersey City, Lieut. Thomas M. Readon, a Navy Chaplain, back from Guadalcanol said; "The popular phrase; 'There are no atheists in a fox-hole' is untrue and an insidious statement.' Many have gone into fox-holes without God and not found Him there. They console many in thinking they can do as they please before the bombing and fighting and cause them to presume upon the mercy of God in those terrible moments of battle which may be their last."

This new interest in the Bible albeit generated under the awful pressure of war opens up all sorts of possibilities for the future. These men must be helped to see how rich and enduring are the treasures of this book; that it is not merely a piece of emergency equipment; but a precious and permanent asset for everyday use in peace or war.

"Heaven and earth shall pass away but My word shall not pass away." Luke 21:33

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The higher men climb, the longer their working day. And any young man with a streak of idleness in him may better make up his mind at the beginning that mediocrity will be his lot. Without immense, sustained effort, he will not climb high. And even though fortune or chance were to lift him high, he would not stay there. For to keep at the top is harder almost than to get there. Leaders have no office hours.

—Cardinal Gibbons.

# A MEDAL FOR NORA

(The State)

Nora cost 50 cents.

She is a German Shepherd dog.

Coast Guardsman Evans E. Mitchell is of the opinion that no half-dollar ever was spent for a better purpose.

Mr. Mitchell is stationed at Oregon Inlet. One day, not so very long ago, one of the members of the station happened to be passing by a house and noticed Nora out in the yard.

"That's a nice dog," he said to the man who was doing some repair work on the porch.

"Yeah," said the man, disinterestedly.

"How much do you want for him?"

"How much will you give?"

"How about fifty cents?"

"He's yourn."

Mr. Mitchell hails from Chicago and hadn't been at the station very long. He and Nora took a fancy to each other right from the start. After a few days, she began to accompany him on his lonely patrol up and down the beach. One night Mr. Mitchell wasn't feeling so well. However, he didn't say anything to his commanding officer about it. He left the station, and Nora went along with him. Not far from the turning point of his patrol, Mitchell began to feel decidedly ill. And then, without warning he collapsed in a deep faint on the beach.

Nora stood there for a moment, waiting for him to rise. When he failed to do so, she sensed that something was wrong. She stood over him, sniffing. She tugged at the sleeve of his coat, but nothing happened.

Suddenly she sprang into action.

She picked up the fallen man's cap with her teeth. And then, at a rapid gait she galloped up the beach to the station.

Arriving there, she stood at the door, barking loudly. One of the men let her in.

"What's the matter, Nora?" he demanded.

And then he saw the cap.

"Hey, fellows!" he shouted. "Something's happend to Mitchell!"

Within a few minutes a group of four men were on their way down the beach in a car. In a short time the headlights revealed the form of a man on the beach. Quickly lifting him into the car, they took him to the station. It was seen that his condition was serious, so he was taken to the Marine Hospital in Norfolk to recuperate.

The 78th annual meeting of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was held recently in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York City. A number of distinguished people were there, including Coast Guardsman Mitchell. But most distinguished of all—so far as recognition was concern — was Nora. She was presented with the bronze John P. Haines medal by Sydney H. Coleman, executive vice president of the Society. The ceremony was broadcast over the radio, and we've been informed that this was the first instance in the country where a medal was actually awarded to a dog and hung around his neck at a nation-wide broadcast from New York.

## OPEN WINDOWS

By Margaret A. J. Irvin

The "open door" policy is still a matter for debate in many quarters. Whether we are talking about the Orient, the United States, or Africa, there seems to be a good deal to be said on both sides.

But for almost a generation there has seemed to be little or no debate about the subject of open windows. Hygienist, doctors, children's health programs have shouted, "Sleep with your windows open."

Resolutely, "civilized" people have closed the bedroom door, flung wide the sash, and leaped, shivering pitiously, beneath the covers. Even if the frigidty of the atmosphere forced them to duck their heads beneath the clothes, they were sleeping with the windows open.

If here and there some craven soul did keep them closed, he kept the information strictly to himself. To have admitted it to publicly would have been to stand accused not only by his friends and neighbors but by all the little boys and girls in the health books. If Billy and Barbara, or Susie and Sam, could take a warm bath, then sleep peacefully with the curtains billowing, why couldn't he? Couldn't he take it?

So the solitary individual who slept in Victorian stuffiness, did so with a half-guilty feeling. It was a habit he would not want his children to know about. They would have felt that he had let down Billy and Barbara, Susie and Sam, in a most sportsmanlike fashion.

No one knows just when the tide

began to turn. It may have been those experiments made by a group of scientists who proved that air insides of city houses was often purer than that outside. The fresh product had more oxygen, but it also had more dust and more carbon monoxide. Or it may have been that some brave soul made the experiment of keeping his windows closed and not only lived to tell about it but had the courage of his convictions.

Even after doctors were convinced that it could be done now and then, it took a good while for the idea to sift through to the laity. One young mother who was told by her doctor to keep the windows closed when the baby had a cold thought she had misunderstood him. After he had assured her that she had heard correctly the first time, she could hardly bring herself to follow directions. She crept into the nursery again and again to be sure the baby hadn't suffocated. She was almost as amazed as she was pleased to find the baby very much better in the morning.

So not only open doors, but open windows have become debatable questions. As a matter of fact, I don't suppose it makes a great deal of difference whether we have our bedroom windows open or closed. The state of our mental windows is much more important.

There is a song that says something about closing one's eyes to the rest of the world. Like all songs that achieve popularity, it strikes a responsive chord with most people.

Certainly the rest of the world isn't as pretty as it might be. Most of us would be glad to close our eyes to it.

The trouble is that closing our eyes will not change the picture. It will

only limit our own vision.

Whatever we do about our bedrooms, lets keep our mental windows open.

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We cannot rise simply by demanding a higher place, or by assuming qualities we do not really possess. If we rise to the top, it must be by honestly and patiently earning our place.

---

## WASTE WOOD

By George E. Mayo

There is within our town a man who, according to the average, is very "peculiar." It was my good fortune one day to meet this "peculiar" individual. He carried in his hand a little stick, like that which the orchestra director or chorus leader uses to impress his audience with his musical skill, and incidentally to herd the musician's over the bars at the right tempo.

I was curious to know why he carried this musician's crutch, which was of striking beauty. He told me it was a product of his own handiwork. When I manifested an interest, which was quite sincere, he said. "You or'ter see my fine canes!"

This suggestion developed into an invitation, and very soon I was following him across the threshold of the humble upstairs room which he called home. He bustled about with the natural joy of a satisfied workman as he brought forth many fine specimens of canes, batons, and gavels. They were a joy to behold, and as

I stood fascinated by the gorgeous display, I felt a spirit of solemnity lay hold upon me, for I stood in the presence of a genius. It seemed never to have occurred to him as such. Here was a humble carpenter with a wood carver's talent!

During one of his daily walks he had discovered at the bottom of an old trash pile a cedar log, and had salvaged it from the inevitable fire. Out of that crude log many a fancy cane had surrendered to the carver's skill. Some of the lighter ones had been wrought from Christmas trees that had been dumped in the alleys to await the spring clean-up. This genius was turning refuse into things of beauty and usefulness.

I marveled at his simple philosophy and understanding faith, as he said, "Brother, if a weak man like me kin see these purty things in ol' cast-off log, jest think what God Almighty must see in a human wreck as He longs to fashion it into sumpin' worth while!"

I went out from the presence of this "peculiar" man, and wondered if he were not more normal than many of the others in our town who laugh at him. He had made discoveries in his back yard that they had missed. He enjoys realities that the average man has not so much as dreamed. He

has meat to eat for which his critics starve.

A beautiful baton, a gift from my new-found friend, rests on my desk like a brand snatched from the burning, and speaks to me of life and music.

—————:—————

### WHERE DO YOU FIT?

Where do you fit in this world of ours,  
With its hustle and bustle and work;  
Are you one of the throng that helps it along—  
Or are you with those who shirk?

Do you hit the job with a smile or frown;  
Do you carry a grouch all day;  
Are you one of the flock that watches the clock;  
Are you working for more than pay?

Is your job man-sized and worth the while,  
When you've tallied up your score;  
Are you keepin' fit and doin' your bit,  
And perhaps a wee bit more?

Are you one of the average just drifting along;  
Are you listed as profit or loss;  
Are you stallin' for time or startin' to climb;  
How much are you puttin' across?

Just pull in your slack and count up your score,  
Locate what you're aimin' to hit—  
Don't waste ammunition and all your ambition  
But find out just where you fit.

—Selected.

# SYMBOL OF AMERICA

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

Will Durant tells of a little church in a valley below where he spends his summers. He says that often on week days when he passed its doors when all is silent there he wishes that he might enter, sit quietly there and feel more deeply the wonder and the longing that had built such chapels everywhere on the earth.

These men of the fields coming down on a Sabbath morn, entering to worship God in their own fashion. "I think, sometimes, that they knew more than I shall ever find in all the books. Then after musing and speculating about religion, music and poetry, this learned man observes:

This little church is the first and final symbol of America. For men came across the sea not merely to find new soil their plows but to win freedom for their souls, to think and speak and worship as they would. This is the freedom man values most of all; for this they have borne countless persecution and fought more bravely than for food or gold. These men coming out of their chapel--what is the finest thing about them, next to

their unconquerable life? It is that they do not demand that others should worship as they do, or even that others should worship at all. In that waving valley are some who have not come to his service. It is not held against them; mutely these worshippers understand that faith takes many forms, and that men name with diverse words the hope that in their hearts is one.

In these days of war and of the tyrannies to which millions are subject, we never fail to thank God on Sunday mornings as fathers and mothers and children and soldier boys as they leave street cars at the various crossings to enter the varied churches. All these are free to go as they choose and to worship as they please—if they please to do so. What a wonderful and varied land is ours with its numerous churches where none dare to molest or make us afraid. Our present struggle is that all the world may enjoy this freedom—that they may know the American way of life. This makes us distinctive from the continent of Europe and most of the rest of the world.

---

Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. Your name and good deeds will shine as the stars.—Chalmers.



# POST WAR RECREATION PLAN

(News-Letter)

North Carolina is a potential playground for the nation. Its climate, mountain ranges, piedmont area and sea coast offer abundant natural facilities. Its lakes, streams, forest and fields are a veritable paradise to the hunter and fisherman. The tourist has found the state. But to the 3,000,000 or more native inhabitants, the potentialities of recreation within its boundaries remain largely unrealized and unutilized.

Not a single state in the south possesses a well conceived program of statewide recreation. North Carolina can lead the way. We hope the state will accept this opportunity and responsibility. An awakening and progressive interest is now manifest along many lines of wholesome recreation. The activities of the present time and the potential possibilities for future growth offer the state's leadership a field of stimulating adventure.

In presenting these proposals we have kept in mind the following general principles—1. That anything and everything that is done should be based on the local level—the enrichment and advancement of recreation in our local communities. 2. That we are interested in the full participation of all our people—children, youth, adults and elders, of both races and of all economic and racial strata. 3. That we stress the utilization of our natural resources and the talents of our folks in the development of facilities and activities. 4. That the program function through all types of agencies—public, private and commercial—the sum total of which brings abundant and constructive activities, and 5. That we recognize recreation as an essential force in the life of the people of the state and wish to find it in proper proportions and correlated with the sum total of community organization.

---

The politest man has been discovered. He was hurrying along the street one night when another man, also in haste, rushed out of a doorway, and the two collided with great force.

The second man was infuriated and spoke abusive language, while the polite man, taking off his hat, said: "My dear sir, I don't know which of us is to blame for this encounter, but I am in too great a hurry to investigate. If I ran into you, I beg your pardon; if you ran into me, don't mention it." And he tore away with redoubled speed.—Indexer.

## INSTITUTION NOTES

"Canal Zone," a Columbia production, was the attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in our auditorium last Thursday night.

—:—

The boys on the barn force have been hauling gravel to various sections of the campus during the past few days. Roads and driveways, which had been badly washed by recent rains have been repaired and are now in first-class condition.

—:—

Mr. Adams and his Receiving Cottage boys have been quite busy for the past week, working on our plant beds preparatory to sowing seeds for early gardening. A special effort will be made this year for a greater production of all kinds of garden vegetables.

—:—

Superintendent Hawfield returned from New York City last Monday morning. He had been attending the annual conference of superintendents of institutions for juvenile delinquents. He reported that the meetings were well attended and very interesting. On the way back he stopped in Washington, D. C., for a brief visit with his brother.

—:—

W. Clay Bates, formerly of Cottage No. 8, who has been away from the

School more than eighteen years, called at The Uplift office last Wednesday afternoon. He is now thirty-five years old, has been married about fourteen years and has three children, a girl and two boys, aged ten, six and two years, respectively. Clay told us that he had been employed as truck driver for the past twelve years, and for the last two years had been driving for Shaw's Transfer Company, Salisbury.

—:—

We received a card from Robert D. Lawrence a few days ago. Bobby, who was once a member of our printing class, has been in the United States Marine Corps about eighteen months, and has been overseas for a little more than a year. This card, dated February 9th, was a souvenir post card showing scenes in New Caledonia, so we assume he is stationed somewhere in the South Pacific area. Bobby is a member of a marine raider regiment, and in a letter received from him several months ago, it was stated that he had attained the rank of corporal.

—:—

We were delighted to receive a letter from Mr. Jesse G. Hollingsworth the other day. Mr. Hollingsworth, a former member of our teaching staff, has been in the United States Navy since shortly after the attack on Pearl Harbor. He served in the Navy as gunner's mate during World War I, and is now holding the same rank on

board one of our fighting vessels. His letter reads as follows: "Thanks many times for the copy of The Uplift with the list of former Jackson Training School boys in the service. I can supply information on a few you did not have listed. Am mailing the copy you sent me to Dallas Holder, so please let me have another copy. Regards to all. Sincerely, Jesse G. Hollingsworth."

It was a pleasure to hear from our old friend and we thank him for the names of boys to be added to the list of those now in service. Those among the staff members or the boys who wish to write Mr. Hollingsworth may obtain his present address at The Uplift office.

Another letter from William Norton Barnes, of the United States Army, came to us a few days ago. "Brother Norton," who was a member of our printing class a few years ago, has been stationed at Camp Edwards, Massachusetts, more than a year. He writes as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: You must be thinking I have forgotten you, but I haven't. Everything on the Cape is going along smoothly these days. The weather here is beautiful. We had some real snow last week, when about eight inches fell. It didn't last long—the rain got it in a couple of days.

"I have been home on a furlough since you last heard from me. Sorry I did not get to the School while in North Carolina. You see, I was married while at home, and everything seemed so rosy that my furlough was over before I knew it.

"Received a nice letter from Mac yesterday. Everything is OK down his way. I have written Tiny Morrozzoff several times but he has not answered any of my letters. Was beginning to think he had been polished off until I read The Uplift, and, believe me, it was good to see his letter in the Institution Notes.

"Must sign off now because I'm so sleepy I can't see straight. Best regards to all. Write soon. Just one of the boys, Norton Barnes."

---

## TO THE ONE WHO LIVES BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

You may live, perhaps, "by the side of the road"  
 And cannot travel far,  
 Yet there's many a path from the outside world  
 That leads to where you are;  
 And the paths that are made by the cheery thoughts  
 And the wishes that daily start  
 For your little abode by the side of the road,—  
 Makes the home of a happy heart.

—Author Unknown.

## COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending February 20, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

Lee Hollifield  
Leonard McAdams  
David Prevatt

## COTTAGE No. 1

Richard Billings  
Eugene Bowers  
Marion Cox  
Jack Gray  
J. W. Love  
Preston Lockamy  
Rufus Massingill  
Harold McKinney  
Floyd Puckett

## COTTAGE No. 2

Charles Byrd  
Fred Coats  
Kenneth Caldwell  
Delmas Jarrell  
J. T. Jacobs  
Amos Myers  
John McLean  
James McMahan  
Jesse Peavy  
John Pritchard  
Marion Todd  
Jack Ray

## COTTAGE No. 3

James Blake  
Everett Bowden  
Odell Cecil  
Raymond Davis  
L. C. Gearing  
Edward Haynes  
John Holder  
Reeves Lusk  
Troy Morris  
Fonzer Pittman  
Samul Pritchett  
Bruce Sawyer  
Lester Williams

## COTTAGE No. 4

Everett Benfield  
James Burr  
William Brooks  
Clyde Brown  
Brady Blackwelder

John Fine  
Clyde Godfrey  
Jeter Green  
William Hawks  
James Parker  
Edgar Shell  
Roy Swink  
John Ray Smith  
Newman Tate

## COTTAGE No. 5

Randolph Ammons  
Kenneth Atwood  
Cecil Bennett  
Curtis Butcher  
James Gibson  
Earl Hoyle  
McKeever Horne  
Noland Overcash  
William Wall

## COTTAGE No. 6

Horace Collins  
Charles Cox  
J. C. Cayton  
Craven Callahan  
Robert Gaylor  
Jack Hensley  
Stanford McLean  
George Marr  
Lawrence Temple  
Leroy Wilkins

## COTTAGE No. 7

Max Brown  
Wallace Foster  
Donald Grimstead  
Ned Metcalf

## COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 9

Robert Brady  
Leonard Church  
James Jarvis  
James Lowman  
Isaac Mahaffey  
Charles Redmond  
Lawrence Rice  
Edward Renfro

COTTAGE No. 10  
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11  
Roland Brooks  
William Guffey  
Orrin Helms  
James Hicks

COTTAGE No. 12  
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13  
Ernest Davis  
William Deal  
Woodrow Ewing  
J. B. Gallyan  
Eugene Graham  
Paul Painter  
Emerson Sawyer  
W. C. Whitehurst  
Homer Johnson  
Vernon Reinhardt  
Eugene White

COTTAGE No. 14  
Robert Bailey  
Wilton Barfield  
Fred Bostian  
Robert Caudle  
Joseph Case  
William Hardin  
Vernon Harding  
Robert Holbert

Robert Hensley  
James Linebarrier  
Robert Moose  
James Norton  
Charles Pittman  
Carlton Pate  
Thomas Ruff  
Paul Stone  
Ezzell Stansbury  
Robert Wilkins  
Lawrence Walker  
Theodore Young

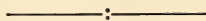
COTTAGE No. 15  
Robert Buester  
David Lewis  
Roger Reid  
Clyde Shook  
Jack Willis

#### INDIAN COTTAGE

Jack Bailey  
James Chavis  
Peter Chavis  
R. C. Hoyle  
Herbert Locklear  
James Locklear

#### INFIRMARY

Raymond Byrd  
R. D. McCurry  
William McNeill  
Floyd Sain  
Durham Smith



Because I know that nothing, not even the things which we call material, dies in the sense that it ceases to exist, I believe in immortality. Things immaterial are as real as things material. I know this, which I call myself, is not a material thing. I know that I am fashioned of immaterial things—of thoughts, loves, hates, fears, ambitions, dreams. I am conscious that this material body of flesh and blood and nerves and bones is no more me than the clothing I wear on my body.

I use this body. I am conscious that I use it. I feed it to keep it going. I cover it with clothing to protect it. I try to keep it in good running order so that it will do my work. Some day I shall find that I have used it up, worn it out, and I shall cast it aside, and it will be thrown on the rubbish heap. But they will not throw me on the rubbish heap, because I am not material flesh and blood and nerves and bones that can be used up or worn out. I am something else.—Harold Bell Wright.



# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 4, 1944

No. 9

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## DOING OUR BEST

A great deal of the joy of life consists in doing perfectly, or at least to the best of one's ability, everything which he attempts to do. There is a sense of satisfaction, a pride in surveying such a work—a work which is rounded, full, exact, complete in all its parts—which the superficial man, who leaves his work in a slovenly, slipshod, half-finished condition can never know. It is the conscientious completeness which turns work into art. The smaller thing, well done, becomes artistic.

—William Matthews.

PUBLISHED BY  
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND  
INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## AN AMERICAN'S PRAYER

Oh God, I have but one prayer to offer tonight. I want to humbly thank you first for allowing me the privilege of being an American, a free person.

But my uppermost thought is this: Keep complacency out of my life. Dear Father, purge every trace of smugness from my heart. I beg of you not to let me sit idly by and talk of patriotism, while some one else goes forth to fight my battles.

If it is necessary to keep me aware of the dangers that threaten my country, then send me visions of the horrors of the occupied countries under the invader's heel. Make the suffering of those people, not a fictionized story, but a harsh reality to me.

Let me see in my mind's eye, the ruthlessness, the atrocities, the utter mercilessness of the enemy. Let me wear the words, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Greece, China and Norway on a blood-red banner across my heart.

Give me courage and fortitude and physical strength that I may do more than my share toward bringing this mass murder to an end before it reaches my beloved America.

But let me not lose sight of the thing I am fighting for. Give me the ability to guide my fellowman in your ways.

And last, but not least, oh God, give me wisdom that I may understand these people who are fighting for a paltry, empty thing called power. Fill my heart not with hatred, but with mercy and compassion for those who have turned against you. If it be Thy will, show them how to win a peace, not a war.

—Selected.

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## SUPERINTENDENTS' CONFERENCE

The National Conference of Superintendents of Training Schools held its twenty-first annual meeting at Hotel Pennsylvania in New York City on February 16 to 18th. Attending this conference were forty-six superintendents of the leading training institutions in the United States and Canada. Some of these attending were men who have done outstanding work in this field of social welfare work, and

have devoted all of their years of professional experience to it. Among the states represented were: New York, North Carolina, Michigan, Georgia, Pennsylvania, Ohio, New Jersey, Maryland, and Florida.

The problems covered in the discussions related to Child Study, Discipline, Administration, Personnel, Program Planning, and Placement or Releasing. No doubt the best trained minds in the entire nation, from the standpoint of training and experience, gave three days of serious thought and consideration to these vital pressing problems, which are common to all training schools.

Some of the conclusions of the group were as follows;

1. That operating an efficient training school involves very grave and serious obligations and responsibilities, for it is during a child's period of commitment that the foundation is laid for all that follows thereafter.

2. That there should by all means be a balance between farm work and other training experiences, including the day school. It was the concensus of opinion that every boy should be taught to work, but that his trade skills should definitely relate to his own interests and his potential opportunities of employment following his release.

3. That the scope and quality of the training school must have a direct bearing upon the termination of commitments. A weak training program, which offers very little to a boy in training and wholesome living over and beyond what he already had back home, has no justification for its continuation. But a strong program which elevates and enriches a boy's life justifies extended commitments.

4. That it is poor strategy to set up any set of goals, involving merits and demerits, towards which a boy must work in order to earn his release. To do so encourages a superficial type of loyalty or a hypocritical attitude of conduct. It generally results in misunderstanding and friction which become a hindrance to good morale.

5. That the efficient operation of a modern training school is possible only by the employment of highly trained persons in the key positions, involving social and psychiatric departments, directors of recreation and health education, of academic and vocational educational programs.

6. That there is need for definite integration of the school's aca-

demic program with all work experiences. In other words the group opinion was that school work should not be isolated from other experiences or regarded as unrelated to life. This is because motivation and interest are powerful forces in the learning process. The teacher may erroneously claim that the school's function is to teach reading, spelling and arithmetic and do it through drill only, without understanding that meaning and purposeful activity is just as important as the drill itself, if not more so. All of the child's experiences should be unified and true to life.

7. That boys in an institution need to work hard toward some fine accomplishments which lead to self-pride. This may be building or painting something, playing a game of athletics, growing plants, or caring for animals. A boy is rehabilitated through the constructive things of life and not through punitive measures. The wise policy is to emphasize the constructive rather than the punitive phases of the School program.

8. That the best workers are those who boast of their institutions, and who are happy and cooperative. It was said at the conference that the man who works with his hands only is a laborer, the man who works with his hands and head is a craftsman, but the man who works with his hands, his head, and his heart is an artist.

9. That it is highly desirable to foster and promote such extra-curricular activities as Boy Scout troops, bands and athletics, with the emphasis upon character development. The opinion of the group was that such activities should be staffed by employees of the institution and not by outsiders.

10. That the primary function of training schools is to teach boys to be orderly and well-behaved, to learn to do a few things well with their hands, and to master as much knowledge and as many basic tools of learning as possible.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE LENTEN SEASON

The human mind seems to work best when it makes a special effort at a special time. We are inclined to let out mental forces get scattered. We need to concentrate them. We cannot keep our thoughts continually at top level, keyed to the highest pitch. Then

we must do the next best thing, establish a special time for a forward thrust, a fresh campaign. The further we can go ahead in such a drive, the less we shall be driven back later on.

Our days are usually filled with a miscellaneous assortment of tasks and interests. They are too many for the best welfare of our souls. The great reason for the poverty of our times in spiritual understanding and living is the enormous number of things we have to do and think about.

That is why many Christians give up social engagements and various amusements during Lent. These things are not condemned, as though we turn away from them with a guilty feeling. We simply need a chance for other things. We need time for going more often to church. Churches hold special Lenten services.

The whole procedure of Lent amounts to a spiritual discipline. By this method we get hold of the reins of our lives, taking them away from the world and giving them to God. From such a period of thought and prayer, we come prepared and ready for the great white Easter Day.—The Lutheran.

\* \* \* \* \*

### MRS. ARTHUR G. ODELL

The many friends and relatives have known for a long time that Mrs. Arthur G. Odell, of Concord, had a malady that baffled the most skilled physicians in the state. Every effort was made to restore her to health, but the inevitable was realized long before death claimed her, 12:30 o'clock a.m., February 27th, at the Memorial Hospital, Charlotte.

When her passing to the realm of peace was made known to her myriad of friends who admired and loved her, the reply from every source was deeply sympathetic.

Mrs. Odell was known to her legion of admirers and friends as Grace Patterson Odell, having spent her entire life in Concord. Her rich heritage was the training of Christian parentage, and the contact of devoted sisters and brothers. This environment trained her to meet with poise and understanding all kinds and conditions of people. While a young girl she radiated joy to all who came her way, and was most popular with the young people she had the happy dis-

inction of knowing. Since passing young womanhood days, during which time she was universally liked and esteemed, she has graced motherhood with the highest ideals of the real and worthwhile things of life. She, too, was a devoted wife of a fond husband. This fine woman will not only be missed in the home, but in the social life, and the church in which she gave much of her time. She leaves to mourn her loss a husband, three children, four sisters and two brothers.

This institution will always recall and think of Mrs. Odell as a fine friend of the underprivileged class. There is nothing to do but bow submissively to God's will, and extend sympathy to those left to mourn.

“There is no death, those gone before  
Have just stepped through an open door;  
Just passed into a land unseen,  
Still near, with just a wall between.  
The door may close, the wall conceal,  
But nothing's lost that's truly real—  
They still are ours, these loved ones all,  
They wait for us beyond the wall.”

\* \* \* \* \*

### FAITHFUL AND LONG SERVICE

When the time comes for the parting of old friends the occasion is one fraught with sadness. The Stonewall Jackson Training School has had many officials, but not any of them served with a better understanding of their duties than Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Sappenfield, of Cottage No. 14. They came to the institution in April, 1926, making their home in the cottage they occupy today. Their duties were absolutely a new set-up, making a home for twenty-eight boys with varied temperaments and mentalities. This work was a radical change from that in which they were engaged prior to coming to the School. They knew something of the problems of boys because of being the parents of one son. It is only fair to say they met conditions and grew with the job until today they are classed among the best who have served here. Now after a long span of service in this institution, they are retiring from active duty and will reside in their home nearby.

Mr. Sappenfield managed his cottage without the assistance of extra help. The Sappenfield cottage, or Cottage No. 14, was known as a one-man cottage for eighteen years. During this time it would be difficult to estimate the number of boys receiving the personal attention of this estimable couple. Mr. and Mrs. Sappenfield showed a fine spirit of cooperation in every duty that confronted them. Life in all homes is smooth and beautiful when team-work exists.

Mrs. Sappenfield is a fine executive, possessing the technique of making the home attractive even when furnishings are plain as well as inadequate for the spacious rooms. During her term of service at the School she has met all the requirements of house-mother. She is not only a model housekeeper but knows how to prepare tasty foods. One officer said, "If Mrs. Sappenfield has nothing but beans for a meal she prepares them to the queen's taste, therefore, a guest in that home is assured of good food."

We hate to part with this splendid couple. In the life of the School they have been valuable and we wish for them in the future happy returns for all they did for the underprivileged child.

\* \* \* \* \*

### THIRTY YEARS OF SERVICE

Thirty years is a long time for anyone to remain at some post of duty. It was on April 1, 1914 that Mr. Thomas V. Talbert came to the Stonewall Jackson Training School. During his long term of service as one of the personnel, "Uncle Tommy," as he is called by many of his co-workers, has proved faithful to every charge committed to his care. He has shown himself to be versatile, fitting in well when a supply was needed in any department. In the varied activities of the School vacancies frequently occur on account of illness or unavoidable mishaps, and in such instances Mr. Talbert has proved to be a fine "chink-filler," if we may be permitted to so express his willingness to work wherever placed.

He has always lived in the community near the School, therefore, has known the institution from the day it opened for the reception of boys. It is obvious that he holds priority by observation and a contact of thirty years of supplying whenever there was a call for extra

service. To be moved about on short notice at least shows an interest in the cause, the reformation of the underprivileged.

Mr. Talbert, upon leaving the School, will retire,—a retirement that he deserves—and live in his home, located on the Charlotte Highway, not far from the institution. Therefore, we do not say good-bye to this friend of the School, because we feel sure that by force of habit “Uncle Tommy” will find his way unconsciously back to his old camping grounds—the campus of Jackson Training School, for an occasional chat with old friends.

\* \* \* \* \*

### A FINE INSTITUTION

One of the finest descriptions of schools for delinquent boys appeared in a recent issue of “The Lutheran.” The institution thus emphasized is Berkshire Industrial School, located at Caanan, New York. We read with interest the program of activities and other plans for the welfare of the boys committed there.

To our way of thinking, every detail pertinent to the comfort and training of the boys more nearly coincides with the set-up at Stonewall Jackson Training School than that of any other institution of which we have any knowledge. For this reason we feel sure that the late Hon. James P. Cook, chairman of our Board of Trustees from the establishment of this institution in 1909, until the time of his death in March, 1928, and the first superintendent, Mr. Walter Thompson, must have been familiar with the Berkshire School.

The article, which appears elsewhere in this issue, has proved most interesting, and we cheerfully pass it on to our readers. We are all better satisfied with our own efforts upon learning that others are pursuing similar plans.



## WITH THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES



The following list includes the names, as they have come to this office, of members of the staff, former staff members, and former students of Stonewall Jackson Training School, who are now serving as members of the armed forces of the United States. It will be seen that four employees went into the service directly from the School campus. The others listed have, in some cases, been away from the institution for quite a number of years, joining the fighting forces several years after severing their connection with the School.

In checking over the list of our old boys, we find that practically one hundred per cent voluntarily enlisted in "Uncle Sam's" service, rather than wait to be called by the selective service system. It is also interesting to note that many of these fellows had been in their country's service several years prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

If any of our readers know of former Training School boys who are now in any branch of service, and can furnish definite information as to their present location, please notify the editor of THE UPLIFT, P. O. Box 32, Concord, N. C. We shall appreciate your co-operation.

### Staff Members

Brausa, Ralph J.	(Navy)	Patterson, James L.	(Army)
(d) Carriker, J. L.	(Army)	Query, James L.	(Army)
Liner, James H.	(Army)		

### Former Staff Members

(d) Adams, J. E., Jr.	(Navy)	Parker, Lt.-Col. Samuel I.	(Army)
Barrier, Major George L.	(Army)	(d) Poole, William E.	(Army)
Cleaver, James A.	(Navy)	Watson, Lt. (jg) James E.	(Navy)
Hollingsworth, Jesse G.	(Navy)	Wingate, Lt. W. J.	(Army Air Corps)

### Former Students

Adams, Clyde	(Navy)	Anderson, Raymond	(Army)
Adams, Felix	(Army)	Ashley, Arthur	(Army)
Alexander, J. Mack	(Army)	Atkins, Richard	(Army)
Alexander, Robert	(Army)	Atkinson, Hiram	(Navy)
Almond, Odell H.	(Navy)	Atwell, Robert	(Navy)
Allen, Burl	(Navy)	Atwood, Earl	(Army)
Allen, Julian Herschel	(Navy)		
Allen, Grady C.	(Navy)	Bailiff, Wilson	(Navy)
Allen, Wayne	(Navy)	Ballew, Edward J.	(Navy)
Allred, James R.	(Army Air Corps)	Barber, Winfred V.	(Army)
Amos, Gerald	(Navy)	Bargesser, James	(Navy)
Andrews, Julian	(Marine Corps)	Barker, Jewell	(Army Air Corps)
Andrews, Lewis	(Marine Corps)	Barkley, Joel	(Army)



Barnes, Norton	(Army)	Collins, Glenn L.	(Army)
Barrett, Allen	(Army)	Connell, Harry	(Army)
Barrier, Carl	(Marine Corps)	Connell, James	(Navy)
Barrier, William T.	(Navy)	Cook, William	(Navy)
Batson, Jack	(Navy)	Cooke, George C.	(Army)
Bishop, Garrett W.	(Army Air Corps)	Cooper, Lake	(Army)
Branch, Glatley	(Army)	Cooper, Dewell J.	(Navy)
Baynes, Howard	(Army Air Corps)	Cooper, Walter	(Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)		Cox, J. C.	(Marine Corps)
(†) Beach, Ernest L.	(Army)	Craft, Arthur	(Army)
Beaver, Albert	(Army)	Crawford, Jack	(Navy)
(d) Beaver, Walter	(Army)	Crawford, Louis	(Army)
Bell, James	(Navy)	Cunningham, David C.	(Army)
Bell, William Clarence	(Navy)	Cunningham, Jesse S.	(Navy)
Bell, William G.	(Navy)		
Beheler, Reid	(Navy)	Dalton, James	(Army)
Benson, John	(Navy)	Daubenmyer, Nelson	(Army)
Blackman, William	(Army)	Davis, Duke	(Army)
Bordeaux, Junior	(Army)	Davis, Hubert	(Navy)
Bowman, Charles	(Army)	Davis, James	(Army)
Branch, Horace	(Army)	Deal, Paul	(Navy)
Brantley, Elmond A.	(Marine Corps)	Deese, Horace R.	(Navy)
Bray, Relons Odell	(Army)	Detherage, James	(Army)
Briggs, Paul	(Marine Corps)	Doel, Carroll	(Army)
Britt, Jennings	(Navy)	Donaldson, Harold	(Marine Corps)
Broadwell, William	(Navy)	Dorsey, W. Wilson	(Army)
Brogden, Norman	(Navy)	Downes, George	(Army)
Broome, Jack	(Army)	Downes, William H.	(Army)
Broome, Paul	(Marine Corps)	Driver, Malcom	(Army Air Corps)
Broome, Shannon	(Army Air Corps)	Drumm, Glenn	(Army)
Brothers, William	(Naval Air Corps)	Dyson, Fred	(Navy)
Brown Aldene	(Army)		
Brown, Elbert M.	(Navy)	Eaker, Arnold Max	(Army)
Brown, Harold	(Army)	Earnhardt, Donald P.	(Navy)
Bunn, Dewey	(Navy)	Edmondson, Arthur	(Army)
Bunn, Homer	(Army)	Edwards, Eugene	(Navy)
Burke, Ensign William H.	(Navy)	Elders, James R.	(Marine Corps)
Burkhead, Dermont	(Navy)	Elliott, John	(Navy)
Burrow, John B.	(Navy)	Elmore, A. C.	(Marine Corps)
Butner, Roy	(Marine Corps)	Ennis, James C.	(Navy)
		Ennis, Henry	(Marine Corps)
Capps, John T.	(Army Air Corps)	Ennis, Noah	(Navy)
Carter, Adrian L.	(Navy)	Ennis, Samuel	(Army)
Carter, Douglas	(Army)	Eury, James	(Army Air Corps)
Carter, Fred	(Army)	Evans, John H.	(Army)
Carver, Gardner	(Army)	Evans, Mack	(Army)
Causey, Floyd	(Army)	Everett, Carl	(Army)
(†) Causey, James D.	(Army)	Everidge, Samuel	(Navy)
Chapman, Charles	(Army)		
Chapman, Edward	(Army)	Faggart, John	(Marine Corps)
Chattin, Ben	(Army)	(Enlisted 1929. Made Warrant Officer by Act of Congress, 1941.)	
Cherry, Herman	(Army)	Farthing, Audie	(Navy)
Cherry, William	(Navy)	Faschnat, Mose	(Navy)
Christine, Joseph	(Navy)	Fausnet, Bernard L.	(Army)
Cline, Wade	(Army)	(†) Ferris, Russell	(Army)
Coats, Clinton	(Army)	Fisher, Edward	(Army)
Cobb, Frank E.	(Army)	Fisher, John H.	(Army)
Coffer, Robert	(Army)	Flannery, John	(Army)

Freeman, Richard	(Army)	Hollars, Ralph	(Army)
French, Ian	(Army)	Holloway, Hubert	(Army)
Furches, William	(Marine Corps)	Holmes, John	(Army)
Gaddy, William	(Navy)	Hooks, Hubert	(Army)
Gaines, Robert	(Navy)	Honeycutt, Nathaniel	(Army)
Gardner, Horace T.	(Army)	Hulan, Norman	(Navy)
Gatlin, Britt C.	(Army)	(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)	
Gentry, William	(Navy)	Ingram, John E.	(Navy)
Gibson, Merritt	(Army)	Irwin, Raymond	(Army Air Corps)
Glasgow, Mumford	(Army)	Jackson, Edgar	(Marine Corps)
Glasgow, Norwood	(Navy)	Jackson, William	(Navy)
Glasgow, Ramsey	(Army Air Corps)	Jackson, Clawson	(Army)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1929-1933. Member China Expeditionary Force, '29-'32.)		Johnson, Coley	(Navy)
Glover, Henry	(Marine Corps)	Johnson, Edward	(Navy)
Godfrey, Warren	(Army)	Johnson, Hugh	(Navy)
Godwin, John T.	(Navy)	Jolly, James D.	(Navy)
Godwin, Paul D.	(Army Air Corps)	Jones, Mark Twain	(Navy)
Goodman, Albert	(Army)	Jones, S. E.	(Marine Corps)
Goodman, George	(Army)	Jordan, James E.	(Army)
Gray, Delma C.	(Navy)	Keen, Clinton	(Army)
Greene, Giles E.	(Army)	Keith, Monroe	(Army)
Gregory, Charles J.	(Army)	Keith, Robert	(Navy)
Gregory, Roy	(Army)	Kelly, Grady	(Army Air Corps)
Griffin, Charles	(Army)	Kelly, Jesse	(Army)
Griffin, James H.	(Marine Corps)	King, Cleo	(Army Air Corps)
Grooms, J. B.	(Army Air Corps)	King, Frank L.	(Army)
Guffey, Lawrence	(Army)	King, Jesse	(Navy)
Hall, Frank	(Army)	King, Thomas	(Army Air Corps)
Hall, Joseph	(Army)	Kinley, Robert	(Marine Corps)
Hames, William R.	(Army)	(d) Kivett, Clyde A.	(Army)
Hamilton, Leo	(Navy)	Knight, Thomas	(Army Air Corps)
Hampton, Robert	(Navy)	Knight, Thurman	(Army)
Haney, Jack	(Marine Corps)	Koontz, J. Milton	(Army)
Hardin, Wilbur	(Navy)	Kye, George	(Army)
Harris, Edgar	(Army)	Kye, James	(Army)
Hawkins, William T.	(Navy)	(‡) Lamar, A. C., Jr.	(Army)
Head, Elbert	(Army)	Land, Reuben	(Army)
Heath, Beamon	(Navy)	Land, Wilfred	(Marine Corps)
Hefner, Charles	(Army)	Landrum, Luther H.	(Army)
Hefner, Eugene	(Navy)	Lane, Floyd C.	(Marine Air Corps)
Hensley, J. B.	(Navy)	Langford, Olin	(Army)
Hendren, Isaac	(Navy)	Langley, William	(Army)
Hendrix, John	(Army)	Laramore, Ray	(Army)
Henry, Charlton	(Navy)	Lawrence, Robert	(Marine Corps)
Hicks, Garland	(Army)	Leagon, Harry	(Army)
Hildreth, John	(Army)	Ledford, Harvey L.	(Army)
Hill, Doyce	(Army)	Ledford, James	(Marine Corps)
Hill, William	(Army)	Lemly, Jack	(Army)
Hodge, David	(Army)	Lee, Valton	(Army)
Hodge, Dallas	(Army Air Corps)	Lett, Frank	(Army)
Hogan, Gilbert	(Army)	Lewallan, Paul R.	(Army)
Hogsed, John R.	(Army)	Link, Bruce	(Navy)
Hoke, Bernice	(Navy)	Long, Loyce	(Army)
Holland, Burman	(Army)	Long, Stacey L.	(Army)
Holland, Donald	(Army)		

Martin, Willie H.	(Army Air Corps)	Peake, Harry	(Marine Corps)
Mathis, D. B. (Jack)	(Marine Corps)	Pearson, Flay	(Army)
(*) Matthews, Douglas	(Army)	Pennington, Grady	(Army)
Matthews, Harley P	(Navy)	Pickett, Claudius	(Army)
Mattox, Walter	(Army)	Pittman, Hoyle	(Navy)
May, Fred	(Navy)	(d) Pittman, Ted	(Marine Corps)
May, George O.	(Army)	Plemmons, Hubert	(Army)
Mayberry, Douglas J.	(Army)	Pope, H. C.	(Army)
Medlin, Clarence	(Army)	Presnell, Robert	(Army)
Medlin, Ervin J.	(Army)	Pyatt, Jack	(Marine Corps)
Medlin, Wade	(Navy)	Quick, James	(Navy)
(‡) Medlin, Wilson	(Army)	Quick, Simon	(Navy)
Merritt, Edgar	(Army)	Ramsey, Amos	(Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)		(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)	
Merritt, Julian	(Army)	Reep, John	(Navy)
Miller, Latha	(Navy)	Revels, Grover	(Navy)
Montford, James B.	(Army)	Riggs, Walter	(Navy)
Montgomery, Samuel	(Navy)	Rivenbark William W.	(Army)
Moose, Claude L.	(Marine Corps)	(Served in Marine Corps, 1933-1938.)	
Morris, Everett	(Navy)	Rhodes, Paul	(Army)
Morrow, Chas. W.	(Army Air Corps)	Roberts, Lonnie	(Navy)
Morrozoff, Ivan	(Army Air Corps)	Robertson, John C.	(Army)
Morgan, William S.	(Navy)	Robinson, Perry	(Army Air Corps)
Murphy, Lemuel	(Army)	Rochester, Nicholas	(Navy)
Murray, Edward J.	(Army)	Routh, Walter	(Army Air Corps)
Muse, Robert	(Navy)	Russ, James P.	(Army)
McBride, Irvin	(Army Air Corps)	Sands, Thomas	(Navy)
McCain, Edward G.	(Navy)	Scism, Arlee	(Navy)
McColl, Vollie O.	(Navy)	Seibert, Fred	(Army)
McCoy, Hubert	(Army)	Sexton, Walter	(Army)
McEntire, Forrest	(Marine Corps)	Seymore, Malcom E.	(Navy)
McFee, Donald M.	(Army Air Corps)	Scott, Archie	(Army)
McGee, Norman	(Army)	Shannon, William L.	(Navy)
McHone, Arnold	(Navy)	Shaver, George H.	(Navy)
McKay, John C.	(Marine Corps)	Sides, George D.	(Navy)
McKee, Thomas R.	(Army)	Simmons, Horace K.	(Navy)
(Enlisted 1937)		Sistar, Walter B.	(Army)
McNeely, Robert	(Army)	Sloan, Lonnie	(Army)
(Enlisted 1933)		Small, Clyde E.	(Army)
McNeill, Preston	(Army Air Corps)	Smith, Julius D.	(Navy)
McPherson, Arthur	(Navy)	Snider, Samuel	(Navy)
McRorie, J. W.	(Navy)	Snuggs, Charles L.	(Navy)
Nelson, Larry	(Navy)	Spears, James	(Navy)
Newton, Willard M.	(Army)	Springer, Jack	(Army)
(‡) Odom, David	(Army)	Stack, Porter	(Army)
Owen, Fred, Jr.	(Marine Corps)	Stallings, William	(Navy)
Owens, Leroy	(Army)	Stanley, Brown	(Coast Artillery)
Oxendine, Earl	(Navy)	Stepp, James H.	(Navy)
Padrick, William	(Navy)	Stines, Loy	(Navy)
Page, James	(Army)	Strickland, Robert W.	(Army)
Pate, Hansel	(Army)	Stubbs, Ben	(Army)
Patterson, James	(Navy)	Sullivan, Richard	(Army)
Patterson, Joseph	(Navy)	Talbert, Morris	(Navy)
Patton, Richard	(Navy)	(x) Taylor, Daniel	(Army)
Payne, Joy	(Army)	Tessneer, Calvin C.	(Navy)

## THE UPLIFT

Teeter, Robert E.	(Army)	(*) Whitaker, William E.	(Army)
Thomas, Harold	(Navy)	White, Marshall	(Coast Artillery)
Thomas, Richard	(Army)	Whitener, Richard M.	(Army)
Threatt, Sidi	(Army Air Corps)	Whitlock, Winfred	(Army)
Tipton, Kenneth	(Navy)	Widener, Charles	(Navy)
Tobar, William	(Army)	Wilhite, Claude	(Army)
Troy, Robert	(Army)	Wilhite, George	(Army)
Tucker, Joseph	(Army)	Wilhite, James	(Army)
Turner, Lee V.	(Navy)	Wilhite, Porter	(Army)
Tyson, William E.	(Navy)	Williams, Everett L.	(Army)
		Williams, Samuel R.	(Navy)
Waldrop, Ned	(Army)	Williams, William R.	(Navy)
Walker, Glenn	(Army)	Williamson, Everett	(Navy)
Walker, Oakley	(Army)	Wiles, Fred	(Army)
Walker, Robert	(Army)		(Enlisted 1927)
Walsh, Harold	(Army)	Wilson, John C.	(Army)
Walters, Melvin	(Army)	Wilson, Thomas	(Navy)
Ward, Eldridge	(Army)	Wilson, W. J.	(Army)
Ward, Robert	(Army)	Winn, J. Harvard	(Navy)
	(Enlisted 1928)	Wood, James L.	(Army)
Ware, Dewey	(Army)	Wood, William T.	(Navy)
Watkins, Floyd A.	(Army)	Wooten, Charles	(Navy)
Watkins, Lee	(Army)	Wrenn, Lloyd	(Army)
Watson, Lieut. Lemuel	(Army)	(‡) Wright, George	(Army)
Watts, Everett	(Navy)		
Watts, James	(Navy)	Yarborough, Preston	(Army)
Watts, Boyce	(Army)	York, John R.	(Army)
Weaden, Clarence	(Army)	Young, Brooks	(Army)
Weathers, Alexander, Jr.	(Army)	Young, R. L.	(Marine Corps)
Webb, Charles R.	(Army)	Young, William R.	(Army)
Webster, John D.	(Army)		
Whitaker, John H.	(Navy)	Ziegler, Henry F.	(Navy)

(‡) Prisoner of war.

(§) Missing in action.

(\*) Killed in action.

(d) Discharged from active service.

(x) Died while being held prisoner.

#### Former Students in Merchant Marine Service

Efird, Nathaniel A.  
Hill, Caleb  
Hillard, Clyde

Lambert, Jay  
Smith, Glenn W.  
Stutts, Edward

# ACTION BASED ON PLANNING

By Marguerite A. Selby

The sharp increase in juvenile delinquency since America entered the war is a matter of real concern to all. But juvenile delinquency itself is not a new problem in this country. It so stirred the immigration of two far-sighted philanthropic persons in 1886 that they undertook what proved to be a pioneer method in the care and training of wayward youth. At that time, boys who were runaways from home, truants from school, unmanageable or guilty of petty theft, were still being sent to jails or reformatories, where they mingled with criminals. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Gordan Burnham of Morristown, N. J., had the firm conviction that the majority of these boys could be saved for a constructive life if they were given a new start in wholesome surroundings under Christian leadership.

A year before this, Mr. and Mrs. Burnham had bought a large tract of land in the Lebanon Valley of the Berkshire Hills which had formerly been a Shaker settlement. They intended to spend their summers there and to raise prize cattle. After one season, however, they were convinced that the sturdy Shaker dwellings, shops and barns should be put to greater use. Investigation revealed the appalling overcrowding of reformatories and jails and the dire need of a place in the country where wayward boys who were not yet incorrigible could be trained for a better life.

Starting with a dozen boys the first year, Berkshire Industrial Farm at

Canaan, N. Y., has grown until today it cares for 150 boys. They live in attractive, home-like cottages, under the care of a housemother, with a housefather as well for the older boys. They are given a grade school education and a two-year course in a trade or in farming. Some attend a near-by high school.

Typical of the boys there is one called Martin. When Martin was only eight, his mother died of tuberculosis. Two years later his father died of pneumonia. Relatives took his two sisters. A young aunt took the boy. She was a waitress whose work kept her from home afternoons and evenings.

Martin spent more and more of his time on the steets. He got behind in his studies and was unhappy at school. Accused of a minor theft by a neighbor, he ran away from home. He was then only twelve and it was in December.

Three weeks later Martin was found—emaciated and starved from sleeping in hallways and going hungry. He was sent to the city hospital for rest and observation. They recommended that he be sent to Berkshire Farm, where he could have fresh air, nourishing food, wholesome recreation and vocational training.

Nearly three years have passed since then—the happiest Martin has known since his mother died. From a frail, shy lad he had developed into a tall, slender boy of good physique. He is honest, reliable, courteous and

cheerful. He is devoted to his house-mother; grateful for her affection.

Kenneth chose auto mechanics for his vocation. He is a conscientious and reliable worker. When he has completed his two-year trade course, the placement director will help him to find work, and will keep a friendly eye on his progress.

From the first, the motto of the Shakers, "Hands to work and hearts to God," had been the watchword of this unique institution. One of the interesting things about Berkshire Farm is that from necessity it developed in the same manner as did our early American communities. Because food must be raised, the boys with a bent for the land were taught scientific farming. Buildings and equipment had to be kept in repair and renovated, so the building trades were introduced. Farm machinery had to be kept in good working condition, so mechanics became a favorite course.

Printing has always been one of the most popular trades, and the boys turn out work that is comparable with that of professional printers. As in pioneer communities, necessity pointing the way, skill and practical experience go hand in hand at Berkshire Farm. When a boy goes out into the world, he has already put theory to work.

On Berkshire Farm's 1,100-acre tract, with a mile-long frontage on Queechy Lake, there is opportunity for every kind of wholesome recreation the year round. There is also a large modern gymnasium. Living

and working together, the boys learn self-control, co-operation and industry. When they have developed character and stability, the placement director helps them to find their place in the world.

There is an invisible spirit about Berkshire Farm that is as much a heritage from the founders as the school itself. The attractive stone chapel, built by the boys thirty years ago, is in a real sense the physical and spiritual center of the campus. Non-denominational church services are conducted by the Farm's chaplain, a minister with a near-by pastorate. He also spends one afternoon and evening a week with the boys in their cottages. Weekday religious instruction is now an integral part of the religious program.

Changing wayward boys into upright men is not a quick or easy process. It comes only as the result of day-by-day patience, understanding and guidance. Without the splendid Christian men and women who make up the staff of this school, the work could not have gone forward with such heartening success for nearly sixty years.

Problem boys of normal mentality, between the ages of 12 and 15 years, are eligible for admission, either by private surrender from parents or guardians in any state, or by commitment through the Children's Courts of New York State. The school is supported to a large extent by contributions, so that the board and tuition rates are moderate.

THE END †V‡ CHAS. REDMOND

## PETER KEEPS SHOP

By Dorothy Fritsch Bortz

The stage from the south rumbled up High Street and turned into the cobblestone stableyard of the Indain Queen tavern in Philadelphia. Young Peter Meredith, clutching a heavy traveling case, stepped hurriedly from the mud-splattered coach. He reached into the pocket of his great cloak and drew forth a note. "Sir, would you please be so kind as to direct me to this address?" He approached a friendly-looking man in the crowd.

"Mistress Wrenn's?" The man looked up to scrutinize Peter carefully. "You are seeking lodging?"

"Yes, sir. The place was recommended. Meredith is my name—Peter Meredith from Virginia." Quickly doffing his hat, "Pleased to make your acquaintance, sir!"

"Hewston, Samuel Hewston," the man said, pleased with the youth's gallant manner. "And since Mistress Wrenn lives but a few doors from me, we shall walk together." Whereupon Master Hewston gathered his cloak more closely about him, while Peter Meredith picked up his bag to follow. And as they walked rapidly along the streets of the capitol city, dimly lighted with sputtering whale-oil lamps, Peter was busily engaged looking all about him, for it was all so different from the quiet fields and lanes of his father's plantation.

Suddenly Hewston stopped before a narrow red brick house with a little shop in front. He laid a friendly hand upon the boy's arm. "Here I take my leave. Mistress Wrenn lives but five doors down. And if perchance you should have any special

fancy for reading, you are welcome to come in here and browse among these books." He made a gesture toward the shop before which they were standing.

"Thank you kindly, sir," Peter said, brightened at the friendly gesture, and hurried on.

In the flickering candlelight of her back parlor, Mistress Wrenn was considering her new lodger quite favorably. He was big for his age, she could well see, and stronger bodily than most youths of his years. And withal his rustic training and love of the land, he bowed as genteelly as any Philadelphia lad dressed in the finest scarlet cloak and velvet knee breeches.

The following morning, as young Meredith awoke to the sound of rain-drops on the sharply sloping roof, his first thoughts were of Master Hewston's bookshop. "Just the day for browsing among books," he mused. And soon he was passing the doorway of the little shop. Looking about, he took in the disarray of the books. Small packs of books, almanacs, and newspapers spread all about, besides gluepots and paste piled pell-mell.

"My workshop," Hewston apologized.

Peter observed the titles of a goodly number of standard works, and for the time he was back again on the old farmstead.

"Do you know, Master Hewston," the lad ventured, "you have a good collection of books on agriculture. And they are such delightful reading

that I feel sure more of the city folk would enjoy them had they a better chance to see them. Now, in a window like this—”

Hewston interrupted. “If I should give you the opportunity, would you take it?”

“What—what was that, sir?” Peter stared hard in amazement. “Did you say—”

“I was wondering whether you would care to keep my shop while I ride to Boston on very urgent business.”

Peter’s courage rose, and a moment later he exclaimed, “Yes, sir! I’ll keep your shop for you while you ride to Boston!”

Immediately upon Hewston’s departure, Peter fell to sitting the little shop in order. There was much to be done. Taking down an armful of books on agriculture, he displayed them attractively in the small shop window in front.

In a very short while the eager young apprentice, with his exhibit of farming treasures, became the subject of much gay chatter. “Samuel Hewston has taken on a farmer to keep his books!” the word went quickly around. Amused patrons paused to peer curiously in the little window, chuckled, and then hurried on.

Peter was disturbed, but meditated. If those poor city folk could only ride some morning along the lanes of a Virginia plantation when the air is fragrant with the odor of pines and locust blossoms! but—Master Hewston’s return was only a few days off, and his bookshop had become the laughing stock of the city! Quickly making up his mind, Peter hastily

tied a leather apron about him and began lifting the books about agriculture, one by one, from the window.

Suddenly a cream-colored coach of six elegant bay horses, with postillion and outrider in livery, lumbered to a halt before the shop. The coachman pompously assisted a slender dark-eyed girl to dismount. Peter Meredith, in breathless amazement, watched her look curiously in the shop window, and then hurriedly enter. Slipping her hood back upon her shoulders, she smiled. “Master Hewston—is he about?”

“I’m very sorry, but Master Hewston is gone on business,” Peter said abashed, throwing off his leather apron. “But I should be more than pleased to take care of you.”

“Very well, then,” and her dark eyes sparkled. “I have been interested in seeing the latest copy of Young’s Annals display in your window, and I should like to purchase it from you.”

The lad could scarcely conceal his astonishment as he hastened to take the book from the window. “But—”

“Oh, have no fears, sir,” the young lady laughed “it is not for my reading. It is to be a birthday gift to my grandpapa,” she confided. “You see, he exceedingly fond of farming, and is always interested in improving his Mount Vernon estate.”

“Mount Vernon!” Peter gasped, and stared into the lovely brown eyes of the girl before him. “Why then—then I must have the great pleasure of being in the presence of none other than President Washington’s granddaughter!” Peter bowed gallantly.

“Thank you, sir,” she flushed prettily, and dropped a hasty curtsy as she laid a coin upon the table.



"And I wonder if I may be so bold, as a native Virginian, to beg to be remembered to the President on his birthday also?" Peter said.

"A native Virginian" the girl echoed. I shall tell grandpapa of your interest in agriculture, and also of Master Hewston's little shop as the only place where I could find the book I wished."

In a flash the girl was gone, and the colorful carriage was again rumbling down the street, but not without the girl having one more glance through the curtained side-window at the handsome youth standing very tall and straight in the doorway of the little shop. And almost

before the speeding carriage had rounded the turn into High Street, word was on its way that President's coach had brought a member of the executive household to Hewston's little bookshop. And when finally Samuel Hewsons returned, he found his apprentice exceedingly happy and bursting with news.

"And now, sir," he cried excitedly, "they have taken to calling your bookshop 'The President's Shop'! What think you of that? But look especially upon this!" And Peter spread before Hewston a small note from President Washington himself, requesting him to dine at the presidential mansion.

—————:—————

### PAINLESS SHEDDING OF ONE'S BLOOD FOR HIS COUNTRY

This is the first war in which a civilian at home can shed his blood for his country. He or she is the blood donor. The donation is made under the supervision of the Red Cross and in the form of plasma. It goes to hospitals and dressing stations, where it is administered to severely wounded soldiers even under the fire of the enemy. It is said that blood plasma has had a share in saving the lives of one-half of the wounded and returning them to battle duty and the others are preserved for civilian duty. The horrors of the battlefield have been the suffering of the wounded rather than the spectacle of the dead. But this horror has been removed.

The blood donor must be in good health and not too old or too young, say the authorities in this new method of treatment for the wounded of the armed forces. And the man or woman who makes this contribution never knows whose life he is saving but may rest assured that this gift of blood is not wasted and the gift is made without pain or sacrifice.

—N. C. Christian Advocate

# HELPING THEM TO GET WELL AGAIN

(The State)

The first "graduating class" of the Army Air Forces' convalescent training program at Laurinburg-Maxton Army Air Base Hospital received certificates last week denoting completion of least 10 hours' training.

Gaining widespread acclaim as a result of its success in Army Air Forces hospitals throughout the nation, this program is designed to prevent a soldier from wasting his time while a patient in the hospital. There are three chief objectives: to build moral, to send the soldier back to his job in the best possible physical condition, and to improve his technical knowledge.

The program at Laurinburg-Maxton, which started in earnest last fall, has grown so rapidly that it now covers practically every subject that is interesting or helpful to a soldier-patient. It can be broken down, however, into three main parts: exercise, manual arts and instruction.

Patients get exercise through planned calisthenics, hikes and games. The training schedule prepared for each week calls for a half-hour of calisthenics almost every day. And there's usually a hike once a week.

Convalescent exercise starts immediately after the patient passes the critical stage. Often this is as soon as one day after an operation. Calisthenics begin with moderate arm, neck and head movements, increasing to strenuous exercise before the soldier returns to his outfit.

Exercise often is given individually

to patients confined to bed. In group calisthenics for the "in-bed" patients, they participate as much as their individual condition permits. During an arm exercise, for instance, a soldier with a broken right arm moves only his left arm, while a patient with a broken leg moves both arms.

Patients are divided into various groups, according to their condition. Each case is considered individually and the prescribed scale graded to approach closely, but never to exceed, the individual's capacity.

Recreation is an important part of the exercise schedule, so outdoor courts are being prepared for softball, volleyball, basketball, paddle tennis, bound ball, croquet and archery. Competitive games will be held between teams from the various wards.

Training in manual arts is obtained by visits to the hospital's workshop or by work done right in the wards. In the workshop the patients turn out some of the most fascinating pieces of fancy woodwork you've ever seen.

They have at their disposal a jigsaw, lathe, electric sanding machine, power saws and the usual hand tools.

The patients find relaxation in turning pieces of wood into such useful articles as soap dishes, picture frames, mail boxes, lamps, magazine racks, cigarette boxes, tables, lawn chairs, candlestick holders — plus odd-looking creations that are yet to be named by the patients who made them. Some small items are carved by hand by patients in bed.

Most of them are sent home to the family. Some of the boys give them to nurses and doctors as tokens of their appreciation. And girl friends receive them as keepsakes.

The instructional phase of the convalescent training program, accomplished by movies, lectures and printed matter, covers a multitude of subjects. A typical week's schedule includes films on personal hygiene, evacuation of battle casualties, aerial bombs and hand-to-hand combat; lectures by qualified speakers on first aid, world events, mountain warfare and poisonous reptiles.

Much of the speaking is done by patients themselves, although "outside" speakers appear frequently to discuss topics upon which they are authorities.

Reading material available to the patients ranges from fiction to Army technical manuals and "learn-quick" language courses which can be studied either in the library in the hospital Red Cross building or while the convalescent is in the ward.

Before introduction of planned training, soldiers discharged from the hospital often needed days — even weeks — to "get in the groove" again. "Sitting around" cost a lot of valuable time and money, but that wasn't the worst part of it. What it did to Joe Patient was even more damaging. His muscles became flabby. He got tired quickly, stayed tired longer. He found lots of time to worry about himself, and worrying simply hindered his recovery.

The one thing a convalescent doesn't do now in the Laurinburg-Maxton base hospital is "sit". And the proof of the pudding is that in most cases

soldiers leave the hospital in first class shape. In fact, hospital officers are disappointed if the patients don't go away from the hospital in better condition than when they hit the "sick book."

Under guidance of the base surgeon, Lt. Col. Carl B. Stilson, the convalescent training program is directed by Lt. Victor A. Jenkins and Lt. Eugene E. Speer. Assisting them are two sergeants, Richard Lookabaugh and Lester F. Wozney.

Originator of the Army Air Forces' national convalescent training program is Lt. Col. Howard A. Rusk, an Army doctor from St. Louis who got the idea while, fresh from civilian practice, he was making his first rounds through the AAF Hospital at Jefferson Barracks, Mo.

"How long have you been on your back?" he asked a patient held motionless in a plaster cast.

"Six weeks, sir," the boy replied. "And I've been looking at this ceiling for 42 days. There are 28 rows of nails in it. Each row has 31 nails. There are 12 cracks running east and west, 14 running north and south. Last week we had a spider. But they swept it away—."

Colonel Rusk decided right there that something should be done to make good use of a convalescent's time. His idea clicked with Maj. Gen. David Grant, air surgeon, who assigned the colonel to establish the program in all Army Air Forces hospitals.

The program at Laurinburg-Maxton usually is planned for three hours each morning except Sunday. The first hour is "ward fatigue," which is nothing more than a period set aside for cleaning the wards. This

is regarded as part of the patient's Army training in discipline and neatness—two requisites of a good soldier. The other two hours include the movies, lectures and calisthenics.

In the afternoons the patients are free to do as they please, and most of them make use of the workshop of the

Red Cross recreational facilities.

The certificates awarded for 10 hour's training thus can be obtained easily in three or four days. This keeps them within reach of most of the patients, no matter how short their convalescent period.

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### WITH A SONG IN YOUR HEART

Keep a smile on your lips; it is better  
 To joyfully, hopefully try  
 For the end you would gain than to fetter  
 Your life with a moan and a sigh.  
 There are clouds in the firmament ever  
 The beauty of heaven to mar,  
 Yet night so profound there is never  
 But somewhere is shining a star.

Keep a song in your heart; it will lighten  
 The duty you hold in your hand;  
 Its music will graciously brighten  
 The work your high purpose has planned.  
 Your notes to the lives that are saddened  
 May make them to hopefully yearn,  
 And earth shall be wonderously gladdened  
 By songs they shall sing in return.

Keep a task in your hands; you must labor;  
 By toil is true happiness won;  
 For foe and for friend and for neighbor,  
 Rejoice, there is much to be done.  
 Endeavor, by crowning life's duty,  
 With joy-giving song and with smile,  
 To make the world fuller of beauty  
 Because you were in it awhile.

—Nixon Waterman

## “ECCE HOMO”

By Louis T. Moore

On two or three occasions there has been some slight mention in the columns of The State about the painting of the head of Christ, an “Ecce Homo” (Behold the man!) which hangs from the walls of St. James Episcopal Church in Wilmington. I do not believe, however, that a detailed story ever has been published in the magazine, explaining how the church happened to become owner of the painting. Readers of the publication may be interested in knowing some of these facts.

The work of art was taken from a captured Spanish pirate ship in 1747, during an assault on the old town of Brunswick. This village was located on the west bank of the Cape Fear River. It became “a deserted city” after the settlement of Wilmington in the period between 1730 and 1780. The only vestige of the former life and activity at Brunswick is the ruin of St. Phillips Church, the four walls of which yet remain. Signs of all other structures have disappeared many years ago.

The “Ecce Homo” reveals the head of Christ, with the crown of thorns thrust around his temples. In spite of the passing of several hundred years since the painting was finished, the colors are still fresh and vivid, especially the crimson tints of blood drops and the robe. Due to the extreme care which is accorded the work of art by the church authorities, it is probable that it will remain in existence and in a good state of preservation for along time to come.

The painting was given to the Par-

ish of St. James by Act of the General Assembly in 1751. It is approximately 30 by 40 inches in size. The left arm and side of Christ are undraped. Over the right shoulder and down the right side a crimson robe is shown. Drops of blood, depicting the agony of Christ, flow over the face and body. Around the neck a rope is tied, the ends hanging down and being knotted over the folded hands. The name of the artist does not appear anywhere on the canvas. He succeeded in bringing out in a remarkable fashion the expression of patient, resigned suffering which one immediately grasps when gazing upon the painting.

How a portrait of this nature and of this subject ever found its way aboard a pirate ship cannot be explained. It is generally assumed, of course, that it was taken as part of the spoils of a captured ship, whose crew had been murdered and the vessel destroyed by pirates. Another theory is that the painting may have been the property of some wealthy planter along the coast and that it was stolen during the raid upon a plantation.

It was in 1747 that a fleet of three pirate ships entered the Cape Fear and attempted to seize the town of Brunswick. Messages for assistance from the townsmen were promptly answered by their neighbors from what is now Duplin County down to Lockwood's Folly, in the extreme southern end of Brunswick County. Major John Swann was invested with the command of the colonial forces. The companies of Captain William Dry, Captain John Ashe and Captain John

Sampson, from the upper part of New Hanover County, numbered approximately 300 men. So it is thought that the total number of defenders of Brunswick must have been in the neighborhood of 1,000 or more.

On the 6th of September the attackers possessed themselves of the town. But the colonists refused to give in. The battle raged for four more days. On September 10, one of the Spanish vessels was sunk. The pirates had suffered severe casualties and they finally gave up trying to hold the town. They boarded the remaining ships and sailed down the river.

Shortly thereafter, when the sunken vessel was searched, the painting of Christ was found on one of the walls of the captain's cabin. This and other spoils from the wreck were appropriated for the use of the churches at Brunswick and Wilmington. These were St. Phillips at Brunswick, and St. James at Wilmington. In the year 1751, Mr. Louis Henry DeRossett, a member of Governor Gabriel Johnson's council and subsequently an ex-

patriced Royalist, introduced a bill in the Assembly. This measure allocated to the two churches, on an equal basis, a fund which had been realized from cargo taken from the captured pirate ship.

Thus it can be seen that for nearly 200 years, the painting of Christ has been in continuous possession of St. James Episcopal Church. The venerable and sacred portraits is open to inspection by citizens of Wilmington and visitors alike. In the past few years considerable publicity has been accorded the fact that the portrait is in existence. As a result, hardly a day passes that some visitor fails to visit the church, seeking an opportunity to inspect the picture.

We know where the painting is now; we know how St. James obtained possession of it, but swallowed up in the past is the story of who painted it and how it came into possession of the captain of the sunken pirate ship. At this late date it is doubtful whether the mystery will ever be unravelled.

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If I would smile a little more,  
 And I would kinder be;  
 If you would stop to think before  
 You speak of faults you see;  
 If I would show more patience, too,  
 With all with whom I'm hurled,  
 Then I would help—and so would you—  
 To make a better world.

# WAR BEGINS AT HOME

By Ivan H. Hagedorn

When life was simpler and more primitive, it was not so hard to place responsibility. Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, hoping to be as "gods," willfully sinned. Ejected from the Garden, they later reared a family, and ruled a nursery which was destined to cradle kings. Theirs was the first home. There Cain and Abel grew to manhood. It was the only college they ever attended. Among the subjects offered were "How to Get What You Want," and "The Way to Power." And Cain chose both.

Jealous of his shepherd brother Abel, Cain lured him to a lonely open field, and struck him dead. The killer fled. But guilt, conscience, and God soon caught up with him. A voice continually whispered, "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground." Cain later built a city, founded a dynasty, and fathered the tribe who still forge the weapons of war. The cursed strain in Cain's blood ran swift and hot in the veins of his descendants. In Lamech it reached a boiling point. That mighty warrior returns from battle singing exultingly to his wives:

"Adah and Zillah, hearken to my voice,

Wives of Lamech, give ear to my song.

A man I slay for wounding me,  
Yea, a youth for bruising me.  
If Cain be avenged sevenfold,  
Lamech shall be seventy and seven."

No, it is not hard to conclude that war begins at home. More than a century and a half ago William Pitt brilliantly stated a truth that is today held precious by every Englishman: "The poorest man in his cottage bids defiance to all the force of the crown. It may be frail; its roof may shake; the wind may blow through it; the storms may enter and the rain. But the king of England may not enter; all his forces dare not cross the threshold of a single ruined tenement." But through just such a strongly barricaded door the spirit of war goes in and out.

The door of an English or an American home may be a solid bulwark against the mighty. "Each man's home is his castle." But, as often happens, it is not the enemy at the gate we need to fear, but the termites that undestroyed bring on total collapse. In 1865 Bismarck visited Napoleon III in Paris. Every hospitality was accorded him, but likewise was every effort made to conceal from him information regarding the real strength or weakness of the Empire. However, the keen eyes of the great statesmen in the little things of everyday life saw all he needed to know, and he sent word to his sovereign: "We have nothing to fear west of the Rhine." The fabric was rotten through and through—the home life of the nation had suffered decay.

To divert her mind from the grief the death of her husband had occasioned, Mrs. William Wert Win-

chester was advised by her physician to build herself a house without employing an architect. Hiring workmen only by the day, she started building, and over a period of thirty-six years the work went steadily forward. At her death in 1922 the house rambled over acres of ground, and had cost about \$5,000,000. The house is a jumble of 160 rooms and has five heating systems.

We laugh; and yet I fear that is exactly how were engaged—building a crazy house. I believe that the thesis can hardly be contested that the world's history is pretty much the luckless result of luckless childhoods. We look around the world and we behold whole nations of schoolboys and schoolgirls, stampered into excesses and follies, each group under the leadership of an other schoolboy, with only a schoolboy's sense of values. What is Hitler but a schoolboy, who after notoriously failing at school, and in his own chosen career, assuages his wounded vanity by exhibiting ruthless authority over more docile and equally frightened adolescents?

The home is the sole formative influence during those magical first six years of a child's life. School, church, playmates up to that time have had little or no chance at the child's life. The home has been the supreme

moulder of personality. Naturally then, the home must take the major responsibility for results. Parents are prone to blame school and colleges for not teaching their children character. The fault lies back of the schools and colleges. If I were a college dean, I believe I would write at the end of every delinquent notice sent to a student's parents: "Just what is your share in this?"

The greatest opportunity and mightiest challenge is presented to the Christian home. Fathers and mothers looking for the field of greatest usefulness to this generation may readily find it right in their own homes. By rearing godly and intelligent children they bring blessing not only to the present generation but also to the generations to come. Two examples from the Old Testament should ever confront homemakers: Abraham, of whom God said: "I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him and they shall keep the way of the lord." (Gen.18: 19.) And Eli, of whom the same Lord said: "I have told him that I will judge his house forever, for the iniquity which he knoweth; because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not." (I Sam. 3: 13.) It is blessed to be like Abraham, but awful to be like Eli!

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Half the joy of life is made up of little things, taken on the run. Let us run if we must—even the sands do that—but meanwhile see that nothing worth while escapes us, and everything is worth while if we try to grasp its significance.

—David Starr Jordan.



## INSTITUTION NOTES

The floors in Cottage No. 7 have been sanded and re-finished, making a great improvement in the appearance of the interior of this building.

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A group of boys on our outdoor forces have just completed fencing in a section of land near the Indian Cottage. This will be used as pasture for our growing herd of Hereford cattle.

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J. H. Smith, of Cottage No. 3, was taken to Concord last Tuesday, where Dr. R. B. Rankin removed his tonsils. He returned to the School the same day, and is now recuperating in our infirmary.

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At this writing there are seven boys in our infirmary. These cases consisted of colds and minor ailments, and we are glad to report that the lads will soon be discharged and returned to their respective cottages.

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One of our groups of youngsters on the outside force unloaded a carload of coal at our railroad siding a few days ago. This coal was badly needed, it having been necessary to purchase a few tons locally before the arrival of the new supply.

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Mr. Samuel E. Leonard, of Raleigh, State Commissioner of Correction and Training, spent several days at the School this week. We were glad to note that our genial commissioner had fully recovered from recent illness and was again in tip-top condition.

—:—

Some real snappy cold weather greeted us on the morning of March

1st, and our butchers immediately proceeded to kill some fine fat hogs. As the result of their efforts, some fine sausage, spare-ribs and other delicacies of the hog-killin' season have been added to our daily menus.

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George Bristow, who was a member of our printing class about fourteen years ago, called at The Uplift office last Monday afternoon. He has been driving a large transfer truck for several years, and has been getting along nicely. He lives in Winston-Salem, and makes many trips between that city and New York and the New England States. He was delivering a load of material to Charlotte, and stopped in to chat with old friends at the School for a few minutes. George told us that his youngest child, aged two years, had been seriously ill with pneumonia, but was rapidly improving.

This young man never fails to stop in to see us when in this vicinity, and we are always glad to see him.

—:—

Our good friend, Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was a visitor at the School last Sunday afternoon. For more than twenty years he has made the necessary arrangements for providing speakers at the afternoon service every fourth Sunday. On this occasion he secured the services of Mr. Walter Anderson, chief of police in the city of Charlotte.

Following the singing of a couple of hymns, Superintendent Hawfield read as the Scripture Lesson, Matthew 5:1-16, after which Mr. Anderson made the opening prayer. Another hymn was sung, and then Mr.

Hawfield introduced Mr. Anderson to the boys.

At the beginning of his remarks, Chief Anderson told his listeners he wanted to leave with them thoughts of a few things he had encountered as a boy. He stated that for a number of years he had had the privilege of working with boys, and felt sure these things would be of help to the lads at the School as they prepare themselves for the duties ahead of them.

The first thing to which the speaker called attention was the importance of discipline in our lives. In early childhood we are taught the things which prepare us for adult life. As little children our parents train us for later years. Then follows the training in school and college, and here, too, we find that certain rules must be observed. Upon leaving school and taking up our life's work, it is again necessary that we realize there are certain regulations to govern our actions if we are to attain success.

Chief Anderson then pointed out three types of training through which we must pass if we are to have a worthwhile life, as follows:

(1) **Physical Training.** We must train ourselves physically. Such exercise as we receive in youth from our work, from wrestling, baseball, running and drilling, prepares our muscles for any work they may later be called upon to perform.

(2) **Mental Training.** The purpose of schools is to train minds. As we of more mature years look back upon our school days we recall that we were called upon to study certain subjects which at the time we thought would never be of any use to us. In

later years we realized that those subjects were just what we needed in the development of our minds.

(3) **Spiritual Training.** This side of life is too often neglected, but it is just as important as the training of body and mind. There have been times in almost every man's life when he could not bring himself to believe that religion played an important part in life. That is a type of discipline we cannot get away from. We see the need of it in all walks of life.

The speaker then called attention to the words of Jesus, as recorded in John 17:—"Father, the hour is come; glorify thy son, that thy son also may glorify thee." There are three things in the life of the Master which many people overlook, said the speaker. They are: (a) The Savior himself did not look back over his life to see what had happened, such as feeding the multitude, restoring sight to the blind, healing the sick, raising a man from the dead, and other miracles which he had performed. Instead of looking back to his many good deeds in the hour of the greatest crisis in his life, he turned to God. (b) He prayed. He knew the hour had come when he could not do anything more for the people of the world. He realized that from that hour everything was in the hands of his Heavenly Father. (c) Christ gave his life for our sins. In this sordid world of today, we should be willing to accept Jesus, who did so much for all mankind.

In conclusion, the speaker told the boys that when a person begins to let Jesus rule supreme in his life, he will find it to be the happiest moment he has ever known.

At the close of his most helpful and interesting message to the boys, Chief

Anderson told them they were the best group of singers he had ever heard. He added that having had considerable experience as a singer, both as performer and teacher, he was a great lover of music. As a personal favor, he asked the lads to try a few "stunts" in song for the next few minutes. Choosing one of the boys' favorite songs, he selected various groups in the audience to sing either a verse or a chorus, even going so far as to call upon the local song leader to team up with him in singing a couple of duets. In fact, he kept us wondering just who might be called on next. Despite the fact that these were

"surprise attacks," everybody responded enthusiastically, and the entire assemblage climaxed the program by singing the last verse most heartily.

As was stated by Superintendent Hawfield in his introductory remarks, Chief Anderson is noted for his versatility. In addition to being one of the best police officers in the state, he is a great worker with and lover of boys, and, above all, a fine Christian gentleman. We were delighted to have him with us on this occasion and trust he may find it convenient to visit the School frequently in the future.

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### THE HEROIC CHAPLAINS

It is gratifying to hear of the fine record that our chaplains of the armed forces are making in this war. In Africa they are being decorated for their bravery in putting their lives in jeopardy in order to minister to the wounded and even to bury the dead. Another is decorated for valor in a shell torn beach-head in the Far East. And from every field of combat where men are dying, these chaplains are in the thick of the battle. They mark the graves of the fallen, write letters of comfort to the folks at home and final words of dying boys to their mothers at home. They comfort the homesick as they listen to troubles that burden a soldier's heart. Truly they are ministering spirits in camp as well as on the field of battle. They, too, by heroic devotion point the way for the times of peace to come.

One chaplain who wins the Silver Star, a modern Saint Paul says: "I could tell of narrow escapes, of strafings, bombings, digging for my life, hunger and thirst, and many other things which are mere incidents along the way". But he prefers to tell of the courage and the patient endurance of the men of his outfit, which to him are signs of "lovely and imperishable things in each soldier's heart and memory."

—N. C. Christian Advocate

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending February 27, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

James Benton  
Ernest Bullard  
William Hillard  
Lee Hollifield  
Fred Jones  
Leonard McAdams  
Charles Pearson  
David Prevatt  
Weaver Ruff  
Harry Wilson

## COTTAGE No. 1

Ralph Bailey  
Richard Billings  
Eugene Bowers  
Marion Cox  
Donald Carland  
Jack Gray  
Roy Jones  
Rufus Massingill  
Harold McKinney  
Floyd Puckett  
David Swink  
James Shell  
Harlan Warren

## COTTAGE No. 2

Charles Byrd  
Cecil Cadwell  
Kenneth Caldwell  
Chester Lee  
John McLean  
John Pritchard  
Hayes Powell  
James Snead

## COTTAGE No. 3

Everett Bowden  
Odell Cecil  
L. C. Gearing  
Troy Morris  
Fonzer Pittman  
Samuel Pritchett  
Bruce Sawyer  
Milton Talley

## COTTAGE No. 4

Everett Benfield  
James Burr  
William Brooks  
Clyde Brown

Leroy Childers  
Jeter Green  
William Lewis  
James Parker  
Lewis Sawyer  
Roy Swink  
Clifford Shull  
Newman Tate  
J. R. Truitt

## COTTAGE No. 5

Randolph Ammons  
Kenneth Atwood  
Cecil Bennett  
Clyde Billings  
Harold Cruse  
Lawrence Hopson  
McKeever Horne  
Earl Hoyle  
William Wall

## COTTAGE No. 6

J. C. Cayton  
Craven Callahan  
Earl Gilmore  
Everett Gallion  
Jack Hensley  
Lawrence Temple  
Leroy Wilkins  
Donald Griffin

## COTTAGE No. 7

(No Honor Roll)

## COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 9

Raymond Bullman  
Leonard Church  
Riley Denny  
James Eller  
Edward Guffey  
John Hill  
Winley Jones  
James Lowman  
Isaac Mshaffey  
Charles McClenney  
Edwin Peterson  
Charles Redmond  
William Ussery  
J. B. Wilson

## COTTAGE No. 10

George Bass  
 Fred Carswell  
 Jack Clifton  
 Evan Craig  
 Frank Jones  
 Edward Loftin  
 Robert Moses  
 Carlton Morrison  
 Gerald McCullum  
 E. C. Stamey  
 Charles Tate  
 A. B. Woodard

## COTTAGE No. 11

William Guffey  
 James Hicks  
 Paul Matthews  
 Ray Taylor

COTTAGE No. 12  
(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 13

Ernest Davis  
 Woodrow Ewing  
 J. B. Garnes  
 Eugene Graham  
 Robert Hinson  
 Paul Painter  
 Emerson Sawyer  
 Homer Johnson  
 Vernon Rinehardt

## COTTAGE No. 14

Robert Bailey  
 Wilton Barfield  
 Fred Bostian

Robert Caudle  
 Joseph Case  
 Vernon Hardin  
 Robert Holbert  
 Robert Hensley  
 James Linebarrier  
 Robert Moose  
 James Norton  
 Charles Pittman  
 Carlton Pate  
 Thomas Ruff  
 Paul Stone  
 Ezzel Stansbury  
 Robert Wilkins  
 Thomas Wilkins  
 Theodore Young

## COTTAGE No. 15

Thomas Baumgarner  
 Robert Bluester  
 David Lewis  
 Hilton Reed  
 Roger Reid  
 Clyde Shook  
 Dewey Smith  
 Olin Wishon

## INDIAN COTTAGE

Jack Bailey  
 Peter Chavis  
 Marshall Hunt

## INFIRMARY

Raymond Byrd  
 R. D. McCurry  
 William McNeill  
 Lloyd Sain  
 Durham Smith

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Whenever a man by word of mouth seeks to impress upon his fellows that a great big hulk of honesty will die with him, or that he is the very embodiment of truth and honor, or that he possesses a superior brand of piety, it is then time to set a guard of a thousand eyes over that man. Lighthouses fire no cannon and the stars of heaven send out no messengers with silver trumpets. All they do is to shine. And in like manner honesty, truth, honor and piety "let their lights so shine that others may see their good works."

—N. C. Christian Advocate.



C 364

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 11, 1944

No. 10

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## MY DESIRE

I'd like to think when life is done  
That I had filled a needed post,  
That here and there I'd paid my fare  
With more than idle talk and boast;  
That I had taken gifts divine,  
The breath of life and manhood fine,  
And tried to use them now and then  
In service for my fellow-men.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY  
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND  
INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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## AN ASPIRATION

Out of the upward-reaching heart of man have grown dreams and visions and ideals. Often man has used his skill to make his dreams come true. But however close to them he has approached, his heart has gone on dreaming of things higher still.

We know that perfection is a goal that runs swiftly before us, but always evades us. While we struggle to grow, we live in imperfection. Our aspirations, though never attained, gauge and measures the quality of the soul more than all its mistakes and failures.

Hence, to look out upon the astonishing universe with eyes unblinking and face unblanched; to ignore no truth and fear no facts; to build high hopes upon a firm foundation; to forgive without demanding apology; to keep affection in spite of misunderstanding; to set our thought upon the things of value, and spend our strength in the fulfilling of noble purposes; to reverence the good intentions of others rather than censure their errors; to be alert to nature's pageantry, though we dwell amid the city's clamor; to get the most out of life by right living, and give the most we can back to the world; to be sincere, faithful to responsibility, cherishing honor above indulgence, and service above gain; to be guided in our conduct by the shining angel of Faith in God, and not by the gaunt spectre of Fear; to approach our last hour with the calm of a philosopher and the gentleness of a saint; to leave the world enriched by a treasury of kind deeds and memory of love—this is an aspiration; this is an ideal.

————Source Unknwn

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## LOCAL N. C. E. A. UNIT HOLDS MEETING

A few months ago a new local unit of the N. C. E. A. was organized among the teachers and officials at the Jackson Training School. Although this was an entirely new venture it seemed at the time that it was an appropriate and timely thing to do, for a number of

reasons. The entire local School is of necessity closely allied with the other educational forces of the state and should therefore keep step with educational trends, regarding both legislative appropriations and educational principles. At some future time it is contemplated that the school department here will become an integral part of the state school system.

When the local N. C. E. A. unit was organized there were twelve members, two more than the required minimum number for a bona fide unit. The officers were as follows: Mrs. Edna Rogers Kiser, President; Mr. John Corliss, Vice-President; and Miss Lillian Baird, Secretary.

On February 29 a meeting of the organization was held in the school library with Mrs. Kiser presiding. Primarily, this was a business session. It was announced that the only candidates for president of the State Association was Dr. Ralph W. McDonald, and that the two candidates for vice-president were Mrs. Annie Laurie McDonald of Hickory and Mr. C. C. Linnemann of Durham. Ballots were cast for these officials and forwarded to the N. C. E. A. headquarters in Raleigh.

Mrs. Kate C. Hawfield was elected a delegate to the Sixtieth Annual Convention of the N. C. E. A. to be held in Raleigh March 22-24. Miss Lillian Baird was chosen as an alternate delegate.

The members then discussed various items of the legislative program now being sponsored by the state organization. This program among things embraces the following:

1. Compulsory Attendance: The extension of the compulsory attendance law from 14 to 16 years of age and adequate provision made for its enforcement.

2. Handicapped children: The establishment of a special division of the State Department of Public Instruction to study and supervise the needs of handicapped children suffering from various types of physical and mental defects.

3. Vocational Education: Continued support to an adequate program for vocational education.

4. Health and Physical Education: An extension of health and physical education services adequate to meet the present emergency.

5. Free Textbooks: The provision of free textbooks for the elementary eighth grade.

**ANDREW JACKSON**

Andrew Jackson, seventh President of the United States, was born at Waxhaw, North Carolina, March 15, 1767. His father, a Scotchman, died a few days before Andrew's birth, leaving him and two small brothers to the care of a poor but indulgent mother.

When but fourteen years old Andrew joined a regiment of volunteers to fight in the last battles of the Revolutionary War. He lost both brothers in the struggle and before it was over he resigned from service in order to study law. He never became a great lawyer but won many friends because of his honest and resolute policies.

He served in the War of 1812 as major-general of volunteers, and won distinction in holding New Orleans against a British attack in 1815. He became governor of Florida in 1821, and two years later was elected to the United States Senate from Tennessee.

In 1828 he was elected President, and during his term of office it is interesting to know that national debts were fully paid and the surplus revenue was ordered to be divided between the states. Jackson was one of the most forceful personalities in American history, but while he was not a quick thinker when problems were presented, he used discretion in solving them. He died at Nashville, Tennessee, June 8, 1845.

\* \* \* \* \*

**THE HERO'S PART**

One day a visitor stepped into the office of a large war industry plant. It was a busy place, with typewriters and adding machines working like tommy guns. But the typewriter with the fastest-moving carriage was being operated by a girl whose crutches were leaning against the wall behind her. This girl was crippled, but because of intelligent guidance and training, she is not now handicapped for her job. Instead, she is self-supporting and helping to win the war.

The restoration of the crippled youth of America to usefulness and self-support is a task of increasing importance in a nation that needs all available man-power to sail the ships, fly the planes, fight at the fronts, and man the production lines.

For many years Americans have expressed faith in the ideal of

giving every child a chance to lead a useful and happy life. This faith is expressed in various ways, but at this time of the year it is evidenced in Easter seals on letters, envelopes and packages. They indicate assistance to crippled youth, a happy reminder that there are certain human values in the American make-up, and that there is a continuity of human desire to strive for the well-being of all. We cannot all be heroes, either of the laboratory or the clinic or the battlefield, but most of us can do the hero's part by investing in Easter seals, available from March 9th to April 9th.

—Sunshine Magazine.

\* \* \* \* \*

### SAINT PATRICK'S DAY

Every country has its saint, under whose care it is supposed to be. Not really, you know, but that is what is called tradition. The English call theirs St. George, the Welch have St. David, the Scot clings to St. Andrew, the French call it St. Denys, and the saint dearest to the Irish people is St. Patrick.

His day is March seventeenth. It is not known whether he was born in Scotland or in a country known as Armoric Gaul. The year of his birth is unknown. He is thought to be the son of a man named Calpurnius.

When St. Patrick was sixteen, about the year 403, he was taken captive with several others, conveyed in a boat to Ireland, and sold as a slave. He worked hard, and was a great religious man. Tradition tells us there were many snakes, figuratively speaking, in Ireland, and that he drove them out of the land.

He died a very old man on March 17, 465, and for his good work he has become the patron saint of Ireland.—Selected.

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### ANIMAL INSTINCT

We learn something every day. Not only does this information come from people of high attainments, but from all classes. It has been brought to our attention that we can learn much from our wild animals. The human family has to be taught to care for the body,

but from the following, clipped from an exchange, we see how animals care for themselves under all circumstances, having come into the world possessing that instinct:

You're sick and you want medicine to make you well again. Or perhaps you have broken an arm or a leg, or have injured yourself in some other way. Whatever the trouble, if it concerns your health and physical fitness, you know just what to do. You call the doctor.

What do wild animals do under similar circumstances? They have no doctor. Every creature must take care of itself when it falls sick or receives an injury. It usually does an excellent job, too.

According to Dr. Wilborn J. Deason of Chicago, a noted authority on wild life the world over, "Animals have an instinctive knowledge of how to doctor themselves when they get sick and an even better knowledge of how to keep well. They know the use of laxatives and they knew about vitamins long before human doctors learned the importance of them in the prevention of disease. They know the value of sunlight in the treatment of certain ailments, and the value of shade and quiet in others. They know the importance of hygiene, and how to take care of injuries.

Animals know their medicine—they know a great deal more about medicine and the treatment of injuries than a great many of us have yet discovered.

\* \* \* \* \*

In regard to the necessity of conserving timber land, H. B. Bosworth, Raleigh, Area Forester, has the following message for the people of North Carolina:

"Here's a message for everyone who goes into the woods for any purpose, work or recreation. The South's most dangerous woods fire season is just about here. When forest litter is dry and brittle, a tiny spark can start a roaring conflagration, damaging or destroying timber vitally needed to fight the war. Don't aid the Axis with woods fires. Be careful with campfires, your match, your cigarette, when you are in the woods. Wood is a vital war supply, used for over 1,400 purposes by the Army alone. Don't let your timber be carelessly destroyed. Send it to war. It is badly needed."

# ELIZABETH HUTCHINSON JACKSON, MOTHER OF A PRESIDENT

By Lou Rogers, in *We The People*

"The bravest battle that ever was  
fought  
Shall I tell you where and when?  
On the maps of the world you will  
find it not;  
'Twas fought by the mothers of  
men."

Many women have lived out their years bravely and nobly, and yet, the inspiration that a history of their lives might give to those who follow, is never felt because that history has been swallowed up in the events that engulfed their lives. One of the bravest and most useful of these women was Elizabeth Hutchinson Jackson who rendered her services during the American Revolution. Born in Ireland, and living the larger part of her life there, she only had about seventeen years in which to give her heart and hands to America, but those years were, doubtless, the best part of her life. Because she lived in South Carolina the larger portion of those years, she is claimed by our sister state, but we of North Carolina also claim this heroic Irish woman who lived among us long enough to give birth to our colorful Tar Heel.

Elizabeth Hutchinson began her life in Ireland during the years when America was still being colonized. Her father was a weaver of fine linens but a poor man who worked hard for the necessities of life. Elizabeth and her five sisters spent their days weaving. Often they had to labor far into the night in order to have the requisite of linen ready at the appointed time.

Elizabeth had a cheerful heart and a busy hand but marrying Andrew Jackson did not make her lot any easier. Andrew tilled small farms at high rent and, although the two were industrious, capable, and thrifty, they never seemed to get ahead. No wonder that the New World beckoned to them. After a few years of toil together, Andrew and Elizabeth with their two young sons, Hugh and Robert, joined a number of their relatives and friends on the long rough journey across the seas to America.

The Irish emigrants debarked at Charleston, South Carolina, and traveled on one hundred and sixty-five miles to Waxhaw, near the Catawba River. Andrew and Elizabeth were unable to buy their own land and so they continued seven miles further to North Carolina, and settled on the banks of Twelve-mile Creek in the part of Mecklenburg County which is now Union County. On this new land, Andrew built a log cabin, cleared the fields and raised crops. The four Jacksons stayed in this home about two years. Andrew became sick and died a short while later. Mrs. Jackson and the two children never returned to this house but went straight from the churchyard to the house of George McKemey, a brother-in-law of Mrs. Jackson. This family of relatives who had preceded the Jacksons to America was very sympathetic with the troubled mother whose burden was to be increased before many days. A

few nights later messages were sent and friendly women same hurrying across the fields to do what they could for the bereaved women and her newborn babe, Andrew Jackson Junior.

Mrs. Jackson had another brother-in-law James Crawford, living in Waxhaw, South Carolina, and when Andrew was about three weeks old, she took the infant and little Robert with her to the Crawfords. Hugh, she left behind with George McKemey to help him with the crops. The Crawfords, most likely, received with open arms this kinswoman with whom they had journeyed across the Atlantic but her new life was to be even harder than her old one. Mrs. Crawford was an invalid and Mrs. Jackson was soon permanently established as housekeeper and poor relation. Neighbors seemed to have thought that she was entirely dependent on the Crawfords but she apparently had a small income because she regularly received packages from Ireland. That she was an intelligent and respected mother is proven by the fact that Andrew often remarked, "I learned that from my mother." She had high aims for her sons, and being of a religious nature, had hopes that Andy would become a Presbyterian clergyman.

Hugh fought in the Revolution on the side of the patriots and died of heat and fatigue shortly after one of his first battles. Robert and Andrew were too young to be soldiers. Andrew was only nine when the Declaration of Independence was signed. On the twenty-ninth of May in 1780, Tarleton with three hundred cavalymen rode into the Waxhaw settlement and took a detachment of our militia by surprise. The British killed one

hundred and thirteen of our men and wounded one hundred and fifty more. The wounded were abandoned to the care of the settlers. Those not so severely wounded were quartered in the house of the community. The most desperate cases were taken to the old Waxhaw meeting house which had been converted into a hospital. Some of the soldiers had as many as thirteen wounds; none had less than three. Mrs. Jackson was among that little band of women who gave her full time in administering to the needs of the wounded soldiers.

Soon after this it was rumored that Lord Rawdon was coming to demand a pledge from each settler that he or she would take no further part in the Revolution. Rather than make this promise, Mrs. Jackson and her two youthful sons fled to Charlotte and stayed with relatives for about a year.

When the Jacksons returned to Waxhaw the two boys began to play the part of men in this fight for freedom. Without enlisting in organized units, they joined small parties that went out on single enterprises of retaliation. They rode their own horses and carried their own weapons. On one of these expeditions they were captured by the British soldiers and put in prison at Camden. Smallpox broke out in the prison camp and both boys took it. It went harder with Robert because he had a severe wound in his head which had never been dressed and which had never healed.

Mrs. Jackson heard of the plight of her two sons and set out to do something about it. Five neighbor boys were among these prisoners.

With undaunted courage she went to see the officer in charge and finally brought about the exchange of thirteen British soldiers for her two sons and the five neighbor boys. Mrs. Jackson could manage to get only two horses and so with Robert who was quite ill on one of them and Andrew and the other soldiers walking beside them they trudged the forty weary miles through the cold and rain back to Waxhaw. The soldiers were wasted with hunger, wounds and disease but they managed to make the trip. Robert died in two days and Andrew became a raving maniac. It was only his mother's skilled nursing, faithful watching and sound constitution that brought Andrew through his severe illness which lasted for several months.

About the time Elizabeth Jackson had nursed Andrew out of danger, a distressing cry came up from Charleston where many American soldiers were imprisoned on enemy ships. Some of these soldiers were sons of Mrs. Jackson's sisters, neighbors and friends. She could not bear to think of them suffering for lack of the attention which she might give.

"No marshalling troops, no bivouac song,  
No banner to gleam and wave,  
But Oh! these battles they last  
so long—  
From babyhood to the grave."

Mrs. Jackson and two other women,

whose names I wish were known, set out for Charleston, one hundred and sixty-five miles away. Tradition relates that three women walked the whole distance on foot, carrying heavy packs of native medicines and precious gifts of food. General Jackson thought that they went on horseback and his opinion is more likely to be right. At any rate, these three sisters of mercy reached Charleston in safety and there gained admission to the ship they emptied their bags and did what they could for the sick and wounded men.

During this trip Mrs. Jackson made a visit to the home of a relative, William Barton, near Charleston. While there she was seized with the terrible ship fever and died after a brief illness. Mrs. Jackson's clothes were sent all the way back from Charleston to her sad and lonely son at Waxhaw. Andrew then, not quite fifteen, left Waxhaw and came to relatives in Charlotte. He never knew where his mother was buried and even as late as his presidency was trying to find her grave and erect a monument to her memory.

"Yet, faithful still as a bridge of  
stars,  
She fights in her walled-up town;  
Fights on and on in the endless  
wars,  
Then, silent, unseen, goes down."

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As the sun is best seen at his rising and setting, so men's native dispositions are clearest seen when they are children, and when they are dying. —Boyle.



# TOM JEFFRIES

By W. R. Cullom

Wake Forest students who were in college here from about 1870 to 1927 will recognize my hero of this week if I call him "Doctor Tom." He was head janitor in the college for about a half century. Dr. Charles E. Taylor brought him to Wake Forest from Virginia, and used to say in a playful way that this was about the best thing that he ever did for the college! Most of us have heard the expression, "He had a black skin, but a white heart." The implication in this proverb is thoroughly pharisaical. Would that all of us could boast of as white hearts as one that was carried in the soul of "Doctor Tom"! But our good friend, Shakespeare, warns us against making comparisons. Let us, then, turn away from that sort of thing with the purpose in our souls that we will each show such a spirit of love and mutual consideration for all whom we can touch, whether white or black, that they shall receive inspiration to higher and better living because of such contact. Certainly such must have been the effort of every such contact with the soul of the hero of this story, for I must say that I have never known a more beautiful spirit than that possessed and exhibited on all occasions by "Dr. Tom."

An amusing story used to go the rounds on the campus here about him. He had been burning off some dead grass on a remote part of the campus. A husky freshman came walking by: "Hello, Tom," said the freshman, "the ground that you have left behind

you there is just about your color, isn't it?" "Yes, sir, yas sir," said Tom, "an' ef you'll wait a little while, it'll den be your color." To some this remark might seem to carry with it a suggestion of impudence, but nothing of the kind was ever meant by Dr. Tom. There was always such a spirit of kindness and such a touch of humor in it that all the sharp edges were removed, or rather were not there at all. The students all loved him devotedly, and knew that they could trust him implicitly. In the earlier years of his stay at Wake Forest there was yet a good deal of the high school spirit and attitude in the student body. For example, it was no uncommon thing to come into the campus to find the chairs all taken out from some professor's class room and scattered over the campus. Sometimes quite a number of the chairs might be found hanging high from the limbs of trees. At other times they might be found down by the creek or in the woods a mile or so away. On one occasion an innocent cow was found in the morning tied to the college bell rope and wandering about on the fourth floor of the administration building. Of course such escapades have long since been a thing of the past, but when they were in vogue good Tom was the man that neutralized their annoyance. He was always on the campus before it was light in the morning getting the fires started in the stoves of the various class rooms and putting things in order general-

ly. When boyish pranks had been perpetrated during the night, all signs of them had disappeared before any of the professors were to be seen on the premises. Reference has been made to the fact stoves were used in those earlier days instead of furnaces for heating the classrooms. Tom walked into the library one morning and was called to the librarian's desk with the suggestion that the room was cold and that it might be well for him to see what could be done to the stove. The irresponsive heater was soon put in order and began to send out its heat in a beautiful way. "Thank you, Tom," said the gentle librarian as he passed her desk on his way out to some other duty. "Yes'm, yes'm," said the old man, "de stove just needed a little evangelization (ventilation), ma'm," said he. This habit of getting words entirely out of place was quite characteristic of his speech. I have sometimes thought that he made a point of cultivating this when he saw how it amused those who heard him. One morning while Dr. Charles E. Brewer was dean of the college he came to his office rather early as was his wont. "Good morning, Tom," said the dean. "How are you this morning?" "Good morning Doctor. I don't feel so good this morning." "What's the trouble, Tom?" "Well, sir, my breakfas' won't suggest."

During the years of my association with this good man he would come to me occasionally to borrow a little money—five or ten dollars. He was always as prompt and faithful in paying it back as any man that I have ever seen. And I don't think that any man who has ever been

associated with the college loved the institution more tenderly or was more loyal and faithful to it than was "Doctor Tom." Whenever the beautiful magnolias that stand all over our campus were spoken of; whenever the walks were referred to; whenever any improvement was alluded to, it was always "me'an and Dr. Taylor put them there." Nor was there any off season with him. Of course he had his holidays at Christmas and Thanksgiving, at the Easter season, and at other times, but there were few mornings during the years that I knew him, Sunday or any other, that Tom wasn't to be seen on he campus "looking after things." I can recall only one exception to this general statement. He had two daughters who lived in the North—one in Philadelphia and one in New York. He made a visit to these daughters during a Christmas season and was gone a week or ten days. On his return he hurried to the college to see if it was still there—and it was perfectly beautiful to note the joy that beamed from his countenance when he saw that all was well with his beloved college. And to hear him tell of his experiences in New York was worth a trip across the state. So interesting and so amusing were the accounts of this trip "up North" that the boys got hold of a frock coat, a silk hat, and big red handkerchief for him and had him to make a lecture on his experiences in the metropolis. **Dr. E. Walter Sikes** was teaching history here at the time, and took great interest in the lecture. It really would be hard to tell when faculty and students at Wake Forest had an hour of greater

or richer fun than was theirs during Dr. Tom's lecture. Of course they gave him a collection. As well as I can recall it amounted to something like twenty-five or thirty dollars. So rich was his humor, so keen and unconventional was his wit, and so uniform was his habit of returning a soft answer that I can't recall that he ever had a difficulty with a student or with one of his fellow workers on the campus. As I see the matter, this is a remarkable record. And so in such a spirit and with such fidelity did "Doctor Tom" carried on through the years. He saw his beloved Dr. Taylor drop out of the scene in 1915. Our hero was greatly grieved at the loss of the man to whom he had looked through so many years as his chief. He himself carried on until 1927. I visited him in his home while he was sick. The little tokens of love and friendship in the way of fruits and such like were greatly appreciated and called out from him his thanks more in smiles than in words. On my last visit to his bedside he seemed to have something that he wanted to say to me but was unable to get it out. He went to his eternal home just as perhaps all of us will do—with much locked up in soul that he wanted to say to his friends. But that was all right. After all, the main message to any man is to be seen in his life rather than in his words.

"What you are speaks so loudly that I cannot hear what you say" is as true today as it was when Mr. Emerson wrote it. Measured by this standard Dr. Tom lived a great life, for in my judgment he was as true a man as I have ever known.

He passed out from us during the summer vacation. It seemed to me then and seems so now that it was most fitting that he should be buried from our college chapel. Accordingly, his friends of both colors were invited to attend his funeral in what we then called "The Big Chapel." It was my privilege to assist his pastor in conducting his funeral. I don't recall now what either of us said, but a remark that was made to me by a man of his race and one of his special friends brought great encouragement to me. Several years after the funeral he said this to me: "Dr. Cullom, I never believed that you white folks loved us niggers (that was his word) until I heard you speak at Tom's funeral." I don't know whether I said anything on that occasion that was really worth while but I have been made to feel very happy about it since this friend of his and mine made that remark to me. And with this I shall close my story of "Doctor Tom" by saying that like David of Old Testament days, he "served his generation by the will of God, and fell on sleep."

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To rule one's anger is well; to prevent it is still better.

—Tryon Edwards.

# THE OLD COMMON LAW

By R. C. Lawrence, in The State

Sir William Blackstone declared that the common law of England was the perfection of human reason, and as we took our common law from the mother country, we naturally acquired "the perfection of human reason." True, some people had a slightly different opinion, one succinctly expressed by Beadle Bumble who declared most emphatically that the law was—an ass!

Charles Dickens was not a lawyer, yet no man in England had as many reforms in law and legal procedure to his credit as had he. It was the publication of his famous "Pickwick Papers," with its graphic account of conditions existing in the debtors prisons in England which so aroused public sentiment that Parliament was forced by the pressure of public opinion to pass an act abolishing imprisonment for debt except in cases of fraud. In his "Bleak House," his expose of conditions existing in the English Courts of Chancery, where estates were tied up for many weary years and were unusually entirely consumed in the payment of counsel fees and court costs, wrought a radical and far-reaching change in procedure and practice in these courts; courts which Dickens had pilloried in the public mind with his graphic expression: "Abandon hope all ye that enter here." It was his "Oliver Twist," with its account of the horrible conditions existing in the English "poor houses" which caused an indignant Parliament to enact legislation providing adequate government supervision of these institutions: while his "Nicholas

Nickleby" served to focus public indignation against grave abuses in the private school system, causing the enactment of legislation placing these institutions under strict government supervision.

But in Carolina we had no Charles Dickens to arouse public sentiment and long years were to elapse before such changes were made in criminal practice and procedure as were necessary to convert the barbarities of the English Common Law into the humane practice and procedure of a more enlightened age.

When our State and Federal Constitutions were adopted, there were more than fifty offenses punishable by death in Carolina; and there are at least two authentic instances where the death penalty was inflicted by burning at the stake—a practice which had been entirely abandoned even in England. In Duplin County a slave was convicted of the murder of his master and the sentence of the court was that he should be burned alive by the High Sheriff that very afternoon—and that officer reported to the court that its judgment had been fully carried out! In Iredell County a woman was convicted of murdering her husband by means of poison, and she too was burned alive at the stake, although in her case some little time was allowed the unfortunate creature before the sentence of the court was carried into effect.

Not only were there a large number of capital offenses, but the penalties for lesser offenses were barbarously served. In every county there

were upon the courthouse square the pillory, stocks and whipping post; and in more than one instance the "ducking stool" was invoked as punishment against some virago who had been convicted of being a "common scold."

Punishment by being branded with red hot irons, ear croppings, tongue slittings, and other forms of mutilation were in common practice, and it was Judge Archibald D. Murphey, father of our public school system, who first raised his voice in solemn protest against the barbarity in the enforcement of the criminal law. The great jurist was in his old age himself to undergo imprisonment in the common jail of Guilford County because of inability to pay his debts! The law was no respecter of sex, and "forty lashes, well laid on" was often the punishment prescribed for women as well as for men. But public decency was finally aroused and statutory changes were made prohibiting corporal punishment for women, although the pillory and the stocks remained.

There was no penitentiary, but the convicts were herded into county prisons where they lived under conditions of indescribable filth, and where there was not even any provision made for heating their prisons until after the close of the Civil war.

The law as to married women was not changed materially since the Revolution, and they had few rights which their husbands were bound to respect. Even when I came to the Bar in 1898, a married woman could not enter into a contract, and it was a common statutory classification that "this act shall not apply to infants, idiots, lunatics and married women." Note carefully this classification, and do not smile, for it was the law of our

State for more than a century!

Prior to the Civil War the husband possessed the legal right, at his own discretion, to inflict corporal punishment upon his wife, provided he used a switch no larger than his thumb—and some husbands were commonly reputed to have very large thumbs! It remained for Chief Justice Clark to exclaim with disgust and fervor, "Thank God we have advanced from that barbarism."

It was not until the Martin Act of 1911 that the disabilities of married women were finally swept away and they were placed upon the same basis as unmarried women. Today the only limitation upon their legal power is that they cannot convey their real estate without the written consent of their husband. They even possess rights which the husband does not enjoy, for whereas he cannot deprive his wife of her right of dower in his estate, she can, by will, deprive her husband of any interest whatever in her property, real or personal.

As late as 1855 savage criminal statutes were sometimes enacted. A striking instance of this was when the legislature passed an act making it a felony to circulate or even possess, a copy of Hinton Rowan Helper's book, "The Impending Crisis," in which he took bold ground in advocating the abolition of slavery. Under this statute a minister was convicted in Guilford County for merely possessing a copy of the Helper book, and was given a stiff prison term, which he avoided only by the expedient of forfeiting his heavy bail and making his escape to the North.

As late as 1875 when the Constitutional Convention of that year convened, there were still seventeen of-

fenses which carried the death penalty, and it is much to the credit of the brilliant carpetbag jurist, Albion W. Tourgee, that he made an unsuccessful effort in this Convention to have the capital felonies reduced to four in a number—a reform which was not to come until many years later.

It was not until well after the Civil War that a defendant was even allowed to testify in his own behalf, for the law presumed that a defendant would commit perjury if he took the stand in his own defense. The cruelty of this rule was finally realized and the law changed to what it is today; that the defendant has the right to testify, although it is made the duty of the presiding Judge to charge the jury that they should scrutinize his testimony in the light of his interest; but if, after so doing, they found that he had testified truthfully, they should give his testimony the same weight as if he had no interest in their verdict.

Until well within my own recollection there were no degrees to the crime of murder—the jury had either to return a verdict of murder in the first degree or not guilty. The result was that humane juries were returning verdicts of not guilty rather than return one which would carry the death penalty. This forced the legislature to enact statutes creating three degrees in cases of homicide: manslaughter, murder in the second degree and murder in the first degree. Punishment rests largely in the sound discretion of the Judge—four mouths to twenty years for manslaughter; two to thirty years for second degree murder; but first degree murder there is no alternative for the Judge other than the imposition of the death pen-

alty. I hope our state will enact a statute such as exists in many states under which if the jury recommends mercy, the punishment is automatically fixed at life imprisonment. Personally, I am of opinion that an enlightened public sentiment will eventually force the abolition of the death penalty and will substitute life imprisonment as the maximum punishment. In the State of Kansas, although the death penalty remains upon the statute book, there has not been an execution in more than fifty years; every governor automatically commuting convictions to life imprisonment.

Two great forward steps have marked the improvement in the administration of the criminal law: the erection of the State Penitentiary, and the establishment of the office of Parole Commissioner, the germ of which is to be found in the office of "Executive Counsel," which was created during the administration of Governor McLean. Today any prisoner is eligible for parole, a fact which of itself constitutes a powerful incentive to good conduct on the part of the prisoner and which holds out the door of hope to each and every of these unfortunate wards of the state. Edwin M. Gill established a national reputation on this field when he ably filled the office of Parole Commissioner. It took us long years to arrive at this result, but our people are now in general agreement that the purpose of the criminal law is not to punish an offender, but to reform him.

This writer has appeared in some two hundred cases of homicide. In only one of his cases was the death penalty actually inflicted, a case which happened to be the last in the state where the death penalty was by hang-

ing. And it so chanced that I prosecuted the first case under the new statute imposing death in the electric chair. The prosecution resulted in conviction, but the execution had to be postponed four several times because of defects in the new apparatus. I vainly endeavored to induce the

Governor to commute the sentence but without avail. The case so preyed upon my mind that I highly resolved that never again would I prosecute in a case of first degree murder—a determination to which I have since adhered most rigidly.

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### BOOKS

A good book is the closest friend  
That I have ever had.  
It peps me when I'm lazy;  
I brighten when I'm sad.

Books quickly draw my interest  
The world is left behind.  
I love the myths, the mysteries  
That are to books confined.

They truly are more loyal  
Than anything that's found.  
I may throw them, drop them;  
There's no protesting sound.

If all of us could realize  
That books are made to read,  
Are made to give ambition,  
And good character to breed:

We would more quickly reach our goal,  
Attain success and fame  
Than those who do not read books,  
And have to try again.

—Bruce Robbins

## THE OTHER DOOR

By Harold S. Kahm, in Unity

Several years ago, at the beginning of my career when I had but little money, I felt I could do better and more successful work if I had an office of my own. The difficulty was I could not afford one. Then, one day I got the bright idea that I would see Mr. Bordon, the owner of the new building across the street. Perhaps he would let me have a place where I could set up an office, in exchange for some service I might render him.

That was how I met Mr. Bordon. We came to terms immediately; he needed someone to answer telephone calls when he was out, and I could use his office in exchange. I was delighted, and also a good deal impressed with Mr. Bordon. I had expected a man as rich as he to be much less human. What I did not know was that he was, at that moment, in the process of losing everything he had.

One day when he came into the office, he remarked upon how depressed I seemed. "Oh, everything has gone wrong," I replied; "one rejection after another. I feel as if the world has come to an end."

He smiled. "Listen to me, young fellow," he said. "One door never closes without another door opening. I know that sounds like an old saw, but I give you my word it is true. You can stake your life on it. So don't worry. If one door seems closed, you'll find another one opening to give you entrance."

In the depths of my despair, it was difficult for me to accept the truth of

those words. But one small idea kept recurring to me—I had wanted an office, and I had not had the money to rent one. But there had been another way to get the office, without money. That seemed to be in keeping with the "other door" theory.

It was not long before another door did open for me in my work. I discovered a type of story that I could write and sell constantly and profitably. The other door would have opened whether I worried about it or not. And I had wasted time and grief worrying needlessly.

It is not only in business that this other-door policy works with all the certainty of the law of gravity. Once I had a most unfortunate experience with a young man whom I had believed to be my best friend. We had been pals for two years, and exchanged confidences freely. I thought I knew all about him. One day he said he was in serious trouble and needed a considerable sum of money at once. I did not have it, but I borrowed it from a loan company and gave it to him. On top of that he had, without my knowledge, borrowed a much larger sum from my father on the strength of our friendship. He disappeared, and I never saw him again.

I nearly had a nervous breakdown. The shock of that gross betrayal was almost too painful to be borne. I was sure I would never trust another human being! A cold, steel door clanged shut upon my happiness.

Just about that time an old friend,



who had been out West, came back. He quickly sensed that something was radically wrong, and soon had the whole story from me. I found it a surprising relief to be able to tell someone about it. Jeff listen carefully. "That's tough," he said. "I know how feel. You're going out with me tonight"

"I don't want to go anywhere," I told him.

"Don't argue with me," he demanded.

Jeff took me out that evening and bought me the best dinner in town. After dinner he dragged me to a show, a comedy stage show that made me laugh in spite of meself. For the next few weeks Jeff spent all his spare time with me. He really work-

ed hard, and succeeded at last in enabling me to snap out of it. He proved that life could still be a delight, and that the world had not ended for me.

It came to me suddenly one day that Jeff was a real friend, that I owed him a dept I could never repay. He had restored my faith in human nature, besides healing the wound that my false friend had made. Many years have passed, and Jeff and I are still friends. I hesitate to think what might have happened to me if it had not been for his wisdom. Now I know that no matter how many seemingly evil individuals there are in this world, there are always people like Jeff to make up for them Jeff was the "other door."

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### WHAT MAKES LIFE?

Not length of days nor span of years;  
 Not vain regrets nor hopeless tears;  
 Not faint heart when a storm appears—  
     These make not life.

Not easy drifting with the tide;  
 Not halting when the visions ride;  
 Not mourning for the gifts denied—  
     These make not life.

To fill the time with thought and deed;  
 To find in faith the joyous creed;  
 To lose oneself in other's need—  
     These make life.

To strive when adverse currents hold;  
 To make our dreams their truths unfold;  
 To smile at fate with courage bold—  
     These make life.

—Charles E. Whelan.

# SOME BOYHOOD RECOLLECTIONS

By R. C. Lawrence, in The State

When I was but six years old, I became a carrier boy for the News and Observer, and was assigned the East Raleigh route, it being one of my duties to deliver a paper at the Federal cemetery, which was then located out in the open country at least a quarter of a mile from the nearest street light; and in the winter time when I would get out there, it would be pitch dark. I could usually muster up sufficient courage to approach the cemetery, but no sooner had I thrown the paper over the brick wall and turned my back, than it always seemed as though twelve hundred dead soldiers jumped right out of their graves and took after me—Yankee soldiers at that!

The result was that ere long I began failing to deliver the paper and soon the superintendent made complaint. The paper did not then have the circulation or the influence it since acquired, and the complaint received the personal attention of Editor Daniels, who called me on the carpet. For once in my life I told him the truth: that I was simply afraid to go out to the cemetery in the darkness. He laughed and said: "Son, don't worry; we'll fix it." And so he arranged with the superintendent to erect a small box under the nearest street light and for me to deposit the paper there. In those days some said that Editor Daniels was as terrible as an army with banners, but to me he was a life-saver, and I have never since forgotten his kindly interest in my childish fright.

From my earliest days I was a stout-hearted Baptist. I had no idea that those of any other religious faith would ever reach the pearly gates, and I was not so sure that even a Baptist would unless he was a member of the Raleigh First Church. When I was but five years old, I heard with sickening dismay, that the Methodists were not only going to build a church on Edenton Street, but that it would have a steeple higher than the First Baptist. Horrors! That afternoon I ran away from home and sought the residence of my pastor, Dr. Thomas E. Skinner. That gentleman was ill, but his butler admitted me to his presence, and there on the bed was a man who talked like Doctor Skinner but who did not look like him. Tearfully I insisted on seeing Doctor Skinner, and the man in the bed laughed, whispered something to his servant who returned bearing something in his hand. Whereupon the sick man sat up, put something on his head and lo! it was Doctor Skinner. He wore a wig! Here was indeed my Gethsemane! Tearfully I explained my troubles to him and he gravely assured me that he, too, had been deeply concerned about the action of the pesky Methodists, and that he had conferred with Mayor Dodd (who was a Baptist) to see if something could not be done to prevent it, but had been told by His Honor that the plagued Methodists had a majority on the Board of Aldermen, and so nothing could be done about it. Alas and alack!

There was a six-foot iron fence surrounding Capitol Square. The only monument on the square was that of President Washington. The State Arsenal stood on the southwest corner, and there was an open well between the capitol building and the southeast corner. Many a morning have I seen Governor Jarvis (who was the first Governor I can remember) stroll down to the well, draw a bucket of water and drink from it.

The Governor had been a gallant Confederate captain and had received a wound which necessitated the removal of some six inches of bone from his right arm; and he had the mannerism of stroking his right arm with his left—which was said to have been for the purpose of easing the pain in his wounded arm. It was during his administration that the present executive mansion was constructed with prison labor; and the state sold the Western North Carolina Railroad. Today the Governor rides to his office in a luxurious limousine, owned by the state; but in those days Governor Jarvis rode down town in a horse and buggy—his own!

In those days there was no Weather Bureau and indeed none was needed, for it never ceased to pour down rain during Fair Week. As there were no paved streets in the city, the thoroughfares, especially Hillsboro and Fayetteville, were simply seas of liquid mud, through which buggies and carriages slithered and floundered, the hoofs of the horses sending the mud flying in every direction. There was but one sure way to get to the fairgrounds and that was to take the shuttle train which ran from the depot to the grounds every half hour.

I can remember the Centennial Exposition of 1885 which was attended by the famous Seventh Maryland of Baltimore, and it seemed to me that every citizen of the state crowded into town to see the parade of the regiment.

The first paving in the city was on Fayetteville Street. It was laid with Belgian blocks, and it was while this was being done that I first ascertained that sound required time to travel. I was on top of the capitol, watching the men do the paving, and would see the heavy mallet hit the stone and then be lifted high in the air before I would hear the sound from the blow. The streets were dimly lit with gas; and I can remember the great curiosity aroused when the first electric steets lights made their appearance. They burned great sticks of carbon which sizzled and hummed continuously and which attracted swarms of insects of all kinds. Then the first incandescent bulbs appeared which emitted a feeble yellowish light, and which had a filament so fragile that unless you were an expert the filament would break before the light had been in service but a few hours.

I remember well the appearance of the first street cars, drawn by mules, with tinkling bells, and the crowds of people who were attracted by the novelty, all of whom took a ride—not that they wanted to go anywhere, but simply for the sake of the ride—for you could ride out Hillsboro as far as St. Mary's; and Blount nearly to the old Mordecai place! When electric cars made their first appearance—it was a sensation and a marvel!

In my early boyhood I was appointed as a page in the Senate by Lieut. Gov. Stedman and later by

Gov. Thomas M. Holt. Toward the end of the term there would be late night sessions, and as I was but seven years old at the time of my first service, drowsiness would sometimes overtake me and I would fall asleep on the floor of the Senate. One morning I awoke to find myself at home and could not remember how I got there. My mother said that a Mr. Connor had brought me home in his arms. It was Judge Henry Groves Connor, then serving his first legislative term as Senator from Wilson! James H. Pou was also serving his first term as Senator from Johnston, and B. F. Aycock brother to the Governor, as Senator from Wayne.

I was an eye witness to the most famous fisticuff in the annals of our state—between the late Captain Samuel A. Ashe and Ambassador Daniels. Captain Ashe was State Printer (which was the most remunerative office in the state) and Editor Daniels aspired to be his successor. Bad feeling had been engendered and when the two men met one morning at the bottom of the steps leading to the rotunda, there was a sharp exchange of most naughty words, and Captain Ashe swung a wild haymaker which landed on the comely person of the youthful Daniels. That gentleman declined to return the blow in deference to the age of the Captain, whose friends led him away into the office of the superintendent of the building. After a hot contest, Editor Daniels was elected to the coveted office and began his rise to political fame and fortune.

Captain Ashe lived to be the last surviving officer of the Confederate army; and when he died he had no

warmer admirer than Ambassador Daniels.

I can remember when it was first proposed to establish a Railroad Commission, a measure bitterly contested by the carriers, and how Henry W. Miller of the Southern would daily stand in the lobbies issuing trip passes to any legislator or to the friends of any legislator who cared to ask for one. Aspiring to secure a pass for myself, I presented myself at the office of Major John C. Winder, Superintendent of the Raleigh and Gaston, and was finally admitted to his presence and made known my wish for a pass to Weldon. "Boy, who are you?" inquired the Major. "Major," I replied with such quite dignity as I could command under such trying circumstances, "I would have you know that I am a page in the Senate." It worked and I promptly got the pass! Not that my mother was going to allow me to get out of town, but then I could show it to the other pages and brag about what I was going to do when I got to Weldon!

In those days when Col. Andrews of the Southern wanted to confer with a legislator, he simply sent for the legislator to come to his office, and few there were who did not obey such a call from political headquarters of the state!

I remember quite well the terrific fight waged over the bill to reduce the rate of interest from eight to six per cent, where the lines were so sharply drawn that the vote resulted in a tie, broken by Governor Holt in voting to retain the eight per cent rate by special contract. Feelings were strained and tempers flamed high. Senate leader of the eight per centers was the youthful Senator from New Hanover,

**John D. Bellamy**; while the other side was led by the venerable **Willis R. Williams** of Pitt, commonly known as **"six per cent Williams."**

Senator Williams was making a terrific and bitter speech, when he was interrupted by the Senator from New Hanover with a question: "May I ask the Senator from Pitt what the glass contains which I see on his desk in front of him," inquired the Senator from New Hanover. "Well, sir, if the Senator from New Hanover must know, it's liquor. When scoundrels are around me who demand eight per cent interest I feel the need of something to conserve my strength." With which Parthian shot the Senator from Pitt continued his speech while the Senate shouted with laughter.

I remember Senator Vance who came to Raleigh in his old age to address a joint session of the General Assembly. Vance was having trouble with the agricultural interests who were demanding the free and unlimited coinage of silver, a measure which Vance was not prepared to support. I delivered a telegram to him and recall to this day with satisfaction the tip of a quarter with which he rewarded me.

I became quite an expert on the subject of tips. I grew to know the personal idiosyncracies of every Senator and when I would take their pay vouchers to the State Treasurer's office, I knew whether to bring back change of which the lowest unit should be a quarter, or whether it should be a dime. For some of the Senators would not pay more than a dime;

others would pay a quarter; but the highest tipper was the Senator from Davidson, Zebulon Vance Walsler, who later became Attorney General, and who always could be relied upon for fifty cents!

I also remember a visit paid to the legislature by Senator Matt W. Ransom, and how he addressed every member by his first name—for the old General never forgot either a man's name or his face, and it was this quality which kept him so long in the United States Senate.

Hark back to 1886, and the city felt the shock of the Charleston earthquake, the tremors being sufficiently strong to cause the church bells to clang.

The largest crowds that I ever saw in the city came in the early '90's to attend the funeral of Colonel Leonidas L. Polk, the national leader of the Farmers Alliance; also the multitudes who wound their way through the rotunda of the capitol where the remains of Governor Daniel L. Fowle lay in state. Then in 1898 the streets were thronged with people who came to view the funeral cortege of Ensign Worth Bagley, first American officer to fall in the Spanish-American War. Two regiments of troops then in training at Raleigh paraded for the ceremony, and many of the raw field officers could not control their horses, which became frightened at the playing of the military bands. The procession was the longest ever seen in the city—some two miles in length—and was composed entirely of horses, carriages and buggies, for the automobile had not been invented.

# STREAMLINED TRAINS FOR STANLY COUNTY

(Stanly News & Press)

Saturday, February 12, was not only the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. It was likewise the tenth anniversary of the streamlined train.

Back in 1934, the nation's first streamlined train, the City of Salina, emerged from the Chicago yards of Pullman-Standard Car Manufacturing company and was turned over to the Union Pacific Railroad on February 12. The train made a transcontinental tour over 14 different railroads, and was seen by an estimated 10,000,000 persons. Since that time, many other railroads have put on streamlined trains, the most familiar ones to local persons being the "Silver Meteor" of the Seaboard and the "Southerner" of the Southern Railway.

The lightweight, silver streak of the rails has not only modernized rail transportation during the past decade, but it has helped to revive a business that was just about dead in the early '30's.

These trains now run as fast as 71 miles per hour, and they have earned gross revenues per train mile of as high as \$5.28, nearly twice the 1920 average. Even prior to the war they carried full loads while seats in regular trains were empty. This was due to the comfort, speed and economy of riding the streamliners. The pre-war rate was 1½ cents per mile, revealing that high rail rates do not necessarily produce the most profit.

Since the streamlined trains are so

popular, most railroad executives are planning fleets of streamliners to complete with buses and airlines for postwar travelers. And well should they prepare to compete, for travel will be a popular pastime among millions who have traveled to all parts of the world in this war.

Naturally, Albemarle and Stanly county, now without passenger railroad service, are interested in plans for the future, and we believe there is reasonable possibility for a streamlined rail service. The Southbound is a strategic railroad connecting two of the great railroad systems of the country, the Norfolk and Western and the Atlantic Coast Line. Years ago, the Southbound passenger trains carried pullman cars being operated between New York and Miami, and business on those cars was pretty good.

With a streamliner operating from New York to Florida, taking the Valley of Virginia route from Hagerstown, Md., down to Roanoke, to Winston-Salem, Albemarle, Wadesboro and Florence, there is reason to believe that it would do a very profitable business, not only on so-called local traffic, but as a scenic route for New Yorkers traveling south.

This route has possibilities, and Albemarle citizens as well as those in other communities which would be benefitted by the operation of a streamlines over it should be on the alert to push the proposition.

## VESPERS AT SEA

By Frank Herbert Bonnet, USNR

During the trying days and nights as the Eleventh Special Naval Construction Battalion was crossing the vast expanse of the Pacific en route to the Solomon Islands its chaplain, Harold E. Artz, Lt. (jg) USNR, conducted daily vesper services aboard ship. This brief period of prayer took place at twilight each evening shortly after evening "Colors." In the quickening shadows of tropical evenings, where darkness descends so suddenly, the soft strains of a familiar hymn would be heard over the ship's public address system and a calm, quiet voice would say, "Good evening, men; this is your chaplain speaking. It is now time for our vesper service."

Instandly the men would lay aside the tasks at hand—except those, of course, who were on the security watch or who were engaged in the operation of the ship—and reverently participate in the service of prayer. Even those who might be indifferent subdued their conversations. This period of quiet communion with their Creator was looked forward to by men and officers alike.

Alone and unconvoyed, the vessel carrying the souls of men who had dedicated their lives, if need be, to the service of their country plowed its way through the waters. Hidden dangers lay ahead, a lurking enemy—the hazards of the sea—who knew but God?

The services arose as a natural and spiritual need. That need was met

by Chaplain Artz, who entered the naval service at the call of his country and whose last charge before becoming a chaplain was Zion Lutheran Church, Riverside, N. J. The feeling and response of the men with regard to this vesper service is reflected in a poem written by C. F. Dyle, SK 3-c USNR, a member of the battalion, and was affectionately dedicated to the chaplain. The poem follows:

### ALL IS SECURE

Each day when the sun goes off duty

And slowly sinks out of sight,  
And "Evening Colors" have sounded,

And the stars post their watch for the night;

The ship now in darkness is shrouded—

Not a light's to be seen anywhere;

It's time for the vesper service.

It's time for the evening prayer.

The still of the black night is broken

As the chaplain begins to pray,  
Giving thanks to God Almighty.

For protection throughout the day;

And asks that He please continue  
To guard us tonight in our sleep—

Just a day to day supplication

As we journey on over the deep.

But to me it brings peace and comfort.

God's presence around me I

feel.  
 And somehow I go below—  
   thinking  
 Unseen hands are holding the  
   wheel.  
 Without a doubt or misgiving

I climb in my bunk feeling sure  
 God's angels are helping the  
   pilot;  
 And tonight, once again, "All's  
   secure."

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### TO THE LOSER

So you've lost the race, lad?  
   Ran it clean and fast?  
 Beaten at the tape, lad?  
   Rough? Yes, but it is past.  
 Never mind the losing;  
   Think of how you ran.  
 Smile, and shut your teeth, lad;  
   Take it like a man.

Not the winning counts, lad,  
   But the winning fair;  
 Not the losing shames, lad,  
   But the weak despair.  
 So when your failure stuns you,  
   Don't forget your plan.  
 Smile, and shut your teeth, lad;  
   Take it like a man.

Diamonds turn to paste, lad;  
   Night succeeds to morn,  
 When you pluck a rose, lad,  
   Oft you grasp a thorn;  
 Time will heal the bleeding;  
   Life is but a span.  
 Smile, and shut your teeth, lad;  
   Take it like a man.

Then when sunset comes, lad,  
   When your fighting's through;  
 And the Silent Guest, lad,  
   Fills your cup for you,  
 Shrink not, grasp it boldly;  
   End as you began.  
 Smile, and close your eyes, lad;  
   And take it like a man.



## INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. William Hawfield have been visiting the former's parents, Superintendent and Mrs. S. G. Hawfield. Bill, who has been in the United States Army for some time, has been stationed at Keesler Field, Mississippi, but will report for duty at Salt Lake City, Utah, at the conclusion of his visit here.

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A cold wave struck this section last Wednesday morning. The members of our outside forces who had been working outdoors for several days under most favorable conditions, were compelled to find work inside for a day or two. We also noticed there were not so many visitors present as on previous regular visiting days.

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For the past two Saturday afternoons the boys have been enjoying playing dodge ball at the ball grounds. A league has been formed, and all cottages, except the two groups of smaller youngsters, represented. We watched a half-dozen games last Saturday, and to say they were interesting would be a very mild expression. The teams entered the contests in a most enthusiastic manner, and everybody had a jolly good time.

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Five tons of cabbage were recently delivered to the School. It came through the courtesy of the United States Food Distribution Administration, and was allotted to us by Mr. R. M. Rothgeb, general business manager of the North Carolina Hospitals Board of Control. A generous supply of this cabbage was issued to the cottages, and the remainder was made

into kraut. The School has also received a quantity of fresh eggs from the same source.

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The other day the large hot water tank in the basement at Cottage No. 9 sprung a bad leak. Mr. Wyatt and his machine shop boys were called upon in a hurry to make necessary repairs, as the basement was flooded, and there was no hot water available for any purpose. In a short time the tank was plugged and it was thought trouble along that line was ended. In a very short time, however, other leaks appeared, making it necessary to put in a new tank. We were fortunate enough to have a new tank on hand, which was quickly installed by Mr. Wyatt and his helpers. No damage resulted from this mishap other than a rather "messy" basement for the greater part of the day. Everything was cleaned up spic and span, and the basement is again in good order.

—:—

We regret to report that another former Training School student has made the supreme sacrifice for his country in the terrible war now raging. In a recent report from the welfare department of Madison County, we learned that Walter Sexton, of Marshall, was killed in action in Italy several months ago. He was a member of a paratroop unit.

Walter entered the School, April 16, 1940 and remained here until July 8, 1941, when he was granted a conditional release and permitted to return to his home. During his stay at this institution he was a member of the Cottage No. 10 group. He

worked on the barn force two months and was then transferred to the bakery, where he worked for about ten months and got along fine. For some time in 1942 we received progress reports stating that he was working in a cotton mill in Greenville, S. C. and was doing well. He was a little more than nineteen years old at the time of his death.

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Rev. A. C. Swafford, pastor of Forest Hill Methodist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. The subject of his message to the boys was "Why Do We Like Jesus," and as a text he selected John 12:32—"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

The speaker asked the boys to think for a few moments about what there is about Christ that draws people to him, and gave them several reasons for his power of attraction, as follows.

- (1) People are drawn to Jesus because he fully understands them.
- (2) He knows their weaknesses and cause he fully understands them.
- (3) He loves people. This love was proved beyond a shadow of doubt when he made the supreme sacrifice for them. Christ died that we might live. While we may have many good friends among our associates on earth, our best friend is Jesus.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Swafford told the boys that as they went through life, they would not always find the going easy. He assured them there would be many times when they would encounter serious troubles, and would also find there is no other source of power to help them over the rough places along the pathway of life as the personal friendship of Jesus. When

a fellow is in trouble, he added, he seeks his best friend for aid, and it has been clearly demonstrated countless thousands of times that the Master is man's greatest friend.

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William S. Morgan, RM 3-c, of the United States Navy, a former member of our printing class, continues to write us frequently from Kodiak, Alaska. Bill is one of the most regular correspondents among our former boys, and we are always glad to hear from him. Shortly after the receipt of his most recent letter, he sent us a very nice collection of selected photographs taken near where he is stationed. His letter reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Sorry I haven't written sooner. Just lazy, I guess. Will try to do better in the future. Hope everything is all right with you and the old shop. You know, once in a while I get a longing to get hold of a linotype, but there isn't a single machine on this whole island. Don't think the natives up here have ever heard of one, much less seen one. Back in Oxford, Ohio, there was a newspaper office, and I often went down and set up some type for the man in charge, just to keep in practice, but I'm way out now.

"Some time ago I sent you a little package. Hope you received it O K. You always did need a good cigarette lighter, and when you did get one, something was always happening to it. I saw the ones up here, and knowing they were not on sale in the States, decided to send you one. Would have had your initials engraved on it but there isn't a place up here where you can have that kind of work done. Hope you like it.

"I have a book here I'd like for you to read. The title is "War Discovers Alaska," and it is really good. It comes nearer to telling the truth about Alaska than any book I've ever read. doesn't spare you a bit. Most of the other books tell of the scenic beauty of Alaska, but this one deals with the country as it is now, wartime Alaska, and the problems and conditions existing here and all over the Aleutians. It starts with Kodiak and ends up with Attu, and jumps from one to the other all through the book. Very few of the chapters are dull. If you want it, I'd like to send it to you. Write and tell me wether or not you'd like to have it. There are some interesting items in it that you might be able to use in The Uplift.

"Am enclosing some poems written by a boatswain's mate up here. Thought you might like them. They

are pretty good in my estimation. They are not copyrighted, so you may print them if you want to.

"Can't think of anything more to write. Please remember me to everybody at the School, and please write soon. Sincerely, Bill."

Here is one of the poems Bill sent us. It was written by C. H. Clason BM 2-c, USN.:

#### A Maniac From Kodiak

Under the stars, when there are stars,  
The Kodiak maniac howls;  
He may wear stripes or bright gold bars,  
And though he's mad, he's as wise as owls.  
His strange case has puzzled wise men,  
And none have found an explanation;  
But how can there be mystery when  
All he needs is a vacation?

---

## COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending March 5, 1944

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

James Benton  
Ernest Bullard  
William Burnett  
Chauncey Gore  
Lee Hollifield  
Fred Jones  
Leonard McAdams  
Charles Pearson  
Francis Ruff

### COTTAGE No. 1

Ralph Bailey  
Donald Carland  
George Cox  
Marion Cox  
Joseph Case

Howard Hall  
Harold McKinney  
Rufus Massingill  
Carlton Pate  
Floyd Puckett  
Thomas Ruff  
David C. Swink  
James Shell  
Harlan Warren

### COTTAGE No. 2

Charles Byrd  
Cecil Caldwell  
J. T. Jacobs  
Chester Lee  
John McLean  
James McMahan

Hayes Powell  
 Jesse Peavy  
 John Pritchard  
 Vann Robinson  
 James Snead  
 Roy Womack  
 Ezzel Stansbury  
 James Norton

## COTTAGE No. 3

Edward Britt  
 Odell Cecil  
 Hugh Cornwell  
 Raymond Davis  
 L. C. Gearing  
 John Holder  
 Lawrence Littlejohn  
 Roy Monoley  
 Samuel Pritchett  
 Bruce Sawyer  
 Lester Williams

## COTTAGE No. 4

James Burr  
 William Brooks  
 Clyde Brown  
 William Blackwelder  
 Clyde Godfrey  
 Jeter Green  
 William Lewis  
 Edgar Shell  
 Roy Swink  
 Clyde Shull  
 John R. Smith  
 Newman Tate  
 Walter Thomas  
 Eugene Watts  
 William C. Willis  
 Paul Stone  
 James Linebarrier  
 Lawrence Walker

## COTTAGE No. 5

William Dawn  
 Lawrence Hopkins  
 Robert Hensley  
 Earl Hoyle  
 McKeever Horne  
 Raymond Pruitt  
 Truby Ricks  
 Brady Tew  
 William Wooten  
 Robert Wilkins

## COTTAGE No. 6

J. C. Cayton  
 Craven Callahan  
 Rufus Driggers

Earl Gilmore  
 Donald Griffin  
 Everett Gallion  
 Jack Hensley  
 Stanford McLean  
 George Murr  
 Robert Peavy  
 J. W. Smith  
 Lawrence Temple  
 Leroy Wilkins

## COTTAGE No. 7

Max Brown  
 Wallace Foster  
 Donald Grimstead  
 Ned Metcalf

COTTAGE No. 8  
 (Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 9

Robert Brady  
 Thomas Ingram  
 James Jarvis  
 James Lowman  
 Robert Owens  
 Charles Redmond  
 Charles Pittman

## COTTAGE No. 10

Paul Alphin  
 Jack Clifton  
 Evans Craig  
 Earl Godley  
 Robert Hamm  
 Robert Herbert  
 Frank Jones  
 Alfred Lamb  
 Clifford Lowman  
 Edward Loftin  
 Gerald McCullom  
 Ralph Nelson  
 E. C. Stamey  
 Charles Tate  
 Jack Williams  
 A. B. Woodard

## COTTAGE No. 11

Roland Brooks  
 Robert Buchanan  
 William Guffey  
 James Hicks  
 William Hardin  
 Orrin Helms  
 Paul Matthews  
 Robert Moose  
 Clyde Rhodes  
 Ray Taylor

COTTAGE No. 12  
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13  
Woodrow Ewing  
Melvin Fowler  
Eugene Graham  
Robert Hensley  
Paul Painter  
Homer Johnson  
Vernon Rinehardt

COTTAGE No. 14  
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 15  
Thomas Baumgarner

Roger Reid  
Olin Wishon

INDIAN COTTAGE  
Jack Bailey  
Harold Duckworth  
William J. Lochlear  
Sam Lochlear

INFIRMARY  
Raymond Byrd  
R. D. McCurry  
William McNeill  
Lloyd Sain  
Durham Smith

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### THE GREAT TEACHER

The great teacher brings to his business accurate and wide knowledge, an informed technique, intelligence, energy, initiative, adaptability, common sense, high standards of personal character and personal achievement, singleness of purpose, sympathy, a rich social background and a convincing sincerity of personality.

- (1) The great teacher never stops studying his subject.
- (2) The great teacher establishes a personal as well as professional relation with his students.
- (3) Whatever the great teacher may be teaching, it is for him a window through which he looks out upon the whole universe.
- (4) The merchandising of information will never seem to the great teacher his main purpose.
- (5) The great teacher will not feel that he has failed if one of his students fails, but only if the student has not wanted to succeed.
- (6) The great teacher will not think it beneath his dignity to pay attention to the art of presentation.
- (7) The great teacher will never speak of his classroom work as routine teaching.
- (8) The great teacher will be an inspiration without sacrificing a rigid idealism of fact and idea.
- (9) The great teacher has a gracious spirit and a tonic gaiety of mind because, first, he conceives teaching as an exhilarating enterprise, and second, because he approaches his task with a sense of confidence.—Glenn Frank.



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U. N. C.  
CAROLINA ROOM

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 18, 1944

No. 11

(c) Carolina Collection  
U. N. C. Library

## GIVE ME A FRIEND

Give me a friend and I'll worry along:  
My vision may vanish, my dream may go  
wrong;  
My wealth I may lose, or my money may  
spend;  
But I'll worry along, if you give me a friend.

Give me a friend, and my youth may depart  
But still I'll be young in the house of my  
heart,  
Yes, I'll go laughing right on to the end  
Whatever the years, if you give me a friend.

Selected.

PUBLISHED BY  
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND  
INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## "DON'T DIE UNTIL YOU ARE DEAD"

No matter what are your hardships on the material side of life do not commit suicide. That is the part of a coward. Face the hard conditions of your life with "spunk, grit and gumption." Old words are these of which Mark Twain said, "they have a kind of bully swing in them." If you will be true to these you may cause yourself and the world to wonder.

Don't die until you are dead, no matter what your age. "Don't die on third base," says a man who was not a professional ball player. A woman is wise to refuse to tell her age. Life is not a span measured by the calendar. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was wise when he declared. "To be 70 years young is better than being 40 years old."

Dr. Henry L. Porter quotes President Faunce of Brown University on his 69th birthday as follows: "The long succession of birthdays brings to me the sensation of being lifted by an elevator through the successive floors of some lofty building. On each new floor the horizon is wider, the sunlight brighter, and distant and inaccessible things seem nearer." He could have cried with Browning's Rabbi Ben Ezra:

"Grow old along with me;  
The best is yet to be,  
The last of life,  
For which the first was made."

—N. C. Christian Advocate.

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## PRESENTATION OF SERVICE FLAG

Sunday, March 12th, was a red-letter day at the Stonewall Jackson Training School. Instead of the regular session of the Sunday school in the morning, the hour was given over to the presentation of a service flag, in honor of former staff members and students now serving our nation on various battlefronts in the titanic struggle for the preservation of American ideals.

The ceremony was most impressive. The program consisted of

appropriate devotional selections, songs and recitations. To make the picture more striking, the members of our Boy Scout Troop formed a flag escort—one boy carrying the Stars and Strips, and two others the service flag, up the center aisle to the rostrum, where both were properly placed.

This service flag, measuring about four by six feet, carries blue stars representing 441 former teachers and students now in service, and a gold star in honor of four boys who have made the supreme sacrifice for their country. The flag was made by local talent, and is really most attractive.

The guest speaker for the occasion was Hon. Luther T. Hartsell, Jr., a member of the well-known law firm of Hartsell and Hartsell, of Concord, and chairman of the Cabarrus County Selective Board No. 1. His remarks were timely and most impressive. Using as a basis for his address the topic, "Flags," Mr. Hartsell held the interest of the entire assemblage.

A complete account of this service will be shown elsewhere in this issue.

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE RED CROSS CAMPAIGN

During the month of March the American Red Cross is conducting a campaign to collect \$200,000,000 to carry on its war activities. It is unlikely and unthinkable that this goal should not be reached.

The sum needed to operate the Red Cross war program for one year, here and overseas, is considerably less than the nation's war bill for a single day. With this money the organization helps to care for our wounded and our prisoners in enemy lands, among a multitude of war necessary things. Next year the need will be greater. There must be more plasma, bandages, more nurses, more prisoner-of-war food packages. In addition the Red Cross has agreed to assist returning service men, and to give disabled veterans temporary loans, when needed, until their government benefits come through.

Surely all of us may list the Red Cross along with War Bonds and taxes among our moral obligations to give as freely and honestly as we can.—Concord Daily Tribune.

### THE GIRL SCOUTS

We hear very little about the Girl Scouts in this part of the country, therefore, it is obvious that little, if anything, is known about this organization or its activities, despite the fact that it is thirty-two years old. We learned from a recent radio broadcast that the numerical strength of this unit of young girls in the United States was 850,000. Also there was a gain of 200,000 after the atrocities at Pearl Harbor. The message over the radio was spoken by the national leader from the headquarters of the organization. She said the spontaneous impulse of 200,000 girls to join the Girl Scouts after the attack upon Pearl Harbor reflects the loyalty and courage of the early American pioneers.

These young women do all kinds of work wherein it is possible, relieving young men of loads of responsibilities so they may join some branch of service, either on land, sea or in the air. This World War II has shown to the people of the land, far and near, that women have plenty of grit and can rise to emergencies when the occasion demands their attention. They are versatile, having the happy faculty of reaching the peak of any social status.

In the past they have shown the ability to successfully deal with difficult problems which confronted them, and we believe they will continue to carry on. There were more than one Molly Pitcher in the Revolution; the women prior to the War Between the States, who never turned a "hoe-cake" went to the kitchen and did all chores around the house with chins up. At the present period of history the chain of women's activities has not weakened the least. In fact, they are engaging in more works to hasten the end of the war than has ever been recorded. They are doing a great work.

\* \* \* \* \*

### ANNIVERSARIES OF THE WEEK

James Madison, fourth President of the United States, was born March 16, 1751, at Port Conway, Virginia. He was educated at Princeton for the ministry but turned to a law career. Because of his service during the Constitutional Convention, in 1787, he was called the "Father of the Constitution."

When Jefferson became President, Madison was appointed Secre-

tary of State, where he served eight years, at the end of which time he, himself, became President. While he displayed no remarkable powers in his office his service marked him as a man of integrity and firm convictions. His wife, Dolly Madison, was the most popular mistress the White House has ever produced—in that she loved deeply, and was loved as deeply by the nation as a whole.

Grover Cleveland was born in Caldwell, New Jersey, March 18, 1837, and was twice President of the United States. His father, a Presbyterian minister, died when Grover was quite young, and being poor, he was compelled to earn his own living at an early age. He became clerk and an assistant teacher in an institution for the blind, and by diligent study he was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-two. In 1881 he became mayor of Buffalo, New York on the Democratic ticket, although it was a strongly Republican city, which shows he was loved for his friendliness, honesty, and integrity. Some time later he became governor of New York State, and was elected President of the United States against Blaine in 1884 and again in 1892. His first term was uneventful, but the second was marked because of a fearful financial panic. After his retirement from the Presidency, he spent his time in writing and lecturing. Cleveland died at Princeton, New Jersey in 1908, at the age of seventy-one years.

\* \* \* \* \*

### HOW THE ROBIN GOT HIS RED BREAST

This is the story Gypsy mothers tell their children why all the robins have red breasts to this very day:

Joseph and Mary and the Baby Jesus were on their way to Egypt, trying to escape from the persecution of King Herod. One night they sought shelter in a Gypsy camp. The Gypsy Chief told them to stay by the fire, even though he knew who they were, and that the vengeance of Herod would fall upon him if he were discovered giving protection to fugitives. But it was against the code of the Gypsies to turn anyone away who was overcome by hunger or cold or darkness.

The long, cold night wore on. As the hours passed the fire began

to die. The Gypsies were asleep, and Joseph hesitated to rekindle it. The Child shivered with cold. The mother drew it close, but could not warm it.

High up above them, in a leafless tree, was a small brown bird. It saw the shivering Babe, and the half-dead embers. It flew down quickly and fanned the embers with its wings. Into the very ashes it crept, spreading its tiny pinions and fanning constantly. Suddenly the embers flamed again, and burned merrily, warming the circle where the wanderers lay.

But the fire blazed so quickly that the breast of the bird in the ashes was sadly burned. Then God, because of the act of love and sacrifice of the small bird, took the pain away, and decreed that the scorched breast should be a mark of honor, so that evermore the world might know what one robin had done for a shivering Babe. And that is why the robin, to this very day, has a red breast.

—Round Robin News.

\* \* \* \* \*

### ON CHEWING GUM

Any athlete can tell you why the United States Army takes chewing gum to war. Each combat ration unit issued by the Army contains a stick of gum. The athlete has used it for years to increase the flow of saliva in a dry mouth and knows chewing gum relieves thirst. He finds that it reduces the tension of strained, overworked muscles and that chewing steadies the nerves. This holds true where men work or fight under any strain, and is definitely not a superstition, for scientific research proves these statements true. During normal times the average citizen chews 130 sticks of gum a year, with a minimum of two minutes for each cud. With combat units needing gum overseas, soldiers in training needing it at home, civilians are letting their jaws rest more frequently. British scientists inform their fellows that chewing gum does not change the contours of faces, so maybe they will join us in our national pastime.—Mooresville Enterprise.

# TIMBER IS A NECESSITY, SAVE IT

By Garland B. Porter, State News Bureau

Calling attention to the fact that of all forest fires in North Carolina during the calendar year of 1943, 99 per cent were preventable, W. K. Beichler, Chief of Forest Fire Control, outlined a program for reducing this costly figure in the future. Mr. Beichler presented his program for the public's assistance as he released figures for the calendar year, recently compiled, covering the forest area under State protection.

These were delayed this year because of the changes of personnel due to the wartime needs, he explained.

Lightning, the only cause of a forest fire not under man's control, caused only 22 of the total of 3,778 fires last year. Worst offenders were the smokers, causing 1,215, and next were debris burners, causing 734. Next were of incendiary origin, 692; campers and hunters, 467; railroads, 214; lumbering, 86; and miscellaneous causes, 348.

Of the 302,655 acres burned over, 188,869 were of young growth; merchantable timber, 86,447; open land, 27,339. This was about 200,000 acres less than burned over the previous year.

Although the area under State protection, now about 12,500,000 acres of the state's 18,400,000 acres of forested area, has increased in recent years, the percentage of area burned has steadily decreased, which is a true sign of progress. The state's forest fire control program during the last year was financed largely by State and County appropriations, and by Federal funds under the Clarke-

McNary law to the extent of 31 per cent. It formerly was 50 per cent.

Attention was called to the rise of North Carolina in the matter of percent-of-protected-area-burned from last place among Southern States as of August, 1941, to a strong third position as of August, 1943. Figures thus far available indicate that this will prove true for the full year.

In dollars and cents the year 1943 showed forest fires destroyed \$621,000 worth of products and potential products, as against \$1,020,000. This record was achieved at a disadvantage as to trained personnel, as the armed services and higher wages have claimed some of the staff. In order to continue this good performances, the public will have to lend every possible cooperation to save wood products needed for war purposes, stated Mr. Beichler. His program follows:

Farmers and Ranchers. Before doing any brush or pasture burning check with your nearest State Forest Warden or Federal Forest or Park Ranger regarding the need for a Burning Permit under the State Law. Rake or plow a substantial fire line around the area to be burned. Don't burn in periods of high wind or other dangerous fire weather. During and after your burning, have plenty of help on hand until the last spark is dead.

Smokers. In smoking during dry windy weather be sure that matches, cigarettes, cigar butts, and pipe ashes are cold before discarding them. Be sure to discard them only in places that are clear of inflammable material,

such as dry grass and leaves.

**Forest Industries.** Build and maintain safe fire lines around saw mills or other such plants set up in the woods. **Use effective spark arresters.** Carefully watch warming fires. Don't burn slabs, sawdust, etc., in dangerous fire weather. Keep fire fighting equipment handy and fire patrols alert. Remember that forest fires destroys the raw materials which feed your operation.

**Campers.** Before building a fire remember the requirements of State Law with regard to clearing a sufficient space around the site of the camp fire to avoid its spreading out of bounds. Remember a good camper keeps his fire small. Before leaving, stir the coals and turn sticks while drenching them with water. Thoroughly soak the ground around the fire, and be sure the last spark is dead.

**Railroad Train Crews.** Don't empty locomotive ash pans in places where hot coals will ingnite grass or woods. Watch locomotive spark arrester devices for faulty operation. Report to operating officials any stretches of the right-of-way which are special fire hazards and should be burned off by section crews to avoid accidental fire setting.

**Everybody.** Put out small fires that you can handle alone. Remember that the biggest fire that ever started was no bigger than your hat when it did start. Report larger fires immediately to the nearest State Forest Warden or Federal Forest or Park Ranger. Remember that fire is a very valuable servant, but can easily become a dangerous and destructive master if not properly handled. Everyone is urged to be constantly alert and do everything possible to prevent forest, grass and brush fires.

---

### IT'S BETTER

It's better sometime to be blind  
 To the faults of some poor fellow being,  
 Than to view them with visions unkind,  
 When there's good we ought to be seeing.  
 It's better sometime to be dumb,  
 Than to speak just to be criticizing,  
 Though it seems to be given to some  
 To recall traits both mean and despising.  
 It's better sometime to be deaf,  
 Than to hear only lying and pander,  
 For there's nothing so low as theft  
 Or a good name destroyed by slander.

—Author Unknown.

# THOMAS JORDAN JARVIS

By Beth Crabtree

It was not the latter part of the 1870's and the early years of the following decade that North Carolina finally succeeded in overthrowing the yoke of Reconstruction and began to progress toward a more stable future. One of the outstanding leaders in this overthrow and the constructive program that followed was Governor Thomas J. Jarvis.

A descendent of colonial deputy governor Thomas Jarvis and of Samuel Jarvis, an officer in the Revolution, Thomas Jordan Jarvis, the son of Bannister Hardy Jarvis and Elizabeth Daly Jarvis, was born in Currituck County on January 18, 1836. His early years were spent on a farm and in attending the county schools. Upon reaching nineteen, he left Currituck to enter Randolph-Macon College, near Boydton, Virginia, where he partially financed his training by teaching school. Following his graduation, in 1860, he opened a school in Pasquotank County. His stay there was brief, however, for with the outbreak of war he abandoned teaching and enlisted in 17th North Carolina Regiment. Shortly thereafter he was commissioned a first lieutenant in the 8th Regiment and rose to the rank of captain. Wounded at Drewry's Bluff in 1864, Captain Jarvis was invalidated for the remainder of the war.

Jarvis returned to North Carolina, opened a store in Tyrrell County, and began the study of law. He soon developed a keen interest in politics and was elected a member of the State convention of 1865. In 1867 the con-

gressional Reconstruction acts overthrew the State government and a new constitution was written the following year. As a representative in the house of commons, Jarvis united with other Conservatives in opposition to the Republican administration. He was a strong leader, aiding greatly in the repeal of special tax laws and in the work of the Bragg investigating committee. His leadership was further strengthened, in 1870, when he was elected speaker of the house. Two years later he moved to Pitt County and established a law co-partnership with David M. Carter, and in 1875 he was elected a member of the constitutional convention. This convention was stalemated by the equal representation of Conservatives and Republicans, with the latter desiring to gain control and call adjournment. Jarvis persuaded Matt W. Ransom, by voting for himself, to break the deadlock, throwing the balance of power of the Conservatives and insuring the continuance of the convention. In the election of 1876 Jarvis secured the Conservative nomination for lieutenant governor. Three years later, when Vance resigned to become a United States Senator, he became governor and in the following year was elected for a full term.

Governor Jarvis was interested in every phase of State activities but his administration was particularly devoted to the development of the State's resources and in laying the foundation for a modern public school system. In his inaugural address the governor



clearly indicated the importance he attached to public education. Opposition to the sale of the State-owned Western North Carolina Railroad was overcome chiefly at his insistence—an insistence motivated largely by a desire to divert State funds from the building of railroads to the building of schoolhouses. He saw realistically that money was a prime necessity for the success of any constructive program. In 1881 the governor, the superintendent of public instruction, and the press called the attention of the public to the sad plight of the State-supported schools by emphasizing the incompetency of the teachers and the run-down condition of the buildings. The legislature's response was gratifying; taxes for school support were increased, provision was made for the maintenance of additional normal schools for both races, a school curriculum was prescribed, and a standard examination for public school teachers was instituted for the benefit of new county officials.

At the end of his governorship, Jarvis was appointed by President Cleveland as minister to Brazil. Four years later he returned to North Carolina and resumed his law practice. He entered public life again in 1894 upon his appointment by Governor Carr to complete Vance's term in the United States Senate. Jarvis's interest in education never lagged, for he was particularly active in the founding of East Carolina Teacher's College and in the establishment of the graded schools of Greenville. On June 17, 1915, the "grand old man of the State," having lived a long full life, succumbed to the disabilities of old age.

Governor Jarvis, in his capacity to see the State as a whole, in all its activities, in his ability to conclude successfully what he had begun, and in his own personal integrity, left an exceptional record of public service—a record that did much to start North Carolina on the road to progress.

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## POINTERS

The lazy and idle man does not count in the progress of this nation.

"The highest mountain peak of human achievement is the hill called Golgotha."

A man can fail many times, but he isn't a failure until he begins to blame somebody else.

Nothing ventilates the mind like a resolution.

—John Burroughs

## DR. WINSTON TO SUCCEED MRS. BOST.

Greensboro Daily News

Dr. Ellen Black Winston, head of the sociology department at Meredith college here since 1940, has been appointed to succeed Mrs. W. T. Bost as state commissioner of public welfare.

The appointment was announced tonight by William A. Blair, of Winston-Salem, chairman of the board of charities and public welfare, following a meeting of a special committee in Laurinburg today.

The Committee's appointment of Dr. Winston met the approval of Governor Broughton. Blair said.

Mrs. Bost, who held the post for 14 years, resigned several weeks ago and said she would retire. The appointment is effective April 1.

Dr. Winston will be the fourth person to hold the office since the post was established in 1917. Roland F. Beasley, of Monroe, was the first commissioner. He was followed by Mrs. Kate Burr Johnson, of Raleigh.

The new commissioner is a native of Bryson City. A graduate of Converse college, Spartanburg, S. C., she

received degrees of master of arts and doctor of philosophy in sociology at the University of Chicago in 1928 and 1930. She also studied at State college and the University of North Carolina.

She is president of the North Carolina State Legislative council, legislative chairman for the State Federation of Women's Clubs and is chairman of international relations for the North Carolina divisions of the American Association of University Women.

Dr. Winston began her teaching career at a high school here in 1928, where she was dean of girls. From 1934-39 she was social economist and editor of the technical publications in the field of public relief for the works progress administration division of research. In 1940 she acted as senior social scientist for the farm security administration and as chief training supervisor for WPA in North Carolina.

Her husband, Dr. S. R. Winston, has been head of the sociology department at State college for 18 years.

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Let us do our duty in our shop or our kitchen; in the market, the street, the office, the school, the home, just as faithfully as if we stood in the front rank of some great battle, and knew that victory for mankind depended on our bravery, strength and skill. When we do that, the humblest of us will be serving in that great army which achieves the welfare of the world.

—Theodore Parker.

# REVOLUTIONARY GENERALS

By R. C. Lawrence, in The State

North Carolina supplied the Continental Army with a dozen generals, all of whom rendered distinguished service during the struggle for independence.

Several of the more important battles of the Revolution were fought on Carolina soil, such as Moore's Creek, King's Mountain, and Guilford Court House, and Carolina also played a considerable part in the High Command of the Continental Army. Let us look at the Carolina Generals of the struggle for independence. The order in which they are listed has no relation to the value of their service:

1. MAJOR GENERAL ROBERT HOWE, of Burnswick. He was Carolina's ranking officer, originally Colonel of the 2nd Carolina Regiment authorized by the Provincial Congress in August 1775. General Howe was such an outstanding Patriot that when the British General Sir Henry Clinton offered pardon and amnesty to all who would return to their British allegiance, General Howe and Cornelius Harnett were excepted. Clinton sent a detachment into Brunswick County and ravaged Howe's plantation.

He became commander of the Department of the South, succeeding General Charles Lee in that behalf. His command of the Southern armies was not very successful, and his military tactics had their critics, among whom was (Governor) Christopher Gadsden, of South Carolina. Such criticism brought on a duel between the two men. Howe's bullet grazed the ear of Gadsden, and that gentle-

man then fired not at Howe but in another direction!

2. BRIGADIER GENERAL JAMES MOORE. Leader of the patriots and member of the assembly in 1765 when lower Cape Fear rose in opposition to the stamp act. Named Colonel of the 1st Regiment of Carolina troops by the Provincial Congress in August 1775. Posted on Rocky River to intercept the Tories under General Donald McDonald, as they marched toward Wilmington. They took another road, and therefore the battle of Moore's Creek was fought before his troops could arrive on the field. Died in March 1777 in the same house on the same day as his brother, colonial judge Maurice Moore. He was an uncle of Alfred Moore, Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

3. BRIGADIER GENERAL FRANCIS NASH. Originally Colonel of Carolina militia, promoted to be Brigadier of the Continental Line. Commanded a brigade of Carolinians in Washington's army at the battle of Germantown, where he was killed. Nashville, Tennessee; Nash County, and Nashville, North Carolina, were all named in his honor. Buried near where he fell and where a monument has been erected to his memory.

4. BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN ASHE, of New Hanover. Speaker of the Assembly 1762-1765. Leader in opposition to enforcement of the Stamp Act in 1765. Defeated at Brier Creek on the Savannah River. Captured by the British in 1781, he contracted smallpox, dying of that disease at the home of Col. John Sampson, in

whose honor Sampson County was named.

5. BRIGADIER GENERAL EDWARD VAIL, of Chowan. I regret that I have been unable to find anything of the service of this officers, other than that he commanded the militia of the Edenton District in 1776.

6. BRIGADIER GENERAL RICHARD CASWELL, of Lenoir. President of the Convention which adopted the State Constitution. One of the commanders at the battle of Moore's Creek, for which he had the thanks of Congress. Fought at Camden courthouse. Speaker of the Senate. Several times Governor. Delegate to the Fayetteville Convention which ratified the Federal Constitution. Leading statesman of his day.

7. BRIGADIER GENERAL ALLEN Jones, of Northampton. Not so well known as his brother, the famous Willie Jones of Halifax. Member of the Continental Congress. Senator in 1787. In the Hillsboro Convention he favored ratification of the Federal Constitution which his brother Willie opposed.

8. BRIGADIER - GEN. THOMAS PERSON, of Granville County. He made a large donation to the University, where a building was named in his honor, as was also the county of Person. He was repeatedly in the legislature, as late as 1814. So opposed to the ratification of the Federal Constitution that he denounced President Washington as a "damned rascal and traitor to his country for putting his hand to such an infamous paper as the new Constitution."

9. BRIGADIER GENERAL GRIF-FITH RUTHERFORD of Rowan. In 1776 commanded 2,400 troops and

subdued the Cherokee Indians. Commanded a brigade at Camden where he was captured. Later commanded at Wilmington. Became president of the Council in Tennessee. Counties in both Carolina and Tennessee named in his honor.

10. BRIGADIER GENERAL JETHRO SUMMER, of Warren. In the battle of Camden; also at Eutaw Springs, where he commanded the Carolina line. When the outlaw, David Fanning, abducted Carolina's Governor Thomas Burke, Summer was ordered to this state and kept here during the remainder of the war.

11. BRIGADIER GENERAL WILLIAM DAVIDSON, of Mecklenburg. Served with the Northern army under Washington. While on his way to join the Southern army besieging Charleston he stopped to visit his family and then could not pass through the British lines. When the army of Cornwallis started northward, Davidson sought to prevent his passage of the Catawba, where Davidson was killed. Davdison County and college named in his honor. In 1781 Congress passed resolution requesting North Carolina to erect a monument to his memory at the national expense.

12. BRIGADIER GENERAL WILLIAM R. DAVIE. Entered service as Lieutenant; wounded at Stono, where he was a Major; fought at Ramseur's Mill, Charlotte, Hanging Rock. Was Commissary General under Greene at Guilford Courthouse. Member Continental Congress at Philadelphia and of the Hillsboro Convention, as well as the Fayetteville Convention. Father of the University. Governor. On Embassy to France. Commissioner to run dividing line between North and

South Carolina. Foremost statesman of his day.

Six colonels were also elected by the Provincial Congress of Carolina. Of these Nash was promoted and killed as above set forth. Alexander Martin of Guilford fought at Germantown in the brigade of Nash. After the war he became Speaker of the Senate and Governor. Summer was promoted to be Brigadier. Col. Thomas Polk, of Mecklenburg, was a signer of the

Mecklenburg Declaration; served in the regiment under Davidson; served in the Northern army under Washington. Col. Edward Buncombe of Tyrrell was wounded and captured and died in captivity. He raised and equipped a regiment at his own expense. Col. Alexander Lillington was one of the commander at Moore's Creek. County seat of Harnett was named in his honor.



In these days of unrest and uncertainties, those who cultivate calmness and self-possession will live longer and enjoy life better. Hence, someone has collated a number of precepts to practice, as follows:

Learn to like what doesn't cost much.

Learn to like reading, conversation, music.

Learn to like plain food, plain service, plain cooking.

Learn to like fields, trees, woods brooks, fishing, rowing, hiking.

Learn to like life for its own sake.

Learn to like people, even though some of them may be as different from you as a Chinese.

Learn to like to work and enjoy the satisfaction of doing your job as well as it can be done.

Learn to like the song of the birds, the companionship of dogs and laughter and gaiety of children.

Learn to like gardening, carpentering, puttering around the house, the lawn, and the automobile.

Learn to like the sunrise and the sunset, the beating of rain on the roof and windows and the gentle fall of snow on a winter day.

Learn to keep your wants simple. Refuse to be owned and anchored by things and opinions of others.

# UNFIT FOR HOME BUILDING

By Dr. Ivan Hagedorn

In many of our homes, children are demanding exclusive rights to the piano, the typewriter, the newspaper, or whatever another may have at any given moment. While I have very little sympathy for the parent who maintains a rigid discipline in the home because he doesn't want to spoil his child and is so severe in his handling of a youngster that he is miserly in his praise, stingy in his kindness, uncompromising in his demands, nevertheless I would stoutly advocate stronger authority in the home.

Parents must get used to the idea that they possess some claims to knowledge. They must exercise more perseverance and backbone than they have made evident in recent decades. More and more parents have relinquished the care and training of their children to others. The attitude expressed toward their children is largely that of indulgence. A newspaper comments on a questionnaire recently sent to 369 high school boys and 415 girls, who were asked to check a list of ten desirable qualities in a father. The quality receiving the second largest vote was, "Respecting his children's opinions." Others were, "Never nagging his children about what they do," "Making plenty of money," "Owning a good-looking car."

A home must be more than a provider of food, shelter, and clothing. It must be a place where absolute standards and definite authority are respected. Adolescents want guid-

ance in the knowledge of right and wrong. I have so much confidence in young life that I believe down in their hearts youth would be willing to enjoy less freedom, if only they might have sure ground under their feet. Young people have gotten far afield spiritually and morally, simply because their parents have all too often lost their sense of values and standards themselves and do not know how to cope with situations which confront young people today. Parents have been too much afraid of losing the affection and esteem of their children if they exercise too much parental authority.

As is always the case, God's commands are a part of his gracious program for our temporal and eternal welfare. We are to learn what is worth while and what is harmful through "nurture," through "chastening," and through "admonition." In Hebrews we are told that whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth, and that if we be without chastisement, then we are not sons. A young man, away at college, wrote his father a birthday letter, wherein he stated his desire to give expression to his love and gratitude for the parental program. "There was a time," said the son, "when I thought you were hard on me, and I resented it, and determined that when I was out from under the parental roof I would do as I wished. Since I have been at college, I have found that I have so many worth-while things that others do not have... I am writing to thank you,

and to express my gratitude, and to say that if I ever have a home of my own, I want it to be like the one in which I grew up."

The strength of America is the strength of many strains. Someone has likened it to a symphony, in which the sound of each instrument is distinct and valuable for its own sake, and yet blends into the total harmony. Once a **gifted Chinese** who had been trained in America, where he had caught the spirit of democracy at its best, closed an address with these words: "Let us agree to differ, but resolve to love."

We do a great deal of talking about democracy. In our homes, very often instead of finding democratizing influences we experience the very opposite. The psychological roots for Fascism are found in homes where the management of children is arbitrary and coercive. Respect for one another is a "must," unless we desire to prove the greatest Democrat of them all to be false prophet. With Him, **personality was ever sacred**. Valuable social training can be afforded in the home. Careful observers have noticed that nearly always individuals from big families have learned to adjust themselves to the needs and wishes of other people. They have learned that one favor is to be returned with another; one advantage set off by another.

J. Edgar Hoover, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, said: "If more American homes were cognizant to the leading role which the Sunday school, young people's meetings, and similar groups play in the life of our youth, we would not now be confronted with the rising

tide of juvenile crime." The failure of so many parents to set the pace in religious practices is clearly at fault. Recently a boy of **seventeen**, embarrassed because of the chronic absence of his parents from Sunday school and church, took rather drastic measure. Always, his efforts to win their consent to accompany him were greeted with the words, "Too busy."

One Sunday morning he got up earlier than usual. He mopped up the floor, blacked his mother's and father's shoes, straightened up the house, cleaned out the furnace, and attended to other chores which ordinarily were the things his parents did Sunday mornings. The parents' usual excuse, "Too busy," was met. And the parents, awakened by what their son had done, have determined to get up earlier in order to attend divine services.

Parents can make religion real to their children, if they give it a flesh and blood setting in their own lives. It is not by exhortation but by example, not by preaching but by practice. The most convincing influence in the world is an incarnation. Lovely indeed are the recollections that some of us were privileged to enjoy in connection with religious practices in our homes. Sitting in church with mother and father, the delightful walks on the Lord's Day, the gathering about the piano for the singing of the hymns of the church. The helpful and constructive counsels of a father and mother will never be forgotten. On other days of the week, father was absent, and mother was busy, but on the Lord's Day, in the years gone by, the children had their parents.

A boy eighteen years old was badly wounded, and the gates of life were closing to him. Out of his loneliness came the longing for home, and he yearned to hear his loved ones' voices, and once again to see their faces. A chaplain visited him just before his soul departed. He read to him the Twenty-third Psalm. The tremendous pain which showed itself in every facial muscle seemed to depart as the chaplain read the familiar words. From the bed of the sufferer came this request, "Please sir, read it again. While you were reading it, mother was setting in the other corner of the room, and she smiled at me. Please read it again." On his mind had been painted a picture of a mother who read her Bible. It could not be effaced.

The church is faced by a tremendous task. It must rally all its forces, to recover the home as the creative center of spiritual nurture. The rightly fashioned home is best suited for transmitting to the newborn child the spiritual gains of the race. If we are ever to have a better

world, we must restore the home as the spiritual nursery for our children. It is the first line of spiritual defense.

Let us stir the imaginations of the officers of our church, and the teachers in our Sunday schools, with the glory of the task of imparting Christian instruction to our boys and girls. Today we are dreaming of Distinguished Service crosses. We grow enamored with the award of the Purple Heart. There is nothing greater than to lead a little child along the higher road to God. We have the testimony of no less a personality than General MacArthur, who said, "By profession, I am a soldier, and I take pride in that fact. But I am prouder, infinitely prouder, to be a father. A soldier destroys in order to build. The father only builds: he never destroys. The one has the potentialities of death; the other embodies creation and life. And while the hordes of life are mighty, the battalions of life are mightier still." The noblest uniform that can be worn today is that of the teacher and the guide of youth.

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### STOP BEING A GROWLER

Put away the habit of fault finding. See the noble and true in your neighbors and friends instead of magnifying their weaknesses and imperfections. Look not for the "contradictions" in the Bible, but for the great and eternal truths that are to be found in this storehouse of truth and wisdom. Learn to admire poems of grandeur and eloquence. Go out into the green pastures of the World of God and walk in contentment besides its still waters. But stop being a growler.—Adapted.



## “NOTHING TO SELL”

By Zions Herald.

Reviewing the life and character of Raymond Clapper, the commentator who recently lost his life in the Pacific, **Ernie Pyle, a fellow newspaper man**, tried to put into words the secret of his friend's unique success. Wrote Pyle:

This is a column about Ray Clapper. I am writing it because I consider him the outstanding columnist of 1940. You who read him know that his sincerity projects itself outward from the printed page into your consciences. Yet sincerity is hardly the word any more. Somehow its meaning has changed these last few years. We grant sincerity to too many people we don't like. Clapper's sincerity is something else. I have searched my head in vain for a way to describe it, and then last night Mrs. Clapper put into four words what I was trying to say about her husband —“He isn't selling anything.”

Nothing to sell! Those three words are worth thinking about. They are full of inspiration. Most persons are trying to sell something. It may be a commodity of some kind, stocks and bonds, insurance, real estate. Some men are bargaining for position, for power; some are trying to sell themselves. Those three words, “nothing to sell,” uncover the inquiry of false propaganda, of tricky advertising, of shady business transactions, of political maneuvering, of all kinds of lying and misrepresentation. Nothing to sell! That one man had nothing to sell. no standard but the truth, no object but to do right, strengthens the faith of millions. After all, we do respect

downright sincerity. And because, in the last analysis, we bow to honesty, there is hope for every one of us. We are altogether bad since we have the capacity to respond to noble thoughts and actions in our fellow men.

Raymond Clapper had nothing to sell. He wrote what he believed to be the truth, letting “the chips fall where they may.” He was uninfluenced by any interest, commercial or political. He had no ax to grind. He could not be bought.

Clapper is a wholesome example for all of us. By his crystal-clear sincerity he called us back to a new reliance upon plain everyday righteousness.

On the lips of thousands of well-meaning Americans in these days of severe stress and strain are the words “We do not know what to believe.” There is an uneasy feeling that we are by no means getting the whole story about the war. Shock over almost unbelievable tales of cruelty, we wonder whether they have not been colored by hatred or the desire to “pep up the fighting spirit,” or even to sell war bonds. Viewing the wrangles in Washington, plain citizens find questionings arising in their minds concerning the motives of some of our leaders in government. Are they “fixing their fences” or have they first of all interests of their country at heart? Are big business men **always “on the square” or are their professions of interest in human welfare only a camouflage to cover up selfish efforts to increase profits?**

Even in the professions, men are too frequently moved by secondary motives when they should be true to the ethical code to which they subscribed when they began their careers. Does a lawyer always ask himself the leading questions "What are the real facts in the case?" and "Is it best for my client to enter into litigation?" What of the educator? He has to make a showing, raise large sums of money for endowment. He is in very grave danger. Almost unconsciously he may sacrifice quality of scholarship to large endowments and big buildings. Even the minister is not without his testing times. He may be more concerned to "get on" in his profession than to save souls and build the kingdom.

When a man has nothing to sell, when he asks himself only the one question "What is the truth?" he will at first encounter stern opposition from the worldly-wise. He may be treated with contempt. He may be ignored. He may be called a well-meaning fanatic. His contemporaries by his consistent actions year in and year out that he has nothing to sell, in time he will come to command the confidence of his fellow men. It was so with Raymond Clapper, whose death came as a distinct shock to

millions of his admirers and produced a real sense of loss in the hearts of both his friends and his enemies.

Men who take the short cut in life end in failure. In their eagerness to make money, to acquire power, to achieve honors, to gain prestige, they sell out. They lose their souls. Their fellow men come to distrust them, to ask about their every move, "What is their racket?" And so life become, for those who "climb up some other way," a process of growing disillusionment with themselves and the world. They grow bitter and cynical because they always had something to sell and never moved in the atmosphere of clear-cut sincerity.

There once lived a Person long, long ago who on the fullest sense of the word had nothing to sell. He was crucified for his pains. But he extended his life and influence from a brief thirty-two years to nearly twenty centuries. The world can never forget Christ—he had nothing to sell. He courageously spoke the truth. He never flinched, never compromised. He took the consequences. He showed us what God was like. He gave his life for us that we might never forget the supremacy of righteousness and the power of the redemptive love of God.

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I said to a man who stood at the gate of the year, "Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown," and he replied, "Go out into the darkness, and put your hand into the hand of God. That shall be to you better than a light, and safer than a known way."—Quoted by King George VI of England in his Christmas 1940 broadcast.

# THE LOVE OF MONEY

(Dare County Times)

"Money is the root of all evil," said the drummer to his friend the Old Sea Captain.

"You may be right, but the quotation is wrong," the Old Sea Captain said. "The Scripture tells us that 'Love of Money is the root of all Evil'."

"I can't see any difference in it," said the Drummer. "It means the same thing for if there were no money, nobody could love it. What good is there in splitting hairs?"

"I am not splitting hairs," said the Old Sea Captain. "But if you reflected a bit you could see a whale of a difference. In the first place money cannot be the root of all evil, because money does a lot of good in many, many cases. At the time all of our evils have their root in the love of money. The love of money is the uncontrolled passion for getting money for the sake of money."

"Well, doesn't everybody try to get money?" the Drummer asked him.

"Of course my boy," the Old Man said, "but there is quite a distinction between people who try to get money. You see one class of people are so nearsighted that a dime in front of their eyes not only blots out the sight of the glories of the universe but they cloud completely any vision of the spiritual joys that money can bring when unselfishly used. Then there is another class of people to whom the clinking of coin or the sight of silver and gold hoarded away means nothing. Their joy is in achieving things, in the doing and not the receiving, in being able to give to worthy

causes. The latter class seldom do harm in the world, because they don't love money. It is their energy, their goodness and their generosity that makes it possible for the other class to enjoy some comfort and pleasure in this world."

"What are the evils that spring out of the Love of Money?" asked the Drummer.

"Why this great lust for money is the handmaid of selfishness, than which there is no greater sin. It is selfishness that bars the road to every public cause, that delays the construction of schools, the building of roads, the inauguration of any progressive measure. It is the selfish who just want money, who would keep an entire community out of some great and lasting benefit, because they demand the inauguration of any progressive on which they have been setting for years. They will swear to the tax lister their land is worth only \$1 an acre, cheat their government of the taxes that someone else must pay, and demand \$100 an acre for the land they couldn't sell for \$20 an acre.

"You will find people of this type who chisel in and get control of everything that renders a necessary and essential public service, but who are so eager for the dollar, they refuse to maintain the good service and a whole community suffers in inconvenience as well as reputation, and dollars are lost to every citizen. The dime in front of the eye saved in needed improvements prevents the income of many dollars."

"It would seem such people couldn't have many friends," said the Drummer.

"They never do, in the long run," said the Old Sea Captain, "and they can never understand the reasons for it. Many pretend to be friends of such people, but it is only because they are afraid, or are playing a game. And there's another instance of shortsightedness as exemplified by their greed for money, lose sight of the finest element of all—good will. In this manner many good corporations were brought into disfavor and an enraged public demands something of the lawmakers who created various boards to regulate, and commissions to plan, and laws for Government own-

ership, most of which remedies were worse than the ailment."

"Well," said the Drummer, "maybe you are right; but I don't see much in life for the fellow who never accumulates anything, and who dies broke."

"No my boy," sighed the Old Man. "That is something we can't see; but that fellow is the happier of the two. You don't have to see, but he feels a joy the other fellow doesn't. He dies with all friends all about him and many call him blessed when he passes away, and his aid and counsel begins to be missed, and it is to such fellows that the world too late erects great monuments, and continues to devote pages of biography and history."



### THE FAMILY

Two great, strong arms, a merry way,  
A lot of business all the day,  
And then an evening frolic gay—  
That's father.

A happy face and sunny hair,  
The best and sweetest smiles to spare;  
The one you know is always there—  
That's mother.

A bunch of lace and ruffy frocks,  
A teddy-bear, a rattle-box,  
A squeal, some very wee pink socks—  
That's baby.

A lot of noise, a suit awry;  
A love for sweets and cake and pie.  
The grammar may be wrong, but my—that's me!  
—Pacific Methodist.

## OUR SERVICE FLAG

On Sunday morning, March 12th, we assembled in the auditorium to pay **fitting tribute to former members of the School's staff of workers and former students who have become members of the United States armed forces or are serving in the merchant marines in the great world-wide conflict now raging.**

This flag, measuring four by six feet, is made of red silk, with a large white center. In the center, blue stars form a large "V" under which in blue figures is shown the number known to be in some branch of service. Beneath this a gold star gleams just above the number representing those who have given their lives in the cause of freedom and the common welfare of all mankind.

A tabulation of those in the armed forces, to date, shows the following! Former Officers, 13; Former Students 422; making a total of 435. To this list is added 6 old boys in the merchant marine service, making a grand total of 441.

With Superintendent S. G. Hawfield acting as master of ceremonies, the program began with the audience singing "America," followed by a portion of Scripture read responsively, and a beautiful service prayer by Mr. Hawfield.

Next on the program was the presentation of our National Emblem and service flag by the School's Boy Scout Troop. Leading the procession down the center aisle one of the boys carried the United States Flag, closely followed by two lads carrying the service flag. The other Boy Scouts, acting as escort, followed by twos. When the procession reached the

stage, both flags were properly placed, and Scout Roger Reid stepped to the front and recited, "Cheers for the Living—Tears for the Dead" in a most impressive manner. As the audience listened in absolute silence, the names of the boys who made the supreme sacrifice for their country were read, as follows: Douglas Matthews, Walter Sexton and William E. Whitaker, killed in action, and Daniel Taylor, who died while being held prisoner by the enemy.

A group of our smaller youngsters then sang "There's a Star-Spangled Banner Waving Somewhere," following which Mr. Leon Godown read two poems, "A Toast to Our Boys" and "Fighting Men."

The entire audience then sang a group of three songs, very popular among the boys. "The Marine Hymn," "Anchors Aweigh" and "The Army Air Corps." This was followed by a recitation by Robert Helms, one of our little fellows. The audience then sang another of the boys' favorite war songs. "Coming In On a Wing and a Prayer."

Next in order was a vocal solo, "Our Flag," by Billy Poteat. The words were composed especially for the occasion by Mrs. C. E. Thomas, director of music, and the tune used was the one immediately preceding this number. Edwin Peterson then recited a poem, after which the audience sang "God Bless America" most enthusiastically.

In presenting the guest speaker, Hon. Luther T. Hartsell, Jr., Superintendent Hawfield expressed his pleasure, together with that of those of us who know him, upon being so

fortunate as to have him with us on this occasion. He added that while we all think very highly of Mr. Hartsell because of his own outstanding qualities, we are drawn closer to him because of the fact that his father was chairman of the Board of Trustees of this institution for many years, and is still one of the School's best friends.

At the beginning of his remarks, Mr. Hartsell explained to the lads some of his duties as a member of the Selective Service Board. Their duties, said he, are vastly different from those of any other agency connected with the war effort. The members of rationing boards tell us when we may have food and other necessary materials, and determine the amount, while those on the draft boards are not responsible for commodities, but for human lives, and in carrying on this work, one feels at all times that what is being done requires prayerful consideration.

Mr. Hartsell then told the boys that the title of the subject he wanted to speak about was "Flags," and wanted them to think with him briefly of various types of standards.

Flags have been in existence for more than two thousand years, said the speaker, having been in use long before the birth of Jesus. He first called attention to the banners by the different tribes of Israel in Old Testament times. Instead of geometrical designs they carried likenesses of birds and animals. On the banners of the four principal tribes of Israel were seen the lion, the ox, the man, and the eagle, denoting the courage of the lion, the strength of the ox, the intelligence of the man, and the swiftness of the eagle.

Coming on down through time and history, said Mr. Hartsell, flags have

marked various stages of civilization. In the Middle Ages, knights were dressed in armor as they went into battle. A knight's face being covered by a visor, it was necessary that there be some mark of recognition, so he carried a flag, its color and design showing who he was and upon which side he was fighting.

The speaker then called attention to various types of flags used in this country until Betsy Ross, in her little home in Philadelphia, made the first American Flag. The first flag contained thirteen stars, one for each state in the Union. This flag has gone through many changes, until today we see the number of stars increased to forty-eight, representing a unity of forty-eight states. We are North Carolinians, continued the speaker, and we are proud that our star is in that flag, along with forty-seven others. But while we are justly proud of our state, we must remember that first of all, we are Americans.

Mr. Hartsell then told the boys of two trips he made by boat. The first was in the summer of 1935, when he was a passenger on a German boat. He stated that at the time he was very much pleased by the way things were done on that boat. It was a beautiful ship, painted white, and well-equipped to care for about 700 passengers. On this trip, he said the significance of the flag impressed him. The ship was owned by Germany, being one of the finest of the Hamburg-American Line. While in port at Norfolk, Virginia, it flew the Stars and Stripes but as soon as the three-mile limit was reached, our flag was taken down and the German Swastika hoisted, but when within three miles of Newfoundland, the

German flag was lowered and was replaced by the Union Jack of Great Britain. In 1937, going from New York City to St. George's, Bermuda, the same thing happened, this being just two short years before the present World War started. At that very time the Germans on that boat were planning exactly what is going on today. These things make us appreciate our flag more than ever.

Next to the United States Flag, said the speaker, is the service flag, such as the one hanging on the stage at the moment. That flag is a tribute to young men who have been students at this institution and to former members of the staff.

Mr. Hartsell told the lads that as they looked at that flag they should remember that it contained a star for a former instructor, Colonel Samuel I. Parker—a veteran of World War I, now serving in the present war—who has received the Congressional Medal of Honor, the highest award the United States bestows upon any citizen. This honor is so high that even a private soldier wearing the medal is entitled to be saluted first by a four-star general. Colonel Parker belongs to each boy at the School, added the speaker, and they should be proud of him and the record he has made.

The fact that he has received such a high award doesn't mean that he is doing more for our great country than the other 440 men represented on that flag. It all means that in order to win, we must move as a unit.

The four gold stars, said Mr. Hartsell, mean that four boys have made the supreme sacrifice. They have given their lives for us, and we ought to strive with all our might to be worthy. Each of the 441 young men represented are serving for us and the country they love.

The speaker also told the boys that when they looked at the service flag, they should remember that one star was for Sergeant Raymond Irwin, of Charlotte, who just a few short years ago, was a lad at the School. Raymond, a member of a bomber crew, has shot down eight or ten Jap Zeros, and has received many awards and honors.

In conclusion, Mr. Hartsell told his youthful listeners they should realize as they viewed this flag, it represents hundreds of thousands of men and women in service for us. Our duty is to lend every effort to help them carry on to victory, that our cherished American principles may continue to keep us the greatest nation in the world.

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Character must stand behind and back up everything—the sermon, the poem, the picture, the play. None of them is worth a straw without it.—J. G. Holland.

# PREACHER'S SON BANQUETTED IN HOLLYWOOD

By Dale Carnegie in Greensboro News

A few years ago a man had once been a sign painter was honored by the biggest banquet ever given in Los Angeles up to that time. The doors swung open and Hollywood chorus girls, with harnesses to represent ponies, came prancing in, dragging behind them an immense cake.

His name was Frank O. Sherrill.

Let me tell you why they gave this magnificent banquet to a former sign painter. Because he hit on an idea that made him a millionaire.

He was a sign painter in North Carolina, but there came a lull in his business, and he couldn't get any signs to paint; so he took a job in a cafeteria in a department store in Charlotte. He knew no more than the average person about cafeterias, but he said that since he had to work in one he was going to learn what made it a success. That decision changed his life.

He asked two or three persons why they thought this particular cafeteria had become a success. They said "good management," "successful buying and selling." But he wanted to know, what constituted good management. Not only wanted to know but determined to know. So he roamed over the country

working first in one chain restaurant or cafeteria, then another, studying their methods.

At last he discovered what he considered was their secret. Here it is in six words: Make the people feel at home.

He sought a partner who had some money, and the two decided to try the idea. In 1920 with \$400 they started.

They served good food, and they treated their employes right; but their main objective was to make their people feel at home. Mr. Sherrill's partner retired later, so the management of the restaurants came into Mr. Sherrill's hands. In 19 years it made him a millionaire.

This ex-sign painter became so important in the restaurant world that in 1936 he was elected president of the National Restaurant Association and was tendered the banquet in Los Angeles.

He has never fired a manager. Some have left to go into business for themselves, but he has never let a manager out.

Look around in the business you are in, and try to find out what principles make it a success, and apply them. It's the very bed-rock of business success.

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Most of the shadows of this life are caused by standing in our own sunshine.—Beecher.



## INSTITUTION NOTES

One of outside forces has completed making about sixteen barrels of fine kraut.

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A group of boys recently unloaded two carloads of coal at the School's railroad siding.

—:—

Last Wednesday being a fine spring day, there were more visitors to see the boys than had been present in several months.

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Considerable pasture space has recently been fenced in at different sections of our farm. This fence is largely constructed of boards and has been painted white, making a very attractive picture as one drives over the School grounds.

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Messrs. J. J. Ellington, boys' commissioner, and C. N. Cox, judge of the juvenile court, of High Point, visited the School a few days ago. They called at The Uplift office and at other places on the campus, and expressed themselves as being well pleased with the manner in which the work of the institution is being carried on.

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Walter B. Sistar, a former member of our printing class, called on friends at the School a short time ago. He left the institution, January 15, 1934. During his stay with us, "Sis" developed into a very good linotype operator, and had no difficulty in securing employment when he left. For several years he did considerable traveling, working in Athens, Ga.; Atlanta, Ga.;

Knoxville, Tenn.; and Winston-Salem. He stated that since December, 1941, he had been employed by the McCall Publishing Company, Dayton, Ohio, as linotype operator, and got along there just fine. Walter enlisted in the United States Army in April, 1943. He was first stationed at Fort Jackson, S. C., took his basic training at Miami Beach, Fla., and is now stationed at the Army Air Base, Orlando, Fla., where he is a member of a reproduction unit. Sis stated that he liked the army life and was getting along well, and had attained the rank of first class private. We were glad to see him and to learn that he had been getting along so nicely since leaving the School.

—:—

During the past few days we have noticed some fine pansy blooms appearing in beds in various sections of the campus; some shrubs are also in bloom. Some of the smaller youngsters are beginning to talk about going without shoes and stockings. Marble games are becoming more popular every day. A few baseballs and gloves have been seen in use. All of which seems to indicate that spring is here.

—:—

We learned a few days ago that John Gardner, a former student here, is now in the United States Navy. This lad entered the School, October 1, 1941 and he was conditionally released, February 22, 1943. During his stay with us he was a member of the group in Cottage No. 5, and was in the fourth grade at the time of leaving. John

worked part of the time as house boy, and was also employed in the laundry and on the barn force.

—:—

Floyd A. Watkins, another of our old boys fighting for Uncle Sam, called at The Uplift office last Monday. This young man came to the School, February 15, 1933 and was granted a conditional release, January 4, 1937, at which time he returned to North Wilkesboro. During the greater part of his stay at the School, he was employed as house boy in Cottage No. 7, and we have been told several times by the matron in charge that he was one of the very best house boys she had had in a number of years. We recall him as a very pleasant little fellow, who always greeted us with a broad smile. In fact, that smile was so nearly permanent that he was nicknamed "Smiley" very soon after his admission to the School, and we might add in passing that it was still quite evident the minute he stepped into the shop the other day.

Floyd went back to his home county upon leaving the School, and for several months he was employed on a farm owned by his uncle. He then went to Stony Point, where he worked on a farm until enlisting in the United States Army, May 1, 1940. He was first stationed at Fort Moultrie, South Carolina, staying there two months, and then went to Honolulu, The Hawaiians, where he became a member of a unit at Schofield Barracks, remaining there until coming back to the States on a furlough in February, this year. During the greater part of the time spent in North Carolina, Floyd has been visiting his sister in Kannapolis. This young fellow had some interesting

stories to tell about various engagements in which he had participated, especially those of the morning of the cowardly Jap attack upon Pearl Harbor in 1941.

We were glad to see our old friend, Smiley, who has developed into a fine young man of twenty-three years, of pleasing personality and nice appearance. Accompanying him on this visit to the School was William C. Brooks, formerly of China Grove, who has been in the United States Navy about twenty months.

—:—

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Isaiah 55:1-9, and he selected as the subject of his message to the boys, "Seeing the World," using as a text, Isaiah 45:22—"Look unto me, and be saved; all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else."

Rev. Mr. Summers, in calling the boys' attention to seeing things right, first told them the story of four blind men who were told to go and examine an elephant, and come back and give a report of their examinations. They did as they were told, and reported as follows:

The first one examined the elephant's foreleg, and reported that the animal was like a tree. The second caught hold of the huge animal's tail, and stated that he thought the elephant was like a rope. The third examiner came in contact with the elephant's trunk, and reported that in his opinion such an animal must be like a huge tube or an automobile tire. The last of the group to ex-

amine the large animal, ran against its side, and said he was sure the elephant must be like a wall. Each of these men, said the speaker, limited in vision as he was, while he saw the elephant, saw only in part, and they came back with contradicting stories or opinions as to just what kind of animal it was.

This is typical of many people today, said Rev. Mr. Summers, in their limited understanding of things. They fail to see life in its fullest meaning. What anyone sees at any time is determined by his background of training and understanding.

The speaker then told the following story: A young lady who thought she knew "everything," had never seen the ocean. Upon going to the seashore for the first time in her life, she looked out upon the ocean, of which she could see but a small portion, and exclaimed, "Why, it's not as large as I thought it was."

Rev. Mr. Summers told the lads that the eyes through which the people of the world see things fell into three categories, as follows: (1) Those who see through the red eyes of passion and lust. Frequently their visions have been distorted by the use of strong drinks and other evil practices. (2) There are those who see through the green eyes of jealousy. They covet all honor for themselves and hate to see others rise to success. Such people are envious, covetous

and jealous to the extreme. They would gladly rise to higher positions themselves, at the expense or discomfort of others. By way of illustration, the speaker told a story of a Greek wrestler who was jealous of the reputation of a great philosopher for whom a great monument had been erected in Athens. This envious young man went out one night to pull down the monument. By reason of his great strength, he succeeded in pulling down the statue, but it fell upon him with fatal results, crushing him to death. (3) There are people who look at the world through yellow eyes, and have a passion for gold—making money being their only object in life. This is illustrated by the action of Judas Iscariot, who basely betrayed his Lord, delivering him to the enemy for thirty pieces of silver.

Rev. Mr. Summers referred to Aaron Burr as a most brilliant young man who, at the age of fifteen, was on the verge of giving his life to Jesus, but made the fatal decision of turning from the Master and living a worldly life. This affected his future career and caused him to become a most jealous person, even to the extent of killing one of the country's greatest leaders, Alexander Hamilton.

In conclusion, the speaker urged the boys to lift their eyes unto the Lord with high ideals, and with the fixed and steady purpose in their minds to be honorable men.

---

Let thy discontents be thy secrets.—Franklin.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending March 12, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

James Benton  
 Earnest Bullard  
 William Burnett  
 Chauncey Gore  
 William Hillard  
 Lee Hollifield  
 Fred Jones  
 Leonard McAdams  
 Weaver Ruff  
 James Stamper  
 Charles Pearson

## COTTAGE No. 1

Richard Billings  
 Eugene Bowers  
 Jack Gray  
 Howard Hall  
 Roy Jones  
 Harold McKinney  
 Carlton Pate  
 Thomas Ruff  
 David Swink  
 Amos Myers

## COTTAGE No. 2

(No Honor Roll)

## COTTAGE No. 3

Hugh Cornwell  
 Raymond Davis  
 L. C. Gearing  
 Edward Haynes  
 John Holder  
 Troy Morris  
 Samuel Pritchett  
 Grover Shuler  
 Lester Williams

## COTTAGE No. 4

Everett Benfield  
 James Burr  
 Bailey Blackwelder

Leroy Childers  
 Clyde Godfrey  
 Jeter Green  
 George Hawks  
 William Lewis  
 Lewis Sawyer  
 Edgar Shell  
 Roy Swink  
 Clifford Shull  
 John Smith  
 Newman Tate  
 Walter Thomas  
 Eugene Watts  
 William C. Willis  
 Paul Stone  
 James Linebarrier  
 Lawrence Walker

## COTTAGE No. 5

James Gibson  
 Lawrence Hopson  
 Earl Hoyle  
 McKeever Horne  
 Raymond Pruitt  
 Brady Tew

## COTTAGE No. 6

Horace Collins  
 Charles Cox  
 Craven Callahan  
 Donald Griffin  
 Everett Gallion  
 Robert Gaylor  
 Jack Hensley  
 Stanford McLean  
 Robert Peavy  
 J. W. Smith  
 Lawrence Temple  
 Leroy Wilkins

## COTTAGE No. 7

Wallace Foster  
 Donald Grimstead

Ned Metcalf  
 Jack Phillips  
 Marshall Prestwood

COTTAGE No. 8  
 (Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9  
 Herbert Branch  
 Thomas Brannon  
 Raymond Bullman  
 Leonard Church  
 Riley Denny  
 James Eller  
 Sebarn Garmon  
 Edward Guffey  
 John Hill  
 Thomas Ingram  
 James Jarvis  
 Winley Jones  
 James Lowman  
 Isaac Mahaffey  
 Charles McClenney  
 Troy Parris  
 Edwin Peterson  
 Charles Pittman  
 Charles Redmond  
 Edward Renfro  
 Leo Saxon  
 Luther Shermer  
 James Stadler  
 William Ussery  
 Glenn Wilcox  
 J. B. Wilson

COTTAGE No. 10  
 Fred Carswell  
 Jack Clifton  
 Earl Godley  
 Robert Holbert

Alfred Lamb  
 Edward Loftin  
 E. C. Stamey  
 A. B. Woodard

COTTAGE No. 11  
 Robert Buchanan  
 Wilton Barfield  
 William Guffey  
 James Hicks  
 Robert Moore  
 Clyde Rhodes  
 Max Shelley  
 Robert Yow

COTTAGE No. 12  
 (Cottage Closed)

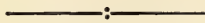
COTTAGE No. 13  
 Robert Caudle  
 Earnest Davis  
 Woodrow Ewing  
 Eugene Graham  
 Paul Painter  
 Homer Johnson  
 Vernon Rinehardt

COTTAGE No. 14  
 (Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 15  
 Jack Benfield  
 Roger Reid  
 Olin Wishon

INFIRMARY  
 (No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE  
 (No Honor Roll)



The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart.



# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 25, 1944

No. 12

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APR 1 1944

## HIGH RESOLVE

I'll hold my candle high, and then  
Perhaps I'll see the hearts of men  
Above the sordidness of life,  
Beyond misunderstandings, strife.  
Though many deeds that others do  
Seem foolish, rash and sinful, too,  
Just who am I to criticize  
What I perceive with my dull eyes?  
I'll hold my candle high, and then,  
Perhaps I'll see the hearts of men.

—Author Unknown.

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## YOUTH SEEKS THE ANSWERS

The subject of Juvenile Delinquency continues to receive frequent and serious attention, from individuals and groups interested in homes, schools, and governmental agencies. So far the amount of teen age evil-doing has not shown a decrease.

It is generally agreed that the youth are presumed to obtain training in character from their home life, from the educational institutions they attend, and from the rules which issue from local, state, and national sources of law. Hence housing, employment, recreation, schools, and legal enactments have been subjected to critical examination. The results are not as satisfactory as the spread of domestic, economic, cultural and social privileges has been expected to provide. On the contrary, some authorities claim that the moral principles which derive from the Christian religion and which have divine sanctions, have been neglected and in some instances opposed, in the interest of individual self-determination.

The restoration of religion to homes, schools, and the principles of government must come from the churches. It is at the same time true that the churches are vitally obligated toward the cure of juvenile delinquency. If the principles of self-determination and of the separation of church and state are now made the excuses for license, a way of adjustment must be found and made operative.—Selected.

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## COMPANY H, 8th N. C. REGIMENT

We carry in this issue of The Uplift a brief story of Company H, 8th North Carolina Regiment, in the Confederate Army, compiled by Captain Jonas Cook, of Mt. Pleasant, who played a conspicuous part in the activities of this unit from the date it was mobilized up to the time of the surrender of General Robert E. Lee at Appomattox Court House, Virginia, April 9, 1865. We have specific purpose for publishing this article in our little magazine. It can be better preserved in a small form than in the ordinary newspaper. The late

Captain Cook was a pioneer of Eastern Cabarrus, and always took a keen interest in the traditional history of his native county as well as the instances as they occurred during his life.

Knowing facts and fancies prior to and during his career in the affairs of Cabarrus County, he did not fail to leave a pen picture of Company H that will be appreciated by many who, today, can boast of being proud "Sons of the Confederacy." The goal of The Uplift, a precedent set by the founder of this little magazine, has been to give out information that will be an inspiration to our young people to follow in the footsteps of those of past generations who made worthwhile contributions to humanity.

\* \* \* \* \*

### DEDICATORY SERVICE

There was but little one could do on Sunday, March 19th, because of the rain the entire day. The radio is a blessing to those who dare not venture out because of physical ill effects.

There was a variety of radio programs last Sunday, and it was the privilege of all to listen to the one that carried an appeal and likewise one could turn the dial until something likable was found. On account of the rain during the church hour we were shut in. This decision to remain indoors was not of our choosing, but there was nothing to do but bow to the inevitable. The only recourse for a sermon was to turn to the radio. We selected Station WBT, Charlotte, and fortunately, the program included the dedicatory service of the First Methodist Church, of that city.

This edifice is one of the most impressive and beautiful houses of divine worship in the state. It is a classic in stone, patterned according to Gothic architecture, appropriately furnished and modernly equipped for the activities of a large congregation. In fact this church stands as a monument to the membership, and as an inspiration to the children's children of future generations.

The program outlined for the occasion by the pastor, Dr. Ray Jordan, was earnestly and impressively given. The dedicatory sermon was preached by Bishop W. W. Peele, a former pastor, who was thoroughly familiar with the ups-and-downs of a minister in all building projects. He paid a fitting tribute to the members who

watched the erection of the structure faithfully, as well as the generosity of those who gave, until this supreme moment of all the passing years was realized. The keynote of this eloquent and much-beloved speaker was that he did not only dedicate this one-half million dollar edifice for the worship of God, giver of all good and perfect gifts, but to dedicate the members as workers for the Master. This thought, we feel, was the stroke of a master-mind who continues to give of himself to the cause of the Christian religion.

Because of the expiration of time allotted by the broadcasting system, we regret that we failed to hear Bishop Clare Purcell, of Charlotte. While listening in, our mind reverted to the activities of many men and women, having "crossed over the bar," who gave generously of time and money to this great cause. The thought came to us that perhaps they, too, were listening to the glad "Hallelujah" on this occasion.

There has been considerable discussion as to whether the radio wields a good influence or is detrimental, but this shows that we have the right to choose the best and most effective programs.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Look, look," said a mother to her little girl whom she had taken to a big circus that embraced a three-ring performance, with all kinds of acrobatic stunts. Like all big tent shows, there were varied interests, but none attracted the small child like the antics of the clown, moving about like the shuttle of a machine. Many of us, in fact the majority of the grown-ups, look for the things that momentarily please, and fail to absorb the excessive and intensive training required to put on any exhibition to attract the people.

Some one is already thinking or saying that a good chuckle is necessary, and especially so during the whirl of activities of this great global war. In order to have a well-balanced life we have to be like the little child, and occasionally dwell upon the funny side, listen to the programs of the humorist, as well as enjoy the antics of the clown. A varied interest is as essential for our mental development as a well-balanced diet is for our physical growth.

The person who has one strain of thought and dwells upon it constantly, is boring; and is usually accepted as a fanatic. Watch your

step or there is danger of swaying too far one way or another. We once heard a homely, plain old woman of the rural district say, "too much of a good thing will make one sick." At that time the remark was not accepted, but experience has revealed that the lady of the fields spoke wisely. When we are obsessed with a single thought, and can see no other way, we are apt to become warped.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our flyers are being equipped with "synthetic eyes." They are produced in a variety of forms—goggles, spectacles, telescopes, etc.—of a plastic which sorts the rays of light. Its special office is to penetrate camouflage. The goggles have a particular value in the room in which the photographic films taken by observation planes are subject to intensive scrutiny. A view examined by ordinary means will look hazy and indefinite. Studied through the plastic lenses the film becomes clear and takes on depth. Camouflage is instantly detected, and the enemy's military dispositions are clearly revealed. Flyers, using similar lenses, will not be misled by apparent woods and streams. The real objectives will be plainly visible under the disguise. Another form of plastic lens will enable a flyer to spot an enemy plane which is hiding in the brilliance of the sun. These lenses are adjusted by means of a dial to shut out as much light as is necessary to enable the flyer to see his enemy. How nice it would be if some plastic contrivance could be perfected by which we could penetrate camouflage.—The Lutheran.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Board of Directors of the Southern Safety Conference, at a meeting held during the Conference in Atlanta, Ga., March 6th, voted to hold the 1945 Conference in North Carolina.

The Southern Safety Conference is composed of fourteen Southern States. Since the initial meeting the Conference has met in New Orleans, La.; Jackson, Miss.; Memphis, Tenn.; Birmingham, Ala.; and Atlanta, Ga.

Ronald Hocutt, Director of North Carolina Highway Safety Division, was elected Director-At-Large by the Board, and as such is Chairman of the Board of Directors, and the 1945 Safety Conferenc.

The Conference had the largest attendance in its history at the Atlanta meeting, with 700 delegates registered.

Mr. Hocutt, the new Chairman, stated recently that the selection of a North Carolina city in which to hold the 1945 Conference would be made in the near future, since it must be announced not later than May of this year. He further stated that the selection of North Carolina for the 1945 Conference is a high honor and compliment to the State for the efforts that have been made and the program that has been carried on in the field of industrial and traffic safety.

\* \* \* \* \*

We learned from the columns of Time Magazine that the insatiably curious Dr. Gallup recently took a poll of Bible readers, and announced that they were increasing in numbers, and that the greatest increase was among young readers. Here are some of the facts brought out by this poll:

In 1942, Bible readers in the United States totaled 59 per cent of the population. Last year they jumped to 64 per cent. One person in ten reads the Bible daily.

In the 21-29-year-old group, only 40 per cent read the Bible in 1942; last year 57 per cent read it.

Bible reading increases with age. In 30-49-year group, 60 per cent said they read the Bible; of those over 50 years, 71 per cent read it.

Women read the Bible more constantly than men; farmers more often than city folk.

The highest proportion of Bible readers live in the South; lowest proportion in New England, the Middle Atlantic States.

The Old and New Testaments are almost equally popular. Of Bible readers 29 per cent prefer the New; 26 per cent prefer the Old. The other 45 per cent like them both equally.

# WHAT THE WAR OF THE 60'S MEANT TO CABARRUS MEN

By Mrs. J. P. Cook, in Charlotte Observer, May 27, 1934

The historical sketch of company "H" carries a volume of information that will prove especially interesting to the United Daughters and Sons of the Confederacy of this immediate community and the state at large. It is the story just as written by Captain Jonas Cook, Mt. Pleasant, N. C., who desired to honor and perpetuate the names of his comrades in arms who followed him with implicit faith throughout the trying days of the sixties.

For many years this paper of facts pertinent to pre-war and war activities, showing the zeal and courage of Southern manhood, has been preserved by Mrs. Luther Shirey, nee Winona Cook, Mt. Pleasant, N. C., now living where her mother, Martha Regina Shimpoch, the daughter of Colonel John Shimpoch, resided when wedded to the gallant Confederate soldier, Captain Jonas Cook.

Mrs. Shirey relates that her father spent much time in assembling facts with the hope of making complete the history of Company "H," also that the original paper was copied by another daughter; Mrs. Luke Johnson, a resident of Mecklenburg county.

When the call to arms came, Captain Jonas Cook, 19 years of age, was a youth who held a responsible position, that of deputy or assistant clerk of the court of Cabarrus county. The impulse to defend home and personal rights fired all of the native and inherent chivalry of young Cook, therefore, he surrendered his position

of trust and united with his comrades in organizing a company specifically to fight the enemy regardless of consequences.

Fired by the spirit of patriotism, the mothers, sisters and sweethearts of the community assembled in Mt. Pleasant, and gave to the soldier boys prior to their departure a sumptuous spread of good things to eat in a new store room, formerly known as the Cook building, but now the property of Mr. Clarence G. Heilig.

It is not unusual to hear the descendants of these brave men tell with much pride of the occasion when the women met at old North Carolina College, ripped the carpets from the floors of the two society halls of the institution, "Philalaethaen" and "Phisigmaphi," and made blankets to send to the boys in the army. This act was prompted by the spirit of love, for these people loved this institution of learning just as they loved their homes and church.

### Among the Missing

Mike Cook, who enlisted August, 1861, at the age of 16, was a brother of Captain Jonas Cook. He is numbered among the casualties and it was never known just when or where he fell while fighting with all the vigor of his young boyhood.

Lieutenant H. C. McAllister reported that he was last seen climbing the barracks at the battle of Cold Horbor, and giving the enemy a dare to meet him. He was classed by the home boys as the "cockiest fighter" in

the company. Doubtless his dare-devil spirit made him an easy mark for the enemy's guns or those of his own men.

His mother never failed to leave a light burning every night in her window, watching, waiting and praying for the return of her lost boy, and during the day she sat for hours on the front porch of the old home place, watching the highway that leads from Concord, with the same hope.

Within the past few months a letter from the boy soldier, Mike Cook, was found in the Cook family Bible. Doubtless it was placed in this Sacred Book for safe keeping by the loving hands of his mother.

It is a short but comforting letter, conveying the news that all was well with the two brothers, Jonas and Mike. The following is an exact copy of the letter:

Camp Macon, Near Warrenton,  
Sept. 12, 1861.

Dear Father:

I seat myself to write a few lines. Jonas and myself are as well as may be expected but I have been a little unwell since we have been here. I have a touch of the soar throat. I am going to put a mustard plaster on my neck tonight.

We are ordered away from here, we will leave next Wednesday—it may be sooner. Some think we have to go to Roanoke Island in this state but we do not know for the Col. has not told anyone yet, only that he has to move.

We have prayer meetings every night in camp. One company came in this evening from Pitt Co. I must close. Excuse my short letter. I

will write to you as soon as we get to our destination.

I remain your affectionate son,  
Michael Cook.

Ps. I am almost out of money. We have a great many things to buy.

It is evident that Captain Jonas Cook in telling the story as he did wished to emphasize that his men departed themselves in a most orderly and manly manner, making a "brilliant history of finest service."

Not a finer tribute could be paid fellow comrades by a superior officer. This bit of information relative to Cabarrus county's activities, prior to and during the "War-Between-the States," will help to keep intact the glorious past which is a part of our children's inheritance, besides it will prove inspiration to their efforts.

The last surviving member of this company, John H. Sides, died peacefully, in the midst of those who knew and loved him, recently in his home near Mt. Pleasant.

#### SKETCH OF COMPANY H

By Capt. Jonas Cook.

Company H, 8th Regiment, North Carolina State troops, was raised during the months of June and July, 1861, and was composed of men whose homes generally were in the eastern part of Cabarrus county. The plan adopted for securing volunteers was very simple.

Usually at the muster precincts where the people had come by appointment, R. A. Barrier, Jacob File and Jonas Cook, who took great interest in the matter, would make short speeches on the subject of patriotism, and duties to the state, then M. M.

Penninger, George Culp, Commodore Peacock or Rufus Peacock as fifer, and H. T. J. Ludwig as drummer, and D. H. Ridenhour as bass drummer, would march up and down a line previously formed, playing a march or some patriotic air.

Those who concluded to enlist were requested to fall in ranks and march behind the drum corps. In this way the required number of volunteers was secured. Those who had volunteered assembled in Mt. Pleasant, August 6th, for the purpose of formally enlisting by taking the required oath. On the next day, August 7th, the men assembled and organized the company by electing officers.

The meeting was held in the chapel of North Carolina College, and the following officers were elected: Rufus A. Barrier, captain; Jacob N. File, first lieutenant; Jonas Cook, second lieutenant; H. C. McAllister, third lieutenant. The non-commissioned officers were appointed as appears on the roll of the company herto appended. In giving the roll it has been thought best to give the whole number enlisted in the company during the war, affixing the date of enlistment to each name, except where it has been lost and could not be ascertained. Those who enlisted on the 6th and 7th of August were present at the organization and took part in the election of officers. The following is the Roll:

Commissioned Officers. (Name and when commissioned): Rufus A. Barrier, Capt., Oct. 15, 1861; Jacob N. File, First Lieutenant, Oct. 15, 1861; Jonas Cook, Second Lieutenant, Oct. 15, 1861; Harvey C. McAllister, Third Lieutenant, Oct. 15, 1861.

Non-Commissioned Officers. (Name and date of enlistment): Moses W.

Eagle, 1st Sergeant, Aug. 6, 1861; George E. Ritchie, 2nd Sergeant, Aug. 6, 1861; William A. Brown, 3rd Sergeant, Aug. 6, 1861; Daniel H. Ridenhour, 4th Sergeant, Aug. 6, 1861; Marshall L. Barnhardt, 5th Sergeant, Aug. 6, 1861; Caleb L. Harkey, 1st Corporal, Aug. 6, 1861; Jacob A. Barringer, 2nd Corporal, Aug. 6, 1861; Ruben Fink, 3rd Sergeant, Aug. 6, 1861; Israel M. Bangle, 4th Sergeant, Aug. 6, 1861.

Musicians: Matthias M. Penninger, fifer, Aug. 14, 1861; Henry Thomas J. Ludwig, drummer, Aug. 6, 1861.

Privates. (Name and date of enlistment): Martin A. Allman, 1863; Jacob R. Barnhardt, Aug. 6, 1861; Alfred B. Barnhardt, Aug. 6, 1861; Rufus A. Barringer, Aug. 6, 1861; Caleb A. Barringer, Aug. 6, 1861; Jackson E. Barringer, Aug. 10, 1861; Cager D. Barringer, March 3, 1863; W. Davis Barringer, March 3, 1863; Wm. G. H. Barringer, March 3, 1863; Paul A. Barrier, M. D., Aug. 6, 1861; Augustus C. Barrier, Aug. 6, 1861; Tobias A. Barrier, Aug. 6, 1861; Washington G. Barrier, Aug. 6, 1861; John A. Barrier, Sept. 10, 1862; Edmund B. Barrier, Dec. 17, 1862; Levi C. Barrier, Aug. 11, 1862; Matthias A. Barrier, Dec. 17, 1862; Edmund Barrier, 1864; Nelson Barrier, 1863; Elias A. Blackwelder, Aug. 15, 1861; Levi H. Blackwelder, Sept. 11, 1863; John D. Beaver, Aug. 6, 1861; Henry W. Beaver, Aug. 6, 1861; Lawson Beaver, March 1864; Daniel L. Bost, Aug. 6, 1861; Matthias Bost, Dec. 17, 1862; Anthony G. Bost, 1863; H. Wiley Bangle, May 1, 1863; George W. Blackwelder, April 1864; Michael Cook, Aug. 6, 1861; Daniel W. Corl, Aug. 6, 1861; John M. Corl, Aug. 6, 1861; Daniel Canup, Aug. 6, 1861; Tobias M. Canup, Aug. 24, 1861; Ambrose M.



Cruse, Aug. 6, 1861; George H. Cline, April 24, 1863; Archibald Cline, Sept. 11, 1863; Wiley Clino, Sept. 11, 1863; William H. Cline, November 1863; William C. Culp, Sept. 7, 1861; Dr. F. Culp, Sept. 7, 1861.

Daniel M. Dry, Aug. 6, 1861; Tobias A. Dry, Aug. 6, 1861; Henry Dry, Sept. 7, 1863; William H. Dry, 1863; Moses Dry, 1863; J. Wiley Eudy, 1863; Crusee Earnhardt, March 3, 1863; Aaron Friezeland, Aug. 24, 1863; Rufus F. Friezeland, Aug. 14, 1861; John M. Freese, Aug. 6, 1861; Henry Faggart, Aug. 6, 1861; John V. Fisher, August 14, 1861; Moses Fink, Dec. 17, 1862; Martin A. Goodman, Aug. 6, 1861; William H. Goodman, Aug. 6, 1861; Pinckney Furr, 1863; Martin Hahn, Aug. 20, 1861; Guilford Hatley, Aug. 6, 1861; Jacob A. Heinzleman, Aug. 10, 1861; John Heinzleman, 1864; Moses Hurlocker, Aug. 6, 1861; Leonard Honeycutt, Aug. 6, 1861; Rufus T. Honeycutt, Sept. 19, 1862; John M. Harkey, Jr., Aug. 6, 1861; Eli A. Harkey, Sept. 20, 1862; Eben Hatley, Sept. 20, 1862; John M. Hatley, Sept. 20, 1862; Wesley W. Hatley, Sept. 20, 1862; J. Franklin Herrin, June 29, 1863.

Milton C. House, June 29, 1864; Titus Hall, 1864; D. Alexander Isenhour, Aug. 20, 1861; Henry T. Johson, Aug. 16, 1861; William R. Ketchie, Sept. 2, 1862; Milus Ketchie, 1863; John C. Klutz, Aug. 6, 1861; George C. Kessler, January 29, 1863; Moses M. Loudner, Aug. 6, 1861; Pinckney Ludwig, Aug. 6, 1861; Eli J. Lineberger, Aug. 8, 1862; C. Wiley Lambert, 1864; John A. Mann, Aug. 6, 1861; Henry H. Moose, Aug. 6, 1861; John W. Moose, Sept. 19, 1862; John H. Moose, 1863; George Miller, Aug. 6, 1861; Henry C. Miller, Aug. 6, 1861; John C. Miller,

Sept. 11, 1861; G. R. Pearson Miller, Sept. 7, 1861; Rufus O. S. Miller, 1862; James Misenheimer, Aug. 26, 1861; George M. Misenheimer, Feb. 28, 1863; ——— Misenheimer, Aug. 26, 1864; Victor T. Melchor, Sept. 7, 1861; Moses Nussman, 1864; George W. Page, Aug. 14, 1861; A. McDonald Page, 1862; Riley Page, 1864.

Simpson Patterson, Sept. 1, 1862; Elam Patterson, 1863; William J. Penninger, Aug. 14, 1861; Henry Penninger, 1864; Columbus A. Petrea, Aug. 6, 1861; J. Monroe Palmer, March 3, 1863; Edmund Pock, March 9, 1863; Eli W. Peck, March 9, 1863; J. Lawson Peck, Sept. 7, 1861; Commodore Peacock, Sept. 7, 1861; James M. Quillman, Aug. 6, 1861; John Quillman, 1863; Aron Wiley Ridenhour, Aug. 6, 1861; Rufus C. Ridenhour, Aug. 6, 1861; James E. Ridenhour, Sept. 22, 1862; L. A. Scheck Ridenhour, Sept. 11, 1862; Michael C. Rhinehardt, Aug. 6, 1861; Eaton Ross, May 7, 1863; John D. Redwine, 1864; Isaac Shoe, Aug. 15, 1861; Edmund M. Shoe, Aug. 6, 1861; Wiley Shoe, Aug. 6, 1861; Alexander Shoe, Aug. 14, 1861; Henry Shoe, March 9, 1863; James M. Seahorn, Sept. 1862; William W. Safrit, Aug. 6, 1861; Alexander Safrit, Aug. 6, 1861; Tobias W. Safrit, Aug. 6, 1861; John M. Safrit, 1863.

Caswell Smith, Aug. 15, 1861; John A. Sell, Aug. 6, 1861; John J. Sell, Aug. 6, 1861; John D. Sides, March 10, 1863; Wiley W. Sides, March 3, 1863; Wiley A. Troutman, Sept. 11, 1861; William H. Troutman, Sept. 11, 1861; S. B. Whistnant, Aug. 15, 1861; Joseph L. Watts, Aug. 6, 1861; Enoch C. Watts, 1864; Allen P. Watts, 1864; Jeremiah Withers, Sept. 1862; Henry Y. Yerton, 1863, Henry Wilson Bost, March, 1864; J. Frank Rice, 1864.

## 158 IN COMPANY

The total number enlisted in the company was 158. Including commissioned officers there were 59 enlisted on August 6, 1861, and one enlisting on August 7th, increased the number to 60, those present on the day of organization and at election of officers.

Of those enlisting in the company, the following were from Gaston County: Lieut. H. C. McAllister, Eli J. Lineberger and Jeremiah Withers.

The following were from Rowan County: William A. Brown, W. R. Ketchie, George C. Kesler, Simpson J. Patterson, Elam Patterson and Milus Ketchie.

The following were from Stanly County: William G. H. Barringer, John M. Hatley, Wesley W. Hatley, J. F. Herrin; C. W. Lambert, George M. Misenheimer, Isaac Misenheimer, J. Monroe Palmer and Edmund Peck.

Having the requisite number of men, the company was soon ordered to a camp of instruction. On September 2, 1861, the men assembled in the M. E. Church at Mt. Pleasant, to attend divine service before leaving. Rev. J. B. Anthony, of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, preached a very impressive sermon. After the religious exercises had been concluded, the company formed a line in front of the church, where the parents and friends of the boys passed along the line, bidding them good-bye. There were many tears shed, for naturally it appeared that the parting might be forever on this earth.

No doubt we presented a formidable appearance, for each was armed with a large knife or short sword about two feet long, enclosed in a leather sheath

fixed to a belt and hanging at the side. The knives were made by the home blacksmith out of old saws or other pieces of steel, and by their appearance, indicated that we were a determined set of boys, bent on fighting the enemy at close quarters, just as did the Romans who met the barbarians that were crossing the Danube.

The citizens hauling our baggage, we went to Concord, where we were taken in charge by the people of that patriotic town and cared for during the night. On the following morning we took the train. Some of the company struck up the song of Dixie, which was taken up by the other members, and we left singing that inspiring and patriotic air. The people along the road received us everywhere with cheers, the waving of hands and handkerchiefs and flags. Occasionally a mother with a sad look on her countenance would be seen leaning against the side of the door, doubtless thinking of a dear boy whom she had sent to the front to fight for his country and his home. It is doubtful whether in all the annals of history burst of patriotism, or another people possessed of such an indomitable spirit to conquer as prevailed in the state, and throughout the whole South at the

## REGIMENTAL HISTORY

The history of the company may, therefore, be limited to giving a synopsis of the skirmishes, battles and sieges in which we took part, also giving the names of those who died of disease, those killed, wounded and captured, a few personalites, and some facts relating to the marching and crossing streams, the discipline of the company, how we were fed, clos-

ing with some general observations on camp and soldier life.

#### SKIRMISHES:

Core Creek, October, 1862.  
Newbern, November, 1862.  
Batchelders Creek, Feb. 1, 1864.  
Suffolk, Va., March 1864.  
Plymouth, April 19, 1864.  
Washington, April 17, 1864.  
Newbern (Trent River), May 5, 1864.  
Drury's Bluff, May 17, 1864.  
Drury's Bluff, May 18, 1864. (Com-  
pany under fire all day.)  
Drury's Bluff, May 19, 1864.  
Drury's Bluff, May 20, 1864.  
Cold Harbor, June 2, 1864.  
Sugar Loaf, January, 1865.  
Sugar Loaf, February, 1865.  
Wilmington, February, 1865.  
Northeast River, February, 1865.

#### DEMONSTRATIONS AND ENGAGEMENTS:

Chicamacconico, October, 1861.  
Newbern, February, 1864.  
Plymouth, April, 1864.  
Sugar Loaf, February 11, 1865.

#### BATTLES:

Roanoke Island, February 8, 1862.  
Goldsboro, December 17, 1862.  
Plymouth, April 20, 1864.  
Drury's Bluff, May 16, 1864.  
Bermuda Hundred, May 20, 1864.  
Cold Harbor, May 31, 1864.  
Cold Harbor, June 1, 1864.  
Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864.  
Petersburg, June 16, 1864.  
Petersburg, June 17, 1864.  
Petersburg, June 18, 1864.  
Weldon Railroad, August 19, 1864.  
Fort Harrison, September 30, 1864.  
Darbytown Road, Oct. 7, 1864.  
Darbytown Road, Oct. 13, 1864.  
Darbytown Road, Oct. 27, 1864.  
Kinston, March 8, 1864.  
Kinston, March 9, 1864.

Kinston, March 10, 1864.  
Bentonville, March 19, 1864.  
Bentonville, March 20, 1864.  
Bentonville, March 21, 1864.  
Bentonville, March 22, 1864.

#### SIEGES:

Morris Island, about 22 days, 1863.  
Petersburg, about 102 days, 1864.

#### MARCHES NOT INCLUDED ABOVE:

Kinston to Greenville, about 40 miles,  
November, 1862.  
Goldsboro to Wilmington, about 40  
miles, December, 1862.  
Petersburg to Brandon Soation, about  
30 miles, December, 1863.

#### CASUALTIES:

1861—No casualties occurred.  
1865—The regiment and therefore  
the company was captured at Roanoke  
Island. Leonard Honeycutt died at  
home while on parole, August 10, 18-  
62. Moses W. Eagle died at Golds-  
boro, December 29, 1862.

1863—W. A. Briwn died at Wilming-  
ton, January; Henry Faggart died at  
Wilmington; Issael M. Bangle died in  
Charleston; Ed. B. Barrier died at  
Charleston; Henry Dry died at Char-  
leston; Moses Fink died at Wilming-  
ton; Eben Hatley died at Savannah;  
G. C. Kesler died at Charleston; John  
A. Mann died at Wilmington; George  
Miller died at Charleston; Columbus  
A. Petrea died at Charleston; Commo-  
dore Peacock died at Charleston;  
John S. Sell died at Wilmington; Eli-  
as A. Blackwelder died at Charleston;  
John C. Miller died at Wilmington;  
James E. Ridenhour died at Charles-  
ton.

John C. Kluttz was wounded at  
Battery Wagner; W. M. Louder was  
wounded at Battery Wagner; James

Misenheimer was wounded at Battery Wagner; Joseph L. Watts was wounded at Battery Wagner.

Nearly all the foregoing deaths were from typhoid fever. There was much sickness in the company and regiment while in camp on James Island in the spring of 1863. The death of Columbus A. Petrea was particularly touching. While he lay dying he whispered:

"Rock of Ages cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee."

1864—Plymouth, April 18, 19, 20.

Nelson Barrier killed, April 18.

John C. Kluttz killed, April 18.

Wiley W. Sides killed, April 18.

W. H. Cline killed, April 18. (Mortally wounded.)

Eli A. Harkey killed, April 18. (Mortally wounded.)

Capt. Jonas Cook wounded, April 18.

W. H. Beaver wounded, April 18.

Guilford Hatley wounded, April 18.

H. T. Johnson wounded, April 18.

Lieut. George E. Ritchie wounded, April 18.

Milus Ketchie wounded, April 18.

There were some four or more others stunned or wounded, making fifteen in all, from the explosion of one shell.

Jacob A. Barringer killed, April 20;

Edmund Barrier killed, April 20;

Jackson E. Barringer killed, April 20;

John D. Beaver killed, April 20; Moses

Dry killed, April 20; Elam Patterson

killed, April 20; E. J. Lineberger killed,

April 20; John Quillman killed,

April 20; Jerry Withers killed, April 20.

Matthias E. Bost mortally wounded, April 20; James Misenheimer mortally wounded, April 20.

Milus Ketchie wounded, April 20;

W. D. Barringer wounded, April 20;

George H. Cline wounded, April 20;

A. M. Page wounded, April 20;

E. C. Watts wounded, April 20; John

H. Moose wounded, April 20; John W.

Moose wounded, April 20; W. Davis

Barringer wounded April 20; W. G. H.

Barringer wounded, April 20;

#### Drury's Bluff, 1864.

Levi H. Blackwelder wounded and

died, May 18; A. G. Bost wounded,

May 16; R. F. Friezeland wounded,

May 16; Daniel L. Bost wounded, May

16.

#### Bermuda Hundred Neck, 1864

Henry Shoe killed, May 20; Daniel

Canup wounded and died, May 20;

Henry Yerton mortally wounded, May

20; Capt. Jonas Cook wounded, May

20; George H. Cline wounded, May 20;

John H. Moose wounded, May 20; All-

en P. Watts wounded, May 20; W. D.

Barringer wounded, May 20; Major

R. A. Barrier slightly wounded, May

20; George W. Page wounded, May

20; Joseph L. White wounded May 20.

D. F. Culp captured, June 1; C. E.

Barringer captured, June 1; John M.

Corl captured, June 1; Tobias A. Dry

captured, June 1; John M. Frieze cap-

tured, June 1; Moses Nussman, cap-

tured June 1, Eli Peck captured, June

1; M. C. Rhinehardt captured, June 1;

Eaton Ross captured, June 1; S. B.

Whistant captured, June 1; Milus

Ketchie captured, June 1.

Of the foregoing captured, the

following died in prison: Eli Peck,

and W. H. Troutman. Tobias A.

Barrier died on his way home from

prison.

#### Petersburg, 1864

E. H. Blackwelder killed; H. W.

Bost killed, June 17; Daniel M. Dry

killed, June 17; Martin Hahn killed in trenches in July; Lawson E. Beaver killed in trenches, August 19; John D. Beaver killed in trenches, August 19.

Tobias M. Canup wounded, June 16; Alfred B. Barnhardt wounded, June 17; Lieut. H. C. McAllister wounded slightly, June 18; John A. Barrier wounded, R. T. Honeycutt wounded, June 17; John W. Moose wounded, June 17; Lieut. H. C. McAllister wounded, August 19; W. A. Ketchie wounded, June 17.

G. R. P. Miller captured, August 19; W. G. H. Barringer captured and re-captured, August 19; H. T. J. Ludwig A. W. Ridenhour captured and re-captured, August 19; M. C. House captured and re-captured, and then again, August 19.

James M. Quillman died at home.

#### Fort Harrison, 1864

John Hindsaman killed, September 20; Tobias M. Safrit killed, September 30.

Jacob R. Barnhardt wounded, September 30; L. A. S. Ridenhour wounded, September 30; Rufus A. Barringer mortally wounded, September 30; John Safrit wounded, September 30; J. Franklin Herrin wounded, September 30; E. M. Shoe wounded, September 30; Simpson Patterson wounded, September 30.

Jacob R. Barnhardt captured, September 30; Alfred E. Barnhardt captured, September 30; A. C. Barrier captured, September 30; W. C. Culp captured, September 30; M. A. Goodman captured, September 30; Pinckney Ludwig captured, September 30; Lieut. M. L. Barnhardt captured, September 30.

#### 1865

Joseph L. Watts wounded at Sugar Loaf.

Riley W. Page killed at Bentonville, March 21.

Edmund B. Barrier died at home in 1863.

H. W. Bangle died at Petersburg in the spring of 1864.

G. C. Kesler died on Sullivan's Island.

The foregoing list of casualties is not given as complete. No record was kept and consequently the list had to be compiled from memory. Doubtless many, especially of the slightly wounded, have not been included.

#### Promotion of Officers

Lieut. J. N. File resigned the latter part of 1862. Jonas Cook was promoted to first lieutenant; H. C. McAllister to second lieutenant; and in January, 1863, M. L. Barnhardt was elected and commissioned third lieutenant.

In 1863 Captain R. A. Barrier was appointed major of the regiment. Jonas Cook was then promoted to captain, H. C. McAllister to first lieutenant, M. L. Barnhardt to second lieutenant and George E. Ritchie was elected and commissioned third lieutenant.

The discipline of the company was excellent. There was little of what might be designated as ruffianism. The men generally deported themselves as gentlemen soldiers.

After entering the service the company soon became expert at drilling, and was one of the best, if not the best, drilled companies in the regiment.

# MARGARET BAIRD VANCE

By Lou Rogers, in *We the People*

I remember, I remember  
The house where I was born  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn.

In October of 1943 Governor Broughton appointed a commission headed by Haywood Parker of Asheville to study the "feasibility of establishing a State shrine for the preservation of the birthplace of Zebulon Baird Vance in Buncombe County. Since then, a new interest has been aroused among Tar Heels concerning the life of Vance's mother. If the birthplace of this illustrious son of Carolina is worth preserving, certainly the life-story of that son's mother is worth writing. However, so little has been recorded about Mira Margaret Vance that only through incidents handed down by word of mouth can much be written. A few facts from authoritative sources have been registered and these facts form the basis of this story.

Back in the eighteenth century Zebulon Baird, of Scotch Irish stock, came from New Jersey and settled beyond the Blue Ridge near the French Broad River in Buncombe County. He "set well" with the other early settlers; so well that he represented them for many years in the legislature.

Near by in Burke County was a lassie of Irish descent by the name of Hannah Erwin whose family was very influential. The descendants still are today. From what I have heard though, it was not Hannah's

distinguished family so much as her own smiling Irish eyes that so captivated Zebulon Baird. Be that as it may, these two were married and began their life together in Buncombe County. Eight children were born to this union; namely, Mira Margaret, James, John, Andrew, Josephus, Adolphus, Sarah Ann, and Mary Adelaide. James, John and Andrew grew up and moved out of the state. Josephus and Adolphus remained in Buncombe County and went in business. Sarah Ann married Bacchus J. Smith, merchant of Burnsville. Mary Adelaide never married but was a much loved and respected spinster.

This story, however, is not to be about the worthy brothers and sisters but only about the woman who gave us Zebulon Baird Vance. Mira Margaret Baird was born on December 22, 1802 on the old Baird farm two and a half miles from Asheville. This child grew up a nature lover, a Christian woman, and a cheerful personality. It is said that the son, Zebulon, received his wit from his mother. She was very fond of reading and so clear was her eyesight that at the age of 75 she could still read her Bible without her spectacles. Mira Margaret went to school with two governors; Governors Swain of North Carolina and Perry of South Carolina; and entertained in her home such men as John C. Calhoun and William C. Preston.

Near by lived David Vance, a very personable bachelor. When he was 32 and Mira Margaret was 22, they

were married in the old Baird home. A few miles away, they established a home of their own on Reems Creek about 12 miles from Asheville. Into this home were born eight children. They were Laura Henrietta, 1826; Robert Brank, 1828; Zebulon Baird, 1830; James Noel, 1833; Ann Edgeworth, 1836; Sara Priscilla, 1838; David Leonidas, 1840; and Hannah Moore, 1842. Most of the children of this large family lived long and useful lives. Mrs. Vance's life was not free from troubles though. The death of James Noel was both shocking and grievous to her. James suffered from apoplexy and was found dead after a stroke, in the garden of James Brank.

Mrs. Vance was recognized by her neighbors as a remarkable woman, and truly she must have been. When she and David had been married about 19 years David died of paralysis, leaving her with a large family to rear and educate alone, and an estate much embarrassed with debt. After the death of Captain Vance, much of his estate and most of his slaves were sold to pay off his debt. The slaves loved Mrs. Vance and were devoted to her as is shown in this incident which took place at the sale of the personal property of her husband.

One by one the slaves were placed upon the block. When her time came "Mammy Venus" ascended with Hannah, the youngest Vance child in her arms, and said, "Whoever takes Venus takes my chile." Mrs. Vance, seeing the situation, quickly bid "one dollar." Venus then, before anyone had time to speak, shouted, "Bress de Lord, I keeps my chile." While the

crowd was cheering loudly and happily, the 250 pound black mammy waddled away with Hannah still in her arms. Needless to say, she remained with Mrs. Vance.

Although she had joined the Presbyterian church when a young girl, Mrs. Vance, soon after her husband's death, joined the Methodist church. There was no Presbyterian church near by and Mrs. Vance felt that she and her family of growing boys and girls needed to be in close touch with a house of worship. She frequently had the Methodist ministers as guest in her own home.

Mrs. Vance not only had a cheerful nature, a good mind, a big heart, and a Christian spirit, but she had nimble hands as well. They were skillful in making over husband's clothes to fit the boys, in making soap, and in doing the many things necessary in those days for a big family on a farm.

When Mrs. Vance died in 1878, just before her 76th birthday, in the old house which we hope will be restored, the whole country-side mourned her passing. A contemporary newspaper said of her:

"She was in many respects an extraordinary woman, and considering the influence she quietly exercised in rearing her children, deserves well to be honored and revered in memory by the people of the States... Not a human being knew her but sorrowed at her death. An odor of blessedness pervaded every thought of her when people recalled her life, and many Christians thanked God for such an example of her service, while all hearts thanked Him that such a mother had been given to the world."

Sixteen years later when her distinguished son, the beloved United States Senator Zebulon Vance died, the mother was not forgotten in the many oration written and spoken in his honor. The day before his funeral in Asheville, a crowd assembled in the auditorium in Charlotte. Many beautiful and touching speeches were made. Dr. Preston, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Charlotte, said:

"One of the most remarkable things about this man, and which made most for his remarkable career, was the training of his mother. She had laid the foundation for his character and reputation to rest upon."

It is doubtful if any man, even Zedulon Baird Vance, could have attained that warmest place in the

hearts and highest pinnacle in the minds of Tar Heels, had he not had a mother who trained him early in life and gave him the foundation for his noble character. Her outstanding traits can be traced in her descendants even of our time, like shadows lengthening out beyond one's self. Her life brings to mind the words of a poet who lived at the same time in England:

Still glides the gentle streamlet on,  
With shifting current new and  
    strange;  
The water that was here is gone,  
But those green shadows never change.  
Serene or ruffled by the storm,  
On present waves, as on the past  
The mirror'd grove retains its form,  
The self-same trees their semblance  
    cast.

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:—

"JO-JO"

They say he is only a dog and is dumb—  
And yet when I call him, I know he will come.  
His stubby tail wagging, he waits at my knee—  
I wish that all men were as faithful as he.

He never complains he's neglected and sad;  
A pat of the hand makes him merry and glad.  
Unquestioning, trusting, wherever I be—  
I wish that all men were as faithful as he.

He growls out a challenge if danger comes near;  
Each order obeys without whimper or fear.  
Regardless of others, his faith is in me—  
I wish that all men were as faithful as he.

Oh, yes, he is only a dog, you may say;  
Yet I can depend on him, day after day.  
I think this old world would a better place be  
If only all men were as faithful as he.

—Dorothy McCurdy Thomas



# WARDS OF NORTH CAROLINA

By Mary Callum Wiley, in The State

When the Dionne quintuplets were born, the Canadian government stepped in and took charge of the children for several years, in order to make **certain that they would receive the very best of care.** The children, during that interim, were known as wards of the government.

Did you know that on two different occasions, the State of North Carolina took a somewhat similar action and, departing from its customary rock-bound principles of economy, voted to adopt two children as wards of the state.

Both of these incidents occurred during the War of 1812.

The first of these adopted children of the State of North Carolina was a baby girl bearing the queer name of Udney Maria.

Udney Maria's father was a gallant North Carolina seaman, Captain Johnston Blakely of the U. S. Sloop-of-War *Wasp*, and when the child was born in January 1815, the fate of her father's vessel was in doubt.

When at length the news was confirmed that the gallant *Wasp* with **the loss of its entire crew had mysteriously disappeared at sea,** staid old North Carolina was so stirred with emotion that through her legislature she voted to adopt in grateful memory of the gallantry of her departed hero his infant daughter, Udney Maria, and, in addition, to raise by **subscription a sum "not exceeding five hundred dollars"** for the purchase of a silver tea set to be presented to Mrs. Blakely for the infant.

The silver service, consisting of a

coffee pot, a smaller tea pot, a covered sugar bowl and sugar tongs, a milk jug and a slop basin, handsomely inscribed, was in due time presented to Udney Maria, and for ten years the sum of \$600 annually was provided by the state for her education in the best schools of Philadelphia.

In providing the means for Udney Mara's education, the state clearly stipulated that great pains were to be taken to instill into the child's mind correct moral principles, together with a becoming sense of gratitude to North Carolina for the liberal provision made for her maintenance.

In 1829 the maintenance for Udney Maria ceased, for at this time the girl removed to St. Croix, West Indies, to make her home with her mother and her step-father, a Dr. Abbott of St. Croix. In 1841 Udney Maria married a Danish nobleman of St. Croix—Baron Joseph von Bretton—and the following year at the birth of her child, she died.

The other ward of North Carolina, young James Forsyth, was the only son of Benjamin Forsyth, the Stokes County hero of the War of 1812.

James Forsyth was only eight years old when his father in far-distant Canada gave his life for his country.

The legislature, as an expression of the grateful service it entertained of the gallantry and good conduct of Benjamin Forsyth, presented his son with a sword and at the same time formally declared the orphan a ward of the state, appointing the Governor ex officio as his guardian.

In due time James Forsyth, at the

expence of the state, entered the University of North Carolina. In a short while, however, he left the University to enlist in the Navy, and in 1826 he was commissioned a midshipman.

The Legislature of 1825 repealed the provision for the education of its ward, but directed that the sum of \$750 be set aside and invested for the benefit of the young midshipman. The interest on the \$750 was to be paid him until his twenty-first birthday and at that time the principal to be turned over to him.

Young midshipman Forsyth did not live to receive the principal on his gift from the State of North Carolina. In September 1829 his ship the *Hornet* went down and he with his crew perished at sea.

Thus North Carolina, through the adoption of baby Udney Maria Blake-

ly and young James Forsyth sought to commemorate the gallantry of two of her fighting men—Captain Johnston Blakely, the hero of daring sea fights, and Benjamin Forsyth, who at the head of the little company of backwoods riflemen he had raised in his native county marched to Canada and in action gave his life for his country.

Apparently North Carolina was satisfied with these two experiments in adoption, because so far as is known, the state never again placed itself in the position of acting as guardian for a minor. This, however, was not due to any criticism of the policy adopted in the above-mentioned incidents, because the action of the Legislature in connection with the Blakely and Forsyth cases apparently met with state-wide approval and endorsement.

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## MANY CHANGES IN NAMES

By R. C. Lawrence, in The State

Carolina has lost some of her former counties. There was Bute, where it was said there were no Tories, which was changed into the counties of Franklin and Warren. There was Dobbs County, named in honor of Colonial Governor Arthur Dobbs, which became Wayne and Lenior; there was Glasgow, named in honor of Secretary of State James Glasgow, which was converted into Greene County. There was Tryon County, named for the royal Governor William Tryon, who became so hated that his name was erased from our map, and the counties of Rutherford, Cleve-

land and Lincoln created therefrom. It should be noted that each of these counties was named for a Revolutionary Patriot.

New Bern, Edenton, Halifax, Wilmington, Raleigh, Hillsboro and Salisbury have all disappeared. It is true they still exist as towns, but they were once Borough towns, and as such had the right to send a member to the Commons to represent the Borough. Thus, if you lived in Wilmington, you had to own a stone, brick or frame house, at least thirty by sixteen feet, before you could become an elector for the Borough. The Constitutional Con-

vention of 1835 did away with the Borough representation.

Time brings many changes. When historian Wheeler wrote in 1851, Wilson was the county seat of Yadkin County; Crawford was the county seat of Stokes; Rockford was the county seat of Surry. There was once a county seat known as Johnston, but as it was destroyed by a hurricane in 1752, Onslow County had to get another county seat and she selected Jacksonville.

Certain towns have disappeared. Brunswick was once the Colonial capital, but it has vanished. Gaston was once the terminus of the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad. A few days ago I was looking over an old time table of the Wilmington, Charlotte and Rutherford Railroad, one end of that line, as then constituted, being at Sand Hill. I feel free to say that Sand Hill was somewhere between Wilmington and Rutherfordton, but that is as close as I can come to it.

Parkwood was once a prosperous town in Moore County, but it no longer exists. Some old-timers may recall Diamond City in Martin County, but it disappeared many years ago. It also seems to me that there was another town by that name in Carteret County.

When it comes to towns which have changed their names, they are legion, and reference can be made to but a few. Obeying the Scriptural injunction to "Begin at Jerusalem" and starting out here in Robeson, we have Shoeheel, which became Quehele, later becoming Maxton (Max's town). Well named, too, since it is the center of the clans dubbed by Ambassador Daniels as the "God Blessed Macs."

Dora became Red Springs; Ashpole became Union City and then Fairmont.

Over in Cumberland Cross Creek became Campbelltown, which later became Fayetteville; and for many years the county seat of Brunswick was known as Smithville instead of Southport. Our city of Wilmington was originally known as Newton. The people of Lenoir became restive under British rule, so they changed it from Kingston to Kinston.

Ever hear of a place called Company Shops, where the big North Carolina Railroad had its general offices and a roundhouse? It is now known as Burlington. And one of the termini of that line was once known as Waynesboro, but is now called Goldsboro.

Our thriving city on the tar or the Pamlico (I have not yet learned where the one stream stops and the other begins) is said to have been the first of the many to be named Washington, and it was a nice change, too, as its former name was Peatown. Going' way out west we find that Pigeon River has become Canton, where the great pulp plant is; and Charles Town has become better known as Bryson City.

Elizabeth City was first incorporated in 1793 and was given the name of Reading. The name later was changed to Elizabeth Town, presumably in honor of Queen Elizabeth, although some say that Elizabeth Tooley, a large property owner, was the honoree. Later the name was changed to Elizabeth City.

Wilmington had two former names. In 1730 it was given the name of New Liverpool. In 1733, John Wat-

son obtained a grant of 640 acres adjoining New Liverpool and called the place New Town. Governor Gabriel Johnson, in 1734, changed the name to honor his patron, Spencer Compton, Earl of Wilmington.

Williamston at one time was called Skewarky, but the town was later named in honor of Col. William Williams, of the Martin County militia.

Enfield, the oldest town in Halifax County, formerly bore the name of Huckleberry Swamp.

Wadesboro, like Wilmington, also bore the name of New Town during the early part of its existence.

Murphy used to be known as Huntersville.

Roanoke Rapids, for a number of

years, was Great Falls.

Columbia originally was known as Shallops Landing. Later as Heart's Delight. Then as Elizabeth, but in 1810 the name was changed to Columbia.

Morganton originally was called Morganborough.

Beaufort was Fishtown to the early settlers.

I thought everything around Hillsboro had been fixed from the time the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, but such is not the case. For when that famous colonial town was laid off in 1759, it was designated as Childsburg, in honor of the then Attorney General.

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## MEN OF AMERICA

By A. Hoyt Levy

Right now, the old world is backsliding to the older world when men were tried and sentenced without the right of counsel or defense — when rulers were autocratic and courts of Justice, so called, were despotic. Perhaps we are even now witnessing the reversion of the dictator nations like those of earlier days — Carthage, Athens, Rome — to that state which begins with force and aggression and leads to inevitable decay.

GENERAL CORNWALLIS had written to the Home Secretary, "I could easily defeat the enemy if I could find and engage him in a fair fight." Cornwallis was not accustomed to the tactics of General Washington — it just wasn't fair fighting

for Washington and his army to disappear and then suddenly sneak up on his red-coattails. And over on the other side, the King, suffering a gout attack, was beginning to realize that he had bitten off an indigestible hunk when he sent an army overseas to subdue the colonist. Those untrained rebel soldiers — mere rabble, as compared to his natty army that advanced to battle with the beautiful precision of the Rockette Ballet — were giving him nervous dispepsia. Enough was enough. And so he sent out feelers for peace which were not ungratefully received by the Americans who also knew when enough was enough.

The men who were selected as peace commissioners were Benjamin

Franklin, printer and statesman, and John Jay, lawyer and President of the Continental Congress.

Families were not "planned" in Colonial days. Large families were the vogue. I sometimes wonder how many of us ever give a thought, these modern days, to the idea that our country never could have grown so great — never could have attained a position so envied by the rest of the world, except for the large families of our Colonial days from whence came such men as Benjamin Franklin, Nathan Hale, Ethan Allen, John Jay. In most instances these great Americans were of the younger children in their families which adds credit to the vogue of the period.

John Jay was the eighth child in a family of ten children. His father, Peter Jay, intended that John become a preacher. Peter was a hard headed prosperous merchant of high repute. Stern and shrewd, he was, with a character usually attributed to the Yankee. And prudent — as may be judged from the fact that he had a pair of suspenders on both his every-day and his Sunday pants, and on both pair the suspenders were not only buttoned on but were sewed on as well.

John was 15 years old when he entered Kings College. It was while in college that he decided he was better fitted for the bar than for the pulpit.

To become a lawyer, the young man of that day had to "buy" a job in a law office, the purchase price depending upon the reputation enjoyed by the employing lawyer. The usual term of apprenticeship was from three to five years. The salary was nothing per week in return for which the embryo legal light swept and dusted the officed, shinned the boss' shoes,

cared for his horse and ran his errands. During spare moments in his budding period, he read the law books which, with what he could glean from the scraps of conversation between the boss lawyer and his client, constituted his course of study.

Peter Jay obtained such a position for his son John in the office of an eminent lawyer. Here John acquired the valuable trait of reticence which, in later years added weight to his words. After five years of apprenticeship John, at the age of 23, was granted admission to the bar. It was not long before his talents were recognized and he became active in political affairs, later joining with Alexander Hamilton and James Madison in writing the famous Federalist letters in support of the Constitution.

Unlike Alexander Hamilton, with whom he was associated in political affairs, John Jay was neither clever nor colorful. Like his father, he was stern and inflexibly honest. However able he may be, no man lacking color, cleverness and a bit of chicanery, can arouse enthusiasm among the rank and file. John Jay was no more popular with the masses of his day than he would be with the presumably more intelligent masses of today. He was never known to have expressed judgment off-hand, he did not talk at random or offer an opinion for which he could not give a reason. Yet so highly was his wisdom respected, as reflected by his writings, that cognizance could not be denied him, and at the age of 29, he was chosen president of the Continental Congress. It was unfortunate that he was deprived of the undying fame attached to the signers of the Declaration of Independence, having been called to New York

to attend the local Congress when that great and imperishable charter was signed in Philadelphia.

None of the great men in Colonial history was held in so high esteem for his wisdom prudence and judicial temperament by Washington as was John Jay. Upon Washington's election to the Presidency of the United States of America, he appointed Jay as first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court in the following words:

"There must be a Court, Perpetual and Supreme, to which all questions of internal dispute between states or people be referred. This Court must be greater than the Executive, greater than any individual State, separated and apart from any political party. You must be the first official head of this Court just as I am now head of the Executive."

War is never-ending. Peace terms have always led to misconstruction which, in turn, leads to war. So it which, in turn, leads to another war. So it was with Germany, the vanquished in the World war. And so it might have been between the victor and the vanquished in the Revolutionary War but for the courage of John Jay. The complications came to a head eleven years after the signing of the treaty that terminated the Revolutionary War. The Americans demanded certain reparations called for in the peace treaty and apologies for injuries to their dignity. Politics and jingoism was, of course, at the bottom of the outburst. But so serious had the matter become that President Washington deemed it advisable to send a special minister to London to

negotiate a new treaty. As Franklin was dead, Hamilton was first considered for the mission. But fearing lest his fiery temper blaze up where a cool temperament was necessary, the President called upon John Jay, than whom there could have no man better qualified for the job

After five months of negotiation Jay returned with a new treaty that aroused a storm of opposition from the political jingos who heaped upon him approbrium, denounced him as a traitor and burned him in effigy. But Washington knew that "the best battles are won with powder that was never exploded" and accepted Jay's treaty as a battle won.

Jay's last public office was that of Governor of New York. He died in 1829, at the age 84, having passed 28 years in youth and education, 28 years in public service and 28 years in retirement.

It is fitting to close this short biography with an extract of a letter from the first Chief Justice of the United States to the first President of the United States:

"Calm repose and sweets of undisturbed retirement appear more distant than a peace with Britain. It gives me pleasure, however, to reflect that the period is approaching when we shall be citizens of a better ordered state, and the spending of a few troublesome years of our eternity in doing good to this and future generations is not to be avoiled or regretted. Things will come right and these States will yet be great and flourishing."

## INSTITUTION NOTES

We were informed a few days ago that Bruce Hawkins, a former student here, had been in the United States Navy since July, 1943, this information coming from his mother, who wrote, asking that his final discharge be granted by the School.

Bruce came to the School, August 16, 1938 and remained here until Sept. 8, 1941, when he was conditionally released to return to his home in Canton. During his stay with us he was in Cottage No. 3. He entered the fifth grade and had been in the seventh about eighteen months at the time of leaving. Bruce was employed in the printing department during part of the time spent at the School.

—:—

According to a recent report from the welfare department of Cherokee County, Norvelle Murphy, another of our old boys, has been in the United States Navy since August, 1942. Norvelle entered the School, June 19, 1939, and was conditionally released, September 9, 1941, at which time he returned to his home county for placement. While at the institution, he was a member of the Cottage No. 14 group, and was in the fifth grade in school when he left. This lad worked in the laundry for more than a year, and during the rest of the time spent here, worked on the outdoor forces. Upon recommendation of the welfare superintendent, who reported that the lad had been making an excellent record since leaving the School, he was granted an honorable discharge from further parole supervision, June 30, 1942.

—:—

William C. Bell, formerly of Cot-

tage No. 4, one of our lads who enlisted in the United States Navy last year, going directly from the School campus, wrote us a few days ago, from Norfolk, Virginia, as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Guess you are very much surprised to hear from me. How are you getting along these fine days? I am doing fine in the Navy. We have been having a lot of rain up here for the past week. While here in Norfolk I am only about nine miles from home, but have been kept too busy to get a leave. There are about twenty or thirty old Training School boys up here with me right now, and they are all getting along well. Hope all the boys down there are doing all right. How did that picture that you snapped of me turn out. I'll bet it is about the worst picture of a sailor you have ever taken.

"I am coming back to the School for a little visit the first time I can get a leave. Will be glad to see the boys and officers who were there when I was down there. I am now a first-class cook, and in about six months hope to be able to get a chief cook's rating. Am going to try my best to get it. Will close for this time. Hope you can read this writing. Right now I have a bad hand, but hope it will be OK soon. Remember me to all the folks around the old place. Yours truly, Clarence Bell."

—:—

We were glad to see Lieutenant James P. Boger, son of former Superintendent and Mrs. Charles E. Boger, the other day. This young man has always been noted for his friendly smile and genuine good disposition, but when we met him, the smile was

just a little broader than usual. Perhaps this was due to the fact that on March 12th, he was graduated from the Eastern Flying Training Command, in the class of 44-C, Freeman Army Air Field, Seymour, Indiana, and is now a pilot in the Army Air Forces.

We wish to take this opportunity to congratulate our young friend, Jim, upon his achievements in the Air Forces, and assure him that his many friends at the School tender best wishes for success wherever his duties may take him.

Lieut. James is the third representative of the Boger family now serving their country. Captain Charles E., Jr., a member of a tank unit, has been overseas with the Army since the beginning of the North African Campaign; Captain John D., is a pilot in the Army Air Corps, is still stationed in this country; and we have not yet learned where James will be stationed at the expiration of his furlough.

We have known these fine young fellows ever since they were small youngsters, and are proud of the excellent records they are making in defense of this great country of ours. They are great lads, and we feel sure they will make their parents and all the rest of us, much prouder of them before this worldwide conflict is ended.

—:—

A letter recently came to us from Ivan A. (Tiny) Morrozzoff, a former linotype operator in our printing class, who has been in the United States Army about two years. Tiny is a member of an engineers company connected with the Army Air Corps, and has done quite a bit of traveling about since enlisting. We never knew

where to expect the next letter from, even while he was in the United States. One would come from a camp in Virginia, the next from Mississippi, another from California, and then one from Oregon or Washington. He seems to be following about the same procedure since going overseas. We first heard from him in Africa, then Egypt, and now his latest letter comes from India. That boy surely gets around. However, all that traveling seems to agree with him, for he sent us a couple of photographs from India, and he is the smiling, good-natured Tiny whom we knew as a lad here. He writes as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Just a few lines to say 'hello' and to let you know that I am well. Hope you are the same. I am now somewhere in India, and getting along very good. Have visited quite a few places and find India very interesting. One thing about this country, the climate is just the same all the year around—hot. Am sending you a few pictures for your book. They are not so much to look at for developing is not so good. But they will be something to make up for the shortness of this letter. I noticed in The Uplift you sent me that McFee was home on furlough. If you have his present address, please add it in your next letter, for I'd like to drop him a few lines. Best regards to all, and don't forget to write soon. Lots of luck. Sincerely, Ivan Morrozzoff."

—:—

Superintendent Hawfield, who is also the editor of The Uplift, recently received a letter from Hon. Carl B. Hyatt, a specialist in educational service, with the United States Department of Justice, Washington, D. C.



While serving as Judge of the Juvenile Court, Asheville, Judge Hyatt was a great friend of this institution, and has maintained his friendly interest in the work being carried on here since going to Washington. His letter, dated March 17th, reads as follows:

**Mr. S. G. Hawfield,**  
**Editor The Uplift,**  
 Concord, N. C.

Dear Mr. Hawfield:

I have enjoyed reading The Uplift these many years. It has enabled me to keep current with the happenings at Stonewall Jackson Training School, and also obtain many priceless gems of wisdom that have appeared on its pages.

While I have always received a copy, even though it is addressed to a former bureau with which I was connected, I should appreciate your changing the address to my present location in the Department of Justice.

I have been hoping to attend some of the Directors' meetings of the North Carolina Conference of Social Service and have a talk with you. It may be possible for me to attend the Conference this year. I am at least making plans in that direction.

Kindest personal regards and best wishes for your future work.

Sincerely yours,

Carl B. Hyatt.

—:—

We received a letter a few days ago from John T. Capps, a former member of our printing class, who is now in the United States Army. Johnnie has been stationed in England for some time, and is a member of the Ninth Air Force. He has written us several times from overseas and judging from

the tone of his letters, he seems to be very well pleased with his location. We were delighted to learn that he had received the camera films we sent several weeks ago, and we are looking forward to receiving some fine pictures of English places of interest, for the lad became quite expert at handling a camera before joining the Army. His letter, dated March 5th; reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Received copy of The Uplift and the films last Thursday, and let me tell you that The Uplift sure gave me a lift. It was the first I had seen for ages, it seemed, and I enjoyed reading every word in it.

"This finds me in the best of health, except that I have a slight cold that seems hard to get rid of. Am getting along fine in my work. I try to keep my record up to that which I left at the School, although at times I seem to slow down a little bit, but I guess that is expected to happen to anybody.

"I haven't taken many pictures so far. Have a few that I made around Windsor of Eton and of Windsor Castle. Am going into town tomorrow and have some extra prints made. As soon as I get them, I'll send them to you. Have taken some others but have not got them back from the censor yet.

"During the past two months I haven't been going out much. Reason is that I have met a very nice English girl over here whom I intend to marry in July, and with that coming up, I am saving most of my money. She gets ten days off April 8th and I am going to try to get a furlough at the same time. We plan to tour London, Oxford and Nottingham, and we are going to try to get down to her old

home, which is at Folkstone, near Dover. During those trips I hope to take quite a few picture, and should be able to send you a nice collection a little later.

"Thanks a million for the films. I have quite a few rolls now. Got some from a big camera store in New York by ordering them, something I didn't know I could do. Well, I see that I'm near the end of the sheet, so had better call it quits for this time. Tell all at the School 'hello' for me. Sincerely, your pal, Johnnie."

—:—

Although it was not his regular Sunday to conduct the afternoon service at the School, arrangements were made whereby Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, might bring Dr. Ralph Herring out to speak to the boys. Dr. Herring is President of the North Carolina State Convention and pastor of the First Baptist Church, Winston-Salem. He had been conducting special services at the Concord church for more than a week, and it was the wish of the pastor and members of the congregation that the lads at the School might have the opportunity to hear him.

Following the singing of the opening hymn, Superintendent Hawfield presented Rev. Mr. Summers, who instead of reading the regular Scripture Lesson, led the boys in repeating the Twenty-Third Psalm, after which he offered an impressive prayer.

After being introduced by Rev. Mr. Summers, Dr. Herring told the boys that he must first compliment them upon their fine singing he had ever heard, and expressed the wish that they might sing in his congregation at Winston-Salem some Sunday. He

added that it was a real pleasure to visit the School, for he loved boys because a boy is the only thing God can make a man of, and he hoped he might say something that would cause the lads before him to seriously consider what kind of men they wanted to be.

Dr. Herring announced that his subject for the afternoon was "What It Means To Believe In Jesus, and selected as his text, John 1:11-12—"He came unto his own, and his own received him not. But as many as received him, to them he gave power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name."

The speaker said that there seems to be a great deal of confusion about the question as to what it means to believe in the Master. Not only the ignorant confused, but it is puzzling to many brilliant and well-educated people. In the portion of Scripture just read, he added, we learn that Jesus must be offered to us before we may have the opportunity to accept him.

How does Jesus come to our hearts? was the next question asked by the speaker, and he gave the answers, as follows (1) One way in which we are most certain to contact Jesus is "when two or three are gathered together in my name." He has said that he would be with us on such occasions, and we may rest assured that he will always keep his appointments. These are his own words, and we know his promises are never broken. The speaker told the boys that Jesus was in the auditorium at the moment. While there in spirit, never-the-less he was there, and only for the purpose of saving someone. (2) Jesus comes when he is preached to us. The big

question, said the speaker, was not whether his listeners liked him or not. That, said he, was unimportant. What he wanted to impress upon their minds was the fact that he was there to present Jesus to them, and show them to way to heaven, when life on earth was ended.

Dr. Herring then told the lads that accepting Christ was entirely up to them, that they were the only ones who could open the doors of their hearts to receive him. He tried to show them that it was something nobody else was able to do for them. No one has to accept Christ, said he. It is clearly up to the individual.

The speaker then called attention to the words, "As many as receive him," stating that what happens after that is also up to us. We may receive him temporarily, and then

after a short time, forget all about it, and find ourselves back right where we started. Just as an unconscious person cannot drink water, nobody can just pour salvation into us. We must be in a receptive mood to receive Jesus.

To accept Jesus, continued Dr. Herring, is an indescribable blessing. He will see to it that we are born anew and become children of God.

At the close of the service, Dr. Herring issued the invitation to the boys to think seriously of what he had said, and then, if they so desired, to come up to the front of the auditorium and make known their decision. About one hundred boys went forward and indicated they would like to unite with some church.

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## HOME

By Leland Foster Wood

It isn't the house that makes a home  
And gives a glory to life;  
It isn't the things that fill the room,  
Its mainly the heart of a wife.

It isn't the walls that shelter the form  
And help the child to grow;  
Its the mother heart that keeps him warm  
From the coldest winds that blow.

It isn't the money the father brings  
That makes his presence dear;  
But the father heart in the midst of things  
That fills the home with cheer.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending March 19, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

James Benton  
 William Burnett  
 Chauncey Gore  
 William Hilliard  
 Lee Hollifield  
 Leonard McAdams  
 Charles Pearson  
 David Prevatte  
 Weaver Ruff  
 James Stamper  
 Harry Wilson  
 James Carroll

## COTTAGE No. 1

Ralph Bailey  
 Richard Billings  
 Eugene Bowers  
 James Buckalov  
 George Cox  
 Marion Cox  
 Donald Carland  
 Jack Gray  
 Howard Hall  
 John Love  
 Preston Lockamy  
 Rufus Massengill  
 Harold McKinney  
 Amos Myers  
 William Poteat  
 Carlton Pate  
 Floyd Puckett  
 Thomas Ruff  
 David Swink  
 James Shell  
 Harry Thompson  
 Harlan Warren

## COTTAGE No. 2

Charles Byrd  
 Cecil Caldwell  
 Kenneth Caldwell  
 Delmas Jarrell  
 J. T. Jacobs  
 Joseph McKinney  
 John McLean  
 James Maxton  
 Hayes Powell  
 Jesse Peavy  
 John Pritchard  
 Jack Ray

Van Robinson  
 James Sneed  
 Ezzell Stansberry  
 Marion Todd  
 Roy Womack

## COTTAGE No. 3

Jack Bateman  
 Everette Bowden  
 Paul Childers  
 Eugene Connell  
 Hugh Cornwell  
 Raymond Davis  
 Edward Haynes  
 Arthur Engle  
 Lawrence Littlejohn  
 Roy Manoley  
 Troy Morris  
 Samuel Pritchett  
 Grover Shuler  
 Hubert Smith  
 Lester Williams

## COTTAGE No. 4

Robert Blackwelder  
 Leroy Childers  
 Clyde Godfrey  
 George Hawks  
 Roy Swink  
 John Smith  
 Walter Thomas  
 Carl Willis  
 Paul Stone  
 James Linebarier  
 Turner Walker

## COTTAGE No. 5

James Gibson  
 Lawrence Hopson  
 Robert Hensley  
 Carl Hoyle  
 McKeever Horne  
 Mack McGee  
 Brady Tew  
 William Wall

## COTTAGE No. 6

Charlton Cox  
 J. C. Cayton  
 Craven Callahan  
 Rufus Driggers

Earl Gilmore  
 Robert Gaylor  
 Donald Griffin  
 Everett Gallion  
 Jack Hensley  
 Stanford McLean  
 George Mann  
 Robert Peavy  
 J. W. Smith  
 Lawrence Temple  
 Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 7

Max Brown  
 R. C. Combs  
 Charles Edwards  
 Wallace Foster  
 Donald Grimstead  
 Robert Helms  
 Donald Kirk  
 Ned Matcalf  
 Ray Naylor  
 Jack Phillips  
 Marshall Prestwood

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Thomas Ingram  
 Charles Redmond

COTTAGE No. 10

Paul Alphin  
 Fred Carswell  
 Donald Clodfelter  
 Jack Clifton  
 Earl Godley  
 Robert Hamn  
 Arcemias Hefner  
 Robert Holbert  
 Alfred Lamb  
 Edward Loftin  
 Gerald McCullum  
 Jesse Parker  
 Brice Hill Thomas  
 Jack Williams

COTTAGE No. 11

Roland Brooks  
 Robert Buchanan

Oden Bland  
 Wilton Barfield  
 Willaim Guffey  
 James Hicks  
 Robert Moose  
 Clyde Rhodes  
 Robert Young

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Robert Caudle  
 Ernest Davis  
 Woodrow Ewing  
 Eugene Frazier  
 Eugene Graham  
 Vernon Harding  
 Paul Painter  
 Emerson Sawyer  
 Homer Johnson  
 Vernon Rinehardt  
 Eugene White

COTTAGE No. 14

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 15

Edgar Blanehard  
 Thomas Baumgarner  
 Robert Bluester  
 George Brown  
 John Crump  
 James Cantrell  
 Robert Flinchum  
 David Lewis  
 Harvey Leonard  
 Roger Reid  
 Dewey Smith  
 Olin Wishon

INDIAN COTTAGE

Jack Bailey  
 Harold Duckworth  
 Peter Chavis  
 Marshall Hunt  
 Hudell Jacobs

INFIRMARY

(No Honor Roll)

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There are plenty of men in the world, but very few heroes.



# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 1, 1944

No. 13

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U. N. C. Library

## THE BRIGHTER SIDE

Remember now, my friend, who art so wise,  
The silvery, crescent moon doth keep her  
bright

Side ever forward as she treads the skies,  
In endless, silent journey of the night.

He who planned the stars meant all the while  
Our petty earthly troubles we should hide  
Behind the golden flashings of a smile—  
And heaven only see the darker side.

—Don. C. Shafer.

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.  
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.  
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## FAMOUS SAYINGS BY NATIVE CAROLINIANS

1. "Our Federal Union: It must and shall be preserved." (President Andrew Jackson, looking vice president John C. Calhoun squarely in the face.)
2. "Wrap me in the flag of my country: let me pillow my head on the Constitution." (President Andrew Johnson.)
3. "This is the most precious legacy which I can bequeath to my native State." (Judge Archibald D. Murphey writing to Chief Justice Thomas Ruffin concerning his report to the Senate in favor of a public school system.)
4. "You will get no troops from North Carolina." (Governor John W. Ellis in a telegram to President Lincoln.)
5. "Greasy Sam Watts"; "Jay Bird Jones"; "Ipecac Memminger"; "the Governor's Son Joseph." (Names bestowed by Josiah Turner upon the carpet-baggers.)
6. "There is retribution in history." (Opening sentence of the inaugural of Governor Vance. Used again by Governor Russell upon his inauguration with accent upon the is.)
7. "As you love your State hold Robeson." (Democratic State Chairman W. R. Cox to County Chairman W. Foster French.)
8. "A school for every child and every child in a school." (Governor Charles B. Aycock.)
9. "When you educate a man you educate an individual, but when you educate a woman you educate an entire family." (President Charles D. McIver of the State Normal College.)
10. "I consider the education of preachers, lawyers and doctors as the most essential as they are most in the public eye." (James B. Duke in the indenture which established the foundation for Duke University and other institutions.)

—N. C. Taylor.

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## SIGNS OF SPRING

The advent of Spring may be realized by the return of the song birds heard early in the morning, the budding of the trees, the fresh

green branches of shrubs and the blossoming of the yellow bells and other flowers of yellow and purple peculiar to the season of the year. The trees, the shrubs, green lawns, yellow bells and jonquils that border the walks of the sloping hillsides give a picturesque setting to the many handsome buildings, homes of our boys, at the Jackson Training School.

The evidence of new life seen in the fields, on the campus and elsewhere on the grounds after the winter months, revives the spirits of the boys for the outdoor sports. The unavoidable confinement of cold weather makes all of us, old and young, feel the need of invigorating rays of sunshine and the soft breezes. The change of scenes, from the four walls of homes, out into the fields made beautiful by nature, is a great tonic. One of the finest sports of this season is flying kites, but that delightful pastime will not be possible this year on account of the shortage of twine. However, the economic program emphasized during this world-wide war does not take from the boys the shooting of marbles indulged in by the little fellows, baseball, hop-scotch or leap-frog, that truly may be termed "stream-lined sport" that for some reason holds one's attention. Not many days ago, just by chance, we saw a line of boys, about twenty in number, coming from the field at noon hour. This unit was going to the cottage for the noon meal. Quicker than one could say "Jack Robison," the first boy stooped down, and these lads played the game of leap-frog without a break until they reached their destination. The picture was a pretty one and showed the energizing effects of the season of the year. Life can be beautiful, and especially so, if we, with understanding minds, live close to nature.

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### THE WORK WILL BE DONE

The month of March, 1944, has not had the usual high winds, but instead a heavy rainfall has prevented giving adequate attention to the growing of vegetables and field crops. On account of the varying degrees of temperature—ranging from summer heat to a cold wave—many comments were heard relative to the effect of the frosty weather on the fruit crop. The masses of people are more

food-conscious than previously. Things that come easy, go easy, but the point system has forced people to be more conservative in the culinary departments of homes. If it were possible to make a survey of homes so as to see the ideals of housewives, the differences would be varied as well as a study of life that would prove beneficial. The school of experience teaches us that it is "the set of the sail, and not the gale, that determines the way we go."

Despite the cold rains of March, we are confident the farmers will increase their force of workers during the forthcoming balmy weather, so as to make garden plots or truck farms produce more abundantly than in any previous year. Realizing this nation is the granary of the people of the Orient we shall have to feed not only our own people, but the people of the belligerent countries. The goal of everyone should be a state of preparedness so as to be able to meet every emergency during this horrible struggle on the far-flung battlefields for the blessed privilege of living the normal lives of God-fearing and God-loving people.

\* \* \* \* \*

### SHEEP RAISING

For reasons which are apparent, sheep raising in North Carolina is at a low point, as compared with 1870. Seventy-four years ago North Carolina had about 670,000 sheep, but today they number only about 52,000. The decline has been due, in a large measure, to the same reasons that brought about a type of farming in North Carolina which has been responsible for the sorry plight in which many farmers have found themselves.

Back in 1870, a farmer grew just about everything he needed on his farm except a bit of coffee, sugar and salt. With 670,000 sheep in the state at that time, they certainly had sufficient wool for their clothing.

But as the years passed many farmers decided that the thing to do was to specialize in farming, devoting all their attention to the growing of cotton, tobacco, and peanuts, even plowing up garden spots and good pasture land in order to put in one or more of these crops. Naturally, with this sort of theory about farming, there were bound to be hard years.

Some 10-15 years ago, the "live-at-home" idea came back into popularity again. Fifty years ago the farmer had to "live-at-home," and now we know that it is the only wise way to be a successful farmer.

The North Carolina Department of Agriculture is advocating that farmers include a flock of sheep in their "live-at-home" programs, and steps have been taken to bring in a large number of pure-bred ewes and rams. In commenting on sheep-raising in the state, a representative of the department said recently: "Sheep raising in North Carolina can be a profitable and pleasant enterprise. Sheep are docile and easy to handle. They can be handled with no greater difficulty than a flock of poultry, and when handled properly, will net the owner a return that will well repay him for his time and effort."

—Stanly News & Press.

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### MRS. CHARLES A. COOK

It is unusual for a person, comparatively speaking, a perfect stranger, to move into a community and win the confidence and admiration of all who came her way. This may be truly said of Mrs. Charles A. Cook, who came to Concord and lived here not quite seven years. During the entire time she resided in our midst we have never heard the simplest remark that would reflect upon her fine ladyhood. She gave of her time without reserve to the duties of her home; she always had time to meet her friends: she was a thoughtful neighbor; she entered into her church work with keen interest, and possessed a fine understanding of the different stratas of society, making each feel comfortable. Mrs. Cook was to the manner born, knowing the ideals of the old-time womanhood that radiated sweetness and purity.

Her sudden passing last Friday morning, March 24th, was a shock to those who knew her intimately and loved her, but we are happy to say her rich life left its impress that will inspire future generations to dwell upon the finer and worthwhile things.

We extend deepest sympathy to her bereaved husband, who, because of illness, has been confined to his home for a long time.

## ANNIVERSARIES OF THE WEEK

Johann Sebastian Bach, among the greatest of early music composers, was born in Germany, March 31, 1865. Recognizing his ability at the age of eighteen, the count of Weimar engaged him, as a player on the harpsichord and organ. On these instruments he had no equals, but it was not until one hundred years later that he became recognized as a composer, through the compositions which were preserved after his death. Among these were studies for the organ, piano, stringed and keyed instruments, cantatas, oratorios, masses, and passion music. His fame, however, rested on the organ, and especially for his fugues, the most perfect ever written. He had the distinction of being the father of twenty-one children, and all of his eleven sons became distinguished musicians—in all more than fifty of his descendants became celebrated as musicians.

On March 31, 1732, Franz Joseph Haydn was born in Austria. At an early age, because of an excellent voice, he was appointed choir boy at St. Stephen's Church, Vienna. From 1761 to 1790, he was musical director to Prince Esterhazy, and about this time he composed a great number of works, among them being 120 symphonies and 12 operas. He then spent three years in England, where he composed his "Orpheus and Eurydice." His instrumental compositions were incomparable.

\* \* \* \* \*

Forest and woods fires every day are retarding our fighting of the war. Any time you stop a woods fire—or keep one from starting—you are helping to bring our fighting men home sooner. Remember, the easiest fire to control is the one which never starts. If you are planning to clear land by burning this spring, be careful. Plow a safety line around it, and be sure you have enough help on hand until the last spark is out.



## WITH THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES



The following list includes the names, as they have come to this office, of members of the staff, former staff members, and former students of Stonewall Jackson Training School, who are now serving as members of the armed forces of the United States. It will be seen that four employees went into the service directly from the School campus. The others listed have, in some cases, been away from the institution for quite a number of years, joining the fighting forces several years after severing their connection with the School.

In checking over the list of our old boys, we find that practically one hundred per cent voluntarily enlisted in "Uncle Sam's" service, rather than wait to be called by the selective service system. It is also interesting to note that many of these fellows had been in their country's service several years prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

If any of our readers know of former Training School boys who are now in any branch of service, and can furnish definite information as to their present location, please notify the editor of THE UPLIFT, P. O. Box 32, Concord, N. C. We shall appreciate your co-operation.

### Staff Members

Brausa, Ralph J.	(Navy)	Patterson, James L.	(Army)
(d) Carriker, J. L.	(Army)	Query, James L.	(Army)
Liner, James H.	(Army)		

### Former Staff Members

(d) Adams, J. E., Jr.	(Navy)	Parker, Lt.-Col. Samuel I.	(Army)
Barrier, Major George L.	(Army)	(d) Poole, William E.	(Army)
Cleaver, James A.	(Navy)	Watson, Lt. (jg) James E.	(Navy)
Hollingsworth, Jesse G.	(Navy)	Wingate, Lt. W. J.	(Army Air Corps)

### Former Students

Abernethy, Paul	(Navy)	Andrews, Julian	(Marine Corps)
Adams, Clyde	(Navy)	Andrews, Lewis	(Marine Corps)
Adams, Felix	(Army)	Anderson, Raymond	(Army)
Alexander, J. Mack	(Army)	Ashley, Arthur	(Army)
Alexander, Robert	(Army)	Atkins, Richard	(Army)
Almond, Odell H.	(Navy)	Atkinson, Hiram	(Navy)
Allen, Burl	(Navy)	Atwell, Robert	(Navy)
Allen, Julian Herschel	(Navy)	Atwood, Earl	(Army)
Allen, Grady C.	(Navy)		
Allen, Wayne	(Navy)	Bailiff, Wilson	(Navy)
Allred, James R.	(Army Air Corps)	Ballew, Edward J.	(Navy)
Amos, Gerald	(Navy)	Barber, Winfred V.	(Army)

Bargesser, James	(Navy)	Cherry, Herman	(Army)
Barker, Jewell	(Army Air Corps)	Cherry, William	(Navy)
Barkley, Joel	(Army)	Christine, Joseph	(Navy)
Barnes, Norton	(Army)	Cline, Wade	(Army)
Barrett, Allen	(Army)	Coats, Clinton	(Army)
Barrier, Carl	(Marine Corps)	Cobb, Frank E.	(Army)
Barrier, William T.	(Navy)	Coffer, Robert	(Army)
Batson, Jack	(Navy)	Collins, Glenn L.	(Army)
Bishop, Garrett W.	(Army Air Corps)	Connell, Harry	(Army)
Branch, Glatley	(Army)	Connell, James	(Navy)
Baynes, Howard	(Army Air Corps)	Cook, William	(Navy)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)		Cooke, George C.	(Army)
(‡) Beach, Ernest L.	(Army)	Cooper, Lake	(Army)
Beaver, Albert	(Army)	Cooper, Dewell J.	(Navy)
(d) Beaver, Walter	(Army)	Cooper, Walter	(Army)
Bell, James	(Navy)	Cox, J. C.	(Marine Corps)
Bell, William Clarence	(Navy)	Craft, Arthur	(Army)
Bell, William G.	(Navy)	Crawford, Jack	(Navy)
Beheler, Reid	(Navy)	Crawford, Louis	(Army)
Benson, John	(Navy)	Crawford, Wiley	(Army)
Blackman, William	(Army)	Crumpler, John	(Marine Corps)
Bordeaux, Junior	(Army)	Cunningham, David C.	(Army)
Bowman, Charles	(Army)	Cunningham, Jesse S.	(Navy)
Branch, Horace	(Army)	Dalton, James	(Army)
Brantley, Elmond A.	(Marine Corps)	Daubenmyer, Nelson	(Army)
Bray, Relons Odell	(Army)	Davis, Duke	(Army)
Briggs, Paul	(Marine Corps)	Davis, Hubert	(Navy)
Britt, Jennings	(Navy)	Davis, James	(Army)
Broadwell, William	(Navy)	Deal, Paul	(Navy)
Brogden, Norman	(Navy)	Deese, Horace R.	(Navy)
Broome, Jack	(Army)	Detherage, James	(Army)
Broome, Paul	(Marine Corps)	Doel, Carroll	(Army)
Broome, Shannon	(Army Air Corps)	Donaldson, Harold	(Marine Corps)
Brothers, William	(Naval Air Corps)	Dorsey, W. Wilson	(Army)
Brown Aldene	(Army)	Downes, George	(Army)
Brown, Elbert M.	(Navy)	Downes, William H.	(Army)
Brown, Harold	(Army)	Driver, Malcom	(Army Air Corps)
Bunn, Dewey	(Navy)	Drumm, Glenn	(Army)
Bunn, Homer	(Army)	Dyson, Fred	(Navy)
Burke, Ensign William H.	(Navy)	Eaker, Arnold Max	(Army)
Burkhead, Dermont	(Navy)	Earnhardt, Donald P.	(Navy)
Burleson, Lacy C.	(Navy)	Edmondson, Arthur	(Army)
Burrow, John B.	(Navy)	Edwards, Eugene	(Navy)
Butner, Roy	(Marine Corps)	Elders, James R.	(Marine Corps)
Cable, Nathan	(Army Air Corps)	Elliott, John	(Navy)
Capps, John T.	(Army Air Corps)	Elmore, A. C.	(Marine Corps)
Carter, Adrian L.	(Navy)	Ennis, James C.	(Navy)
Carter, Douglas	(Army)	Ennis, Henry	(Marine Corps)
Carter, Fred	(Army)	Ennis, Noah	(Navy)
Carver, Gardner	(Army)	Ennis, Samuel	(Army)
Causey, Floyd	(Army)	Eury, James	(Army Air Corps)
(‡) Causey, James D.	(Army)	Evans, John H.	(Army)
Chapman, Charles	(Army)	Evans, Mack	(Army)
Chapman, Edward	(Army)	Everett, Carl	(Army)
Chattin, Ben	(Army)	Everidge, Samuel	(Navy)

Faggart, John	(Marine Corps)	Hendrix, John	(Army)
(Enlisted 1929. Made Warrant Officer by Act of Congress, 1941.)		Henry, Charlton	(Navy)
Farthing, Audie	(Navy)	Hicks, Garland	(Army)
Faschnat, Mose	(Navy)	Hildreth, John	(Army)
Fausnet, Bernard L.	(Army)	Hill, Doyce	(Army)
(‡) Ferris, Russell	(Army)	Hill, William	(Army)
Fisher, Edward	(Army)	Hodge, David	(Army)
Fisher, John H.	(Army)	Hodge, Dallas	(Army Air Corps)
Flannery, John	(Army)	Hogan, Gilbert	(Army)
(d) Freeman, Richard	(Army)	Hogsed, John R.	(Army)
French, Ian	(Army)	Hoke, Bernice	(Navy)
Furches, William	(Marine Corps)	Holland, Burman	(Army)
		Holland, Donald	(Army)
Gaddy, William	(Navy)	Hollars, Ralph	(Army)
Gaines, Robert	(Navy)	Holloway, Hubert	(Army)
Gardner, Horace T.	(Army)	Holmes, John	(Army)
Gardner, John	(Navy)	Hooks, Hubert	(Army)
Gatlin, Britt C.	(Army)	Honeycutt, Nathaniel	(Army)
Gentry, William	(Navy)	Hulan, Norman	(Navy)
Gibson, Merritt	(Army)	(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)	
Glasgow, Mumford	(Army)	Ingram, John E.	(Navy)
Glasgow, Norwood	(Navy)	Irwin, Raymond	(Army Air Corps)
Glasgow, Ramsey	(Army Air Corps)		
(Served in Marine Corps, 1929-1933. Member China Expeditionary Force, '29-'32.)		Jackson, Edgar	(Marine Corps)
Glover, Henry	(Marine Corps)	Jackson, William	(Navy)
Godfrey, Warren	(Army)	Jenkins, Fred	(Navy)
Godwin, John T.	(Navy)	Johnson, Clawson	(Army)
Godwin, Paul D.	(Army Air Corps)	Johnson, Coley	(Navy)
Goodman, Albert	(Army)	Johnson, Edward	(Navy)
Goodman, George	(Army)	Johnson, Hugh	(Navy)
Gray, Delma C.	(Navy)	Jolly, James D.	(Navy)
Greene, Giles E.	(Army)	Jones, Mark Twain	(Navy)
Gregory, Charles J.	(Army)	Jones, S. E.	(Marine Corps)
Gregory, Roy	(Army)	Jordan, James E.	(Army)
Griffin, Charles	(Army)		
Griffin, James H.	(Marine Corps)	Keen, Clinton	(Army)
Grooms, J. B.	(Army Air Corps)	Keith, Monroe	(Army)
Guffey, Lawrence	(Army)	Keith, Robert	(Navy)
		Kelly, Grady	(Army Air Corps)
Hall, Frank	(Army)	Kelly, Jesse	(Army)
Hall, Joseph	(Army)	King, Cleo	(Army Air Corps)
Hames, Albert	(Navy)	King, Frank L.	(Army)
Hames, William R.	(Army)	King, Jesse	(Navy)
Hamilton, Leo	(Navy)	King, Thomas	(Army Air Corps)
Hampton, Robert	(Navy)	Kinley, Robert	(Marine Corps)
Haney, Jack	(Marine Corps)	(d) Kivett, Clyde A.	(Army)
Hardin, Wilbur	(Navy)	Knight, Thomas	(Army Air Corps)
Harris, Edgar	(Army)	Knight, Thurman	(Army)
Hawkins, Bruce	(Navy)	Koontz, J. Milton	(Army)
Hawkins, William T.	(Navy)	Kye, George	(Army)
Head, Elbert	(Army)	Kye, James	(Army)
Heath, Beamon	(Navy)	(‡) Lamar, A. C., Jr.	(Army)
Hefner, Charles	(Army)	Land, Reuben	(Army)
Hefner, Eugene	(Navy)	Land, Wilfred	(Marine Corps)
Hensley, J. B.	(Navy)	Landrum, Luther H.	(Army)
Hendren, Isaac	(Navy)	Lane, Floyd C.	(Marine Air Corps)



Langford, Olin	(Army)	McPherson, Arthur	(Navy)
Langley, William	(Army)	McRorie, J. W.	(Navy)
Laramore, Ray	(Army)	Nelson, Larry	(Navy)
Lawrence, Robert	(Marine Corps)	Newton, Willard M.	(Army)
Leagon, Harry	(Army)	(‡) Odom, David	(Army)
Ledford, Harvey L.	(Army)	Owen, Fred, Jr.	(Marine Corps)
Ledford, James	(Marine Corps)	Owens, Leroy	(Army)
Lemly, Jack	(Army)	Oxendine, Earl	(Navy)
Lee, Valton	(Army)	Padrick, William	(Navy)
Lett, Frank	(Army)	Page, James	(Army)
Lewallan, Paul R.	(Army)	Pate, Hansel	(Army)
Link, Bruce	(Navy)	Patterson, James	(Navy)
Long, Loyce	(Army)	Patterson, Joseph	(Navy)
Long, Stacey L.	(Army)	Patton, Richard	(Navy)
Martin, Willie H.	(Army Air Corps)	Payne, Joy	(Army)
Mathis, D. B. (Jack)	(Marine Corps)	Peake, Harry	(Marine Corps)
(*) Matthews, Douglas	(Army)	Pearson, Flay	(Army)
Matthews, Harley P.	(Navy)	Pennington, Grady	(Army)
Mattox, Walter	(Army)	Pickett, Claudius	(Army)
May, Fred	(Navy)	Pittman, Hoyle	(Navy)
May, George O.	(Army)	(d) Pittman, Ted	(Marine Corps)
Mayberry, Douglas J.	(Army)	Plemmons, Hubert	(Army)
Medlin, Clarence	(Army)	Pope, H. C.	(Army)
Medlin, Ervin J.	(Army)	Presnell, Robert	(Army)
Medlin, Wade	(Navy)	Pyatt, Jack	(Marine Corps)
(‡) Medlin, Wilson	(Army)	Quick, James	(Navy)
Merritt, Edgar	(Army)	Quick, Simon	(Navy)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)		Ramsey, Amos	(Army)
Merritt, Julian	(Army)	(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)	
Miller, Latha	(Navy)	Reep, John	(Navy)
Montford, James B.	(Army)	Revels, Grover	(Navy)
Montgomery, Samuel	(Navy)	Riggs, Walter	(Navy)
Moose, Claude L.	(Marine Corps)	Rivenbark William W.	(Army)
Morris, Everett	(Navy)	(Served in Marine Corps, 1933-1938.)	
Morrow, Chas. W.	(Army Air Corps)	Rhodes, Paul	(Army)
Morrozoff, Ivan	(Army Air Corps)	Roberts, Lonnie	(Navy)
Morgan, William S.	(Navy)	Robertson, John C.	(Army)
Murphy, Lemuel	(Army)	Robinson, Perry	(Army Air Corps)
Murphy, Norvelle	(Navy)	Rochester, Nicholas	(Navy)
Murray, Edward J.	(Army)	Routh, Walter	(Army Air Corps)
Muse, Robert	(Navy)	Russ, James P.	(Army)
McBride, Irvin	(Army Air Corps)	Sands, Thomas	(Navy)
McCain, Edward G.	(Navy)	Scism, Arlee	(Navy)
McColl, Vollie O.	(Navy)	Seibert, Fred	(Army)
McCoy, Hubert	(Army)	(*) Sexton, Walter B.	(Army)
McEntire, Forrest	(Marine Corps)	Seymore, Malcom E.	(Navy)
McFee, Donald M.	(Army Air Corps)	Scott, Archie	(Army)
McGee, Norman	(Army)	Shannon, William L.	(Navy)
McHone, Arnold	(Navy)	Shaver, George H.	(Navy)
McKay, John C.	(Marine Corps)	Shropshire, Hassell	(Army)
McKee, Thomas R.	(Army)	Sides, George D.	(Navy)
(Enlisted 1937)		Simmons, Horace K.	(Navy)
McNeely, Robert	(Army)		
(Enlisted 1933)			
McNeill, Preston	(Army Air Corps)		

Sistar, Walter B.	(Army)	Watkins, Lee	(Army)
Sloan, Lonnie	(Army)	Watson, Lieut. Lemuel	(Army)
Small, Clyde E.	(Army)	Watts, Everett	(Navy)
Smith, Julius D.	(Navy)	Watts, James	(Navy)
Snider, Samuel	(Navy)	Watts, Boyce	(Army)
Snuggs, Charles L.	(Navy)	Weaden, Clarence	(Army)
Spears, James	(Navy)	Weathers, Alexander, Jr.	(Army)
Springer, Jack	(Army)	Webb, Charles R.	(Army)
Stack, Porter	(Army)	Webster, John D.	(Army)
Stallings, William	(Navy)	Whitaker, John H.	(Navy)
Stanley, Brown	(Coast Artillery)	(*) Whitaker, William E.	(Army)
Stepp, James H.	(Navy)	White, Marshall	(Coast Artillery)
Stines, Loy	(Navy)	Whitener, Richard M.	(Army)
Strickland, Robert W.	(Army)	Whitlock, Winfred	(Army)
Stubbs, Ben	(Army)	Widener, Charles	(Navy)
Sullivan, Richard	(Army)	Wilhite, Claude	(Army)
Talbert, Morris	(Navy)	Wilhite, George	(Army)
(x) Taylor, Daniel	(Army)	Wilhite, James	(Army)
Tessneer, Calvin C.	(Navy)	Wilhite, Porter	(Army)
Teeter, Robert E.	(Army)	Williams, Everett L.	(Army)
Thomas, Harold	(Navy)	Williams, Samuel R.	(Navy)
Thomas, Richard	(Army)	Williams, William R.	(Navy)
Threatt, Sidi	(Army Air Corps)	Williamson, Everett	(Navy)
Tipton, Kenneth	(Navy)	Wiles, Fred	(Army)
Tobar, William	(Army)		(Enlisted 1927)
Troy, Robert	(Army)	Wilson, John C.	(Army)
Tucker, Joseph	(Army)	Wilson, Thomas	(Navy)
Turner, Lee V.	(Navy)	Wilson, W. J.	(Army)
Tyson, William E.	(Navy)	Winn, J. Harvard	(Navy)
Waldrop, Ned	(Army)	Wood, James L.	(Army)
Walker, Glenn	(Army)	Wood, William T.	(Navy)
Walker, Oakley	(Army)	Wooten, Charles	(Navy)
Walker, Robert	(Army)	Wrenn, Lloyd	(Army)
Walsh, Harold	(Army)	(‡) Wright, George	(Army)
Walters, Melvin	(Army)	Yarborough, Preston	(Army)
Ward, Eldridge	(Army)	York, John R.	(Army)
Ward, Robert	(Army)	Young, Brooks	(Army)
	(Enlisted 1928)	Young, R. L.	(Marine Corps)
Ware, Dewey	(Army)	Young, William R.	(Army)
Watkins, Floyd A.	(Army)	Ziegler, Henry F.	(Navy)

(‡) Prisoner of war.

(§) Missing in action.

(\*) Killed in action.

(d) Discharged from active service.

(x) Died while being held prisoner.

#### Former Students in Merchant Marine Service

Efrid, Nathaniel A.  
Hill, Caleb  
Hillard, Clyde

Lambert, Jay  
Smith, Glenn W.  
Stutts, Edward

# NO EVIDENCE OF A "SUPER RACE"

(Concord Daily Tribune)

W. B. Millard of Merritt island, Fla., writing to Ralph Jones of the Atlantic Constitution wants to know where Hitler gets this stuff about the Germans being a "super race."

Writes Mr. Millard: Let us admit at once that the Germans are a stalwart race, having produced many distinguished men and done their share in the achievement of civilization. But their fanatic claim to being supermen is shown to be pure bombast when we remember that they have never produced —

A General to match Napoleon,  
 A Statesman to match Gladstone,  
 A Patriot to match Washington,  
 An Orator to match Webster,  
 A Financier to match Rothchild  
 (a Jew),

A philosopher to match Immanuel Kant,

A Lawyer to match Blackstone,  
 A Navigator to match Columbus,  
 An Explorer to match Livingstone,  
 A Preacher to match Beecher,  
 An Editor to match Greeley,  
 A Dramatist to match Shakespeare,  
 A Poet to match Milton,  
 A Novelist to match Victor Hugo,  
 A Painter to match Raphael,  
 A Sculptor to match Michelangelo,  
 An Actor to match Edwin Booth,  
 An Actress to match Bernhardt  
 (a Jewess),

A Soprano to match Patti,  
 A Tenor to match Caruso,  
 A Pianist to match Paderewski,  
 A Violinist to match Paganini,  
 A Scientist to match Newton,  
 A Mathematician to match Einstein

(a Jew),

An Electrician to match Edison,  
 A Wireless discover to match Marconi,

Airplane discovers to match the Wright brothers,

A Radium discover to match Madame Curie,

An Industrialist to match Ford.  
 An Ironmaster to match Carnegie,  
 A Nurse to match Florence Nightingale,

A Humanitarin to match Clara Barton,

A Billiardist to match Willie Hoppe,  
 A Prize Fighter to match John L. Sullivan,

A Runner to match Charlie Paddock,

An all-round Athlete to match Jim Thorpe, and while they have brought forth many musicians, some of them of superlative ability, none of them ever quite matched Mendelssohn, the Jew.

"In some respects, however, the Germans are unquestionably world-beaters. Their claim to being a superior race gives them first rank for Exaggerated Ego. Their claim that they were about to conquer and enslave the world makes the dream of Alexander seem like kindergarten fantasy. Their boundless ambition makes pikers of all the Caesars. Their bestial brutality, wreaked on the helpless and innocent, out-savages the lowest savages. Commercializing women and putting a premium on illegitimacy puts their morals below that of rats. And outlawing religion

is far worse than being merely pagan. fair, we give the devil his due."  
 "Thus, in our effort to be perfectly

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## A STARTLING STORY

(Word and Way)

We heard, a few days ago, a story that startled. It purports to be a true one. We have reason to believe it is, for we have gone to the trouble to confirm it.

A Kansas City business man and his wife were recently in New York City. They noticed two English aviators in the lobby of their hotel one afternoon and invited the airmen to dine with them.

The evening wore on in pleasant conversation. Suddenly one of the English officers looked at his watch and the two shook hands.

"We don't want to ask you to reveal any military secrets," said their host. "But naturally, we are curious about your shaking hands just now."

"It is no secret," said one of the pilots. "I happened to notice it was 9:30 and just at this hour last night we were both bombing Berlin."

They then explained that when they returned to an English airfield from their bombing mission, a transport

plane was just taking off for America. They were both entitled to leave and, without changing clothes they hopped in.

Less than 24 hours from Berlin to dining in New York!

Surely the world has grown mighty small—mighty frightening.

The closer we live together, the more dangerous. We have no security in isolation. Nor have we safety in power alone.

There is only one hope and that is that somehow, some way, some day, men may be brought into a brotherhood of good will one to the other, regardless of race or nationality. But, as quoted in these columns recently, Tolstoy once said: "You need not talk of brotherhood until you have brothers." How then shall we be brethren? **The answer to the Christain is clear.** It is in being born again into the brotherhood that is in Christ.

How awful is that closeness in a world unredeemed and unreformed!

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The old man who lived at Cape Cod was about right when he said: "I have had a lot of troubles in my day but most of them never happened." That is true of more men than he. The most of tomorrow's troubles never arrive. "Some of your griefs you've cured; the worst you have survived; but what agonies you have endured from troubles that never arrived."

—N. C. Christian Advocate.

# A MIRACLE COMES TO PASS

(The State)

Approximately twenty-five years ago, farmers in various sections of North Carolina were blowing up dipping vats. The cattletick was rampant in the state at that time, but quite a number of farmers were of the opinion that compulsory dipping interfered with their individual rights, so they proceeded to use dynamite.

Arkansas, a generation or so ago, was famous for its so-called razor-back hogs. North Carolina was equally famous for its scrub cattle. A pure-bred bull in this state was almost as much of a rarity as palm trees in the suburbs of Nome, Alaska.

Our farmers just naturally weren't interested in cattle. Cotton; yes! Tobacco; yes! Cattle phooey!

Gradually, however, several individuals in various sections of the state went in for improved live-stock. For the most part, they were men of considerable means: men who had some prosperous business in town and who farmed as a hobby. "City farmers," they were called. But in due course of time, as a program of education spread over the state, a number of real dirt farmers became interested in cattle-raising. They were aided by banks, railroads and various industrial enterprises in their respective counties. Pure-bred bulls and cows were shipped in from Virginia, Tennessee and a number of other states. Neighboring farmers saw what was taking place and they, too, became interested.

Since that time, more and more pure-bred cattle began to arrive in

North Carolina.

And now, for the pay-off!

On Wednesday, March 29, there is going to be held at Demopolis, Alabama, a public auction sale of Hereford bulls, horned and polled. Seventy-five pure-bred bulls will be offered for sale to the farmers in that section of Alabama. And guess where these bulls are coming from?

Ten years ago, if you had guessed North Carolina everybody would have laughed at you. They would have thought you were trying to be funny. A North Carolinian might even have become slightly sore with you, because he might have gathered the impression that you were trying to low-rate the state.

But these seventy-five bulls to be auctioned off in Alabama are actually coming from North Carolina. One carload of the animals is to be made up in Rocky Mount; another at Rowland, and two at Salisbury.

That's how far North Carolina has progressed during the last decade or so!

It didn't happen by accident. Last September, Dr. A. O. Shaw, head of the Department of Animal Industry at State College, and W. G. Booker, farm products agent in North Carolina for the Tennessee Coal, Iron & Railroad Company, were in Alabama, attending the Black Belt Feeder Cattle sales. They discussed with various people the possibility of our breeders, here in North Carolina, consigning to a sale to be held in the Black Belt some of the bulls that we

are now producing. As a result of the invitation of welcome and cooperation that Messers. Shaw and Booker received from the Alabama Hereford Association and the Black Belt Feeder Cattle Association, the North Carolina Hereford Breeders Association members are now offering this consignment of seventy-five bulls.

Strange as it may seem, there are now so many pure-bred Hereford bulls in this state that we have a surplus, and we can offer this surplus for sale in other states.

And the cattle-raising industry in North Carolina is really just in its infancy. There are only a few commercial herds in the state, but their number is showing a steady increase. Most of the pure-bred beef cattle that have been brought down here are Herefords, although there are some Angus herds, and up in the mountains there are a few herds of Short-horns.

Down in Alabama, however, they've gone into cattle-raising in a big way. The reason they did this was because they had to. After one or two failures with their cotton crop, many farmers looked around to see what else they could do. Thanks to encouragement from the T. C. I.—as the Tennessee Coal, Iron and R. R. Company is generally known throughout the South—and thanks to assistance offered from other sources, more and more farmers became interested in cattle-raising. Today, there's a market down there not for seventy-five bulls, but at least five thousand bulls!

The North Carolina Hereford Breeders Association is only five years old, but it has been doing a splendid

work. It has been holding annual sales in the state, and the next sale will take place on April 15 at Statesville. Horton Doughton, son of "Farmer Bob," is president of the organization.

Some of the Hereford bulls now owned by North Carolinians run into big money. There are any number of them that have been bought at prices ranging from \$2,000 to \$3,500. Recently, Green Brothers Lumber Company, of Elizabethtown, Bladen County, paid \$10,000 for a bull. These, of course, are unusually high figures: a good bull can be purchased for much less than that.

Maybe you'd like to know the names of the men who are participating in this sale in Alabama and are consigning some of their animals for the event. Here's the list, and chances are that you'll recognize several of the names:

- George M. Pate & Sons, Rowland, N. C.
- H. G. Shelton, Speed, N. C.
- H. D. Holoman, Rich Square, N. C.
- Still Hereford Ranch, Plymouth, N. C.
- J. V. Taylor, Bethel, N. C.
- J. T. Smith, Fremont, N. C.
- J. C. Eagles, Jr., Wilson, N. C.
- W. H. Blalock, Black Creek, N. C.
- J. B. Gourlay, Lillington, N. C.
- M. S. Stackhouse, Dillon, South Carolina.
- G. F. Abel & Son, Canton, N. C.
- Adam Lockhart, Wadesboro, N. C.
- H. L. Auten, Charlotte, N. C.
- John F. Long, Statesville, N. C.
- T. S. Moxley, Laurel Springs, N. C.
- J. H. Doughton, Laurel Springs, N. C.

J. H. Shuford, Elmwood, N. C.  
 Victor Shaw, Charlotte, N. C.  
 Jackson Training School, Concord,  
 N. C.  
 Dr. H. R. Sherrill, Shelby, N. C.  
 W. E. Webb, Statesville, N. C.  
 W. W. Warden, Laurel Springs,  
 N. C.  
 W. H. Parker, Mt. Gilead, N. C.  
 W. K. Sturdivant, North Wilkes-  
 boro, N. C.  
 Sky Brook Farms, Hendersonville,  
 N. C.  
 C. D. & A. D. Griggs, Wadesboro,  
 N. C.  
 J. P. Mattox, Salisbury, N. C.  
 B. B. Miller, Mt. Ulla, N. C.

R. G. Shipley, Vilas, N. C.  
 J. C. Pierce, Jr., Grassy Creek,  
 N. C.  
 Roy Crouse, West Jefferson, N. C.  
 The largest owner of pure-bred  
 Hereford in North Carolina is  
 Horton Doughton. Other good-sized  
 herds are owned by George M. Pate &  
 Sons, Rowland, and W. E. Webb,  
 Statesville.  
 If the Alabama sale on March 29  
 proves successful—and there is little  
 doubt but that it will—chances are  
 that it will be the first of many simi-  
 lar events to be held in the future not  
 only in Alabama but in a number of  
 other states as well.

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### STILL WASTING

If ever a point was proven, the lesson that waste makes want has been demonstrated through these war years. We should have listened to history in the past, heeded our fathers who knew no such abundance or luxury as we have. Millions of American housewives have found difficulty in purchasing food, although as a nation, we are far from starving. Yet, over 8 per cent of all the food bought for home consumption is wasted and this amount alone would feed the greater part of our armed forces here and abroad! There is waste along the line that the housewife can't help; from farm through distributor to consumer. An expenditure of lost time and manpower adds to the waste. But this is no excuse for women to fail in the kitchen. The lesson of waste in food is of paramount importance. The one of waste of paper is effective in a bill offered in the New Jersey legislature that would consider the burning or destroying of waste paper a crime punishable by a three-year prison term or \$1,000 fine. This is going some to punish for wasting, a thing that should be curbed without need of law and fine behind it. So essential have things become to us that we have taken them as necessities that will always be forthcoming. We waste, toss aside, disregard, overlook, destroy, until we lose them, and only then do we realize our abundance might end.—Exchange.

# DON'T LOOK BACK

(Zions Herald)

Lot's wife looked back. She was stopped in her tracks. She was turned into a pillar of salt.

Lot's wife is a symbol. She stands for stagnation, for arrested development. She looked back, and then all progress ceased.

In the Old Testament story, the woman turned around and gazed longingly at Sodom. She was tempted. She was fascinated by the pleasures of that wicked city. Very well. She preferred the old life to the new. She should have her wish. She became fixed in her sin.

But there is a wider range to the lesson of Lot's wife than appears on the surface. It is true that by repeated sinning one becomes hardened in sin. The principle, however, has many other applications. Looking backward is unprofitable, a waste of time, a dangerous habit. Most men and women, especially those who are no longer young, are inclined to dwell on "the good old days." They say, "If only I had my life to live over again, I would 'do' thus and thus. Perhaps they become morbid and think so much about their sins and mistakes that they too are stopped in their tracks, rendered almost helpless to achieve anything.

A multitude of lodges flourish in this country. We add one more, one to which most of us are eligible. It is the Independent Order of Regretters. To this secret society belong those who constantly look back over the wasted years when they made fools of themselves, committed daily sins,

and missed golden opportunities. The Regretters represent a dying race. Their spirits are withering from too much looking backward. Nothing so kill initiative as does the habit of regretting. It makes for moral and physical laziness. It begets disillusionment. It leads finally to the disintegration of the soul. In the last analysis the man who looks backward instead of forward becomes a dead shell of a person, a pillar of salt forever facing the past.

The Independent Order of Regretters needs new blood. It should be transformed into the Independent Order of Optimistic Pioneers. The old motto, "Look Backward," should be scrapped and a new one, "Look Forward," substituted for it. The exhortation to every initiate should be "Seize today" instead of "Weep over yesterday."

"Now is the accepted time." "Ring out the old, ring in the new." "It is never too late to mend." These wise words all point toward tomorrow and to worthy accomplishment. It is possible for anyone, once he is freed of ancient inhibitions and relieved of old burdens, to crowd ten years of clear thinking, loving service, and abounding achievement into every year of his life. Here is the law of growth—forward and upward.

A few weeks ago there appeared as a cover feature of Zions Herald the picture of a tree high in a mountain pass. It had been tragically beaten and twisted by many a storm. Two or three times, apparently, it had



been broken down only to send forward new shoots and branches reaching upward to the skies. The tree forgot the old broken stump of the past and persisted in living for the future. It conquered every wind and storm. There it stood, strong, courageous, virile, triumphant.

The secret of progress in business lies in dismissing past mistakes and failures except as one can learn something valuable from them for the future. Poor investments? Too bad. But write them off and forget about them. Bad luck? Rid yourself of that hoary alibi and work hard today, tomorrow, and the next day.

There can be no success in the development of the intellectual life without the free pioneering spirit. The theory proved to be wrong? Very well, rethink it. A man spent many long years writing a book. The manuscript was accidentally burned. What did he do? He began the next morning to re-write it.

In science, the method of trial and error is indispensable to achievement. The chemist experiments with this and that combination of elements. Failure! failure! Does he sit down and cry? No, he seeks new combinations

until at last—success! He has found the right formula.

There is a very profound lesson in all this which bears upon the question of the progress of the inner life of man. Nowhere has the importance of forgetting the past and moving freely out into the future been better illustrated than in the story of the Prodigal Son. He had sinned miserably. So deeply had he become involved in iniquity that his will was all but paralyzed. It looked as though he might be doomed to sit forever on a heap of husks in a pigsty. In his desperation a light of hope flickered. It pointed toward home. At last, by a supreme effort he shook off his lethargy, his depressing thoughts about his follies and his sins. HE rose and went to his father.

We know the rest. The poor prodigal began to recite the past. He could not quite shake it off. Then the father, the exact picture of the heavenly Father, stopped the boy in the midst of his sentence with a ringing call to the future—best robe, ring, shoes, fatted calf. All forgiven! The past wiped out forever! A new start!

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They might not need me—  
 Yet they might—  
 I'll let my heart be  
 Just in sight—  
 A smile, so small  
 As mine, might be  
 Precisely their necessity.

—Anon.

# APRIL FOOL

(Sunshine Magazine)

Rolly Kane was hiding behind a big mulberry bush as he waited for old Mr. Bellamy to pick up the purse. When he saw the disappointment on the old man's face as he opened the empty purse, Rolly yelled, "April Fool!" and ran as hard as he could to get out of sight.

Rolly was having a grand time fooling people. He had already given his mother a fine-looking package that had nothing in it, and given his sister cotton candy.

Then, Rolly had told his chum, Don Meacham, a yellow jacket had lit on his back, and had laughed heartily when Don tore his shirt trying to brush the insect off. He had startled any number of people by shouting "Lookout!" or "You dropped something!" He had even rung some door-bells and then skipped. At last, when he could not think of any more pranks, he decided to see what Patty Lee was doing.

"I'm glad you came over, Rolly," said Patty with a big smile. "I want you to help me play April Fool."

"I have already fooled a lot of people," Rolly boasted. "What is that on your dress?"

Patty looked down quickly, and then laughed as Rolly said, "April Fool!"

"Come with me, and I'll show you how I am going to fool my mother," she said as she led the way into the kitchen. "Mother went to the store and took baby. I am washing up all the breakfast dishes before she comes back. Won't she be surprised?"

"What is that I smell?" Rolly sniffed.

"Oh, that is some candy fudge I made," answered Patty. "I filled three boxes full to fool some people with. There are some extra pieces on the plate. You may have some, if you wish."

"No, thank you," said Rolly, with a grin.

Just then Patty's mother came in the front door. The baby was fussing, and mother was telling him he must be good now because she had the dishes to wash. Then wasn't she surprised when she walked into the kitchen and could see no dirty dishes!

"April Fool!" cried Patty. Mother laughed and hugged Patty.

Then Patty and Rolly took the three boxes of candy and a big bouquet of pansies Patty had picked out of the garden, and started down the street. Patty stepped up to the door of an old lady who could not go out because she was so old. She placed a box of candy on the doorstep, then rang the bell, and as the door opened, Patty said "April Fool, Auntie!"

"Bless you, child," said the old lady as she picked up the box.

The second box Patty slipped upon the sill of a window that was partly open, right close by the bed of a crippled girl. "April Fool, Jeany," she cried, as she darted away.

"This last box is for old Mr. Bellamy," Patty said.

"Wouldn't I like to see his face when he bites into that cotton candy!" Rolly chuckled. "Or did you put pepper in it?"

"Why, Rolly!" exclaimed Patty. "That is good fudge. I wouldn't

play a mean trick like that on people, especially old Mr. Bellamy! Daddy says he has hardly enough to eat, but he is to proud to accept help."

Rolly did not feel quite so happy about his empty purse trick. He also remember with a sigh the pieces of fudge he had left on the plate.

"April Fool," Patty told him shyly, for she knew what he was thinking.

"That's a good joke on me," laughed Rolly.

"We will leave the flowers on Mrs. Jones' doorstep," said Patty. "She works so hard, she never has time to plant flowers. You ring the bell, Rolly, and we'll hide." When Mrs. Jones came to the door and picked up the large bouquet, she looked all around but could see no one. "It must have been Patty Lee—bless her dear

little soul!" Patty expected to say "April Fool!" but she slipped away quietly, followed by Rolly.

"Are we going to play any more April Fool jokes?"

"One more," said Patty. "There goes Mrs. Billings to the store. She lives all alone. I am going to slip in to her back yard and fill her wood box. She will never guess who did it."

"I will help," said Rolly, and both ran as fast as they could. And when they had finished their latest April Fool's joke, the two skipped backed to Patty's home.

"I will go now," said Rolly thoughtfully. "And I think your tricks are lots more fun than mine. I'm going to play April Foll your way next year.,\*"

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### "IF"

If you like to laugh and to have a gay time—  
 To read a good book or some verses in rhyme;  
 If you love little children and folk who've grown old,  
 And enjoy a good story when cleverly told;  
 If you follow the laws of the church and state,  
 And abide by the truth, be it early or late;  
 If you're tolerant and patient, patriotic and brave,  
 And are moderate in things you dislike or you crave;  
 If you revel in the beauty of nature and beast,  
 And enjoy a plain meal just as much as a feast;  
 If you're able to sit without saying a word,  
 And can carry in secret some things you have heard,  
 You're the kind of a person whose charms never end—  
 You're the kind of a person I like as a friend.

—Curt A. Mundstock.

# HOUSES BUT NOT HOMES

By Dr. Ivan H. Hagedorn's

We must warn our people against building a house of coddling. Psychologists trace the present-day individualism to over-parenting. Countless mothers spend too extensive a period blowing the noses and washing the ears of their children, who would have been much better off if they had early learned to do their own blowing and washing. It is hardly likely that they will learn to give thought to others when they are always the center of interest themselves. Continually showered with kisses, they grow up egotistical, selfish, and antisocial. "It's my own life," is the essence of their convictions.

It is often charged that the youth of sixteen can neither read intelligently, write correctly, nor think clearly. We need not wonder about this when parents insist upon keeping them at home with them, or take them on family jaunts every detail of which has been arranged and managed by their mature minds. How tragic it is to see full-grown adults still hanging around their parents' necks, dependent on them for support, and even for ideas and convictions. In World War I it was established that 10 per cent of the men mentally were above normal, 20 per cent normal, while 70 per cent had only the intelligence of 14-year-old boys. Dwarfed and crippled in their upbringing, it is no wonder that depressions, wars, dictators afflict society. They are but evidences of our infantilism.

Protected by their families so long, after a while our young men and young women do not even want to try to do anything on their own. It is a sad picture when at last parents want their children to meet responsibilities, to find that they buckle. Taking daddy's or mother's hand far too long to cross the street, to go to school, or to the store they naturally count upon it long after the time it should have been withdrawn. It may seem safer in the short run to take the child's hand, but it surely is not safe in the long run. No child is really safe if his safety must always depend on someone else.

When Quentin Roosevelt desired to enlist, his father was shaken with emotion. He already had three sons in the war and now his youngest was begging to enlist. Understanding her husband's deep thought, and noticing his quivering lip, Mrs. Roosevelt after a few moments' silence said, "Husband, we have been trying to rear eagles, and do you want to make this one a sparrow?" Once more the advocate of the strenuous life lived up to his name and gave his consent for his youngest son to enter the service. Eagles, not sparrows, should be the aim of the home.

We must warn our people against building a house of friction. Care is always exercised in planning the color schemes of the home. Everything must be in harmony. In the north room, where the sun never shines, the yellows, oranges, reds and red purples are in keeping. In the

too sunny rooms, greens, blue greens, and blue purples are suggested. But far more important is it to have in the home that harmony that breathes the atmosphere of love.

"What makes a home?"  
I asked my little boy,  
And this is what he said:

"You mother, and when father  
comes  
Our table set, all shiny—and my  
bed.  
And mother, . . .  
I think it's home  
Because we love each other."

"You who are old and wise—  
What would you say  
If you were asked the question?  
Tell me, pray.

"And simply—  
As a little child—the old  
Wise ones can answer nothing  
more:  
A man, a woman, and a child—  
Their love—warm as the gold  
hearth fire  
Along the floor.  
A table, and a lamp for light,  
And smooth white beds at night—  
Only the old, sweet, fundamental  
things.

"And long ago I learned:  
Home may be near—  
Home may be far—  
But it is anywhere where love  
And a few plain household treas-  
ures are."

Robert Louis Stevenson tells of two spinster sisters who lived in a single room. They quarreled, and ever after that never a word was spoken between them. A chalkline was drawn upon the floor, dividing their separate domains. It bisected the doorway and fireplace, so that each could go out and come in without invading the premises of

the other. So they lived, in hateful silence. At night, in the darkness, each could hear her enemy breathing. Never did four walls look down upon an uglier scene. Certainly, to live in a home where jealousy, envy, dissension is rife, scars and maims one for life.

Many a home has gone on the rocks because one member of the family insists on clinging to some point which readily could have been given up and forgotten. La Rochefoucauld once said: "Quarrels would not last long if the fault was only on one side." There lived an old couple who quarreled frequently. The whole village knew about it, and when at last they ceased their bickering, questions were asked as to how it all came about. "Two bears did it," said the wife. "Two bears," exclaimed a neighbor. "We thought two bears caused all the trouble." "Ah," said the husband, "but these are two new bears, which we found in the Bible. We have learned to love 'Bear ye one another's burdens,' and 'Forbearing one another in love.'"

We must warn our people against building a house of selfishness. In the home, it is well to remember the Scripture, "No man liveth unto himself." Old Morgan, in the story, How Green Was My Valley, described himself as "the head of the house." While his wife was "its heart." A home may carry on very well for a time without a head, but how long would it be a home if it had no heart? But the ideal is a balance between the head and the heart.

The whole concept of democracy is based on human relations, men living together with a sense of mu-

tual respect and a common destiny. All of the problems—poverty, unemployment, racial prejudice, are as accentuated as they are because we fail to practice real democracy in our homes. There was a woman who after a speech on democracy, which she highly commended, returned home and scolded her eleven-year-old daughter because she had brought home to play with her the little Italian girl whose father ran the grocery store down the street.

Democracy is not that misty, intangible something so often defined but so little understood. It lies pretty much in appreciation; appreciation for the washerwoman who washes clothes so that she might continue sending her daughter to school; appreciation for the elevator boy in the

department store; appreciation for the tired clerk going home in a street-car at night. Democracy is the realization that the honest work and useful labor of all are important.

Indeed, it might be said that appreciation for one another is the oil that makes the machinery of a home run easily. Its absence is often pathetic in its consequences. Margaret Apple-garth tells of a young woman leaving Northfield with the desire to do a beautiful piece of service. Upon reaching home, she asked her pastor for the name of a lonely person to whom she could bring cheer and happiness. The next day, the minister handed her a folded slip of paper, and when she opened it she found there the name of her own father.

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### LITTLE AND MUCH

It matters little where I was born,  
 If parents were rich or poor;  
 Whether they shrank from the world's cold scorn,  
 Or walked in the pride of wealth secure.  
 But whether I live an honest man,  
 And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,  
 I tell you, my brother, plain as I am,  
 It matters much.

It matters little how long I stay  
 In a world of sorrow, sin and care;  
 Whether in youth I am called away,  
 Or live till my bones and head are bare.  
 But whether I do the best that I can  
 To soften the weight of adversity's touch  
 On the faded cheek of my fellow man,  
 It matters much.

—The Modern Woodman.

# FAITH VERSUS MATERIALISM

(The Orphans Friend and Masonic Journal)

Hitler said in the early day of the war that its outcome would determine the history of the world for a thousand years. The Fuehrer spoke prophetically, better than he knew, though his prophecy is fast working diametrically opposite to his interpretation and his hopes. Two great forces are slugging it out and the one that wins and consolidates its position will establish its purpose for a very long period of time.

These two forces have been denominated "Faith" and "Materialism," by Past Grand Master Earl K. Bitzing, of North Dakota, who puts the issue clearly, thus:

"The ability to rise above the ruins left in the wake of battle—the will to rebuild—the urge to hold a way of life against great odds—the recognition that the real higher values are indestructible—these things make for a hope that endures under stress. They express and radiate a people's faith.

"There is evidence of these things in Russia, Britain, China and America. There is the will to win, buttressed by hope and faith. From the allied standpoint, if there ever was a war that was a people's war, this is it.

"One may say, you speak of these things in respect to Russia, Britain, China and America, and not in respect to Germany and Japan. There is a vast difference. The peoples of United Nations are fighting for the maintenance of individual rights and for ways of life that have to do with freedom of the individual and with

spiritual sinews that make for faith.

"Totalitarianism is fighting for the state alone, for materialism, for the opportunity to place others in bondage to the lust for power of its overlords."

The hour of decision fast approaches. The greatest struggle of all history, so far as the pen of man going back in recorded history can tell, is about to begin. What has gone before has been the greatest up to date, but before a decision is determined almost superhuman efforts will have been made. Everything will be thrown into the scale to bring victory to one side or the other.

Growth is the order of life, with its process of evolving. The democracies who fight to promote the establishment of the forms of liberty for which they stand, strive to keep the channels clear so that progress may go on continuously. The dictator groups try to arrest the establishment of the masses in order that they themselves may dominate the world, which it is their purpose, if permitted, to enslave. These dictators are said to stand for the state, but that really is an incorrect way of stating the proposition. Their idea of the state is to have the members of their races, on whose backs they climb to power, to actually be themselves slaves to the dictator masters; in other words, the Nazis and Facists and the top Japs have the inflated ambition to cause small groups to rule the world when subdued to a condition of slavery. Their own masses,

in this program, are merely to play the role of preferred slaves, though the fanatical Nazis do not realize the fact.

The democracies will win, of course, but the battle will not be won until the power to make war is wrested from the virulent enemy. Dire fighting is yet to take place before the crazed and cornered dictators are crushed and rendered impotent to prepare postponed aggression; and after the war is won, there are difficult problems to be worked out in the establishment of the highest form of democracy.

The post-war problems must be worked out in "Faith". In recent decades before the war started, the world had been revelling in the use and enjoyment of material things,

and the great verity of Faith was largely forgotten. There is nothing wrong with the material things and the material issues of life when they are operated on their own plane for the purposes for which they were intended. While men live on this earth they will need material wealth and the material schedule. It is not good sense to attempt to negate the fact, but there is a definite line of demarcation beyond which the material cannot go.

The day of isolation is gone and remote nations and peoples have become near neighbors. The order that is to be established when the conflict ends must be founded in faith. Men cannot live and prosper without this.

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### PRNT CNSERVTN

A story in The Dallas News Oct. 29 begins: "Hv u sn th nw phn bk!" The reporter was kidding the Dallas Telephone Company about the abbreviations in the directory. But really there is a good thing about it. Much has been written about reforming spelling as a saver of space. Possibly this would be a good plan. But it would be a better plan if it were carried further. If a system of abbreviations were adopted, as much as 40 per cent of space could be saved.

In ancient times, much writing was in code, and with many omissions of words. Writing laboriously and lengthily, they quickly adopted a system of code to save both time and space. This was in general practice in Hebrew and 2 less extent in Egyptian and even in Latin. The printing art with speed in typesetting brought the spelling-out of words back into vogue. But a code such as is used here would save much space and permit the use of a much larger type. For example, by the use of this system, the entire news section of The News could be set in 8-point instead of 7-point without loss of space. This would be a boon to people with bad eyes, especially the old people.

But you may say, "It would be impossible to get people to learn the new system." However, it wouldn't be so hard as you might think. You can read this, can't you? Or can you?—The Dallas News.



## INSTITUTION NOTES

Our entire "family" enjoyed a nice beef dinner last Sunday. This meat was the product of our own herd of Herefords, and was of unusually fine quality.

—:—

At various times during the past few days, between showers, some of the members of the outside forces hauled gravel to different sections of the campus. This was used in making repairs to roads and driveways damaged by recent rains.

—:—

Lewis B. Sawyer, of Cottage No. 4, was taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, last Tuesday afternoon, where he received treatment for an injured ankle, sustained while playing at the ball grounds. After an X-Ray examination it was found that no bones were broken, but that the ankle was badly sprained. Lewis was brought back to the School, and is now being treated in our infirmary.

—:—

Mr. B. L. Baker, supervisory probation officer of the Juvenile Court, Charlotte, called at The Uplift office one day last week. He was accompanied by Miss Kitty Setgreaves and Miss Rosemary Bowen, seniors at Winthrop College, Rock Hill, South Carolina. These young ladies, who are specializing in sociology, were doing field work in connection with the Juvenile and Domestic Relations Court, Charlotte.

—:—

Lacy Burleson, one of our old boys, who is now in the United States Navy, was a visitor at the School on

Friday of last week. Lacy entered the School, March 16, 1937 and remained here until May 2, 1942, when he was conditionally released to go to live with his mother, who then resided in Rutherford County. He was granted a final discharge from further parole supervision in September, 1942.

This lad told us that after leaving the School, he worked in a cafe in Spindale for about a year and then moved to Winston-Salem, where he was engaged in similar work until he enlisted in the Navy, in May, 1943. He stated that he enjoyed the life of a sailor and was getting along fine in the service.

—:—

We received a report from Mr. J. A. Best, of Goldsboro, superintendent of public welfare in Wayne County, stating that Wiley Crawford, a former student here, is now in the United States Army, where he is making an excellent record.

This young man, now twenty-five years old, entered the School, March 15, 1934 and remained here until July 22, 1936. During his stay with us he was a member of the Cottage No. 5 group and worked in the laundry. He was placed in the fourth grade upon admission to the School and had been in the sixth several months at the time of leaving. He made a fine record while here, and in spite of adverse circumstances at home, continued to make good after leaving the School. In October, 1937, Wiley was enrolled in a CCC camp, where he served one or two enrollments, and in this place he kept up his fine work.

We did not learn just how long Wiley has been in the Army, but ac-

ording to the report, we learned that he has attained the rank of staff sergeant, and his many friends here are proud to know that he has conducted himself in such a manner as to deserve such a promotion. We know something of the odds against which this lad had to struggle, and when we see a fellow keep his chin up and finally surmount troublesome obstacles, we are only too glad to commend him.

—:—

A report recently came to this office stating that John Crumpler, formerly of Cottage No. 2, is now in the United States Marine Corps, and is stationed, in California. Johnnie entered the School, November 3, 1941 and was conditionally released, November 21, 1942, at which time he returned to his home in Wayne County. This lad made a very good record during his stay with us. He was in the sixth grade in school and worked on the barn force. His pleasant manner at all times made him a favorite with both boys and officers. According to progress reports received from time to time since leaving this institution, Johnnie made an excellent record after returning to his home.

We recall that while Johnnie was at the School, it was our sad duty to inform him that his brother, a member of the Marine Corps, was killed in action in the South Pacific area early in the war. Naturally, the lad took it pretty hard at first, but finally threw back his shoulders, and with a determined expression on his face, stated that he was going to do his best to take his brother's place in the same branch of service just as soon as he became old enough to enlist. Now that he has realized this ambition, his many friends here

tender best wishes for his success and safe return after this graat conflict is ended.

—:—

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, visited the School last Sunday afternoon, bringing with him as guest speaker for the regular service, Mr. J. W. McCutchan, a member of the faculty at Queen's College. Mr. McCutchan is a teacher of English.

The speaker based his remarks upon II Timothy 2:15—"Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

Mr. McCutchan reminded his listeners that there are various kinds of vocations in which people are employed. Some are farmers, lawyers, doctors, teachers, carpenters, machinist, etc. He added that it should be the ambition of every boy to want to be the very best workman that he possibly can in whatever line of work he chooses.

The speaker stated that he had spent eight years in Egypt as a teacher, and much of his address was based upon his observations while in that country. Among the many interesting things seen in Egypt, said he, were the Pyramids, and in describing them, he said that each one contains two and one-half million blocks of stone and covered thirteen acres of ground. They were erected more than four thousand years ago. How the Egyptians did this work in which so many huge stones were handled has always mystified scientists and historians. One of the most interesting sights in connection with the Pyramids are tombs of the ancient kings.

The weather in that part of the

world was described by the speaker as being very dry. He stated that it only rained three times in a period of five years which he spent there, but explained that because of the Nile River, the soil possessed a very high degree of fertility.

Mr. McCutchan mentioned many other interesting features of Egypt, but said the most interesting things to be found there were the people themselves. He then told of an incident which occurred when a physical fitness program was being carried on in the community by an American instructor. One day, while games of different kinds were being played, the instructor noticed that one native was lazily leaning against a post, apparently not the least interested in any of the games. He was seen several times during the next few days, satisfied to watch the rest but unwilling to participate. Finally, the instructor tried to prevail upon him to enter a foot-race, and he made this reply: "If you want somebody to run, there is my servant over there who will run for you." This spirit, continued the speaker, is typical of certain classes of Egyptians.

Another unusual thing about Egypt, said the speaker, is the money used there, especially the counterfeit coins. He said one could find this bogus currency in banks, post offices and leading business houses. Its use is so common that people soon get the habit of testing money offered them in all transactions. This is done by dropping the coin on a marble slab or by striking two coins together. In large

ports, such as Alexandria, the tourists are met by professional money changers, who make a practice of exchanging counterfeit money for good American coins.

Mr. McCutchan then asked the question as to the difference between good and bad coins. He explained that a good coin is made of pure metal, without the alloy's and when tested, would ring true. The bad coin when put to the same test, gives itself away by the dead sound it makes. Money, he continued, to be worth anything must be made of the right material and must circulate frequently. No matter how many times bad coins are accepted, they never become good coins. Eventually the bank examiner will discover them and they will be thrown aside. He then spoke of a five-dollar gold piece which his father had in his possession for sixty years. This coin had not been in circulation all this time, and, actually in this respect was worth no more than a five-cent piece.

The same principle applies to human beings, said Mr. McCutchan. Their characters must be built upon Christian principles, and, they, too, must circulate among their fellow men in order to be of value to the world.

In conclusion, Mr. McCutchan reminded the boys that human beings at different times, will be tested to determine whether or not they are genuine. He urged them to always try to conduct themselves in such a manner that they could measure up well when thus tried.

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"The acid test of a man's Sunday religion is his Monday behavior."—Presbyterian Tribune.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending March 26, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

James Benton  
Ernest Bullard  
Chauncey Gore  
Lee Hollifield  
Leonard McAdams  
David Prevatte  
Weaver Ruff  
James Stamper  
Harry Wilson

## COTTAGE No. 1

Ralph Bailey  
Richard Billings  
Eugene Bowers  
Marion Cox  
Donald Carland  
Jack Gray  
Howard Hall  
Roy Jones  
John Love  
Rufus Massingill  
Harold McKinney  
Amos Myers  
Carlton Pate  
David Swink  
Harry Thompson  
Floyd Puckett  
Harlan Warren

## COTTAGE No. 2

Charles Byrd  
Cecil Caldwell  
Kenneth Caldwell  
Fred Coats  
Gerald Johnson  
James Norton  
Hayes Powell  
Jesse Peavy  
John Pritchard  
Van Robinson  
James Sneed  
Ezzel Stansbury  
Edward VanHoy  
Kermit Wright

## COTTAGE No. 3

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 4

Everett Benfield  
James Burr  
William Brooks

Clyde Brown  
Robert Blackwelder  
John Fine  
Clyde Godfrey  
George Hawks  
Jarvis Hill  
William Lewis  
James Parker  
Lewis Sawyer  
Roy Swink  
John Smith  
Walter Thomas  
William C. Willis  
Paul Stone  
James Linebarrier  
Lawrence Walker

## COTTAGE No. 5

Randolph Ammons  
Cecil Bennett  
James Gibson  
Lawrence Hopson  
Robert Hensley  
McKeever Horne  
Eugene Martin  
Raymond Pruitt  
Truby Ricks  
Brady Tew  
William Wall  
Robert Wilkins

## COTTAGE No. 6

Horace Collins  
J. C. Cayton  
Keith Futch  
Donald Griffin  
Everett Gallion  
Stanford McLean  
George Mann  
Lawrence Temple  
Leroy Wilkins

## COTTAGE No. 7

Max Brown  
Donald Grimstead  
Ned Metcalf

## COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 9

Thomas Brannon  
Raymond Bullman  
Leonard Church

Conrad Cox  
 Riley Denny  
 Sebarn Garmon  
 Edward Guffey  
 John Hill  
 Thomas Ingram  
 James Jarvis  
 Winley Jones  
 John Linville  
 James Lowman  
 Isaas Mshaffey  
 Charles McClenney  
 Edwin Peterson  
 Charles Redmond  
 Edward Renfro  
 Luther Shermer  
 Leo Saxon  
 James Stadler  
 Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE No. 10  
 (No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11

Roland Brooks  
 Robert Buchanan  
 Wilton Barfield  
 William Guffey  
 James Hicks  
 Earl Harris  
 Robert Moose  
 William Walker  
 Robert Walters  
 Robert Yow

COTTAGE No. 12  
 (Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Robert Bailey  
 Robert Caudle  
 Ernest Davis  
 Woodrow Ewing

Eugene Frazier  
 Eugene Graham  
 Vernon Harding  
 Paul Painter  
 Emerson Sawyer  
 Homer Johnson  
 Vernon Rinehardt  
 Eugene White

COTTAGE No. 14

James Blake  
 Everett Bowden  
 Eugene Connell  
 Hugh Cornwell  
 Raymond Davis  
 William Ferguson  
 Edward Haynes  
 John Holder  
 Samuel Pritchett  
 Melvin Rice  
 Bruce Sawyer  
 Grover Shuler  
 Theodore Young

COTTAGE No. 15

David Lewis  
 Robert Myers  
 Roger Reid  
 Olin Wishon

INDIAN COTTAGE

Peter Chavis  
 James Chavis  
 Marshall Hunt  
 William J. Lochlear  
 Samuel Lochlear

INFIRMARY

Raymond Byrd  
 R. D. McCurry  
 William McNeill  
 Odell Cecil  
 Floyd Sain

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Employees at the Bureau of Internal Revenue are getting a big kick out of the story about the little boy who wanted \$100 very badly and decided to pray for it. He prayed for several weeks, with no results; so he wrote a letter to God. The post office finally decided to forward the letter to the White House and it was shown to President Roosevelt, who chuckled and ordered \$5 sent to the boy. The lad was delighted that his earnest prayers had been answered, in part at least, so he wrote a thank-you note to God, but added this P. S.: "I noticed you routed your letter through Washington, and as usual those bureaucrats deducted 95 per cent."—Jerry Kluttz in Washington Post.



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# THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 8, 1944

No. 14

APR 9 1944

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## AN EASTER PRAYER

O God, Thou Giver of the priceless gifts  
Of every day, I bring my thanks to Thee  
For Easter joys. The homing bluebird lifts  
His grateful heart in lilting harmony  
To greet the spring. I thank Thee for his  
song

And for the fragrant lily blossoming.  
The birch and maple trees proclaim the long  
Cold winter gone, and herald news of spring.

Lord, keep me mindful of the hope that  
gleams  
Triumphant with the dawn of Easter Day.  
Unfolding nature in the springtime seems  
Concordant with the Resurrection. May  
My heart be grateful for the legacy—  
The Easter gift of immortality.

—Gertrude M. Robinson.

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.  
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.  
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## E A S T E R

Modern critical investigation of the origin and authenticity of the four Gospels has established the resurrection of Christ Jesus as a historical fact, not to be denied.

So mighty was his power over sin, disease, and death that he not only raised himself from the dead, but also brought up many others from the grave on that first Easter morning. Matthew records in the twenty-seventh chapter of his Gospel, "and the graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and came out of the graves after his resurrection, and went into the holy city and appeared unto many.

As then, so today, all mankind may share in his resurrection. Going to services on Easter Sunday is having but a small part in this resurrection. Only by following the Master's teaching and example in our daily life will be enabled to arise from the tomb of fear, discouragement, and suffering. Even as the wounds in His hands and side were healed, so may we be healed of malice, envy, hate, and strife. The great stone of selfishness, self-will, self-love, self-pity, self-justification, must be rolled away from the door of the tomb. Not until then may we arise to a newness of life—a life filled with joy, hope, health, honesty, purity, goodness, kindness, and brotherly love.

The life and works of Jesus Christ demonstrate that it is possible for us to experience this renewal of life both before and after the grave. A part of an inspiring hymn reads:

"Living meekly as the Master,  
Who of God was glorified,  
Looking over to the radiance  
Of this wonderous Easter-tide,  
Freed from fear, of pain and sorrow,  
Giving God the honor due,  
Every day will be an Easter  
Filled with benedictions new."

—William A. Heffernan.

## "CHRIST IS RISEN"

We are told that a most impressive ceremony occurs annually at the famous Church of the Holy Sepulchre, at Jerusalem. The time is Easter morning, just before dawn. The church has been dark since Friday, to remind one of the death of Christ, and of His stay in the tomb. We see the darkened church filled with silent worshippers, each one carrying an unlighted torch. A great throng has gathered in the street nearby. These people are also carrying unlighted torches. Not a sound breaks the stillness; there is not a light to be seen. One feels he is standing in the darkness of a lost world—a world without Christ.

The death-like stillness is suddenly broken. Out of the sepulchre comes the archbishop, carrying a lighted torch, and saying, "Christ is risen." Torch after torch is lighted from the one he is holding, and then each torch-bearer kindles the light of others, repeating, "Christ is risen." The people then stream out into the street, bearing their lighted torches and lighting others and others until throughout every street of the dark city people are moving and countless voices are repeating the glad words, "He is risen."

As we read this impressive story, there comes the realization of an important duty to perform. To every one of us whose torch has been lighted at the sacred altar of Christianity lies the duty to light the torch of some one else, teaching that Christ is risen, and that He lives today. There are countless thousands of people whose torches are unlighted walking the streets today in darkness. Remember, if we light just one torch, the world will be made stronger for Christ. That is our privilege, because we are intended to be as a guide for the blind, and a light to those in darkness. Living on this side of Calvary, we see how wisely God has planned for us. "And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching in vain, and your faith is also vain."

There is but one way to immortality—to lose oneself in the effort to make righteousness prevail in the world. If a broken thread is detected, let us not halt even to mark time, but in the faith most especially preached at this blessed resurrection season, endeavor to live for the enrichment of other souls. The way to salvation is through the empty tomb.

**CANCER CONTROL**

The Morganton News-Herald gives in full the way the people of Burke County responded to the call for funds to sponsor a cancer clinic so that there will be a better understanding of symptoms of an incidious malady. The suffering in all cases of cancer its intense, and is too horrible for words. The records show that more people die of heart trouble than any other disease, and, believe it or not, cancer holds second place. The Federal Government, recognizing the serious situation in the nation, has named the month of April as the time for the people to put on an educational program so that all classes will become cancer-conscious, and an effort made to stamp out this disease in the same way the spread of tuberculosis has been controlled. This movement for control of cancer is heartily endorsed by the American College of Surgeons and the North Carolina Medical Association. It is a question that should not be treated with indifference, for after all is said and done, we are our brother's keeper. The cause is one that touches the hearts of all people, regardless of class or creed, and carries an urgent appeal. We do feel that there is an understanding as to symptoms of cancer among the better informed classes, but an additional program through the medium of a clinic could be most beneficial and avert suffering among those who neither know or care to know, and are victims of "quacks."

Mrs. George E. Marshall, of Mount Airy, is State Commander of the Women's Field Army in this effort to prevent the spread of cancer in our state. We became well acquainted with this good lady when she served as a member of the board of trustees of this institution for several years, and feel sure she is well-qualified to direct this worthwhile campaign.

\* \* \* \* \*

**O. HENRY**

William Sydney Porter, best known to the reading public as O. Henry, was the author of many humorous and realistic tales of the lives of everyday Americans. It has been said by persons who should know that O. Henry, Mark Twain and Uncle Remus are the three best loved pen names in American literature. Mark Twain was a world humorist, but Porter was essentially American. His

clever use of the street slang of the American city, his broad sympathy, and his keen insight into the lives of the poor are best appreciated by American readers.

O. Henry was born in the beautiful little town of Greensboro, North Carolina, in 1867, where he lived for twenty years. He attended school until he was fifteen, and then clerked for five years in his uncle's drug store. His work in the store provided an ideal location to study human nature.

Due to ill health, he went to Texas in 1882, where he worked as a ranch hand for two years. He went around the ranch with a small copy of Webster's Dictionary in one pocket and Tennyson's poems in the other. Among the interesting things he did were writing for newspapers, editing a weekly, and working as a bank teller.

In 1901, he went to New York City, after a short stop in Pittsburgh. In 1903 he joined the staff of New York World under contract to write a story a week for the Sunday edition, at \$100 per story. He wrote a total of 113 stories.

More than two million copies of his books have been sold in America alone. He was the most popular short story writer of the last quarter-century, and was one of the most influential short story writers America has given to the world. He had great love and kindness for ordinary people and was particularly clever in the effective use of slang.

O. Henry died in 1901. In the line: "He no longer saw a rabble, but his brother seeking the ideal," inscribed upon his memorial tablet in Raleigh, North Carolina, fitting homage is paid by all strata of society to this beloved son of The Old North State.

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### WAR-TIME ETIQUETTE

It seems that almost anything at this time is permissible. Little attention is given to table manners or to the conduct of children in public. Be that as it may, we do know that the "clean-your-plate" idea has been emphasized to carry out Federal Government's program of economy. But from the following excerpt, clipped from the Concord Daily Tribune, we learn that it is now considered good manners to do many things formerly frowned upon. Read:

If the rising generation could vote, there is little question but

that War Food Administrator Marvin Jones would be drafted for president and swept into office. We make this bold statement on the strength of the wave of juvenile approbation which will inevitably follow his latest food-saving decree.

"Sop up the gravy and squeeze the grapefruit dry," says Mr. Jones. "Pick up the bones in your fingers in order to get all the meat there is, and tip the soup bowl to get the last spoonful." (Note that he doesn't even say "tip the soup bowl away from you.")

Getting the kids back on a more Emily Post-ish standard of table manners, once the food crisis is past, looms as one of the big parental post-war problems.

\* \* \* \* \*

Editor Carl Goerch's magazine, *The State*, never fails to catch the attention of its many readers in some way. We once heard an editor of former days say, "When an article is fresh and interesting, it cracks like a new saddle." This quotation may well be applied to the contents of this fine publication which makes a weekly visit to this office. We feel that we can honestly say this editor really has a "nose for news," and that he understands how to scout about and find that which interests the people of North Carolina.

We were especially impressed by the picture on the cover page in the issue of March 25th. Cabarrus County people will be interested to know that this picture was made at the Concord Canteen, by our friend, Zack L. Roberts, official photographer for the Concord Daily Tribune. It was taken on Christmas Day, showing a visiting soldier taking a nap after enjoying the delicious holiday feast served by the people of Concord. The picture tells a story—of the splendid hospitality for which local people have become famous in Army circles.



# LENGTH OF TENURE OF TRAINING SCHOOL BOYS

By S. G. Hawfield

Months	Sept. 1942	Sept. 1943
	to Feb. 1943 Inclusive	to Feb. 1944 Inclusive
No. Cases	No. Cases	No. Cases
70-74	2	1
65-69	0	0
60-64	0	1
55-59	1	3
50-54	1	1
45-49	3	2
40-44	1	2
35-39	5	8
30-34	4	9
25-29	8	13
20-24	11	16
15-19	8	11
10-14	15	15
5-9 *	5	5
1-4 **	0	4
	64	91

Average Tenure, Sept. 1942 to Feb. 1943, inclusive: 24.4 months or 2 years 12 days.

Median Tenure, Sept. 1942 to Feb. 1943, inclusive: 21.8 months or 1 year, 9 months 24 days.

Average Tenure, Sept. 1943 to Feb. 1944, inclusive: 24.6 months or 2 years 18 days.

Median Tenure, Sept. 1943 to Feb. 1944, inclusive: 23.3 months or 1 year, 11 months 9 days.

(\*) Two were given their first release, but for the others it was their second chance, as indicated below.

(\*\*) Returned to the School, either because of unsatisfactory placements or because of poor adjustments and released later in order to be given a second chance.

One of the biggest problems in the operation of a training school such as the Jackson Training School is to determine how long a boy should remain at the school, or rather to determine when he should be released, with a reasonable degree of certainty that he will make a successful adjustment on the outside. Theoretically and legally a boy is expected to remain at the Training School until he has made sufficient progress and development to entitle him to a release. It is the responsibility of the school officials to determine when the boy is ready to go.

The boy's readiness for release is determined by four important factors: First, his progress in the day school; second, his development and growth in his work experiences; third, his record of behavior in the cottage, on the playground, and elsewhere; and fourth, his regard for his own personal cleanliness and health. It is explained to each boy at the outset that he makes his own record, with the help, of course, of the school staff. It is also explained to him that the school can always do the most for the boy who does the most for himself.

It should be explained also that no boy is released from the Training School until the action has the approval of the superintendent of public welfare in the county whence the boy was committed, or where his people live. Primarily it is the responsibility of the welfare officials to place the boys when they leave the institution.

In the table above it is shown that 64 boys were released from the Jackson Training School during the six-months period from Sept. 1, 1942 to Feb. 28, 1943, and that 91 boys were released during the same six months of the following year.

It will be noted also that the tenure of the boys ranged from a few months to six years. Generally, those who remain for a long period of time do so for the reason that home conditions are such that they cannot be received in the home, and it is not always possible to make suitable home-placements for them. On the other hand, if boys are given early releases it is because they have made excellent records at the school during their stay here. They may have the opportunity for getting employment or doing high school work, or entering the military service.

The average tenure of the boys during the first period was found to be 24.4 months, while it was 24.6 months during the latter period. Thus it is observed that the length of stay for the two periods was about the same. In other words, the boys remain at the Jackson Training School on an average of approximately two years. This seems to be a reasonable tenure, especially since it is not possible to rehabilitate completely or re-train a boy within a brief time of a few weeks. It must be remembered that their patterns of behavior or conduct have been in process of formation generally over a period of months and years.

Perhaps the most significant fact revealed by the statistics listed above is that each boy's case is considered on an individual and personal basis. Naturally some boys respond much

more readily than others, and the results are more satisfactory and more rapid. Some boys have had better advantages back home than others, and some have a much better outlook on life, because of better home prospects. Some are much more capable mentally than others. Some are more stable emotionally than others. These and other factors determine a boy's progress and development, and therefore determine his tenure at the school.

In releasing a boy there are always two dangers to guard against: First, releasing him too early; second, retaining him too long. Naturally, a premature release, before a boy has made up his mind to go straight, is an unwise procedure. All that has been attempted for the boy's betterment is practically wasted.

Likewise, it is certainly unwise to keep a boy in a training school too long. When this is done, the boy's life tends to become institutionalized, and he tends to develop an attitude of depending upon the government or someone to take care of him, instead of relying on himself. Furthermore, it is generally regarded as good therapy to release a boy, if suitable arrangements can be made, after he has spent from 2½ to 3 years at the Training School and has made a reasonably good record, even though there may be a possibility that he would return later. The boy and his relatives would realize that he had been given a chance, and the responsibility for failing would be theirs. It is generally conceded that the longer a boy stays at a training school and the more institutionalized his life becomes, the greater the difficulty in bridging the gap between life

in an institution and life on the outside.

All releases from the Jackson Training School are on a conditional basis. That is if a boy fails to make good during a reasonable time, he may

be returned to the School. Boys are given final discharges after several months of successful adjustments on the outside if they are recommended by the local superintendents of public welfare.

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### THE SPRING OF LIFE

I walked this path but yesterday  
 When all was dead and brown and gray.  
 The vernal breeze then wed the sun,  
 And now, behold, new life's begun.  
 The buds are ope and turning green,  
 The grass reflects a living sheen;  
 The hillsides teem with violets,  
 While fragrance, joy of spring begets.

How came this change since yesterday?  
 Whence came this life from death's decay?  
 Is this perchance some accident,  
 Or has our God a message sent?  
 Pray, read this language from above  
 That's spoken by Eternal Love  
 Assuring us how life prevails  
 Through faith in him, though death assails.

Behold this living pageant here  
 Enacted, true, and year by year,  
 Where life and death, in death's embrace  
 Are struggling for pre-eminence.  
 Bold death cuts down and seems to win,  
 And life is felled with strokes of sin.  
 This monster power with grim decay  
 Would make believe he holds the sway.

But no! 'Tis life and God in spring  
 Who speaks to us in every thing;  
 He tells us here, our God is true!  
 Life lives and reigns! Life rose for you!  
 The life that passed from human sight  
 Comes forth triumphant in His right!  
 And spring shouts forth with Gabriel's horn  
 "Behold! Your resurrection morn!"

—Charles E. Dozer.



# GRIEVE NOT FOR A LOST MORNING

By LeGette Blythe

"Tomorrow," he said, through the gauze that swathed his face, "will be Easter Sunday."

"Yes," she replied, as she stroked his one free hand, for the other was hidden in bandages that began at his shoulder, "but you mustn't talk—now. You must get a little more sleep. It will help you get out of here earlier."

He lay upon a cot in a tent set in the middle of a North African oat field. The sweet sickening heavy odor of anesthetics still clung to everything in the tent though the flaps had been lifted high to let in the fresh air.

"Listen," he said, "I don't want to sleep. I have bad dreams. Every time I doze off that Messerschmitt starts drilling me again. Say, what all did he do to me anyway?"

"Not so much. Broke an arm and a leg, but that's all fixed up now. The burn's the worst thing. But you'll still be pretty when it heals up. Don't worry, just go to sleep. I'll keep off the Messerschmitt."

"I'd rather just sit here—lie here, I reckon, I'm sort of groggy—and look at you. You're the prettiest thing I've seen on this side. Where are you from,"

"Connecticut. And you?"

"North Carolina. A little country town down there." He stirred, smothered a scream.

"Steady, fellow," she said.

"You're telling me." He lay still a moment, closed his eyes. Then he opened them. "Listen," he said, "tomorrow's Easter. You know, it's a funny thing. I used to believe in Easter. Last Easter I even went to

church Easter morning. Liked to look at the lilies and enjoyed the smell of them. Say, this tent won't smell like lilies tomorrow with all this ether and stuff, will it?"

"Listen, Sergeant, you musn't talk; you must get some shut-eye."

"O.K. But I got plenty time for that. I'd rather look at you. But talking about Easter—I liked Easter. Liked the music and the sermon sometimes, when it was inspiring. Seemed a sort of victory celebration. I didn't like the crucifixion story without the Easter part though. Too depressing. Say, Easter's the bunk, isn't it?"

"Why, no-o. Why don't you stop talking? Must I order you to shut up?"

"No, Lieutenant, ma'am. Excuse me for not getting up and saluting. Under the circumstances it's—impractical."

She laughed. "I wonder what you would say if you weren't half killed."

"But Easter's the bunk, I mean it, seriously, isn't it? If I were home tomorrow I don't think I'd go to church."

"Listen, Sergeant, you're tired and weak and you've been through a tough time. You'll feel differently when you're up again and back in your gunner spot. Now you must go to sleep and get some rest."

"Sure, I will. But Easter's a lot of bologny. Triumph of good over evil, life over death. Hah! And all around the world's going to hell. I used to think maybe I'd be a preacher. Funny, isn't it,"

She stroked his free hand.

"Good's down for the count. Maybe for good. Few gentleman left, even. Look at these Arabs. Make their women walk 10 paces behind them. And Hitler and the Japs, and the French squabbling—"

"There are 300 tents right here full of gentlemen, but you're no gentleman if you don't stop worrying me and go to sleep."

"Sorry, Lieutenant," he said.

He lay still, his eyes closed, for long minutes, and she thought he had lapsed into restful sleep. Then all at once he opened his eyes, looked straight into hers. "I wish I could believe in Easter again," he said. "Then I could go to sleep."

"I believe in Easter," she told him.

"You do?" She saw the fire flash momentarily in his tired eyes. "In spite of everything, in spite of this terrible war, and everything?"

"Yes," she said. "Let us say that I didn't used to believe in Easter as much as I do now. There are gentlemen in this world, Sergeant, millions of them, and they will overcome. I volunteered, I suspect, more for adventure. But I have found something else; yes, I truly believe in Easter after seeing what I have seen. And now I'm going to sit by you while you sleep. It's orders, Sergeant."

"I'm glad you said what you did Lieutenant. O. K., ma'am."

He closed his eyes and he lay very still and heaviness overcame him and soon he was sleeping. And after a while he felt himself standing inconspicuously in a great hall, and his eyes were fastened upon the high priest.

And the high priest pulled his robe about thin shoulders, leaned forward,

waggled a bony forefinger across the polished desk behind which sat the elders of Jerusalem.

"Why hath yet not fetched him hither to us?" A dark scowl sat heavily upon his lean, ascetic face. "Didst forget thy orders?"

"No, master." The captain of the guard paled. "But never a man spake like this man."

Anger flushed the thin cheeks of Caiaphas. "So thou too hast joined those who make haste to follow this young upstart of Galilee, this braggart rebel who would overthrow the religion of our fathers, this blasphemer who setteth himself up as the Messiah?"

"Perhaps, master, thou hast misinterpreted what I have just spoken. 'Twould have been most inopportune to have seized him and dragged him hither before the eyes of the multitude who holdeth him in high regard. Great crowds follow upon his heels, listen with deep reverence to every word that falleth from his lips. He is a marked man in Jerusalem."

"The captain hath shown discretion," spoke up Nicodemus, seated on the left some seats removed from Caiaphas. "Twould be indiscreet to seize him bodily and fetch him hither. The people would see the deed, scrutinize sharply our conduct—"

"Nicodemus would do nothing in the light of day—" Caiaphas turned to face him with malevolent smile that pulled at the corners of his bloodless lips. "'Tis said our brother is finding interest, too, in this strange heresy, is visiting by night this blasphemer, is seeking to learn more of this braggart's teachings against our law—"

"We are forgetting the present duty," interposed another of the priests. "'Tis not to castigate each other. 'Tis to find an acceptable manner of bringing this Galilean before us, of disposing of him and his damnable preachments. It is true he has many followers. Did I not see them surging about him at the temple? Did I not hear him speak- ing?"

Caiaphas turned to face him. "Didst thou too incline thine ears to his words? Didst thou swallow them as doth these ignorant men of Jerusalem? What saidest he?"

"I heard but little. But it had great force and power. I distinctly remember, though, these words, 'If a man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink. He that—'"

"Blasphemy! I care not to hear more—"

"Let our brother proceed, Caiaphas," said Nicodemus. "We should know what he telleth the people."

"Proceed then," said Caiaphas.

"If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink, said the Galilean. 'He that believeth in me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.'"

"He knoweth the Scripture, of a truth," said Nicodemus." 'Tis plain he is no fool. Those words are in the sacred record."

"All the more reason he is a blasphemer," said Caiaphas. "He ascribeth to himself the Messiahship. What sayeth the people to these words? Speak up, Captain?"

"Many of them spake out freely and declared of a truth he was a prophet. Others declared boldly that he was the Christ. Some there were who would have had us take him, but there

were many who would have assailed us had we attempted it."

"Perhaps thou didst act with wisdom." Caiaphas admitted, albeit a bit grudgingly. "Perhaps another plan must be devised—"

"But doth our law judge any man before it heareth him," Nicodemus interrupted, "and knoweth what he doeth."

"Art thou also from Galilee?" another priest asked scornfully. "Search the Scriptures and look carefully. Thou knoweth, Nicodemus, that out of Galilee no prophet ariseth."

"Thou sayest aright brother, and Nicodemus knoweth it," said Caiaphas. "But 'tis time now that we were each going to his own house." He smoothed the papers in front of him. "We have failed. But we shall not always fail. We shall devise a new plan—"

"I have a plan," interposed another priest. "I think it shall not fail. It hath a woman at the center."

"A woman. Ah, indeed." Caiaphas faced the priest, his little sharp eyes beaming, his grim mouth relaxing. "Where the downfall of a man is sought a woman is always a proper instrument. 'Twas even so with our first parents. But what is thy plan, brother?"

"They say the Galilean cannot be tempted with women. But there is a woman I have spoken of, a harlot named Zeresh—" He turned to look along the line of seats behind the polished bench. A ripple of laughter ran along the line.

"Who in Jerusalem knoweth not of Zeresh," spoke up one of the priests.

"I trust none of our brothers knoweth too much of Zeresh," said Caiaphas. "But pardon our interruption, brother. Proceed with thy plan."

"Zeresh has a husband—"

"Yes, a tenth part of the leaders of the Roman soldiery, a twentieth part of the leaders of Jerusalem, of the Scribes and Pharisees, I doubt not." Caiaphas smiled and licked his thin lips. "But proceed."

"Having a husband, or having had one, were she taken in an act of adultery, as we all know she would be subject to be taken from the city and stoned—"

"Have no worry, brother. We shall see that no harm cometh to Zaresh."

"That, of a truth, would have to be provided for. Should the Jews stone Zeresh, I fear what it might provoke the Romans to do—or even some of our best citizens of Jerusalem."

"We shall employ a man and give him a piece of silver, and have them overtaken—"

"A piece of silver should be enough, considering the woman is Zeresh—"

"Yes, of a truth we should be able to employ a member of the Sanhedrin for less—"

"The brothers speak with undue levity," Caiaphas reprovved. "Go ahead with thy plan. How cometh the man of Galilee into the matter?"

"We shall bring her before him as he sitteth before the Temple, and before the multitude we shall inform him that she hath been taken in adultery, and then we shall ask him what shall be done with her."

The hard face of Caiaphas the high priest softened and a cunning smile as of a fox lifted the corners of his thin lips. "Yes, go on, brother."

"And if he doth answer that she must be stoned in accordance with the laws of our fathers, then the people, seeing him to be a man of hard heart, shall desert him and the friends of

Zeresh shall form an enmity with him. But if he shall say that she shall be forgiven, then out of his mouth will he be convicted of advocating disobedience to the laws of the fathers, and shall be revealed before the people an inciter to rebellion and a disturber of the peace."

Before the eyes of the young American soldier standing upon his broken leg in a corner of the great hall and unseen by the others, Caiaphas and the priests and the polished bench and the hall itself dissolved and faded away and he was upon the edge of a crowd before the Temple, and the people were talking of the strange young Galilean.

Early in the morning he had come down from the Mount of Olives, where he went often to pray, and now he sat in one of the courts of the temple. Once again throngs were pushing close upon him to hear the new doctrine he was teaching. Calmly now he sat and talked and men and women and even little children listened wide-eyed and intent. Many of them were wont to go of a Sabbath into the Temple and some had heard even Caiaphas the high priest expound the ancient law of Moses. But Caiaphas and the Scribes and Pharisees spoke with a forbidding stern cold tone of a vengeful and understanding Jehovah, a stern and imperious heavenly father demanding adherence to a strict and formal code.

This young man from the lake country of Galilee, this handsome young man of pleasant face, of strong, robust frame, of sandy reddish hair and neatly pointed beard, was speaking now of the law of Moses and the need of obedience to it. But he was speaking too of another law, of a law

that seemed to complement and even transcend this stern Mosaic law. He was speaking of a kind, forgiving father who looked with compassion and sorrow upon His errant children, who sought to lead them forth from their misery into the serene light of His smiling face. This young man was speaking much of the compelling power of love.

About him this morning too set a group of the sanctimonious elders of Israel, the carping and critical Scribes and the Pharisees, and with much searching of the Scriptures they were seeking to involve this young man in the higher spheres of theology with the purpose of leading him into the challenging of some portion of the law of Moses.

But the people who pressed about him had no kindly feeling for the cold and righteous-appearing elders. These people knew little of theology. Nor cared they fig about it. They were intent upon the words, the vibrant, hopeful words of the young Galilean. Watching this Jesus of Galilee, hearing him talk, seeing the quick flash of his smile, the sad gentle play of his thoughts across his countenance, they were warmed and lifted up.

"I am the light of the world," he was saying just now. "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." And looking into his face they know it to be so.

But the Scribes and Pharisees were intent upon their own cleverness. "Thou bearest record of thyself," one of them now said to him, smiling with a cold scholarly superior smile. "But thy record is not true."

The people watching thought they would see the flame of a righteous

wrath flush the strong gentle features. But he was calm and smiling and serene. "Though I bear record of myself, my record is true," he answered, and his tone was emphatic though kind. "For I know whence I came and whither I go; but ye cannot tell whence I came and whither I go. Ye judge after the flesh; I judge no man. And yet if I judge, my judgment is true; for I am not, but I and the Father that sent me." He was still smiling. "It also is written in your law." He paused, and the people marveled at the young man's knowledge of the law. "It is also written in your law that the testimony of two men is true. I am one that bear witness of myself, and the Father that sent me beareth witness. That maketh two."

"Where is thy father to bear witness for thee?" the Pharisee demanded.

"Ye neither know me nor my Father," Jesus replied. "If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also."

But now beyond the group he could sense a commotion and a turning of heads, and the throng gave way and there came pushing up to the place where Jesus sat a group of men shoving a woman breathing heavily. The woman, now in front of him, raised defiant eyes as she straightened her robe that had been disarrayed in the tumult.

One of the men, a Pharisee spoke. "Master, this woman was taken in adultery, in the very act." But Jesus said nothing. "Now Moses in the law," said the Pharisee, "commanded that such should be stoned" He hesitated a moment that all the people might hear, raised his voice. "But what sayest thou?"

There was whispering among the people. "Tis the harlot Zeresh," said a man standing near the soldier with the broken leg, as he craned a long neck to see the better. "She hath powerful friends among the Romans." His face clouded. "But doth the law not plainly say that one taken in adultery must be stoned?"

And now all eyes were upon Jesus. Calmly he was bending over, tracing with the forefinger of his right hand upon the ground before him what must have been words, though the young soldier was too far away to understand them. Slowly, quietly, he was writing. Perhaps he had not heard the Pharisee's question.

The woman stood insolently before him, the trace of a sneer upon her red lips. This then was the man of whom she had heard much. This was the Galilean to whom women, even such a woman as Zeresh, adored by the brusque, domineering Roman centurions, adored by the elders of Israel, sought everywhere for her womanly charms, this was the man for whom the warm firm flesh of a beautiful woman held no temptation. Here was this man, of whom all Jerusalem was talking, entrapped by this carping Pharisee, made a mockery before his followers, his very worshippers.

Before him too were his people. "What shall the Master say?" one asked of his neighbor. The Master is a good man, a clever man, a man of strength even though of great compassion. But can he match wits with calculating Scribes, with cold, cynical, sneering Pharisees? Must he be made out a man of weak words, of ineffective speech, before these fellows who understand him not, who do not

want to understand him, who but want to do him to his death?

Before him, likewise, stood the Pharisees, the Scribes. The man appears not to have heard the question. He heard it. He is dodging. He is stalling. He is trying to envolve an answer. But there is no answer. If he says that the law of Moses must be upheld, then with one swift word he cuts the heart out of his own law of love and compassion and forgiveness. He destroys before this multitude that would believe him, that wants to believe him, that wishes to see him victorious over the elders of Israel, he destroys before them the very essence of his teaching.

And if he says no, if he says the law of Moses is too stern, too unmerciful, if he says his has supplanted that law, then he becomes the enemy of the law and here before these people he adjudges himself guilty of the very charge the Scribes and Pharisees have been making against him, have been seeking with such zeal to fasten upon him.

The Galilean says not a word. Instead, with his finger he is tracing unknown strange words upon the ground. The people are watching him, intently, eyes fixed upon him, eager to catch any words he may say.

"Master, perhaps thou didst not hear." The Pharisees stood smiling, confident, before Jesus. "This woman hath been taken in the very act of adultery. The law of Moses commands that she be taken forth and stoned to death. But what sayest thou? What is thy law?" And he smiled with satisfied smile upon the bowed form of the Galilean writing with strong brown forefinger upon the ground at his feet.

Now Jesus lifted himself up, looked straight into the eyes of the questioner. The crowd strained forward; the Scribes and Pharisees cupped eager ears to hear.

"Thou hast indeed spoken aright. The law of our father Moses is as thou hast said. But thou askest my law." His calm gentle eyes swept the multitude, looked upon the woman standing there with cold disdain in her eyes, looked without anger into the cold merciless eyes of the rulers of Jerusalem. Then he opened his mouth and spoke. "My law is this. He that is without sin among you let him cast the first stone at her." Quickly smilingly, his gentle eyes swept the throng. Then he bent down and began once again to write in the dirt at his feet.

After a while Jesus of Galilee raised his eyes.

Only the woman stood before Him, and back a little way the adoring people of Jerusalem and the countryside about, his friends.

"Daughter," said he, "where art those thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?"

She stood before Jesus. Slowly down her cheeks tears began to course. and through her tears she saw the ineffable sweetness of his smile.

"No man, Lord." And the crowd, wondering, saw the tears loosed from her eyes, and heard her voice and knew that it was different.

"Neither do I condemn thee, Daughter. Go, and sin no more."

For a moment she stood and looked upon Jesus, and slowly, with a great tumult of singing in her heart, which as yet she perceived as though it were a great way off, walked from his presence the woman Zeresh who had come to him a harlot.

And once again the scene faded out and was gone, and sun after sun rose high and warm over Jerusalem and Judea and the Galilee country and set cold and chill and moons waxed full and waned, and he saw the man Jesus walking the roads or standing in the market places or sitting in the courts of the synagogues and speaking of the love of the heavenly father. And he saw the multitudes following him and listening wide-mouthed and deeply intent to the words that came from his lips. And little children pressed about his feet and pulled at his knees until he lifted them up and pulled their brown ears and ran strong fingers through their tousled heads and whispered little words into their begrimed small ears.

And oftentimes he would catch glimpses of the woman Zeresh who had been a harlot in the throngs that surged about the Galilean, and once when she had pressed forward to the front of the multitude he saw the Master look upon her and smile and he knew that the smile had brought a great warm upsurge of happiness that lifted her and warmed her and cleansed her anew.

And as the days passed and he hobbled upon his splint-supported broken leg, along the narrow winding roads and through the twisting strange streets of Palestine spring stirred through this ancient land and new blossoms ran along the limbs of the olives, and the pomegranates and the figs were clothed anew in color and in the fields the lilies blazed forth in their glory. But a heaviness he could not understand and could not escape weighted upon him, and his leg pained him and his broken arm throbbed, and he felt alone and hopeless and despair-

ing in a strange and forboding land.

But there came a bright morning when the sun shone gloriously and the air was filled with a softness and little breezes fanned his face as he stumbled along the road that ran from Bethphage into Jerusalem. He was making his slow way thus when he heard a commotion, and much shouting and singing, and soon from behind a screen of olive trees a procession moved into sight and rapidly approached him, for his leg hurt him as he walked and his arm throbbled.

As the procession drew near he stepped aside beneath a flowering fig tree to let it pass, and he watched as the multitude, singing and shouting and dancing, moved past. And soon he saw as the very center and core of this wildly happy throng a young man, a handsome tall young man of sturdy frame and bronzed face and reddish pointed beard, riding slowly along upon a young colt. When he saw that the young man was indeed the man of Galilee a strange feeling overpowered him and he wished to shout and run with the multitude and join them in throwing flowers and green branches in the pathway of the teacher. But his leg was broken and his arm useless and he stood still and could not move from his place beneath the fig tree, and the throng, intent upon its hosannas, knew not that he was there.

And now as the Galilean moved past a new feeling began to surge upward within him. Here is majesty, he told himself, here is greatness, here is power. This is a simple pageant, a young man upon an unbroken colt, men and women and children—always children—shouting and singing and making beautiful the path before him. This

is all. No troops, no frowning guns, no growling great tanks, no roaring thundering airplanes above. I stood in the ranks and saw the President of the United States ride past us in a jeep. It was a tremendous feeling. The majesty of a great office, the power of a great nation personified. Power, yes, and glory.

But no power and glory such as this. This, he reflected, as the little procession passed on, is the ultimate power and the ultimate glory. This is the power and the glory of truth and goodness and beauty, this is the strength of the immeasurable, the power of perfection, the glory of the good.

And the pain vanished from his leg and from his arm.

The week drew on and he followed the young Master as he moved about Jerusalem and once he seemed to be looking through a high window into an upper room upon a scene intimate and tender and unworldly as the Master and his little group sat about a long table and the Master talked and gave them bread and wine. And again it was night and he was in the Garden of Gethsemane and the Master prayed and three of his friends lay sleeping a little way off. And once more he stood in a great hall, and all about were the scribes and the elders and the chief priests. And before them, tall and serene and unafraid, stood the Galilean.

And he listened from his place behind one of the pillars of the great hall and he saw Caiaphas the high priest, his face knitted in a snarl, waggle a long forefinger toward the tall young man. "Answerest thou nothing?"

And Jesus held his peace.



Caiaphas, angered greatly, spoke again. "I adjure thee by the living God that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God."

Jesus answered, "Thou hast said."

Caiaphas tore his clothes. "He hath spoken blasphemy," he hissed, "What further need have we of witnesses? What think ye?"

And they all shouted that he deserved death. And they walked past him and spit in his face, and some clapped him with their hands. But the young Master, as they mocked him returned not a word, and the pain upon his face, thought the soldier from his place behind the great pillar, was not the pain of his own hurt.

As he stood there, his broken leg and his useless arm throbbing with mounting pain, he felt that the world had now been irrevocably lost, that evil had surely triumphed, that truth and goodness and beauty had finally mounted the scaffold. And as this tragic scene faded slowly before him, his heart was sore and despair engulfed him. The young Master's friends had deserted him, even Zeresh had stood not with him here before his accusers.

Somehow, despite the pain and the long way, he made his way to the house of Zeresh. And he was there exhausted and friendless and sore of heart, when there came a woman bearing sorrowful news. "The man Jesus who sat in the courts of the Temple and talked in the streets of the villages they have taken by order of Pilate and crucified upon the hill of Calvary!"

"Crucified! By order of Pilate? When hath this been done?"

"Only this hour, so they say. He yet liveth, no doubt."

Quickly now Zeresh ran from her house, and across the city through winding narrow streets. And as she ran a strange darkness swept down out of the skies upon the flat roofs, the narrow crooked streets of the city. Yet it was but the sixth hour and the sun was at its highest in the heavens. But the city was not darker than the woman's heart.

It was a far distance to the hill of Calvary without Jerusalem's gates and it was already the ninth hour when the woman came there weary and aching of heart, and now the darkness had lifted and when she joined the little group of women at the foot of the cross they were lifting down the strong handsome young man of the comforting words and the quick strong smile. She went with them weeping as they laid him in the new tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, and she cried out as she looked upon his broken hands and feet and the cut in his side where the spear of the soldier had been thrust. And now the women brought spices and clean linen, and Nicodemus who sat upon the Sanhedrin came with an hundred-weight of myrrh and aloes, and they anointed the body of the dead young Master and wrapped it in linen and laid it away.

Then weeping they left it and went their ways, for tomorrow was the day before the Sabbath and preparations must be made for the day of rest. And the woman who had been Zeresh the harlot and had left the presence of Jesus on that strange glad distant day at the Temple with a new heart and a new hope stumbled weary and sad and hopeless through the winding narrow streets toward her own house.

Behind her, likewise weary and

hopeless now that evil had triumphed over good, the young American soldier made his way sorrowfully.

Through the long new day a strange impelling power drew the woman toward the tomb where they had laid the young Galilean. A flicker of hope sought to push its way upward through the blackness within her heart. Had he not taught them that he was not of this world, that he had been sent of his father? Had not her heart been strangely stirred? Yet she had seen him, bleeding and cold and dead, laid in the new tomb of Joseph of Arimathea. And had they not laid hope there beside him, hope bleeding and cold and dead and gone forever?

Before it was yet light on the first day of the week she arose from her couch and made her way across the sleeping quiet city toward the tomb in the garden where they had laid the man of Galilee. Through the narrow quiet abandoned streets she trudged, her robe wrapped about her to keep off the chill of the early day, her veil covering her face. And after a while she came to the garden, and met a woman running. The woman was Mary Magdalene, that woman so strangely like herself, who had come to the Master from a life of sin. Mary Magdalene was weeping.

"They have taken the Lord out of the sepulchre and we know not where they have laid him," said she. And she ran on down the path.

Hateful, thrice despicable Pharisees and Scribes. They are satisfied not enough with the death of this young man who had done no man ill, who had done only good, they must steal away his dead body to despoil it. And now there remaineth not even the con-

solation of his body, the presence of the poor clay after life hath fled it. Black bitter despair surged up from deep within the woman, hope fled. Wearied, exhausted, defeated, despairing she sat down upon a stone in the garden. She must rest against the long walk back to her house.

And in the early shadows of the garden he leaned against a gnarled tree trunk to ease the weight from his broken leg. But no ease came to his hopeless heart as he watched the woman seated there upon the stone.

After awhile she heard voices. The deep heavy voice of a man, the higher younger voice of another man, the shriller voice that must be Mary Magdalene's. They came on, passed by her, passed by him, pressed onward toward the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea.

She rose and followed them, and he stumbled behind her.

The big man of the heavy voice was one Peter, a man often seen in the company of the Master. The other was John. He was the younger, and the Master, who loved them all, loved this John as a brother, it was said.

The men were running now, and John was running faster, and now he reached the mouth of the tomb. And as the woman looked she saw that the stone that sealed it had been rolled back and the cavernous mouth of the tomb yawned empty and dark before them. Now John was stooping down to peer into the darkened tomb.

But Peter did not stop to look into the tomb but pushed forthwith into it. And now John went in behind Peter. But Mary Magdalene remained without.

After a while the men came forth from the tomb and spoke to Mary Magdalene. " 'Tis passing strange," said Peter, "that the linen that wrapped him lieth folded at one side and the napkin that was about his head lieth folded in another place. 'Tis strange they did not take the linen and the napkin also."

Then the men walked slowly away, and the woman could see a tear coursing down John's cheek. But Mary Magdalene stood outside and wept and the woman moved alongside her, and the soldier, stumbling nearer to see the better, saw the woman weeping also. Now the two stooped down and looked into the tomb. And suddenly there was a white light inside the sepulchre where they had laid him, and two men sat at the bier on which he had lain, one at the head and the other at the foot.

The men smiled, and one of them said to Mary Magdalene. "Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?"

Mary Magdalene dropped her veil. "Because they have taken away my Lord," she answered, "and I know not where they have laid him."

A movement behind them, and the women turned. "Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?"

Mary Magdalene supposed him to be the gardener. "Sir," she said and there was pleading in her eyes and in her voice, "if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away."

"Mary."

The man smiled, and suddenly all the gloom, all the blackness, all the despair that was in the heart of Mary

Magdalene and in the heart of the woman who had been Zeresh the harlot and in the heart of the lonesome soldier with the broken leg vanished utterly, and a great shining light, an immeasurable great joy swept over them and bathed them and encompassed them.

"Master!"

For Jesus of Galilee stood before them in the gathering light of a new day. But the light of the mounting sun above the garden was not as the light within their hearts.

And the light grew and spread and pushed outward to the far rims of the earth and slowly the garden and the yawning open tomb and the women and the shining handsome face of the sweet smiling young man faded and the soldier opened his eyes to the bright sunshine that flooded through the opened flap of a tent that sat with many others in the center of a North African oats field.

"Good morning, Sergeant," said the pretty young nurse from Connecticut.

"Good morning, Lieutenant," He grinned through blinking eyes.

"You've had a wonderful night's sleep, Sergeant. You rested beautifully, your fever's gone, everything's fine, and it's a glorious morning—a glorious Easter morning. Say, with all this beautiful sunshine, maybe you don't think Easter's the bunk, Sergeant."

He was serious. "I'm sorry for what I said last night, ma'am. I see it differently now. Easter—why Easter's the most wonderful day of—of all the year!"

Even through his bandages she could see that he was smiling.

# THE OTHER WOMAN

(By Lillith Shell, in *The Outlook*)

"Dost await someone, woman?"

The woman, her face turned upward, her eyes upon the door which opened into the room at the head of the stairs, did not answer. Indeed, she seemed not to have heard.

"Dost not know that the time for the feast is almost gone, woman?" demanded another.

"Yea, yea, I know," the woman answered absently, putting up her hand nervously to brush aside a lock of iron-gray hair.

Through the long hour the woman stood at the foot of the stairway. Once, seeming no longer able to restrain herself, she placed her foot upon the first step, her hand grasping the rough balustrade. And once, as though her strength had forsaken her, she uttered a groan and sank to her knees, her face buried in her hands.

Suddenly above her the door opened violently, and many feet came clattering onto the steps. A man stumbled down, muttering and cursing. Quickly the woman sprang up, and as the man passed uncertainly, she clutched at his cloak.

"What wouldst thou now?" he demanded.

"Thou knowest," cried the woman. "Oh, I beg of thee again not to do this thing. Even now thou hast time to withdraw." And she wrung her hands in her agony of entreaty. "Some devil hath led thee—and on this holy night!"

His face aflame with fury, the man raised his hand as if to strike, but

the woman did not shrink away. Rather, she pressed the closer, and seizing the collar of his tunic, she clung there. "Nay, nay, strike me and curse me if thou wilt," she cried. "That matters not. But turn thou away from this thing thou wouldst do. Thou must!"

"Think'st thou, then, that I can break my word to these mighty ones?" the man cried angrily. And the price—even it is here" and he touched a bag at his side.

"Ay, ay, break thy word. There is the more sin in the keeping of it. And the silver—verily, I know that th silver is accursed!" But before the woman's plea was finished, the man had leaped out of the door. The woman reeled against the stairs, and sobbed bitterly.

"Hast thou heard aught since the light, my sister," asked Mary the mother.

"Nay, my Mary; John came before the dawn saying the accusation was great. Surely he will come again soon, bearing better tidings," answered Salome.

"Fearsome tidings, I doubt me not, my Salome," wept Mary.

"Yea, Mary, I fear it is even as he said—"

"Nay, nay—say it not, I pray. They will not—they can not—oh, Salome, thou canst not mean—the cross?"

There came a gentle knock at the door. At Salome's bidding, John entered. So drawn and haggard was his young face, so tragic his eyes,

that both the women cried out demanding what hapless news he brought. Kneeling beside the couch upon which Mary sat, and with one hand in his mother's, John groaned as he forced from his lips the one woeful word—"Golgotha!"

Exicted with grief, the two women made ready to go with John back to the pitiful mount of suffering. And even as they left the gate, they were within view of the grisly cross. Slowly, sorrowfully, they crept toward the crest. And they saw standing near the cross, almost alone, a woman. Over her shoulders was carelessly flung a dark blue mantle, the hood of which, having fallen awry, disclosed iron-gray hair beneath it, a strand of which the wind tossed across her face. In her hands she bore a bowl into which was dipped a brush of hyssop. They saw her give this to one of the Roman soldiers, who in turn, lifted it to the lips of the man upon the cross. They saw, too, that he turned aside his head.

"What is it they offer him, my John?" Salome asked. "And who is she who bears the bowl? Is she one of those who followed him?"

"Nay," answered John; "I know naught of her. She came up with the throng which followed when the crosses were borne up the hill. I saw her spring to his side when he would have fallen under the weight of his burden. Doubtless she is some merciful one who bath the custom of bringing myrrh for those who suffer here."

"The blessing of Jehovah be upon her," whispered Mary the mother.

With John, the two women waited and wept awhile. The other woman, pulling at her dark mantle, and push-

ing the loose strands of iron-gray hair under the edge of its hood, stood alone with the bowl of myrrh in her hands. At last she drew nearer to the cross, and put her trembling hands upon the mangle feet.

"I thirst!" It was a benign voice, but almost lost as it issued from parched lips. Yet the woman heard. She frantically urged the draught from the bowl in her hands upon the soldiers. One dipped into it a sponge, and placing it upon the tip of his spear, lifted it to the seared lips. But when the man on the cross saw it, he again turned his head. Just then his eyes saw the woman who had given it. His compassionate gaze bore into her troubled soul a strange calm. Slowly her hands fell, and from the vessel flowed the myrrh, mingling its redness with the stain at the foot of the cross.

There was a spell of dismal silence. But suddenly the air round about was rent with the sharp bitterness of a loud cry. Then there came an earthquake, and darkness, and dreadful fear. John led Mary Salome quickly away.

Late that night there came a knock at the door of the house of John.

"Who come at so late an hour?" wondered Salome.

"I shall see," said John, and went hurriedly down the passage. At the door stood a woman—a woman with a dark mantle flung carelessly over her shoulders, the same who had tarried while the reapers cut the barely beside the Brook Kidron, the same who had stood at the foot of the cross, the same who had waited so uneasily at the foot of the stairway which led to the upper room.

"Whom seekest thou?" John asked kindly.

"The mother of him crucified," answered the woman, putting up her hand and brushing from her forehead a strand of hair. "I saw her come to lodge in this house."

"Yea, she is within, but I cannot suffer thee to disturb her now," said John.

"Ay, thou canst suffer me," said the woman. "Thou must!" And she pushed past him and made her way to the lighted door. Within sat a group of sorrowing women. She paused in the doorway, then went to the mother. "I bring to thee compassion," she said gently.

"I give thee my gratitude, O woman," sobbed Mary. "Whoever thou art, I give thee thanks."

Oh, thou happy one," said the other woman.

Stirred at the strangeness of the words, Mary the mother lifted her sodden eyes and looked sharply at the face of the stranger. What she saw there made her for the moment for-

get the bitterness of her own grief. "My sister," she cried, "rather should I give thee compassion. Thy sorrow, thy loss—how great it must be! Wilt thou tell me of it? Wilt thou tell me who thou art?"

"My name is Judith," answered the other woman. And as she spoke her dark mantle slipped from her shoulders and piled itself in a heap at her feet. "I come out of Kerioth of Judea."

"Judith," murmured Mary, "and out of Kerioth? I can not—I—but, no matter. Thy sorrow, oh my friend—canst not tell me of it? Perchance I can help thee. I will gladly share it with thee."

"My sorrow—it is such thou canst never know." The other woman hesitated. Her hand stole up to her forehead and brushed aside a lock of iron-gray hair. Then clutching at her throat as if to relieve a terrible choking there, she exclaimed in a shrill whisper:

"I—I am the mother of Judas Iscariot!"

---

### MY RISEN LORD

My risen Lord, I feel thy strong protection;  
 I see thee stand among the graves today;  
 I am the Way, the Life, the Resurrection,  
     I hear thee say,  
 And all the burdens I have carried sadly  
 Grow light as blossoms on an April day;  
 My cross becomes a staff, I journey gladly  
     This Easter Day.

—Author Unknown.

# STORIES ABOUT ISAAC WATTS

(The Methodist Recorder)

Isaac Watts was a born rhymster. While at family prayer, as a boy, he laughed, and when his father asked why he laughed, he replied, pointing to the bell-rope, "I saw a mouse running up that, and the thought came to me—

"There was a mouse, for want of stairs,  
Ran up a rope to say his prayers."

As his father reached for the rod, Isaac pleaded with tears—

"Oh, father, father, pity take,  
And I will no more verses make."

The Toleration Act of 1689 was the Charter of Liberty to Dissenters. It brought them new hope, and God matched this hour of revival supremely in Isaac Watts. The old psalters did not satisfy the youth, and on complaining one Sunday to his church authorities about the dull singing, his father, who was a deacon, curtly replied: "Then give us something better, my lad." Young Isaac took up the challenge, and the next Sunday he produced the appropriate lines—

"Behold the glories of the Lamb  
Amidst His Father's throne,

Prepare new honours for His  
Name,  
And songs before unknown."

The congregation immediately sang the hymn with keen relish. For some time he provided a new hymn every Sunday, and it was sung as it was given out, line by line, in Southampton Independent Chapel, where the family worshipped. The hymns filled the place of the rejected liturgy. The people wanted to sing, and Watts gave them something worthy to sing. Grandest of all his hymns is "O God, our help in ages past," of which Dr. Moffatt says, "It is perhaps the greatest hymn in the English language." Within its ample folds all classes of the nation and all sections of the church gather to blend their voices in praise to their Maker.

Watts was contemporary with the Wesleys, and he rejoiced in their work. He said that Charles Wesley's "Come thou traveler unknown" was worth all the verses he himself had written. Whatever may be said of the spiritual dearth of Dissent when the Methodist Revival broke upon the land, Watts' hymns bespeak a living power.

---

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,  
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
Our hearts in glad surprise  
To higher levels rise.

—Longeflow.

## INSTITUTION NOTES

An old landmark, known locally as "the little white house," is now a thing of the past. A few days ago it was torn down, and it is expected that some of the material salvaged will be used in the construction of a hut for the use of our Boy Scout Troop. The space formerly occupied by this building is being cleaned up, and the road straightened, which will add much to the beauty of this section of the campus.

—:—

It has just been reported to this office that Eugene Green, of Concord, a former student here, is now in the United States Army. Eugene entered the School, July 2, 1935 and was allowed to return to his home, July 6, 1937. Upon admission he was placed in the third school grade and had moved up to the fifth at the time he was released. This lad worked on the farm and other outside forces for about five months, and was then placed in the bakery, where he was employed for nineteen months. He made a good record while with us, and according to progress reports sent to the School after his return home, he kept up the good record. Eugene will be twenty-three years old next August.

—:—

According to a report from the welfare Department of Iredell County, Mack Coggins, one of our old boys, is in the United States Navy, having enlisted last August. Mack came to the School, May 15, 1939 and remained here until September 27, 1941. He re-entered April 1, 1942 and was released, September 15, 1942. When first admitted to the institution, Mack was placed in Cottage No. 12,

and during his second stay with us he was in Cottage No. 4. He spent most of his time working on the farm, but was employed as house boy for a few months. Upon leaving the School he returned to Mooresville, and according to reports received from time to time, he got along pretty good after going back home.

—:—

John B. Baker, formerly of Cottage No. 3, is now serving in the United States Navy. About six weeks ago he stopped at the School to see old friends, and at that time told us he had registered and had been examined and assigned to the Navy. A couple of weeks later he wrote Mr. Barber, stating that he was stationed at the Naval Air Base, Jacksonville, Florida.

This lad entered the School, December 12, 1938 and remained here until August 28, 1942, when he was allowed to go to the Alexander Schools, Union Mills, where he had been placed by the Welfare Department of Anson County. He stayed at that institution until called into service. John's record during his stay with us was very good. He worked on the farm for a little more than two years, and spent the remainder of his time as house boy at Cottage No. 3.

—:—

Mr. Earl Smith, probation officer, of Raleigh, reported a few days ago that Richard Honeycutt, formerly of Cottage No. 12, enlisted in the United States Navy. Richard came to us from Montgomery County, September 3, 1943, remaining here until July 11, 1940, when he was conditionally released to return to his home county for placement as seen fit by Charles



J. McLeod, superintendent of public welfare. During his stay with us of nearly six years, Richard was employed on the outside forces for about four years and worked in the laundry fifteen months. After returning to Montgomery County, he was placed in Wake County, where according to Mr. Smith's report, he stayed with the same man until entering the service a few weeks ago. He made a good record there, and we feel sure he will keep up his good work as a member of Uncle Sam's Navy.

—:—

Last Sunday's Charlotte Observer carried pictures of several boys in the armed forces of our country, together with interesting items concerning them. In the group we noticed the picture of Henry W. Cowan, of Belmont, a former student at the School. The news item did not mention how long Henry had been a member of the United States Army, but did state that he was a sergeant in an ordnance depot company, and had recently arrived in England.

Henry entered the School, February 2, 1937 and remained here until July 18, 1939, when he was conditionally released to return to his home in Belmont. While here he was in Cottage No. 1. He entered the fifth grade upon admission to the institution, and at the time of leaving had been in the seventh about twelve months. This lad worked in the laundry, on the farm, and in the house while here, and got along well in each place. As a whole his record during his stay with us was very good. Henry continued this good record after going back home, and upon recommendation of the Welfare Department of Gaston County, was given an honorable dis-

charge from parole supervision, October 20, 1940.

—:—

A letter from Glenn W. Smith, who was a student here in 1922, recently came to us from "somewhere in the Pacific," and we were certainly glad to hear from our old friend again. It will be recalled that we carried a story in these columns more than a year ago, when this young man visited the School, telling of some of his experiences in the United States Maritime Service. Since the beginning of the war, he has been a member of the crew aboard several tankers, having had three of them shot out from under him, but continues in the service. His letter, dated March 19th, reads as follows: "Dear Friend: Have been intending to write for some time, but am always in a hurry, and don't get much time for writing. I am still at sea, but hope to be back in the States some time this summer, and if so, want to run up and see you. Please say 'hello' to Mr. Boger for me. I always liked him because he gave me every break in the world, and somehow I could never let him down. Don't believe I shall be able to make any more pictures until after the war is over. Cameras are taboo on board ships and besides films are just about a thing of the past. Must stop now. Hope to hear from you soon. Yours for an early Victory, Glenn W. Smith."

—:—

One day last week we received a V-mail letter from Corporal James L. Query, a former member of the School's staff of workers, now a member of the United States Army, who has been in England nearly a year. His letter, dated March 19th, reads as follows:

"Hello Mr. Godown: Know you will be somewhat surprised to get this note from me. Even if I haven't written much, I have thought of you and the others at the School often. Hope you are all well and getting along fine. Am feeling good and am enjoying myself as much as possible under conditions now prevailing. I have mailed you a small package of picture post cards that I picked up at different places. Thought you might like them for your collection of pictures. Have mailed a good many of them home. I know they won't mean as much as if you had seen the different places yourself, but am sure you'll enjoy them. I have several rolls of films but haven't taken many pictures yet. Expect to soon, and will try to send you some. Hope to get some from across the channel. The Uplift comes to me regularly and I certainly do enjoy reading it. Give my best regards to Mr. and Mrs. Boger, Mr. Fisher and all the others. As ever, Query."

—:—

Rev. James W. Fowler, pastor of Kerr Street Methodist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. He began his message to the boys by explaining the meaning of Palm Sunday, stating that it was so called because the people strewed palm branches along the pathway as Christ made his triumphal entry into Jerusalem. Even though the Master was aware of the great trial ahead, said the speaker, the Bible tells us that he set his face steadfastly toward Jerusalem.

As he proceeded along the way, said Rev. Mr. Fowler, one man offered to follow him. Jesus reminded him that the Son of Man had no place to

put his head, and told him and many others that to follow him would mean many hardships for them. Some of the people said, "Master, we want to go with you, but first let us do this or that." They had not really made up their minds. They had not set their minds steadfastly upon what they wanted to do.

Because Jesus was unafraid, even in the face of great danger, continued the speaker, he is our Savior today. The reason many people today are unable to set their faces steadfastly in the right direction is because they have not definitely decided to face their troubles. When Jesus said, "Father, Thy will be done," he won his greatest victory.

Rev. Mr. Fowler told the boys that the greatest trouble with the world today is that people have decided to live without God. Men have believed they could solve all of life's problems without the help of our Heavenly Father.

The shortest distance between man and God, said the speaker, is a straight life. When a fellow says he can get along all right without God, it is just the time he is beginning to live a crooked life.

Rev. Mr. Fowler then briefly told of a story he had read, coming from W. L. Stidger's book, "Sermons in Stories," as follows: In a Switzerland hotel there lived a small girl who was taking piano lessons. She would practice every afternoon in the hotel parlor. It seemed that the little girl had no musical talent. So discordant were the sounds she made, the guests at the hotel would leave the parlor each time the child started to practice. One day when the last guest had left the room, and several of them were

standing nearby, they heard beautiful music coming from the parlor. They went back and saw a fine-looking man sitting beside the little girl at the piano. They recognized him as Josef Hoffman, one of the world's greatest pianists. The child was still playing with two fingers, but the great artist was helping her to make beautiful music. The master hand had transformed the little girl into a fine player. So it is in our lives, continued the speaker. The Master can transform our lives, no matter how low we may have fallen.

Rev. Mr. Fowler then cited several instances in which great men gave God the credit for their success, as follows: Roland Hayes, talented singer, said, "God has given me my body, voice and talent. When I sing it is God singing through me." Abraham Lincoln once said, "When a man is a pipe through which God speaks, he has nothing to worry about."

When men try to get along without God, said the speaker, that is when they are bound to hit the rocks. He

illustrated this point by calling life a triangle—a three-sided figure. In one lower corner we find ourselves; in the other we find all of life's problems; in the top corner is God. The triangle would not be complete without the top portion. The same is true of our lives. We have tried many times to solve our problems and failed. But when we take God into our daily living, the problems will be solved. If we have faith, God will help us. The reason why Jesus was so steadfast in his mission in life was because he trusted God. Thousands of boys today are giving their lives, realizing that their mission is to help make this world as God would have it.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Fowler told his listeners that toward the end of his life on earth, Jesus said: "Father, I have told my disciples that whatever things Thou hast given me are Thine." He then urged the boys to try to realize that as they were living here on earth, they should try to be instruments through which God could express Himself to others.

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### THE SUCCESS FAMILY

The father of success is work.

The mother of success is ambition.

The oldest son is common sense.

Some of the other boys are perseverance, honesty, thoroughness, foresight, enthusiasm and cooperation.

The oldest daughter is character.

Some of her sisters are cheerfulness, loyalty, courtesy, care, economy, sincerity, harmony.

The baby is opportunity.

Get acquainted with father and you will be able to get along pretty well with the rest of the family.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending April 2, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

James Benton  
Ernest Bullard  
William Burnett  
Chauncey Gore  
William Hilliard  
Lee Hollifield  
Fred Jones  
Leonard McAdams  
Charles Pearson  
David Prevatte  
Francis Ruff  
James Stamper  
Harry Wilson

## COTTAGE No. 1

Ralph Bailey  
Richard Billings  
Walter Byrd  
Marion Cox  
Donald Carland  
Jack Gray  
Howard Hall  
Roy Jones  
John Love  
Rufus Massingill  
Harold McKinney  
Amos Myers  
William Poteat  
Carlton Pate  
David Swink  
James Shell

## COTTAGE No. 2

(No Honor Roll)

## COTTAGE No. 3

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 4

James Burr  
William Brooks  
Clyde Brown  
Robert Blackwelder  
J. B. Carroll  
John Fine  
Clyde Godfrey  
James Graham  
William Hawks  
George Hawks  
James Hill  
Robert Hogan

William Lewis  
James Parker  
Lewis Sawyer  
Edgar Shell  
Roy Swink  
Clifford Shull  
John Smith  
Walter Thomas  
William C. Willis  
James Linebarrier  
Lawrence Walker

## COTTAGE No. 5

Cecil Bennett  
Lawrence Hopson  
Earl Hoyle  
Mack McGee  
Raymond Pruitt  
Truby Ricks  
Brady Tew  
William Walls  
Robert Wilkins  
Thomas Barnes

## COTTAGE No. 6

Horace Collins  
Craven Callahan  
Keith Futch  
Horace Foster  
John Gregory  
Earl Gilmore  
Robert Gaylor  
Donald Griffie  
Jack Hensley  
Stanford McLean  
Lawrence Temple  
Leroy Wilkins

## COTTAGE No. 7

David Brooks  
Max Brown  
R. C. Combs  
Herschell Duckworth  
Charles Edwards  
Donald Grimstead  
Ned Metcalf  
Marshall Prestwood  
Marion Todd

## COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Leonard Church  
Thomas Ingram  
John Linville  
Isaac Mahaffey  
Charles Redmond  
William Ussery

COTTAGE No. 10

Paul Alphin  
George Bass  
Fred Carswell  
Calvin Davis  
Earl Godley  
Robert Holbert  
E. C. Stamey

COTTAGE No. 11

Roland Brooks  
Robert Buchanan  
Wilton Barfield  
William Guffey  
James Hicks  
Robert Moose  
Clyde Rhodes  
Leon Rose  
Robert Yow

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 14

Jack Bateman  
Raymond Davis  
William Ferguson  
John Holder  
Troy Morris  
Fonzer Pittman  
Samuel Pritchett  
Melvin Rice  
Bruce Sawyer  
Hubert Smith  
Lester Williams  
Theodore Young

COTTAGE No. 15

Robert Bluester  
Houston Berry  
David Lewis  
Roger Reid  
Clyde Shook

INDIAN COTTAGE

Jack Bailey  
James Chavis  
Peter Chavis  
R. C. Hoyle  
W. C. McManus

INFIRMARY

Raymond Byrd  
R. D. McCurry  
William McNeil  
Floyd Sain  
Odell Cecil

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HOW TO BE HAPPY

Happiness is a habit. A bright, hopeful, optimistic attitude of mind is essential to your well being. There is healing power in a single spiritual idea. Peace, poise, confidence, and contentment are the natural products of a happy disposition. Kindness and appreciation promote happiness. Generosity and good will have an uplifting influence. To be happy is not only your privilege, but it is your duty. The power which you have to give happiness to others implies an obligation to do so. Happiness does not depend so much upon great material possessions as upon right mental attitude. There is nothing which will so surely produce happiness in your own life and that of those about you as a uniform habit of kindness and appreciation.

—Grenville Kleiser.



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# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 15, 1944

No. 15

APR 18 1944

U. N. C.  
CAROLINA ROOM

## RECIPE FOR LIVING

Some things a man must surely know,  
If he is going to live and grow:  
He needs to know that life is more  
Than what a man lays by in a store,  
That more than all he may obtain,  
Contentment offers greater gain.  
He needs to feel the thrill of mirth,  
And sense the beauty of the earth,  
To know the joy that kindness brings  
And all the worth of little things.  
He needs to have an open mind,  
A friendly heart for all mankind,  
A trust in self—without conceit—  
And strength to rise above defeat.  
He needs to have the will to share,  
A mind to dream, a soul to dare,  
A purpose firm, a path to plod,  
A faith in man, a trust in God.

—Alfred Grant Walton.

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# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## A LIFE

What was his creed?

I do not know his creed, I only know  
That here below, he walked the common road  
And lifted many a load, lightened the task,  
Brightened the day for others toiling on a weary way;  
This, his only need; I do not know his creed.

What was his creed? I never heard him speak  
Of visions rapturous, of Alpine peak,  
Of doctrine, dogma, new or old;  
But this I know, he was forever bold  
To stand alone, to face the challenge of each day.

His creed? I care not what his creed;  
Enough that never yielded he to greed,  
But served a brother in his daily need;  
Plucked many a thorn and planted many a flower;  
Glorified the service of each hour;  
Had faith in God, himself, and fellow men;  
Perchance he never thought in terms of creed.  
I only know he lived a life in deed!

—H. N. Fifer.

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## THOMAS JEFFERSON

The name, Thomas Jefferson, the third President of the United States, will never fade from the history of our great republic. The date, April 13, 1944, marks the two hundred and first anniversary of his birth. The one outstanding shrine in the state of Virginia is Monticello, the home of this great man who gave to our country the immortal document, the Declaration of Independence.

Among the mile-stones in Jefferson's career were the following:

He was chosen a member of the Virginia house of burgesses in 1769, where he became a supporter of the Revolutionary party; in 1773, as a member of the assembly, he took a prominent part in the measure which brought about the Continental Congress; during the Revolutionary War he was governor of Virginia; in 1785 he was sent as minister to France; he became Secretary of State under Washington; he became Vice-President in 1796; and in 1800, he was elected Chief Executive of our nation.

Jefferson was a leader of the party in favor of state's rights, and bitterly opposed appointing any of his relatives to office, saying that he "could find better men for every place than his own connections."

Strange to relate, Thomas Jefferson died on July 4, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the adoption of his famous document, the Declaration of Independence. John Adams, the second President of the United States, died the same day.

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### THE FIRST WOMAN TO BECOME A PHYSICIAN

We are familiar with the story of Clara Barton, who organized the American Red Cross, and was a pioneer in nursing; we also know of the outstanding work of Madame Curie, who, with her husband, discovered radium; and Susan B. Anthony, famous woman suffragist, but the life of the first woman who practiced medicine is not universally known. A few days ago we gathered from a radio broadcast that Elizabeth Blackwell, of Walnut Hill, near Cincinnati, Ohio, born in 1821, was the first woman to break into the medical profession as a general practitioner, but the way was hard. Her first impulse to study medicine came while she tenderly nursed an old lady, who was a near and dear friend of her mother.

This fine old woman recognized the tenderness and excellent attention of the young girl, and said in a most appreciative manner, "Why don't you study medicine?" The thought suggested inflamed the mind of the young girl to be an M. D., and she began at once to try to find her way into some medical college. Before carrying out her intention she asked Harriet Beecher Stowe's opinion. Mrs. Stowe did not give her much encouragement, but this did not quell the urge that had taken such a strong hold on her. We are proud to announce that Elizabeth Blackwell went to Asheville, N. C., to

continue her academic studies in some institution. After finishing her college course she went to a medical college in Philadelphia in 1847, and asked to be admitted, but was refused entrance. These conditions did not discourage the young woman. She soon found a place in a medical school in New York, where she received her training as a doctor.

Other women in the professional ranks have held important places in the annals of history, but we felt that it was nothing more than fair to place Dr. Blackwell along with other outstanding women.

\* \* \* \* \*

### SERGEANT JULIAN S. MILLER, JR.

It seems that troubles never come singly, and this has lately been demonstrated in the home of Dr. and Mrs. Julian S. Miller, of Charlotte, the former being the brilliant editor of the Charlotte Observer. We have known for some time that Dr. Miller was seriously ill. About the time we learned that he had left the hospital and returned to his home, the unexpected message telling of the death of his son, Julian S., Jr., appeared in the news. Of course, this was a terrible shock to the young man's family, and we wish to tender herewith deepest sympathy in their sad hour of bereavement.

From Beasley's Weekly we clipped the following item, telling something of young Miller's career at home and in Army service in foreign lands:

Staff Sgt. Julian S. Miller, Jr., son of Dr. Julian S. Miller, editor of the Charlotte Observer, and Mrs. Miller, was killed in action near New Guinea on Feb. 29. He had been previously reported missing, and the fateful telegram announcing his death came Sunday.

Sergeant Miller, was born in Charlotte, January 22, 1919, is survived by his parents, wife, and the following brothers and sisters: Miss Frances Miller, Miss Roberta Miller, Sam Miller, member of the Observer sports staff, and Sgt. Robert B. Miller, who is now at home on furlough from his post at the Army air field at Yuma, Ariz.

After attending Central High school here he went to the University of North Carolina, where he was graduated in 1942. While in high school and at the University he took a prominent part in athletics. Last May 29 at Fort Myers Fla., he was married to Miss Jacqueline Ackerman, who lives with her parents,

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ackerman, 612 Louise avenue.

Sergeant Miller was the member of a Liberator crew that belonged to the famous "Jolly Roger" group. He had made many missions over enemy lines and was on his last mission before being sent to Australia for a rest period.

Sergeant Miller was inducted in the Army October, 1942, He received his basic training at Fresno, Calif., at the mechanics school at Lincoln, Neb., and at the gunner school at Fort Myers, Fla. He took his final training at Pueblo, Colo., and went overseas in November.

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE VALUE OF HOME TRAINING

The question is often asked, "What is it that has come into the lives of young people that has made such a radical change in their general demeanor?" Comparisons are odious, but we cannot refrain from contrasting the dignity of young womanhood and the chivalry of young manhood of bygone years with the way society accepts crudeness and rudeness as practiced by the adolescents of today. We hear the question discussed frequently, but no two people think alike. The homes, the schools and churches are usually accepted as having strong influence in character building. The units named are potential factors in developing strong manhood and womanhood—the future citizens. But it is not always the home training received by the youngsters fits into the work of the church, school or any other community group. We feel the home holds first place, therefore, has the advantage, as well as a God-given privilege, to mold in the child the principles of right living. When the home fails then the schools and churches are confronted with a serious adjustment.

It is an accepted fact that delinquency is on the increase, but deplorable as the picture may be, we do realize that in the life of a child today, the modern way of living leaves an impress, neither pleasing nor uplifting. The homes are equipped with all modern devices, processed food stuff and factory-made, ready-to-wear garments available for immediate use. The household duties of former years have been greatly curtailed by the machine age, thereby giving more time for both parents and youngsters. These conditions in the home have wrought a restlessness on the part of parents, or

more definitely speaking the mothers have become dissatisfied and have sought employment in the business world. In such instances the children are left in the homes to shift for themselves. We know without saying that the streets and back lots are the rendezvous for youngsters. Such playgrounds are neither refining nor uplifting. Every child, until he has passed the adolescent age needs to be guided.

If parents disregard their obligations toward rearing their families they must expect nothing more than delinquents. The churches, schools and correctional institutions cannot overcome the mistakes of indifferent parents in the homes. All of us are familiar with the expression, "give us a child for seven years, and we are then willing to surrender the care and discipline for the rest of the time," or words to that effect. We here have another thought we wish to take lodgment in the minds of people, and that is there are delinquent parents, therefore, we cannot expect valuable acquisitions to society from such sources. The youths of the homes are products of heritage and environment.

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The wail of the fire siren is a chilling sound, isn't it? Well, you won't hear that sound when our Southern woods and forests burn, but terrible danger is there, just the same. Our country needs timber and forest products to help win the war. But woods burned can't fight. Then remember, be careful with fire when you go into the woods for any purpose. Fire set carelessly can burn a lot of timber needed in the war.



# THOMAS JEFFERSON AND LIBERTY

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely

In Washington we have another beautiful memorial to one of the men who did much to make the country a reality. Along with the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial there now stands the beautiful Jefferson Memorial. The view which ordinarily is exquisitely beautiful—parks, lagoons, flowers and trees—between these three memorials and the White House is today cluttered up with the temporary buildings, parking grounds, and other materials connected with our war effort. These things will pass when victory comes and the memorials to the Father of Our Country, to the great Author of some of our most important State papers, and to the Preserver of our national unity will stand out through the centuries as symbols of the consecration, the self-sacrifice, and the necessity for clear thinking upon which alone liberty can be lasting.

Thomas Jefferson was a most remarkable character. Among all the leaders in our early history, perhaps he and Benjamin Franklin had more diversified gifts. Jefferson was not only a preeminent statesman but he was a successful agriculturist, architect, and educator. As a scholar, he had profound knowledge of history, politics, science, literature, and philosophy. He was continually alert to new discoveries and might have taken a place among the distinguished scientists.

He had a great passion for liberty. One of his famous statements is inscribed upon the dome of the new memorial:

"I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man."

Of the four quotations inscribed upon the sides of the memorial, one reads:

"I am not an advocate for frequent changes in laws and constitutions. But laws and institutions must go hand in hand with the progress of the human mind. As that becomes more developed, more enlightened, as new discoveries are made, new truths discovered and manners and opinions change, with the changes of circumstance, institutions must advance also to keep pace with the times. We might as well require a man to wear still the coat which fitted him when a boy as civilized society to remain ever under the regime of their barbarous ancestors."

From this great exponent of the principles of liberty we, in this day when liberty is under attack from its enemies all around the world, have much to learn.

Thomas Jefferson believed that the abiding truths must be continually adapted to the changing order of society. Humanity never remains stagnant. It is always on the march somewhere. Humanity is always growing up, as a boy developing into a man, so that the coat of childhood must be changed for another which will fit better the growing individual. Some periods of history compress the changes of centuries into a few years, and, when times such as this come, men need to keep their minds open to planning with the changing order. If ever in

our generation was a time when men needed to cling to abiding truths, it is now. Liberty is founded upon some deep basic truths which do not change—the infinite worth of the individual, a supreme loyalty to God, and a code of ethics in accordance with individual worth and loyalty to the Eternal. But these abiding truths are vital only as they mold in new forms the manners, opinions, and institutions of the new day.

Thomas Jefferson knew that liberty was dependent upon maintaining for the human mind freedom to think. Free men could not have their thinking done for them. There was no place in a free society for dictators. Every man in such a society must have the right to his own opinions and the privilege of expressing these. It is in periods such as this of intense feeling because so much is at stake that men sometimes thoughtlessly surrender their freedom of thought.

As citizens, we again should take our oath against every form of tyranny over the mind of man.

Thomas Jefferson realized that there would be an everlasting struggle for the maintenance of liberty. Liberty is never won so that indifferent citizens may keep it without meeting the obligations of free citizens, and the careless indifferent citizens, who talks much of liberty and ignores his duty of voting, should not be surprised if he gets bad government which eventually will deprive him of his liberty. True freedom is never a bountiful gift from the lap of the gods, but it is a prize to be won and held by ceaseless struggle and everlasting faith. The indifferent citizen of the democracies may prove as deadly an enemy of liberty as the Nazi in the foreign state; all unintentionally he may become the fifth columnist with in.

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Some one has made a survey of a thousand successful men to learn how they got their start in life. These men are not mere money-makers, but they are men who have made the world better by their achievements in science, architecture, engineering, education, art, and so on. It is interesting to note the beginnings of their life work.

Three hundred started as farmers' sons. Two hundred started as messenger boys. Two hundred were newsboys. One hundred were printers' apprentices. One hundred were manufacturers' apprentices. Fifty began at the bottom of railroad work. Fifty—only fifty—had wealthy parents to give them a start.

A lazy boy did not discover the telephone. A lazy boy did not learn how to control steam, nor invent the steam boiler. A lazy boy did not discover the power of gasoline, nor learn how to harness the great falls of Niagara. No. The men who have accomplished most in the world have been men who achieved success.—The Boys' Friend.

# SCHOOL PROGRESS AND RETARDATION OF TRAINING SCHOOL BOYS

By S. G. Hawfield

## GRADES

Age	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Total
6								
7								
8								
9	1							1
10	15	4	2	1				22
11	5	5	6	6	1	1		24
12	1	4	6	4	7	4		26
13	5	9	14	11	19	3	9	70
14	9	10	17	11	16	15	9	87
15	9	7	12	10	14	11	21	84
16	6	3	7	1	9	4	10	40
17		1	2				3	6
18								
Total	51	43	66	44	66	38	52	360

From the table above we find that 16 boys have made normal progress (9 of these being in the 7th grade and 5 in the 6th grade); 27 are retarded 1 year; 70 are retarded 2 years; 74 are retarded 3 years; 55 are retarded 4 years; 46 are retarded 5 years; 28 are retarded 6 years; 23 are retarded 7 years; 14 are retarded 8 years; 7 are retarded 9 years.

The age range of the boys is from 9 to 17, inclusive, with one boy 9 years of age and six boys 17 years of age. The average age of the boys is 13.7 years.

Approximately 15 boys are not in school for one reason or another. Several have already finished the 7th grade, and the Training School does not offer the 8th grade. Several other boys who are greatly over-age and who are mentally slow are not in school, but are working all day in order to learn thoroughly some basic

trade skills. While there are some boys who do not attend school at all, there are several who attend school all day.

Of the 360 boys involved in the above age-grade distribution table, 153 or 41.6 per cent are under 14 years of age. Therefore, they are boys who, if released, would be legally required to attend school. Furthermore, 324 boys, or 90 per cent of the total, are under 16 years of age, and hence could not get employment in industry if they were released.



## RELATIONSHIP OF I. Q.'s TO SCHOOL PROGRESS OR RETARDATION — April 1, 1943 to March 31, 1944

	Grade Placement in Home School	Grade Placement as Shown by Stan- ford Achievement Test	Grade Placement Recommended at J. T. S.	Average I. Q. of Boys as Placed at J. T. S.
Normal grade for age	22	6	11	103
Retarded 1 year	44	19	24	97
Retarded 2 years	42	35	51	89
Retarded 3 years	50	36	32	83
Retarded 4 years	20	45	35	79
Retarded 5 years	10	30	25	77
Retarded 6 years	7	14	14	66
Retarded 7 years	5	8	7	62
Retarded 8 years	2	5	5	62
	202	198	204	
	16*	6**	6 xxxx	
	218	14***	8 xxxxx	
		218	218	

\* Boys 8th grade or above.

\*\* Boys high school level placed in 7th.

\*\*\* Boys not taking tests.

xxxx Boys taking tests not placed.

xxxxx Boys not placed for other reasons.

The problems involved in teaching the boys here at the Jackson Training School are quite different from those encountered in the public schools. Not only are they different, but here they are greatly accentuated over those in public schools. Generally the boys committed to any training school have not been successful in the public schools for one reason or another. In some instances they have not succeeded because the public school has failed to understand them and meet their needs. Some have been mentally handicapped, some have been physically handicapped, and others have been social misfits. In almost all cases they have had little or no encouragement from their homes. Generally they have attended school very irregularly.

Hence, most of the boys upon entering the training school possess adverse attitudes towards school, and

our records show that while 16 out of 360 have made normal progress, the others are retarded from one to nine years. As a rule they are the boys who have given trouble in school back home and have been shunted to the background. They have had little opportunity for dramatics, music and the fine arts.

For some, the philosophy for treating and dealing with such boys is to use force or corporal punishment. It was said of one of our boys whose I Q is very low that he could really learn his lessons and that all that was necessary was to let him know that he would either do his school work or else he would be punished. The tragedy is that the problem is not so simple as this. Certainly there would be many more fine students in the land if such magic could be wrought.

But such a theory does not recognize in the boys the varying mental abili-

ties, interest and previous public school training.

A recent study of the school population indicates that five boys who were retarded in their grade placements by eight years had an average I Q of 62. It revealed also that seven boys retarded by seven years had an average I Q of 62. On the other hand, it indicates that eleven boys who have made normal progress have an average I Q of 103, and that twenty-four boys retarded by one year have an average I Q of 97.

Obviously, the problem of successfully teaching these boys with their widely varying mental abilities is difficult enough to challenge the wits of the most skillful teachers.

The greatest degree of retardation is found in the first three grades, which indicates that the difficulty of the teaching is the greatest in these grades. In the first grade the average retardation is 5.7 years; in the second grade it is 5.25 years; and in the third grade it is 4.7 years.

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### THE OLD HYMNS

Blessed be memory! It holds on to the pleasant things and lets go the unpleasant; it makes the biggest things the standard of measurement for all. This explains why we are inclined to glorify "the good old days of long ago." This accounts for the fond recollections of early associations. We remember only the biggest apples that grew on the old June apple tree in the orchard—all the rest have been forgotten. The snows of childhood are measured by the snowdrifts of some far off winter's storm. The halcyon days of youth, as memory brings them back, were really not so halcyon as this good friend of ours really pictures them. Disappointment, heartaches, feet weary with the journey, and a thousand perplexities and annoyances have all been buried deep in the grave of oblivion. Consequently the old hymns are the best—

"There is lots of music in 'em—the hymns of long ago,  
 And when some gray-haired brother sings the one I used to know,  
 I sorter want to take a hand—I think of days gone by—  
 'On Jordan's stormy banks I stand and cast a wistful eye!'"

# THE ASBURYS

By Edgar Abernethy, in The State

Among Methodists no name is held in greater veneration than that of Asbury, not even excepting that of John Wesley himself. Francis Asbury founded and organized the Methodist Church in America and became one of its first bishops. In the forty-five years of his labors in the United States, beginning in October of 1771, when he landed at Philadelphia, this indefatigable human dynamo is estimated to have preached at least 16,425 sermons, an average of one for every day of the year; and this does not include innumerable lectures and exhortations.

During this same period he travelled around 270,000 miles, mostly on horseback over the worst possible roads. While doing this he found time to sit in at 224 annual conferences, ordain 4,000 ministers, write numerous letters, attend to the administrative duties of his position as bishop, visit in a different home almost every night, and keep daily journal.

Some of the wildest and most rugged territory which he covered was in North Carolina, particularly in the mountainous section of the state. On one occasion, while attempting to cross the mountains from this state into Tennessee the Bishop lost his way in the hills. All day he wandered among the ravines without seeing a living soul, or making any progress in his journey.

As night fell he was soaked by a thunderstorm. Then his horse threw him, and scampered out of reach, leaving him afoot in the trackless

wilderness; wet, cold, hungry, and completely lost. At this critical juncture he chanced upon a couple of young hunters, who took pity on him. They helped him catch his horse, and took him to their home, where their parents bade him welcome to their rude log cabin.

After a frugal meal, Asbury proposed that they have prayer. He took out his pocket Bible and read a chapter; then he knelt and began to pray.

This evidently was a new experience for these simple-hearted dwellers in the wilderness. The old gentleman backed off towards the door, with two wide-eyed urchins holding fast to his garments. His wife retreated to the far corner of the great wooden chimney with two more little ones. The other children ran under the bed, and the two young men who had rescued the bishop beat a hasty retreat, not to be seen again until the next morning.

The sequel to this unpromising beginning was a new church, established within twelve months of Asbury's visit.

While Francis Asbury spent a great deal of time in the state, another Asbury was more closely identified with the progress of Methodism in North Carolina in the early days.

Daniel Asbury was not related to the bishop. Born in Fairfax County, Virginia, on February 18, 1762, he must have been an adventurous youth, for at the early age of sixteen we find him en route to Kentucky, the "dark and bloody ground" which was

then attracting many immigrants. Here he was captured by the Shawnees, who held him for several years. In the course of their wandering they carried him to Canada, where he was captured again, this time by the British.

His savage captors seemed to have treated him with greater mercy than his presumably civilized ones, who placed him in irons and kept him in close confinement in Detroit. In some manner which history does not record he finally managed to escape, and made his way back to Virginia and his father's home.

Here he came in contact with the early Methodist preachers, and under their influence he became a Methodist and a preacher himself.

Today when a young man receives a "call" to preach, his first thought is to acquire an education in order to fit himself for the work. In most cases he seeks his education in colleges and universities and divinity schools.

In 1786, when Daniel Asbury became a minister, the need of adequate preparation was just as great as it is today, but such preparation was not sought within the four walls of any school, or indeed within walls of any kind. The old circuit-rider led a life of almost incredible hardship, particularly in the western part of the state. He had no home; all his time was spent filling appointments and travelling between them, although there was usually some place on his circuit where he deposited his few books and other meager personal belongings. No weather was so severe as to stop him from his rounds; a common expression in bitter weather was,

"There's nothing out today but crows and Methodist preachers." After his long day in the saddle, struggling over almost impassable roads, he must depend upon the hospitality of the inhabitants for food and lodging. When, as sometimes happened, he found more hostility than hospitality, he and his faithful horse had to do without supper, and shelter as well.

For his arduous labors he received, if he were so fortunate as to collect his salary in full, exactly \$64 a year, and from this sum he must furnish his horse. In 1792 to this small stipend was added travelling expenses, which included "ferriage, horse-shoeing, and provisions for themselves and horses on the road," and also marriage fees, if any such were offered him.

For such a life as this, the one essential qualification, in addition to an unflagging zeal, was the ability to endure hardships, and this Daniel's experience as an Indian captive had amply prepared him to do. Indeed, his captivity was the best possible preparation for his life-work. It would be difficult to decide which of the two experiences involved the greater hardships.

After riding the Amelia and Halifax circuits in Virginia, in 1788 Asbury was transferred to the French Broad in the mountains of Tennessee, which at the time was still apart of North Carolina.

The following year he was sent to form the Lincoln Circuit, covering all the territory included in Lincoln Rutherford, and Burke counties, with portions of Mecklenburg and Cabarrus, as well as adjacent South Carolina territory. At that time Ruther-

ford and Burke extended all the way to the present Tennessee line, and in all this vast area Methodism was virtually unknown.

To assist him in the arduous duties involved in introducing the Methodist faith into a new and hostile region, Asbury was given a young itinerant by the name of John McGee. Later an inexperienced youth by the name of Enoch George was also assigned to the work. Except for Asbury's counsel and encouragement, young George would have given up the work, and sought an easier berth.

As for Daniel Asbury, nothing daunted him. Besides the physical difficulties of his task, he met with a great deal of opposition and even actual persecution. On a certain occasion a band of ruffians, led by one Perminter Morgan, seized him and brought him before Jonathan Hampton, a magistrate of Rutherford County.

"What is the charge against Mr. Asbury?" asked the magistrate.

"He is going about preaching the Gospel, and he has no authority to do so," was the reply. "We want you to stop him."

"Does he make the people who hear him worse than they were before?" inquired the justice.

"We don't know that he does," rejoined Mr. Morgan, "but he has no business preaching anyway."

"If he makes people no worse, in all probability he makes them better," said Mr. Hampton. "I will release him and let him try it again."

Near the present village of Terrell in Catawba County Asbury found a group of Methodists who had recently emigrated from Virginia, and here he

organized Rehoboth, the first Methodist Church west of the Catawba, which is still going strong today. The first building, a rough log structure with a shed on one side for Negroes, was erected in 1791.

It was here that the young circuit- rider met and married Nancy Morris, a devout young lady who was eminently fitted by birth and training to be a frontier preacher's bride.

Soon after settling in their new home, Nancy and her widowed mother had attended preaching services together with their neighbors, German immigrants who had preceded them to the banks of the Catawba. In the course of the sermon, Mrs. Morris became filled with spiritual joy, and gave vent to her emotion in a good old-fashioned Methodist shout. The congregation was paric-stricken; nothing like this had ever been heard in their midst before. With some difficulty they were finally convinced that the good lady was not suffering from a fit, and was in no danger of immediate death.

Before the church building was put up at Rehoboth, services were held in the grove in which it was later built. Sometimes the services lasted all day and part of the night. That religious phenomenon, the camp-meeting, was a direct outgrowth of these services.

In 1794 some of the leading members of this church decided to hold a meeting of several days' duration in the same grove. Conducted by Daneil Asbury, William McKendree (later bishop), Nicholas Walters, William Fulwood, and the noted Presbyterian preacher, Dr. James Hall, this was the first camp-meeting ever held. Some

have claimed that these gatherings originated in the Middle West, but, as a matter of fact, John McGee, Asbury's old associate, took the idea with him when he went west in 1799.

This first meeting was so successful (there were 300 conversions) that next year another was held at Bethel, another church on the Lincoln Circuit. The idea spread like wildfire; soon nearly every Methodist circuit; had its camp-ground where meetings were held annually, and the custom was widely followed by other denominations as well. In the beginning union meetings in which several denominations were represented were quite common. This was especially true of the Methodist and Presbyterians, as might have been expected considering that the first such meeting was joint undertaking of the two faiths. As time went on, the other denominations gradually dropped out, leaving the camp-meeting entirely to the Methodists.

Today there are still a couple of these ancient institutions in existence in North Carolina—Ball's Creek and Rock Springs. Rock Springs is a lineal descendant of the first meeting at Rehoboth. Moved first to Bether, thence to Robey's Church near Cataw-

ba Springs, in 1830 it was moved again to Rock Springs, where it has remained to this day.

While Daniel Asbury's name will always be remembered in connection with the camp-meeting, his other services were equally valuable. In later life he rode several circuits in North and South Carolina, and filled several appointments as Presiding Elder of various districts of the two states.

Even in his old age he never lost the flaming zeal which characterized his more vigorous years. In December of 1824, a few months before his death, he wrote his Conference a letter requesting to be superannuated. He closed with these words, "And if you, my brethren, in your wisdom, should think best not to superannuate me, you may dispose of me as the Lord directs. I think there is still room in the Catawba District for a missionary."

He died at his home in Lincoln County April 15, 1825, and is buried in the Rehoboth Cemetery. By a curious coincidence he was born on a Sunday, carried off by Indians on Sunday, returned to his father's home on Sunday, was converted on Sunday, and died on Sunday.

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The two most precious things this side the grave are our reputation and our life. But it is to be lamented that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of one, and the weakest weapon of the other. A wise man, therefore, will be more anxious to deserve a fair name than to possess it, and this will teach him so to live, as not to be afraid to die.—Colton.

# THEY ARE REAL "DEVIL DOGS"

By Gertrude S Carraway, in The State

The first canine "Devil Dogs," enlisted in military service only little more than a year ago but already proving valuable in the Pacific fighting, were trained at Camp Lejeune in Onslow County, under the direction of Capt. Jackson H. Boyd, USMCR, of Southern Pines.

For the first time in American annals, a trained war dog unit landed with marines on Bougainville Island, last major Japanese stronghold in the Solomons, and immediately lived up to the Leatherneck motto, "Always Faithful."

Six of these 24 dogs were officially cited for bravery. In letters of commendation written to their respective owners by Gen. Thomas Holcomb, former Commandant of the Marine Corps, it was stated that they were instrumental in saving the lives of many Marines. They were reported to have endured the hardships and dangers of the landings, ignored blistering gunfire and grenade explosions and carried out the missions for which they had been trained. All were promoted from first-class privates to corporals.

Caesar, a strapping, three-year-old German shepherd, was the first dog ashore on the initial Bougainville landings on Empress Augusta Bay last November 1, which incidentally were under the command of Maj. Gen. Hal Turnage, of Farmville, who recently received the Navy Cross for his gallant leadership there.

Trained as a messenger, Caesar became the only means of communication between "M" Company and

headquarters. For two days and nights he slipped through enemy fire and carried messages and maps. On the third night he sprang from a fox-hole just in time to prevent a Jap soldier from throwing a hand grenade. The dog was wounded but was given prompt medical attention and recovered to return to action.

Jack, a German shepherd assigned to the first-aid squad, carried a vital message after telephone lines had been cut despite a painful wound in his back. A Doberman pinscher, named Otto, flushed a Japanese machine gun nest, silently "pointing" just as a bird dog might for a covey of quail.

The sensitive ears of Rex, assigned to guard duty, picked up a strange noise. He warned his Leatherneck comrades, and, in the words of the official report, "deprived the enemy of the element of surprise when they attacked."

The keen sense of smell on the part of canines also served the fighting Marines in good stead when Andy, another Doberman, sniffed enemy snipers. The record shows that he "alerted" his patrol, with the result that they "scattered the enemy and saved many lives."

Official reports from the Pacific state that the dogs were "constantly employed during the operation of securing and extending the beachhead and proved themselves capable messengers, scouts and agents of night security."

The first dog to be kill by enemy action was Rollo, a Doberman pinsch-

er, which had just previously been promoted from private first-class to corporal.

Like other Marines, the dogs had to endure the hardships of living in uncovered foxholes during tropical storms, getting little sleep, eating reduced rations, and going on grueling marches. But, they made such excellent records on Bougainville that the Marine Corps has issued a formal call for more dogs.

Strategic military installations in many other parts of the world have also "gone to the dogs." The four-legged Marines walk their posts alertly on leashes held by rugged Leathernecks, who carry carbines in their other hands.

Behind this remarkable record is the story of the training given to the canines at the Marine Corps' only "Bow Wow Boot Camp," at Camp Lejeune. Although the war-dog training detachment was not started until January 1943, several platoons of animals have already gone into combat in the South Pacific area and many others are being trained for future assignments with the fighting Marines.

The most modern kennels and equipment possible are used at Camp Lejeune. Former pet dogs are enlisted voluntarily by their owners for the duration. There is no promise they will be returned after the war.

When application blanks are filled out for enlistments, with data as to birth, breed, sex, height and former training, the owners have to answer such questions as the following in the name of their dogs: "Are you nervous?" "Gun shy?" "Storm shy?" "Do you run away?" "Have you

lived in house or kennel, city or country?" "What is your attitude toward strangers?"

A recruit is isolated for several days in the sick bay upon his arrival at the dog camp. Every effort is made to eliminate any feeling of "homesickness." A complete physical examination is given him before he is turned over to the trainers.

His first duty is to get well acquainted with the two trainers assigned to his care, and then to learn to "heel." Quickly the dogs catch on to the meaning of the commands given to the men, and sometimes they can even anticipate their orders.

After about two weeks, the recruit is started in an attack class, at first from a leash. He is taught always to jump for the "pistol arm." During their three months or so at the boot camp the dogs get more than three weeks of "agitation" in the attack courses, but only a little of it each day. Another specialty they learn is how to guard prisoners.

While in training, the dogs begin work each day about 7:30 a. m. After brisk rub-downs, they go through exercises and close order drills. Often they are taken on long walks or runs, besides going through their routines at the training grounds. Their classes last about five hours a day, at intervals, for six days a week. One big meal a day is given them. This is served between 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The food ration weighs about four pounds, varying with the weight of the dog, and consists mainly of horse meat.

The dogs are taught principally to obey orders instantly. Their training inspires them to trust and protect



their two regular trainers but to suspect and attack strangers upon orders from the trainers. Persuasion, patience and firmness, rather than force or punishment, are the main instruction methods.

Official records are kept for each canine, with daily reports on aptitudes and progress. These service records will be permanently preserved. Before being assigned to combat duty, they must pass strict examinations and meet high standards.

"It might be said that a dog takes orders from a man while in training," it is explained by Captain Boyd, who has long been a master of fox hounds in Moore County, "but in active combat a man takes orders from his dog. After hard training in control and discipline, the dog learns to anticipate commands and his keener senses of sight, hearing and smell make him alert to danger before his human companions are aware of it."

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### FAITH

We all live by faith, for we are always on the borderland of the future. Each act is an act of faith, a feeling beforehand that the thing we are doing will bring results of some sort, and usually of all kind we expect; and the deeper this feeling is, the more certain are the results.

Man is put upon his own resources. If things are not just what you want, remember there is no one to blame except yourself. There are no mistakes except your own. The inharmony you feel is the inharmony you make. We are living in a universe of pure intelligence, infinite in power. It is creative in poverty or wealth, sickness or health, according to the dictates of our own selection.

There is no power on earth or heaven that can keep you from being happy and healthy. The difference between millionaire and beggar is not fate or fortune, birth, race, or previous conditions. It is brought about by right thinking.

We are bound by chains of our own ignorance, and our escape is not by struggle but by knowledge, and what we think and feel expresses itself in act or form. The only way mind can create is by thought. When you start anything, make up your mind that you have got to struggle to win; but keep this mind, you will win. Have your mind under control and think only constructively. See and state only what you desire, disregarding what you do not want.

Never dread tomorrow. Always keep your eye on today. Remember that perfection is your birthright. You were made to be a success—never a failure. Whatsoever you think, so be you. Anything that your mind can conceive, it can achieve. This is part of our life.—Carl De Lochte

# RUDYARD KIPLING

(Iowa Grand Lodge Bulletin)

Rudyard Kipling was born on December 30, 1865, in Bombay, India, and died in England, January 18, 1936. His passing brought to a close the life of a vivid and versatile writer, whose poetry and short stories have made his name known throughout the civilized world. His remains found a resting place in Westminster Abbey, London, where repose many who through the centuries have achieved greatness through the British Empire.

His father, John Lockwood Kipling, was for many years connected with schools of art in Bombay and Lahore, India, which accounts for Rudyard Kipling's birth in that country. Educated as a youth in England, he returned to India, and there at the age of seventeen years began his literary career as sub-editor of the Lahore Civil and Military Gazette. In 1886, at the age of twenty-one he published his first book, "Departmental Ditties," and the following year his "Plain Tales from the Hills" Fame soon came to this young writer, who created and wrote in a style all his own, and by 1890 his reputation was well established and each new work from his pen was a literary event.

Not many writers are equally at home in both prose and verse, and it is difficult to say in which field Kipling won his greatest distinction. The diversity and wealth of his powers are thus described by Archibald Henderson in his "Contemporary Immortals":

Few poets have possessed such universal appeal for all ages, classes, conditions, and nationalities. He was beloved by the man-in-the-street, appreciated by the scholar in his study; and although he is primarily a man's poet, he was scarcely less enjoyed by women than by men. Aside from the swing and rhythm of his verses, their power and passion carry their own convictions.

Kipling's songs and ballad first caught the ear of the multitude, but his prose writings have captured and held the heart of the world. The glow and color of his imagination illumines all his work, and the variety and richness of his fancy ranges over a widely diversified field of human experience and feeling. It is a far reach from the rough and ready anecdotes of the barracks to the delicate fantasy of "They"; from the magic wonderland of the Jungle to the simple and poignant pathos of "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep," but no arid stretches lie between.

There are battle, murder and sudden death, but the heroes of these tales of violence are human beings, even as we are, comic, tragic, and tender. Adventure, mystery, romance, the gaiety and tragedy of childhood and maturity are all set forth, and are alike illumined with the understanding and the simple veracity of art. Because he deals with the fundamental human verities, his work assumes the form of the verities themselves. Kipling see into the heart of mankind, and having seen, he portrays for a

world less penetrating of vision, the image of life itself.

Although Kipling did not receive appointment as poet Laureate of England, an honor which might deservedly have been his, he was awarded in 1907 the Nobel prize for literature, and a number of universities bestowed honorary degrees upon him. In 1907, he and Mark Twain journeyed together to Oxford to receive honorary degrees from that university. These two men were great friends and met upon numerous occasions.

In 1892, Kipling married Carolyn Balestier, an American woman from Vermont, and came to this country to live, building a home which he called "Naulhakia" at Brattleboro, Vermont, where he lived for a number of years. But the call of the fatherland was great, and early in the 1900's he returned to England, and took up his residence at "Bateman's," near the village of Burwash in Sussex, and there he lived with his family in quiet seclusion the remainder of his life.

Kipling was thus during his lifetime a resident of three continents, and his writings are naturally colored by this fact. But it is the life of his countrymen in India, and of the native Indians, to which the greatest and perhaps the best part of his writing is devoted, and the British soldier,

Tommy Atkins, so vividly and sympathetically portrayed in his writings, will probably never again find so sympathetic and understanding a portrayer.

All of Kiplings works are characterized by vigor, directness, and simplicity, and with these qualities he combined a high degree of literary skill. His noblest poem, "The Recessional," was written in honor of Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee, but the opening stanzas of this majestic song could appropriately be called a prayer for all nations:

"God of our fathers known of old—  
 Lord of our far-flung battle-line—  
 Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
 Dominion over palm and pine—  
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget, lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—  
 The captains and the kings depart—  
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,  
 An humble and a contrite heart.  
 Lord of Hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget, lest w forget!"

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Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, and its power of endurance. The cheerful man will do more in the same time, will do it better, will persevere in it longer, than the sad or sullen.—Carlyle.

## MORE CHAPLAINS NEEDED

By Dr. Robert D. Workman

The responsibility of the churches of America to make even greater sacrifices to see that sufficient spiritual ministry is supplied to the American men and women in service, wherever they might be, was emphasized by Capt. Robert D. Workman, director of the Chaplains' Division of the Navy, in addressing graduating classes of the Navy Chaplains' School at Williamsburg, Va. "We cannot let it be said," he remarked, "that our churches have failed in their job of furnishing chaplains to meet the constantly increasing spiritual needs of our fighting forces. This country is giving the best of everything to this war effort. It behooves the churches to see that the finest clergymen are sent to minister to these men of ours."

This statement is closely paralleled by an appeal made last fall by Brig. Gen. William R. Arnold, Chief of Chaplains of the United States Army, who declared in a press conference that it was far more important for men away from home in the armed services to have access to a spiritual adviser than for civilians to have a pastor when it is possible for civilians to make other emergency provisions.

The Navy's need for more chaplains is summarized by Capt. Workman in the following fashion: "Ships are still coming off the line in tremendous numbers, great carriers, cruisers, battleships, hospital ships, transports,

tenders—each with its complement of men—and each Commanding Officer will expect to have his chaplain. Recruits still pour into the great Naval Training Stations. The new landing-craft program gathers momentum. New hospitals are being erected. Increase in Marine Corps and Coast Guard personnel continue in an unbroken stream. It is up to our religious leaders to intensify their already magnificent effort, to prepare for even greater sacrifices of their clergy personnel, to co-operate in extending the services of civilian ministers for the home folk. They must meet the challenge of providing not only adequate, but the finest spiritual ministry for every man and woman in uniform."

The record of enlistments of National Lutheran Council pastors during the calendar year, 1943, is impressive. Ninety-seven men were appointed to Army chaplaincies and 101 to Navy chaplaincies during the year. While the Army need for chaplains is far greater than that of the Navy, it is pointed out that the chaplaincy needs are not directly proportionate to the total number of men in the two services, due to the smaller size of personnel units in the Navy. As long as men continue to be inducted into the armed forces of the United States, it is evident that the need will continue for additional good men to the chaplaincy service.

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A light heart lives long.—Shakespeare.

# THE SONG OF THE WREN

(World Horizons)

The day had been warm, and Praxiteles had worked hard in his thatched shed moulding with his long fingers the figure of a Grecian warrior. The sculptor was tired. He clapped his hands sharply, and a Nubian slave rushed in bearing a tray on which stood a silver dish full of sparkling water.

Praxiteles thrust his hands into the cool liquid and sighed. "It is good, Zephron," he said to the slave, "after the day's toil to wash the hands clean, and sit down and close one's eyes and rest. Take the water hence and bring me a bunch of purple grapes from the vine over our door. The sun of this hot day has sweetened them, I am sure. And, Zephron, yesterday I found the bird-bath empty, and my wren, the one who sings to me from the thatch of the roof, sat on the stone edge and fluttered her wings and chirped scoldingly. And, Zephron, what do you think of my statue?"

"It is wonderful, Master!" answered the slave. "It has the spirit of war in it. No man looking upon that face but would take up his sword and go forth to slay."

"So that is what my statue says!" said Praxiteles, sadly. "Well, know this, Zephron, I do not love war! War is the enemy of art, and, therefore, of beauty. I thank you, Zephron. You have given me a new light. I shall never finish this statue for the people of Cos!"

As the slave turned away, Praxiteles went slowly into his garden. He seated himself in a cool corner under a pear tree and closed his eyes, and

slowly munched the purple grapes. Only a stone wall separated the garden from the street beyond. Murmurs of voices came to him.

"Beyond the wall," said one voice, "dwells Praxiteles. You have seen his Satyr on the street of Tripods down in Athens. This man puts spirit into stone."

"You are right," said another; "the works of Praxiteles will live forever. Only last week I saw his Hermes. The beauty of that head will never leave me. It lives—it lives, and breaths, and smiles, and is warm, although the Parian marble of it is as cold as ice."

"Ah, you should see his statue of the goddess of love in Cnidus. What a wonder that is! Before it, all day long, stand men, women, and children feasting their eyes on its mysterious beauty. As I have said, Praxiteles has power to put into marble the very spirit itself."

Praxiteles smiled. "Perhaps!" he said. "Who knows? Just now I can only enjoy sitting here in the dusk with pear leaves over me, a ripe grape on my tongue, and the calm light stealing down the hills." As he mused, a little brown wren darted to the stone wall and ruffled her feathers, and sang her long, clear song.

"In your own way, a supreme artist!" smiled Praxiteles. "Through you beauty enters this old world. Sing on, my little brown friend. I, too shall sing tomorrow as I have sung today, only my song shall be in clay."

Just then a padding of bare feet

came from beyond the wall—then the clear twang of a bow string, and an arrow slid like a hissing snake toward the little wren. By a breath it missed the pretty throat, burying its head in the purple bark of an oak. Praxiteles sprang to his feet, stepped upon a bench, and peered over the wall into the street below. Three youthful faces smiled up at him.

"What do you do there with those bows?" cried Praxiteles. "Rash youngsters, you nearly killed my wren!"

"How nearly?" cried one. "Did I miss the bird by more than a finger's breadth?"

Praxiteles rubbed his smooth chin. "I see," he said. "Because you have bows and arrows, you must take life!"

"Are they not for that purpose?" laughed the youths. "Come, Master, answer the question."

"For no other," replied Praxiteles. "And yet life is sweet, my little friends, and comes out of a greater thought than ours. Could you make a new wren for me as easily as you could destroy the old?"

The youths looked startled. "Oh Master," replied one, "who could make a new wren?"

"Exactly," said Praxiteles; "not even I, who can fashion a wren out of marble, but not beyond. My bird would never sing."

Praxiteles was thinging fast. "But listen!" he said to the youths, "I have a thought; perhaps you will not despise it, my lads. In my studio is a clay statue of the god of war. I am making it to stand in the great square. It is nearly ready to be cast into bronze, but you shall have it—you and your friends. Tomorrow at this hour it shall stand on this street corner, a

very worthy mark for your keen arrows. Against its clay shield you may shoot to your heart's content." The youths lifted a shout of joy and ran off, twanging their bowstrings.

Seated himself once more and munched his rich grapes one by one, waiting for his wren to sing again.

The next day found workmen rearing the statue at the corner of the street. All day they labored in the heat, and men passing by paused to wonder at the beauty and strength the sculptor had moulded into that lump of clay. "Only a divine one could do it," muttered the Senator as he passed along. Another said, Praxiteles has gone mad; the sun will bake and ruin this priceless work of art."

One passerby, more fearful than the rest, ran to the house of Eusebius and said, "Master, command Praxiteles to protect his great statue of the god of war. It is not right that rains should ruin it, and even now the sun has sent a long crack down the priceless surface of the shield. Command him to cease destroying what what is no longer his, since all things beautiful belong to mankind, and not to any individual."

"I shall command him," answered Eusebius, as he followed his informer into the narrow street. But when they reached the corner, a hundred youths were already there, and a hundred arrows were poised against drawn strings ready to be loosed.

"Hold!" cried Eusebius. "Wouldst thou destroy the priceless work of a great Master?"

Praxiteles, his elbows leaning on the top of the stone wall, smiled down at the excited group. "Suffer them to shoot, Eusebius," he said calmly. "The shield of the god of war is a

worthy target. Let the young men make war on war, and, perchance, there will be no more war."

"Treason!" shouted Eusebuis. "Without war, what safety would there be for any of us?"

"And with war we are forever in dire peril," laughed Praxiteles. "Friend Eusebuis, I can understand war with an enemy of the human race, but war with the human race is war with ourselves—that, I cannot understand. And since I cannot understand it, I shall have no part in it. Hence I have set this statue of war on the corner to be destroyed. And so, since that lump of clay is still mine, I say to the youths, 'Make its shield your target. Make war on war! Loose the strings, that I may see the end of this ignoble work of mine!'"

With a shout the young men drew their bows to their shoulders and loosed the strings with a twang like that of a battlefield. A hundred arrows quivered into the half-hard clay,

and the statue crumpled into broken bits, its beauty vanishing under the arrowheads of war.

"Zephron," said Praxiteles an hour later, "take four slaves and gather up the broken clay and put it into my mositening tub. Out of it tomorrow I shall fashion a god of love for the good people of Cos—a god of love in clay and bronze. Ah, Zephron, only the Master Sculptor, whose hand I see working, but whose face I have never seen, can give life to His clay. I can only make an image of life. And yet I smile, Zephron, because they who spurn the beggar, that incomparable living master-piece, gape and gawk all day before my clay and marble.

"And, Zephron, is there another bunch of grapes for tomorrow's supper? In the clamor of the street, I lost the song of my wren. Tomorrow she will sing again, and I shall close my eyes and dream out there in the dusk under my pear tree."

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## THE VALUE OF TIME

One of the most important lessons to be learned by every man who would get on in his calling is the art of economizing his time. A celebrated Italian was wont to call his time his estate; and it is as true of this as of other estates of which the young come into possession, that it is rarely prized till it is nearly squandered; and then, when life is fast waning, they begin to think of spending the hours wisely and even of husbanding the moments. Unfortunately habits of indolence, once firmly fixed, cannot be suddenly thrown off, and the man who has wasted the precious hours of life's seedtime finds that he cannot reap a harvest in life's autumn. It is a truism which cannot be too often repeated, that lost wealth may be replaced by industry, lost knowledge by study, lost health by temperance or medicine, but lost time is gone forever.—Mathews.

## NEW JERSEY HOME OF MANY FIRSTS

By J. Joseph Gribbins

New Jersey is a land of "firsts," according to the New Jersey Council, the State's advertising agency, with Thomas A. Edison, famous inventor, leading the parade of inventive genius from various areas within its borders down the centuries to better things.

The first incandescent lamp, the first phonograph, the first motion picture and the first electric railway were presented to the world by Edison from New Jersey. The first flexible photographic film was made in New Jersey by Hannibal Goodwin. The first submarine was built by John Holland of Passaic County, and now reposes in a public museum at Paterson.

The first Indian reservation was established on August 29, 1758 when the New Jersey Legislature appropriated 1,600 acres of land in Evesham Township Burlington County. The first locomotive that actually pulled a train on a track was a steam locomotive built by John Stevens, October 23, 1824, at Hoboken. The first china for restaurant use was made by the Greenwood Pottery Company here in 1862.

The first road sheet asphalt pavement was laid in Newark in 1870 by Professor E. J. Smedt. The first

balloon flight in America was one of 45 minutes made by Francis Blanchard, on January 9, 1793 at Woolbury in the presence of George Washington. The first smokeless gunpowder was developed by Hudson Maxim and Robert Schupphans in 1890 in New Jersey. The first national historical park was created at Morristown by ex-president Herbert Hoover in 1933. The first airplane passenger service was inaugurated at Atlantic City on May 3, 1919.

The first pheasant was liberated in New Jersey in 1790 by Richard Bache, son-in-law of Benjamin Franklin, near Beverly. The first American flag from an American loom was made in Paterson by John Rule. The first Episcopal Church in America was built in Perth Amboy in 1689 and is still in use. The first mail via rocket was sent from Greenwood Lake 150 yards into New York State in 1936.

Roselle, Union County, was the first town in the world to use electric street lights in 1882. The first ferry service in the world was operated between Hoboken and Manhattan in 1811. The first cut nails made in the United States were manufactured at Medford.

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All anger is not sinful, because some degree of it, and on some occasion, is inevitable. But it becomes sinful and contradicts the rule of Scripture when it is conceived upon slight and inadequate provocation, and when it continues long.—Paley



## INSTITUTION NOTES

Randolph Ammons, of Cottage No. 5, was allowed to go to his home in Lumberton last Saturday, because of a death in the family.

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Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have just completed several large wagon bodies. They have been nicely painted and are ready for use.

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One day last week, some of the members of our outside forces engaged in what was probably the last hog-killing of the season. Ten fine porkers were butchered. Some of the meat was issued to the cottages and the remainder placed in cold storage.

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William Walker, of Cottage No. 11, was taken to Concord last Monday morning, wher Dr. R. B. Rankin removed his tonsils. He returned to the School the same day, and was placed in our infirmary. According to the latest report coming to this office, William is getting along very nicely.

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Mr. W. W. Johnson, our school principal, reports the winners of the Barnhardt Prize, for the quarter ending March 31, 1944, as follows:

First Grade—Jesse Peavy and Woodrow Ewing, highest in citizenship; Second Grade—Robert Gaylor and Melvin Fowler, best readers; Third Grade—William Andrews, Robert Bluester and Thomas Sessions, best in arithmetic; Fourth Grade—William Whistnant and Charles Ledford, best spellers; Fifth Grade—Robert Buchanan, highest general average, Joseph McKinney, most improve-

John McLean and Fred Jones, best in arithmetic: Seventh Grade—Roger Reid and Arthur Beal, highest average in arithmetic; Eighth Grade—James Chavis and Marshall Hunt, greatest general improvement.

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Clyde A. Bristow, who was a lino-type operator in our printing class more than seventeen years ago, continues to write us at frequent intervals. For a number of years he has operated a huge transfer truck for the Roadway Express Company, and lives in Winston-Salem. His duties take to various parts of the United States, and whenever he runs across a picture post-card which he thinks we might add to our collection, he send it to us. He and his wife have two fine children, and quite often Clyde sends us snap-shots of the youngsters, which was the case when he wrote us the other day. His letter reads in part, as follows:

“Dear Mr. Godown: Have been very busy recently. Only last week-end I left here with a truck-load of cigarettes and went to New York. After spending a night there, loaded a government load for Detroit. Now the road to Detroit in the old days used to be a rough trip, but this time I went up to Harrisburg, Pa., and just a dozen or so miles outside the city made the Pennsylvania Turnpike. This is a road that is really beautiful, with plenty of fine scenery to spare. Of course, there was snow but this only enhanced the beauty of the silent sentinels along the way. On this pike the road is dual and we drive right up to the side of the mountain—and

right under it. Yes, sir. Seven big tunnels right through these big fellows. We made in ten hours the trip that used to take from sixteen to eighteen.

"We made Pittsburgh in time for lunch. More snow. Left the Smoky City at 1 p. m. Then came the rolling mountain roads, and we were up and down for several hours. Had our supper at Norwalk, Ohio, that night and took in a show. Later we "took off" again, and at 9 a. m. the following morning we were delivering the load at its destination. That afternoon we rested. Came back to the dispatcher's office at 6 p. m. and found that our truck had been re-loaded and was scheduled to go to Charlotte, N. C. Left at 7 p. m. Came out of Detroit to Toledo, Ohio.

"Southbound again—and more snow. Through West Virginia, and on "Flat-top" today its snowy weather. After leaving Blue Ridge and getting into Mount Airy, N. C., weather was more home-like again. The sun was shining and it was warm.

"Arrived home late Saturday night and saw that everyone had made plans for Easter. Eggs, 'n cake and the ice-box filled with prepared delicacies for tomorrow. After church tomorrow I shall take off again—headed for New York.

"Meanwhile, all of us are here and in the best of health. Have started a garden. Onions already up. Cucumbers, turnips and beets planted. Plan to grow and can everything possible again this year. Children are healthy and growing like weeds.

"Well, Mr. Godown, the wife and I send our very best wishes, and do let us hear from you some of these days.

Our best regards also to Messrs. Fisher, Johnson, White, Liske and the rest. Sincerely, The Clyde Bristow's."

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The service last Sunday afternoon consisted of a special Easter program, under the direction of Mrs. C. E. Thomas, with Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, as guest speaker. After the boys and members of the staff were seated in the auditorium, a vested choir, consisting of about twenty boys, marched in and took their places upon the stage. Decorations appropriate to the Easter season added much to the beauty of the scene.

To open the program, the entire assemblage joined in singing the Doxology and a hymn. This was followed by a number by the choir. Gerald Johnson then recited an appropriate Easter selection, after which Robert Gaylor rendered a vocal solo. After another number by the choir, Rev. Mr. Summers spoke to the boys on the subject, "The Resurrection." Following the singing of the closing hymn, he also pronounced the benediction. The entire program was fine, and the lads taking part, as well as those who trained and directed them are to be commended for the fine manner in which the old, old Easter story was portrayed.

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Summers told the boys while it was an old story, the Resurrection itself was ever new—just as new and true today as it was 1900 years ago. Jesus Christ came forth from the tomb just as genuinely as anybody ever arose from the dead, or arose from sleep. There was no doubt that Jesus was really dead, for the Roman

soldiers made the test, and found that life had departed from his body. He died voluntarily that we might live.

There can not be life without death, said the speaker, and he illustrated the truth of this statement by calling attention to the works of nature in the springtime. We see the leaves on the trees. They are beautiful and fresh because the ones that were on there last year died and dropped off. We sow wheat in the fall. The little grains which are placed into the soil must die before the new blade comes up and finally develops into a stalk which bears grain. If the seeds did not die, they would never sprout. We get beautiful flowers from a bulb, but first the old bulb must die before new life shows itself and the beautiful bloom appears. All of which shows that death must come before there can be a resurrection.

After Christ died, continued the speaker, the power of God caused his spirit to live again. He walked out of the tomb, although he had been dead for three days, because he had conquered death. While nature itself causes plants to live again, it cannot cause a dead body to become alive. The spirit of God alone can make it possible for men to live again in the world hereafter. Man may live today in sin, but if he comes to know God his sins will be forgiven, and at the great

resurrection day will arise and live eternally with Jesus and with God.

Rev. Mr. Summers told the boys that since Jesus rose on the first day of the week, Christians observe Sunday as a weekly reminder of the great sacrifice Jesus made for men, and to make us realize that only through the Master will it be possible for us to live again.

The speaker called attention to the question which the jailer asked Paul and Silas, "What must I do to be saved?" and Paul's answer was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved, and thy house." While this incident occurred hundreds of years ago, we of today must accept that answer if we expect to enjoy the life beyond the grave. It doesn't mean that we are to make a joke of it, but to truly mean it and live that way. There is no half-way business in right living. We must give ourselves whole-heartedly to God if we are to be saved.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Summers told the boys that if we really believe on Jesus we must not be afraid to trust him to guide us through the storms of life. If we live right we shall not be afraid to put our faith in Christ to lead us when the time comes for us to go out into the great beyond—where we have never been nor know just what is in store for us.

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It is all very well to tell me that a young man has distinguished himself by a brilliant first speech. He may go on, or he may be satisfied with his first triumph; but show me a young man who has not succeeded at first, and nevertheless has gone on, and I will back that young man to do better than most of those who have succeeded at the first trial.—C. J. Fox.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending April 9, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

James Benton  
Charles Blakemore  
William Burnett  
Chauncey Gore  
Lee Hollifield  
Leonard McAdams  
Charles Pearson  
David Prevatte  
Weaver F. Ruff  
James Stamper  
Harry Wilson

## COTTAGE No. 1

Ralph Bailey  
Richard Billings  
Eugene Bowers  
James Buckaloo  
George Cox  
Marion Cox  
Donald Carland  
Jack Gray  
Howard Hall  
Roy Jones  
John Love  
Preston Lockamy  
Harold McKinney  
Amos Myers  
William Poteat  
Carlton Pate  
David Swink  
James Shell  
Floyd Puckett  
Warren Harlan  
Donald Redwine

## COTTAGE No. 2

Charles Byrd  
Cecil Caldwell  
Fred Coats  
Rudy Hardy  
Joseph McKinney  
John McLean  
Hayes Powell  
Jesse Peavy  
William Penninger  
John Pritchard  
Jack Ray  
James Sneed  
Kermit Wright  
Ezzel Stansbury

## COTTAGE No. 3

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 4

Everett Benfield  
William Brooks  
Clyde Brown  
Robert Blackwelder  
J. B. Carroll  
John Fine  
Clyde Godfrey  
Jeter Green  
Robert Hogan  
James Parker  
Lewis Sawyer  
Edgar Shell  
Roy Swink  
John Smith  
Walter Thomas  
William C. Willis  
Paul Stone  
James Linebarrier  
Lawrence Walker

## COTTAGE No. 5

Cecil Bennett  
Thomas Barnes  
Earl Brigman  
Lawrence Hopson  
McKeever Horne  
Brady Tew  
William Walls  
Robert Wilkins

## COTTAGE No. 6

Horace Collins  
J. C. Cayton  
Craven Callahan  
Horace Foster  
Keith Futch  
Earl Gilmore  
Robert Gaylor  
Donald Griffie  
William Hawkins  
Everett Gallion  
Sanford McLean  
George Mann  
Robert Peavy  
Lawrence Temple  
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 7

David Brooks  
 Max Brown  
 William Doyle  
 Herschell Duckworth  
 Charles Edwards  
 Wallace Foster  
 Donald Grimstead  
 Ned Metcalf  
 Marshall Prestwood  
 Marion Todd

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Thomas Brannon  
 Riley Denny  
 James Eller  
 Edward Guffey  
 John Hill  
 Thomas Ingram  
 Charles McClenney  
 Charles Pittman  
 Charles Redmond  
 William Ussery  
 Glenn Wilcox  
 J. B. Wilson

COTTAGE No. 10

Paul Alphin  
 Gaston Carteret  
 Calvin Davis  
 Robert Holbert  
 Alfred Lamb  
 Carlton Morrison  
 Gerald McCullum  
 Ralph Nelson  
 E. C. Stamey  
 Brice H. Thomas  
 Jack Williams

COTTAGE No. 11

Roland Brooks  
 Robert Buchanan  
 Wilton Barfield  
 William Guffey  
 Alvin Helton  
 Paul Matthews  
 Robert Moose  
 Clyde Rhodes  
 Leon Rose  
 Robert Yow

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

William Andrews  
 Robert Caudle  
 Ervin Ewing  
 Woodrow Ewing  
 Eugene Frasier  
 Eugene Graham  
 Dexter Goard  
 Homer Johnson  
 Paul Painter  
 Vernon Rinehardt  
 Dwight Murphy

COTTAGE No. 14

Everett Bowden  
 Raymond Davis  
 John Holder  
 Roy Monoley  
 Troy Morris  
 Samuel Pritchett  
 Bruce Sawyer  
 Grover Shuler  
 Jerry Smith  
 Lester Williams  
 Theodore Young

COTTAGE No. 15

George Brown  
 Jack Benfield  
 Robert Bluester  
 Houston Berry  
 James Cantrell  
 David Lewis  
 Robert Myers  
 Hilton Reed  
 Roger Reid  
 Dewey Smith  
 Olin Wishon

INDIAN COTTAGE

James Chavis  
 Peter Chavis  
 Allen Hammond  
 Alton Hammond  
 Marshall Hunt  
 Hudell Jacobs  
 Carl Lochlear  
 Sam Lochlear  
 W. C. MrManus

INFIRMARY

Odell Cecil



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APR 28 1944

# THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XXXII

CONCORD

No. 16

## THE LITTLE THINGS

In the present day of rush and drive there is serious danger of giving way to the temptation that we have not time to devote to the little duties of being thoughtful and kind. Not everyone who needs a cup of cold water is calling out to the world. The little pauses we make by the way are not wasted time. A word of sympathy, some little act that shows a friendly interest, may help the next hour to move more lightly and swiftly. And it is one of the most beautiful compensations in this life that no man can sincerely try to help another without helping himself.—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY  
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND  
INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## A BOY'S "BILL OF RIGHTS"

Former President Herbert Hoover has long made his influence a power for good in helping underprivileged boys, through his work in behalf of the Boys' Club of America. Boys of all creeds and races are helped into citizenship and into character. Mr. Hoover recently gave to the whole nation what he calls the "Bill of Rights for Boys." Here they are:

1. Like everybody else, a boy has a right to the pursuit of happiness.
2. He has a right to play so that he may stretch the imagination and prove his prowess and skill.
3. He has a right to the constructive joys of adventure, and thrills that are a part of an open life.
4. He has a right to affection and friendship.
5. He has a right to the sense of security in belonging to some group.
6. He has a right to health protections that will make him an inch taller than his dad.
7. He has a right to the education and training that will amplify his own natural bents.
8. He has a right to accept the obligations of citizenship in a democracy—perhaps the greatest right a boy or anyone else, can have.

—The Evangelical Messenger.

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## CONCORD TAKES A FORWARD STEP

On Easter Monday evening under the direction and sponsorship of a group of interested parents, the "Done A Roamin' Club" for the members of Concord High School student body was opened. This "Teen Age" club is located in a building donated by Miss Helen Marsh, of this city. The club is to be directed by a committee of students chosen by all the pupils of the high school, with a steering committee of adults in the background.

One of the big needs of Concord is a definite program of supervised and directed play for its young people. So far the funds

necessary for conducting such a program have not been available. To serve as a stop-gap this club was organized. It is the hope of many persons that an outgrowth of this initial step after the war will be a complete program during the entire year and not for just the summer months as we have today, this program to be sponsored and supported by city funds, with trained personnel as directors.

Never in the history of our country has there been a greater need for directed activities for our youth. The age of modern appliances in the home has done away with most of the chores performed by the youth of former years, so that today our boys and girls have more "spare time" than any similar group has ever had. So long as we can give the youth something constructive and wholesome to do so long will they grow up to be the men and women we want them to be. The old saying, "An idle mind is the devil's workshop" is as true of young people as of older folks. They must be given something to do that is worthwhile and entertaining or else they will find things for themselves that may eventually make trouble for them and for society.

The citizens of Concord, especially the parents, should get behind this civic enterprise with all the "push" they can command and help to meet the needs of our boys and girls by making this venture a success. Let's all give it our moral as well as physical support so that we can provide for our youth today the things that will make them the leaders of tomorrow.—J. M.

\* \* \* \* \*

### W. W. JOHNSON RESIGNS ·

The time comes when the best of friends must part. We only know people by close contact, and at the same time learn to esteem them. After reviewing W. W. Johnson's long period of service—twenty-eight years—more than twenty of which were spent as principal of the school department of Jackson Training School, we have every reason to believe that this employee understands boy's problems, especially those of delinquent boys. He is a son of Mecklenburg County, but has lived so much of his life in Cabarrus that we feel he is one of us.

After receiving his early school training in the public schools of his native county, he attended for three years the Mount Pleasant

Collegiate Institute, where he finished with honors. Mr. Johnson has also had experience in military tactics. He belongs to the American Legion. He received his military training in the Central Officers' Training Camp at Camp Gordon, Georgia, and was there at the time the Armistice was signed in 1918.

We feel safe in saying that during Mr. Johnson's wide experience as teacher he touched the lives of many boys, and gave them a vision of the worthwhile things in life. He did not teach all of the boys, but his position as principal of the school department made it possible for him to wield an influence that is widespread.

Despite the fact that it is hard to part with old friends, we are happy to announce that Mr. Johnson will engage in business with a firm in Concord, and we wish him success in his new venture. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson will continue to reside in their home near the Jackson Training School, where, as formerly, they will be glad to receive their friends.

\* \* \* \* \*

### JAMES BUCHANAN

James Buchanan, fifteenth President of the United States, was born on April 23, 1791, at Mercersburg, Pa. He met all requirements as a lawyer, congressman, minister to Russia and England, United States Senator and secretary of state in Polk's cabinet. In three Democratic conventions he received votes as the party's candidate for President, but was not nominated and elected until 1856. This was a critical period in the nation's affairs, calling for a man of deep-rooted opinions and determined character. Buchanan was conservative but opposed to slavery. He believed that the North's interference with the South's local affairs would provoke serious trouble. His cabinet was divided in its sympathies and Buchanan seemed to lack the will-power to make a definite stand. When the war broke Buchanan reorganized his cabinet with men of strong opinions and character, and from then on he displayed greater firmness in handling vital questions affecting the Union.

He died, June 1, 1868. Except Andrew Johnson, who succeeded Abraham Lincoln (Johnson was a Democrat in the South but a strong Union man elected on the Republican ticket with Lincoln.) Buchanan was the last Democratic President until Cleveland's elec-

tion in 1884. Intervening Presidents were Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield and Arthur.

\* \* \* \* \*

### BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY

When we feel inclined to speak of another's faults, our tongues would remain silent if we would only remember that we, too, have faults. The hand upraised to toss a stone would drop to our side if to our mind came the realization that the house in which we live is built of glass and might very easily be shattered. If speaking of those who sin is to be the chief topic of conversation, it would be far better to consider ourselves, and start from that point.

What right have we to judge a man until he has had a fair trial? If we do not especially like his company, it is not necessary for us to associate with him. This is a large world, with plenty of room for all. Of course, men have faults, the old as well as the young, but that does not give us the right to pass judgment. An inventory of our own shortcomings may reveal that the faults of our neighbors are hopelessly outnumbered.

Here's a pretty good rule to observe. When we are obsessed with the desire to speak ill of another, be he friend or foe, we should pause and consider the extent of the injury our words might cause that person. While it is true that we may say little, yet that little could be the means of bringing harm to one whom we hardly know. It is possible we may have been prejudiced by something we heard about him, never stopping to consider whether or not it was true before repeating it. Curses, like chickens, sometimes come home to roost, therefore, it is safer to refrain from speaking of another's faults until we are sure we have none of our own. When speaking of others, let something good be said.

\* \* \* \* \*

### BIRTHDAY OF MOVIE INDUSTRY

April 14th marked the 50th anniversary of the first movie theater opening. And the occasion incidentally served to bolster the truism that it doesn't take genius to make money —and vice versa.

For it wasn't Thomas A. Edison, the inventor, who gathered in the

first public coin from "Kinetoscope." It was an enterprising, now forgotten man named Lombard, who rented ten of the peep-show gadgets from Edison, set them up in a New York shoe shop, and charged passers-by a quarter a peep on this April evening to pay for his dinner, and collected \$120.00 for the cinema's impromptu world premiere performance.

Meanwhile, Edison's lawyer urged the inventor to patent his kinetoscope in Europe. When told it would cost \$150.00, however, the Wizard of Menlo Park replied, "It isn't worth it."

—Concord Daily Tribune.

\* \* \* \* \*

### A WORSHIPFUL ATTITUDE

No two people think alike. The viewpoints of individuals relative to church architecture and the furnishings necessary to make those who come for worship feel they are in "God's Holy Temple," depend altogether upon early training and environment. There should not be a mixing of the holy of holies with the materialistic things of the world. To those who are trained to accept with reverence the church in its entirety comes a jolt when such pictures as described in the following are presented:

The destroyer escort in the arms of the Virgin Mary, as depicted in a stained glass window for a U. S. Navy chapel in Norfolk, will be replaced by the figure of the Christ Child. Wilbur Herbert Burnham, designer of the window, states that "because the theme of the window has offended certain church groups," it will be modified. The original idea for the window was given to Mr. Burnham "by the chaplain then in charge of this particular chapel," he states. "I personally feel that the idea we endeavored to express was misinterpreted."



# PIGEONS OVER CAROLINA

By W. C. Allen, in *The State*

Lest somebody may think, from the title of this story, that an Annanias tale is in the making, I shall draw a parallel from Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia about pigeons, page 215, of Volume 11-p. Here is an amazing statement:

"Two billion pigeons in one flock is a big bird story but nevertheless a true one. Less than a century ago such a sight was common throughout North America; for the wild passenger pigeon (or wood pigeon) was often seen in flocks 200 miles long, and it was found nesting in such enormous numbers that over a 150,000 acre tract of forest, 50 to 100 nests could be counted in a single tree. It is said that the noise of these flocks could be heard for a distance of three miles, and that thick branches often broke with the weight of the roosting birds."

Reads almost like a story from the pen of Baron Munchausen, doesn't it? But one of these two-billion-pigeon flocks was seen in North Carolina during the early years of the nineteenth century, if reports can be believe. At least one eye-witness of this amazing sight was contacted by this writer. He told me a most wonderful tale about the migration of a 200-mile-long flock of pigeons as it was starting out from a resting place for a fight further north. It occurred in Halifax County near the banks of the Roanoke River about the year 1830.

Uncle William Aaron, my mother's brother, gave me some details of this marvelous flight during the 'nineties

when he was about 85 years old. He was a hunter of the Daniel Boone type, except his hobby was deer instead of bear. In one season, according to his record, he bagged 60 deer.

It was in 1830 he said, when he saw the immense flock of wild passenger pigeons flying so close together that the sun at midday was darkened and a weird shadow enveloped the earth. The birds were flying in tiers of several birds deep and in a gang hundreds of yards wide. So close were they to the ground that men went about with long fishing poles and knocked them down. People had pigeons for breakfast for three days the flock was passing over. The flesh of a fat pigeon was delicious, it was said.

One day, the old hunter said, thousands of the flock alighted late in the afternoon in the trees of a forest nearby to spend the night. The next morning the ground under the trees was covered with dead birds. He described the pigeons. They were about seventeen inches long from the tip of the bill to the end of the tail; of a bluish gray color on the back and a dim reddish color on the breast. The wings and tail were long and pointed. On account of the reddish under color the bird was often spoken of as the red-breasted pigeon. They fed upon fruits, seeds, grain, and nuts. When they alighted for feeding, the fields were stripped in a few minutes of everything they could eat.

After spending the night, the flock, as though with perfect understand-

ing, took flight and was soon out of sight, but another one was coming into view. It took about three days for the two-billion-pigeon flock to pass a given place, flying only between the rising and the setting of the sun. It was fun, the old hunter said, to beat them down with fishing poles, and then enjoy the fat birds when brought to the breakfast table cooked to a turn.

For many years afterwards, the grett flight of the pigeons was spoken of in the neighborhood as the most astonishing thing that ever happened. While the occurrence did not mark anything of special note more than the event itself, it was remembered for many years.

One of the strangest parts about the episode is that it apparently took place only once, because I have been unable to find any information which might indicate that this migration on such a tremendous scale was an annual event. Perhaps the leaders among the birds were endeavoring to open up new territory and decided to take a look at this part of the country.

No night flights were attempted. The birds settled down to rest as dusk approached. They probably spent part of the early evening and morning in foraging around for food, preparatory to starting off on the next lap of their journey. If they were all

heading for one destination, the people living in that locality certainly must have seen a most interesting sight.

It is now said that there is not a single living passenger pigeon in the whole world. The fact that there were billions of them in existence at one period and their sudden disappearance at another has thrown around the matter a mystery that has never been solved. It is thought by some people that the great slaughter of the birds in their last flight from the state and nation caused the complete disappearance of the species. That is probably true.

Some years ago when it began to be apparent that the passenger pigeon was about to become extinct, attempts were made to preserve the species. Great numbers were caught alive and placed in the zoological gardens throughout the country; but still the number diminished. At last, the species died out, the last one of the captives—an old, old bird—died in the zoological garden in Cincinnati in 1914. For years afterwards a prize of \$1,000 was offered for a pair of the birds, but it remained unclaimed. No other live birds of that species could ever be found. Thus we see a species of more than a billion birds becoming extinct within a period of a hundred years.

---

The races of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. We cannot exist without mutual help. All therefore that need aid have a right to ask it from their fellow-men; and no one who has the power of granting can refuse it without guilt.—Sir Walter Scott.

# THE PLEDGE OF SPRINGTIME

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

The red bird flits across the landscape to the delight of the onlookers; the bluebird sits perched on the limb of a tree whose bareness displays both the blueness of the bird and the beauty of form and symmetry belonging to the tree; the twittering of the mockingbird tells that mating time has come and there are materials handy for making the snug home for the nestlings; the crocus has pushed up through the brown sod and spread patches of gold here and there.

A mighty force is surging in nature to keep her pledge of springtime and seed time. Silently nature moves onward bringing bud and blossom and fruit. No matter if man is bent to kill and destroy, no matter if man mars and scars the beauty of earth, **there is a power that heals and restores, a rejuvenating power that brings laughter and joy that holds our humanity to the finer things of life—the true and beautiful.**

The nations have set themselves in line of battle, from every point of the compass they march; they march around with the cruelest weapons that intelligence and skill can contrive; they fight with vicious strength to hold a nation's soil, a nation's customs, a nation's ideals and a nation's resources, each nation seeking her own gain, although certain nations are confederated.

But education and scientific advancement have made the people of the world acquainted, and men, and women and children have as household words the names of those from all nations who have spent themselves

lavishly to make a contribution to **humanity regardless of nationality.**

In these latter days people are refreshing their memories concerning national policies and government enactments. Through the freedom of the press and freedom of speech, the majority have an unusual opportunity to throw aside prejudice and injustice and become a decided factor in a new world that extends the four freedoms beyond the confines of one nation unto the boundaries of many nations that all may learn the good neighbor policy.

Even a world war may bring men into contacts that result in a deeper respect and admiration of one group for other groups.

Despite the atrocities of the battle front, men are growing more tolerant, and more interested in the achievements of those on the outside of a prescribed group.

More and more frequently are men and women of different races, and cultures and creeds brought together on the same platform and given an opportunity for an expression of their opinions.

With an ever increasing momentum **individuals and societies are concerned** beyond one's own, even unto the outer rim of the universe that every one of every nation may receive the good things of earth and be included in the wide bond of world brotherhood.

These forces for world brotherhood are moving from many directions and are as persistent as those that bring springtime and seed time and autumn and harvest.



# FOR A' THAT

(Charity & Chidren)

Robert Burns, in his poem, "Is There For Honest Poverty," declared that "a man's a man for a' that." In his estimation a man was a man because of what he was rather than the amount of money he possessed. He dreamed of a time when man to man the world over should "brithers be and a' that." We have come a long way in North Carolina toward that idea. We like to think of having seen Dr. William Louis Poteat, president of Wake Forest College, and Mr. Pratt, the barber, sitting in the same pew at church. They were perfectly comfortable sitting side by side. People of North Carolina are individuals and will not bunch into social and financial bundles. That is not altogether true of the Negroes of North Carolina. We think that we have approached the "for a' that" attitude more nearly than has been done in other sections. We know there are differences between Negroes. We know that some are good and some are bad; some are learned and some are ignorant, but we have not gotten completely away from the very undemocratic attitude of tying them all up in one bundle and calling

them "niggers." We do think though that great progress in the right direction is being made. We make the colossal mistake that Germany has made in bunching all Jews together. Germany makes no distinction between Einstein and the most ignorant and unscrupulous member of the Jewish race. Like all other people, some Jews are good, some are bad, and some are different. We are not willing yet to say in connection with the Jew "for a' that." The same thing holds true with the Chinese, Japanese and members of other races within our borders. We hope that out of this war will come a recognition of the individual so that there may be in deed and in truth a democracy in the world. And even now may we join in the prayer of the Scotch poet:

"Then let us pray (that come it  
may  
As come it will for a' that)  
That sense and worth o'er a' the  
earth  
Shall bear the gree an' a' that,  
For a' that an' a' that,  
It's comin' yet for a' that,  
That man to man the world o'er  
Shall brithers be for a' that."

---

As a general rule, people who flagrantly pretend to anything are the reverse of that which they pretend to. A man who sets up for a saint is sure to be a sinner, and a man who boasts that he is a sinner is sure to have some feeble, maudlin, snivelling bit of saintship about him which is enough to make him a humbug.—Bulwer.

# THE IMPORTANCE OF EARLY DIAGNOSIS

(Sanatorium Sun)

Prevention is a more powerful weapon than treatment in the control of tuberculosis. Treatment is essential, of course, but early diagnosis is the most important factor in dealing successfully with this disease.

April is the month of the Early Diagnosis Campaign. During this month each year since 1928, the National Tuberculosis Association has used many forms of publicity to emphasize the value of routine X-ray examinations in the control of tuberculosis. Sanatorium magazines have been urged to take part in the Campaign because it is recognized that the person undergoing treatment can speak with authority on the value of an early diagnosis in the treatment of tuberculosis.

People cannot be expected to recognize fatigue as having the remotest connection with tuberculosis. Even a physician cannot be expected to recognize tuberculosis in its early stages without a through examination, including a chest X-ray. The X-ray can be relied upon to find a tuberculous infection of the lungs long before signs of the disease can be detected by stethoscope. X-ray is the only sure way of knowing whether lungs are healthy or diseased.

Any person who waits for symptoms before getting a chest X-ray is storing up trouble, for, it may take long, slow years of bed rest to cure him. Long years in bed mean being away from work, heavy expense, draining one's resources or public

money. Some of the people who waited never recovered. Each death from tuberculosis is unnecessary. That is why we go looking for small trouble before great trouble finds us and overwhelms us.

Because of the importance of this Campaign, we print from an article by R. J. Mochel in "Itam," stressing the part that competent medical care plays in the recovery and checking of tuberculosis.

"In the early days treatment and isolation were first stressed. In this phase of the problem we have gone far. Everywhere today sound principles of treatment are understood and applied. Prevention is next emphasized, then health education and case-finding.

The fundamentals in tuberculosis control are, first find the case; second, prevent the spread of the disease. It's as simple as that. We are told that if these two basic principles are applied in their proper relationship, tuberculosis can be wiped out eventually.

Obviously, before tuberculosis can be isolated or treated, it must be found. At first this was easy. Advanced cases walked the streets and were easily detected. Time passed, more and more were diagnosed and isolated, and the spread of the disease was halted.

Then we learned that many patients coming to doctors, clinics and sanatoria were advanced cases. We learned that there are seldom any

signs or symptoms when tuberculosis begins; that if we wait until symptoms appear, the disease has made considerable progress. The job became harder. The next step was to find tuberculosis early—when it could be effectively treated and its spread prevented.

Why early diagnosis? To readers of tuberculosis literature this question is elementary. Your knowledge of tuberculosis has taught you that there are two possible answers. The first, a selfish one is based on self-protection and economy. The second considers the humanitarian angle.

Early diagnosis of tuberculosis is self-protection. The disease is communicable. It is never inherited and every person who has tuberculosis "caught" it from someone. As a rule a case is not a spreader until the disease has made some inroads. Therefore, the earlier detected and placed under treatment, the less chance for spreading it to others. In order to protect ourselves and families, it is important to find all cases early and check the spread of the disease.

Early diagnosis is also good business. Tuberculosis is expensive and the longer diagnosis is delayed the more costly it becomes. Early cases are usually curable, require less time for treatment and in most instances can be restored to self-supporting life. Recovery from advanced tuberculosis is often a tedious, difficult expensive fight.

The unselfish or humanitarian reason for early diagnosis is self-evident. Tuberculosis breaks up homes, causes suffering and unhappiness. All this is needless, since we have sufficient knowledge at the present

time to completely control the disease. How should we use this knowledge to stop this unnecessary suffering and loss?

Then to the aid of tuberculosis came the tuberculin test and X-ray. It cannot be said too often that in the beginning tuberculosis is without signs or symptoms. The modern doctor has learned that no physical examination is complete without an X-ray picture of the chest. So important is this considered that all men inducted into the army are given an X-ray.

The knowledge we have acquired is valuable if properly applied. We now know—

(1) that to find early tuberculosis we must search for it.

(2) that because there are no symptoms, we must look for it among apparently healthy individuals.

(3) that when such search is made by skilled doctors, aided by X-ray and other modern techniques, unsuspected cases will be found.

(4) that when early cases are found tuberculosis will be conquered.

Today we do not fear the person who has tuberculosis and is doing something about it. Our special concern is the unknown, undiagnosed case of which it is estimated there are 150,000 in the nation at present. How can they be found? Obviously we cannot examine everyone. Fortunately we know the groups most likely to be affected and here we should look first. These groups include:

- boys and girls in their late teens,
- young adults, particularly young mothers,
- industrial workers exposed to dangerous dusts, and
- everyone, regardless of age, who

has been in contact with an active case of tuberculosis.

The search has narrowed down. Tuberculosis today is essentially a disease of youth. With our present knowledge, plans for further attack are clear. Efforts should be directed toward the groups most likely to be affected. The fight must continue until:

—every contact to an active case of tuberculosis has been examined,

—all high schools and colleges tuberculin test and X-ray their students routinely,

—doctors, clinics and hospitals look for early tuberculosis among their young patients, particularly young mothers, and

—employers have become interested in physical examinations with chest X-ray for all workers.

We are promised that one of the great achievements of the twentieth century will be the subjugation of tuberculosis. Based on the way the death rate has dropped during the twentieth century, authorities feel that this is a possibility and not just an enthusiastic dream. Medical science knows how to control tuberculosis, and wherever a systematic and vigorous fight has been waged, the disease is definitely on the run.

The slogan for the 1944 Early Diagnosis Campaign is: "Get a chest X-ray—In war, a patriotic duty—In peace, plain common sense!"

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### THE BEAUTIFUL WORLD

There's never a rose in all the world  
 But makes some green spray sweeter;  
 There's never a wind in all the sky  
 But makes some bird wing fleeter;  
 There's never a star but brings to heaven  
 Some silver radiance tender;  
 And never a rosy cloud but helps  
 To crown the sunset splendor;  
 No robin but may thrill some heart,  
 His dawn-like gladness voicing;  
 God gives us all some small, sweet way  
 To set the world rejoicing.

—Anonymous.

## THE PAPER HERN

(World Horizons)

Sentung was a very unhappy man. He had just been driven out of his native village by some of his fellow citizens. He had known these men from childhood, and they would have been his devoted friends had not his way of living turned them into bitter enemies.

As the enraged men drove Sentung before them, they struck him with bamboo whips. "This," said one, "is for your cruelty"; "and this," cried another, "is for your untruthfulness"; "and this," lamented a third, "is for your greediness."

When at last Sentung was far from the village, he looked back and shook his head sadly. "I can never return to the home of my fathers. Where shall I go? What shall I do? How can there ever be any happiness for me in a strange land where no one will call me by name or take off his sandals on my humble doorstep?" Soon darkness fell, and the road grew rough. Through sheer weariness the unhappy man crawled under a tree and fell asleep.

When dawn broke, Sentung looked all about. Before his very eyes was the open door of a shrine. He recognized it instantly. "Destiny has brought me here," he exclaimed. This is the shrine of Jofu, the Merciful One, which my father's father built for the spirit many years ago. I shall go in. I shall speak to Jofu; he will remember the good deed of my ancestor and shower his blessings upon me."

Sentung washed his hands and face and feet in a little brook that gurgled

happily under an arched bridge, and arranged his gown as best he could. He then went softly to the door of the shrine, removed his sandals, and entered. It was very green and cool in the shrine. Jofu sat on an ebony throne with his fat hands in his lap. There was a smile on his wooden lips that made Sentung smile in return.

"Jofu," began Sentung timidly, "I have come for aid. I am the son of my father, whose father built this nice, cool shrine. See! Here is the name on the altar before you—"Sentung."

Suddenly a lumnious cloud covered the image of Jofu, and a voice said, "You are welcome, Sentung. I remember the goodness of your grandfather, and I will answer your prayer. Pray wisely!"

"Oh, Jofu!" cried Sentung. I "bury my face in the dust before you. See! Three times I pound my forehead on the blue tiles. If, out of your mercy you can bring it to pass, send me to a land where there is everlasting happiness. All my life I have been miserable. Now I want to be happy. And—I do not want to die."

Jofu was silent. Finally he spoke again. "Unhappy one, I can send you to the land of happiness, but I cannot take from you the things that have made you unhappy. Your cruelty goes with you; your untruthfulness belongs to you; your greediness is already so much a part of your nature that you have begun to grow the snout of a pig."

Sentung lifted his hand felt his nose.

"Here is a hern," continued Jofu, "a paper hern, neatly folded into many creases. When you are out in the world, unfold it gently. When it has spread its wings, mount upon its back. Good-bye."

Sentung hastened out into the sunlight. Quickly he unfolded the paper hern. Bigger and bigger it grew until it stood before him with wingspread that was as wide as the side of a house. Sentung climbed to a spot upon the bird's back where the wings met. Instantly the hern soared into the sky and sped away toward the setting sun. All that night, and the next day the wind tore at Sentung's garments. Then, in the distance, appeared a beautiful shore. Tall trees stood upon the gentle hills. Water sparkled, and the air became soft and full of delicious fragrance. The hern settled to earth, and Sentung leaped down upon a sandy beach. Instantly the hern folded up and darted away.

Not far from the beach was a small inn. Sentung heard the merry laughter of children. And overhead in the trees the birds were singing joyously. The owner of the inn, standing in the doorway, smiled and rubbed his hands. "Come in! Come in! he cried. "You are a newcomer and need refreshment."

"But I have no money," said Sentung.

"Money? What is money?" asked the man.

"Gold, silver, copper," said Sentung. "Understand?"

"I am afraid I do not. What you need is food and drink. Let me get both for you."

Sentung's eyes widened. "Then

—then—one can have what he wants, here—all he wants?"

"Yes," said the innkeeper. "What is it you want—besides food and drink?"

"That—that jade on your neck," cried Sentung; "that blue jade!"

"This?" answered the man; "why, this is only a stone—my cousin has thousands of them—all very beautiful. Take this, my friend, and sit down and rest yourself."

Sentung's greedy eyes glistened over the beautiful blue jade. His slim, sensitive fingers thrilled at the touch of its smooth coolness. "A masterpiece," he exclaimed under his breath, "a miracle of beauty! Ten thousand pieces of gold would not buy it at the Court of the Emperor. Where this comes from there are more. I will get hold of them!"

Just then the innkeeper returned with a dishful of steaming curry. Sentung smacked his lips and ate with such relish that he was soon scraping the dish.

"You mentioned your cousin," he said to the innkeeper. "Where does he live?"

"My cousin carves jade," replied the innkeeper. "He lives not a mile from here. This road will lead you to him. He will be happy to see you, since all he asks for his skill and beautiful workmanship is a glance from an appreciating eye."

Sentung hastened up the road to the house of the jade carver. "I am Sentung," he announced in the open doorway. "I am an expert in jade, and I understand your fingers are skillful in shaping the hard stone."

"It is my work," said the little man.

"Come in. See! Here are some of my latest creations."

Sentung gasped. "Glorious! Wonderful! Beyond my fondest dreams!" He picked up a precious piece fashioned of pale pink stone into the semblance of a dragonfly on a bent reed. "What price for this one?"

"Price?" asked the surprised man. "Price? Why, my dear friend, this is my work! My reward is in the enjoyment of my masterpieces. The work of my hand is yours, if you desire it."

"To—take with me?" asked Sentung, his voice trembling with excitement.

"Yes—you are welcome."

"Then I shall take it," cried Sentung; "and this—and this— and this!" And he stuffed a handful of precious stones into his pocket.

"I do not understand!" exclaimed the jade-carver. "Your eagerness distresses me. Do you want these pieces because it brings you happiness—or—why?"

"You said I could have them," shouted Sentung.

"Yes," answered the man. "But your hands tremble, and there is a look in your eye that makes the sun less bright in this room. What will you do with my work?"

Sentung sat down weakly on a low bench. His knees trembled. He had suddenly remembered that he could not leave the land of happiness, and would never be able to sell the precious stones for the gold that he had always looked upon as the most precious thing of life.

That night the jade-carver went to see the innkeeper. "Friend Cousin,"

he said, "who is this stranger that has come among us? He has clouded the day for me."

"And for me," said the innkeeper, "he has spoiled the beauty of my garden. No longer is the rose so red, nor the chrysanthemum so golden."

The years passed. Sentung moved to a new place, but his happiness like a distressing shadow. At his coming, men paused in their laughter, and children hushed themselves at their play. Into the life of the jade-carver had come the greatest gloom, for Sentung haunted his shop like an evil bird and pounced upon each work of art that came from his fingers. "I see them no more," he told the innkeeper. "My dreams are disturbed. Beauty is moving away from me. Yesterday I found ugliness in a masterpiece. With my hammer I broke the stone into a thousand bits to destroy it!"

"And I lost my peace of mind!" cried the innkeeper. "I broke the bowls out of which I fed the monster."

One day Sentung came to the door of the innkeeper, only to find the door barred. He was hungry. He sat down on a rock. He was deeply distressed. Tears rolled down his cheeks. "Oh, Jofu" he cried. "I understand now the words you said to me. into this place of happiness I have brought all my wickness and my misery."

Then he heard a voice, which said, "Your wickedness has caused happiness to disappear even from the land of happiness. Miserable man, go back whence you came before you turn Paradise into Perdition!"

Sentung rubbed his eyes. Before him was again the shrine of Jofu. The

door stood open. Nothing had changed. It was still spring, and the birds were singing. With a shout of joy Sentung sprang to his feet. "The good old earth!" he cried. "I am back again. Not far away lies the home of my ancestors. I will go back there and be happy."

"Happy?" called a voice out of the shrine.

"Yes, Jofu, I shall be happy," answered Sentung, "for the three bur-

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### WHEN WE TEACH THE CHILD

What do we do when we teach the child ?  
 We put a thought that is sweet and mild  
 Into a heart that is waiting for seed,  
 Into a heart that has never felt greed,  
 The man with such thoughts is never beguiled,  
 For we teach the man when we teach the child.

What do we do when we teach the child ?  
 We take the treasures that may be piled  
 In lesson or poem of Nature's store,  
 And transform them all into golden ore  
 Of character, which cannot be reviled ;  
 The strong man comes from the well-taught child.

What do we do when we teach the child ?  
 We take the nature untamed and wild,  
 And mould it into a life serene,  
 With heart and will and judgment clean,  
 We make the man who is undefiled  
 When we teach, as we ought, the little child.

What do we do when we teach the child ?  
 We plant the truth where the Undefiled,  
 Our Lord and Master, said freedom make,  
 Through knowledge true freedom comes and takes  
 It's place, and dominates passion wild ;  
 We have saved the man, when we've saved the child.  
 —Author Unknown.



# SOLDIER'S LAST SONG

(Exchange)

One evening as Bok was strolling out after dinner a Red Cross nurse called to him, explained that she had two severely wounded boys in what remained of an old hut, that they were both from Pennsylvania and had expressed a great desire to see him, as he was a resident of that state.

"Neither can possibly survive the night," said the nurse.

"They know that?" asked Bok.

"Oh, yes, like all our boys, they are lying there joking."

Bok was taken into what remained of a room in a badly shelled farmhouse, and there on two roughly constructed cots lay the boys. Their faces had been bandaged, so that nothing was visible except the eyes of each boy.

A candle in a bottle standing on a box gave out the only light. But the eyes of the boys were smiling as Bok came and sat down on the box on which the nurse had been sitting. He talked with the boys, got as much of their stories from them as he could, and told them such home news as he thought might interest them.

After half an hour, he rose to leave when the nurse said: "There is no one here, Mr. Bok, to say the last word to these boys. Will you do it?"

Bok stood transfixed. He felt as if he stood stripped before his Maker.

"Yes, won't you, Sir" asked the boy on the right cot as he held out his hand. Bok took it, and then the hand of the other boy reached out. What to say, he did not know. Then to his surprise he found himself re-

peating, extract after extract from a book, a message to the bereaved . . . Bok had not read the book for years, but here was the subconscious self supplying the material for him in his greatest need.

Then he remembered that just before leaving home he had heard a beautiful song called "Passing Souls." He had asked for a copy of it; and wondering why, he had put it in the wallet that he carried with him.

He took it out now, and holding the hand of the boy at his right he read to them:

"For the passing souls we pray,  
Saviour, meet them on their way;  
Let their trust lay hold on Thee  
Ere they touch Eternity.

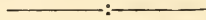
"Holy counsels long forgot  
Breathe again 'mid shell and shot,  
Through the mists of life's last  
pain  
None shall look to Thee in vain.

"To the hearts that know Thee,  
Lord,  
Thou wilt speak through flood or  
sword;  
Just beyond the cannon's roar  
Thou art on the further Shore.

"For the passing souls we pray,  
Saviour, meet them on their way.  
Thou wilt hear our yearning call,  
Who hast loved and died for all."

Absolute stillness reigned in the room save for the half-suppressed sob from the nurse, and the distant booming of the cannon. As Bok finished,

he heard the boy at his right say slowly: "Saviour — meet — me — on — my — way," with a little emphasis on the word "my." The hand in his relaxed slowly, and then fell on the cot; and he saw that the soul of another brave American boy had taken its flight.



### THE VENTURES OF LIVING

Youth does not hesitate to make fresh ventures in life; age has a tendency to hesitate and quit. To keep a proper balance in all the processes of life is of utmost importance. Implicit faith in God is fundamental to all high human ventures. Along with this goes the search for knowledge, for creative toil and for human love and family life. In the early story of man's beginnings stands God, the tree of knowledge, labor in the garden, and the beginning of family life. A personal God, the search for knowledge, the toil of man, and family relationships fill this wonderful record contained in the Bible.

These four ventures are easy for normal youth, with its daring and its desire for conquest; faith in God and in self; heroic toil in the efforts to make the world a better place in which to live; the eager desire to partake of the tree of knowledge; and the age long venture into family life belong to the young and to those who refuse to grow old. So we say, "the world moves forward on the feet of youth." Progress belongs to the race so long as it cherishes the high ventures of living. The period of age is presumed to be filled with wisdom and able to aid in the guidance of youth. Too often, however, age becomes a clog rather than a guide in the ways of wisdom. To keep a proper poise through the years—to cherish a just balance through the years—is the demand of men, both in youth and in age. Youth for action; age for wisdom.—N. C. Christian Advocate.

## LITTLE STORIES IN FLAGS

(By Jasper B. Sinclair)

The black raven flag of the old Viking sea rovers is said to have been the first in North America. It is likely that it was carried to our shores almost five hundred years before the landing of Christopher Columbus.

The blending of red, white and blue appears in more national flags than any other combination of colors. These are the three colors in the flags of the United States, Great Britain, France, China, Norway, Canada, Australia, and the Netherlands, to mention just a few.

Two of the oldest national flags in the world today are the present flags of Norway and Scotland. Both of these standards are nearly one thousand years old.

Francis Hopkinson, a Philadelphia lawyer and writer of America's first secular song, may have been the designer of the first American flag. He was also one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

California and Texas have each floated six different flags in their storied careers. The British, Russian, Spanish, Mexican, Bear Flag Republic, and American flags have floated over California, while those of France, Spain, Mexico, the Lone Star Republic, Confederate States, and the United States have been raised on Texas soil.

The Christian pennant is the only one that can be flown above the American flag — and then only at stated times and under certain circumstances.

When Old Glory is floating from the

flagstaff of the White House, between the hours of sunrise and sunset, it indicates that the President is in Washington. If the flag is not there, it is an indication that he is absent from the city.

The armies of the ancient Greeks, Romans, and Egyptians all had martial banners. The Romans began a custom that has come down to the present when they decorated the tops of their flagstuffs with golden eagles. A flag with a staff so decorated in the United States is officially called a "standard."

The present flag of Turkey was responsible for the crescent-shaped Vienna rolls still on display on bakery counters everywhere. The Turks once besieged the city of Vienna several hundred years ago but after a prolonged struggle were forced by the people of Vienna to retire. The bakers of Vienna baked these crescent-shaped rolls to symbolize the victory of their people over the Turks, and distributed them throughout the city as part of the victory celebration.

It was, the Swiss flag, of course that furnished the inspiration for the emblem of the International Red Cross—a red cross on a white background being the reverse of the white cross on a red field that is the design of the Swiss flag.

The first public observance of Flag Day was held in the city of Hartford, Connecticut, in 1864 in commemoration of the 87th birth-

# THE FAMILY COUNCIL

(By Earl S. Rudisill)

We are trying to make use of a family council for the discussion of the problems of various members of the home and of the family as a whole, and for the settlement of vexing questions and difficulties which arise. Just who should be included in the council seems hard to determine. At what age is a child old enough to take part in the family council?

Participation in a family council is like taking part in any other enterprise in which other persons are involved. Participation will naturally be on an increasing scale, beginning with mere listening, and arriving years later at valuable suggestions, criticisms and plans. For the first few years of a child's life he will not be able even to listen with much understanding to such discussions. There will be a few things of which he will get more or less vague unmore. He may then express himself in his childish way, which will not constitute a direct suggestion but out of which older members may derive some idea of his needs and interests.

At school age, boys and girls will

have lots of suggestions, largely their own personal desires. Where there are a number of children, their expressions will serve to counterbalance one another, and in the process they will learn some of the important aspects of democracy. As they advance in experience and in degree of maturity they will gain the more thoughtful attention of other family members. Their words will bear more weight. From year to year the deliberation of the council will become increasingly mature, and larger satisfaction will be found in the interplay of the various personalities.

In the background of the family council there should always be a reserve of parental authority and wisdom which can be called into play in an emergency. This is particularly true if the children are rather young. After all, the minds of children cannot be permitted to adopt foolish decisions or action. For the best results parents will lead the democratic process, offer suggestions, accept conclusions as far as possible and use authority with all possible tact.

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If you want to succeed in the world you must make your own opportunities as you go on. The man who waits for some seventh wave to toss him on dry land will find that the seventh wave is a long time coming. You can commit no greater folly than to sit by the roadside until some one comes along and invites you to ride with him to wealth or influence.—J. B. Gough.

## TOO MANY PRISONS

(By Angelo Patri)

(Angelo Patri, one of this country's best known editorialists thinks there are too many prisons. He suggests cutting down the number of penal institutions for various reasons, which he has listed as follows):

Jails should be a combination of school and hospital. Prisoners are those who could not go along with society and offended it's laws and customs. In my years of experience with all sorts of offenders, young and old, it seemed to me, that these were folks from whom too much had been expected. They had been granted too little at the start, given too little all along, and when they failed to level up to those more richly endowed by nature and society, they were punished, rather than helped.

I believe that few go wrong because they want to. Most people want to be approved and do their best to win approval. Those who can, do, and those who cannot, go to jail, to the asylums, to the grave.

Whenever a human being is forced to live in an environment beyond his

understanding, beyond his mental reach, fatigue sets in and, to free himself from torment, he goes against society's law, and he is sent to jail.

That was the best way society knew a hundred years ago, but it is not the best way now.

Jailing offenders regardless of their needs, regardless of the cause of their trouble, is a stupid way of dealing with them. Their past should be studied, their health history studied, their abilities and disabilities charted. Each offender should be given the treatment his condition demands.

The courts need physicians, psychiatrists, nurses, dentists, specialists in every field of human ills. The jails need teachers, masters of trades, arts and crafts. Every redeemable offender should be redeemed. Only the incurables should be permanently committed. I would lessen the punishment notion and the accent the educational and remedial ones. And would start early to prevent the growth of offenses.

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An obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him; for when he is once possessed with an error it is like a devil, only cast out with great difficulty. Whatsoever he lays hold on, like a drowning man, he never loses, though it do but help to sink him the sooner. His ignorance is abrupt and inaccessible, impregnable both by art and nature, and will hold out to the last, though it has nothing but rubbish to defend.—Butler.

# THE LONESOME PINE

(The Pick-Up)

One of the surprises that most Easterners experience when they see the mountains of the Southwest for the first time, is the absence of trees. In contrast to the heavily wooded ranges of the East, most of the peaks in the West appear barren and uninteresting.

Not until one has become accustomed to them, and has seen the colorful and fascinating play of sun and shadows on their spectacular slopes, is their real grandeur apparent. If witnessed often enough, this spectacle becomes a scenic sensation that, combined with the vastness and extreme height of the western mountains, remains long in one's memory. Poets have sung the praises of the "western hills" with their kaleidoscopic colorings, their purple regalness, too many times to admit of anyone to question their beauty—a beauty no less entrancing than that of the Adirondacks and the White Mountains of the East in the autumn time, when nature turns the forests into flaming splendor.

But there is one characteristic of the mountains of the West seldom noted except by the most observing. If you look sharply, you will see on the uppermost levels, hidden from all but

the sharpest eyes because of the vast distances, a lonesome pine. Like a sentinel cloaked in austere authority, it stands bending and swaying in the wind. These gallant timbers are known to naturalists as "limber pines," so named because of their resiliency, which enables them to ride through the heavy storms that rage around them on occasions. You can tie their branches into knots without breaking the bark. When untied, the branches snap back into their original position.

Literary visitors frequently moralize on the "lonesome pine." For example, Wilfered A. Peterson, the Michigan philosopher, sees in the survival of the mountain pine not strength alone, but its victory in its ability to spring erect again after bending to the gale's fury. "Resiliency is an important factor in triumphant living," he philosophizes. "The winds of life will bend us, if we have resiliency-of-the-spirit, they cannot break us. To courageously straighten again after our heads have been bowed by defeat, disappointment, and suffering, is the supreme test of character. Such people will be found on the mountain-tops of life.

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That fortitude which has encountered no dangers, that prudence which has surmounted no difficulties, that integrity which has been attacked by no temptation, can at best be considered but as gold not yet brought to the test, of which therefore the true value cannot be assigned.—Johnson.

# ATTENTION

(The Baptist Courier)

There seems to be no great difference in the native capacities of minds. There are, of course, a few superior minds, minds characterized by some unusual capacity in some one or more directions, geniuses we call them. And there are some subnormal minds. But for the great mass of mankind normal native intellectual capacity is for the most part on a level plane. The great difference intellectually between men is in the use they make of their minds. The intellectually superior are those who have made full use of their minds they have. Two words describe this employment of the intellectual capacities. Those two words are attention and concentration. Psychologically the two words mean practically the same thing—the focusing and holding the powers of the mind at full strength on one object. Most of us are content with casual observation and broad impressions. We are able to distinguish one object from another, or one idea from another, but we do not know or understand the object because we have not examined into the nature of the thing itself or into its connections and relations to other things. We see but we do not observe; we hear but we do not distinguish; we receive vague mental im-

pressions but we do not think. For to think is to analyze, to search out the nature of the object and the idea and its casual relation to other things and its place of service in living. To think effectively is voluntarily to hold the mind at full strength like a powerful searchlight on the object till the meaning of it becomes the mind's possession.

In this statement of facts many church people may see why their Christian lives have fallen short of the larger success that should have been expected. They haven't given their minds to the things they have heard and read. And this is written to remind them gently of the Apostle's exhortation: "Let us, therefore, give the more earnest heed to the things that were heard."

Surely, if any people are called on to give their most earnest attention and thought to anything it is those of us who believe that "things heard" were spoken originally by the Lord himself concerning the things of supreme importance for the human soul. It is voluntary attention to the worship service, to the reading of the Bible, to prayer, to the application of Jesus' teaching to life, that makes all these things valuable.

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There are three kinds of people in the world, the wills, the won'ts and the can'ts. The first accomplish everything; the second oppose everything; the third fail in everything.

—Eclectic Magazine.

## THE HOPE-FILLED FUTURE

(Alabama Baptist)

Despite the tragedies of a global war, the future is bright with promise. It is filled with hope born of men's growing realization of the inevitable victory of the forces of good over evil in the affairs of men.

Why is the majority of the human race willing to sacrifice lives, property, and all it holds dear to defeat in war the forces of evil? Why? Because inherent in the heart of right-thinking men are the hope and faith that something better is ahead of us than is behind us. Clearly, forces exist which will bring us out into a better order of life on earth.

Scan the pages of human history, and as Whittier reminds us,

Step by step, since time began,  
We see the steady gain of man.

Much that is just and good has already appeared in the human race. Vastly more remains to appear. The limitless vistas of spiritual reality lie before us, undisturbed by the cauldron

of evil's self-annihilated processes.

It hasn't been so many months since all that we had wished for the advancement of the world seemed to be vanishing. And we wondered whether the future could hold anything for man. Now we feel that something has happened which has changed the outlook for our people. That something is lifting us out of hate to love; out of aggression to unselfishness; out of slavery to freedom; out of war into lasting peace. It is enabling us more and more to believe in a government which will enshrine justice and mercy.

It is still pretty dark in the world today. But we feel that an age is coming to an ignoble end. A new day is struggling to be born. The light which shines from the cross has its origin in the city whose gates "shall not be shut at all by day for there shall be no night there." One can't help but pray that presently it will not be dark on earth any more.—

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There is a story going the rounds that a Danish soldier and a German soldier had paced the same beat so long that they finally had begun to talk. The German sighed, "Oh, if only peace would come, so that one could quit soldiering." "What would you do then?" asked the Dane. First, I would take a cycle trip through Greater Germany," said the German haughtily. "Is that so?" replied the Dane, thoughtfully. Then he continued, "But what would you do in the afternoon?"

—The Churchman.



## INSTITUTION NOTES

Many smiling faces could be seen the other day when the official announcement was made that in view of the fact that it seemed spring was here to stay, the boys who so desired could go barefooted, and that "long-handled" under-wear could be left off. Sure would be a bad time for a late frost to put in its appearance.

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During the past few warm days we noticed while strolling about the campus, several groups of youngsters tossing baseballs around, and one or two occasions, games were underway. It might be added here that a few of the "old-timers" among the staff members were also tossing a few, in an effort to get the old muscles limbered up. At any rate, baseball seems to be in the air, and we presume it will not be so long until our leagues, of six teams each, get into action.

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It has just been called to our attention that two more former Training School boys' names should be added to the list of those now serving in the United States armed forces. These fellows are James Clyde Bolton and Walter Pittman. Clyde has been in the Army for several years, and is presumably somewhere overseas by this time, although we have received no definite news to that effect. A recent newspaper clipping which mentioned Ted Pittman (also one of our old boys) having been in several engagements on Guadalcanal with the United States Marine Corps, also stated that his brother, Walter, was in the Army, and at the time was stationed in a camp in Georgia.

Corporal Donald M. McFee, a former member of our printing class, recently spent a few days with his mother, Mrs. L. S. Kiser, matron in charge of Cottage No. 4. Mac is now a member of a bomber crew in the United States Army Air Corps, and is stationed at Langley Field, Virginia. He stated that he liked this branch of the service very much and was getting along fine. Like the mail carrier who takes a hike on his day off, Mac seems to be unable to pass up an opportunity to smell printers' ink, for he never visits the School without coming down to the printing department, where he once was our chief linotype operator. We are always glad to see this young fellow, and trust he will continue to come in and see us when in this neck of the woods.

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In the Newton Observer, issue of April 13th, there appeared a picture of PFC A. C. Elmore and his wife. This young man who has been in the United States Marine Corps since shortly after the Japanese attack upon Pearl Harbor, was once a student at the School. During his stay with us he was in Cottage No. 5 and worked on the carpenter shop and shoe shop forces. We heard from A. C. from time to time while he was in the Pacific area, and he always showed a great interest in the work of the School despite the many thousands of intervening miles. The article in the Newton paper reads as follows:

"Private First Class A. C. Elmore, of North Newton, is the son of Mae Elmore. Private Elmore has been in turned to California last week after four battles in the Pacific area. He re-

a furlough here. In one engagement his outfit was surrounded on an island in the Pacific by the Japs and cut off from aid for nineteen days before his group was rescued by reinforcements. During the nineteen days he and his buddies were delivered food by plane."

A. C. has many friends among both boys and the officers of this institution. It had been quite some time since we had heard from him, and we are all delighted to learn that he has been getting along well in the service.

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On Easter Day, April 9th, at the regular Sunday School hour, a special Easter program was presented in the auditorium by the boys of the School. Featuring this program were some selections by a group of boys robed in vestments. The music was beautiful and the lads made a grand appearance. Dressed in vestments, they added dignity and reverence to the occasion as they marched in to the music played by Mrs. C. E. Thomas.

In addition to the numbers rendered by the boys, Superintendent Hawfield gave a brief Easter message. In this message it was explained that at Eastertime the thoughts that are uppermost in the minds of people center around such words as Hope, Comfort, and Sacrifice. Along with this the boys were urged to dedicate their lives on this Easter Day to the principles of higher living in the service of the Master, who made the supreme sacrifice for them.

The auditorium and the stage had been beautifully decorated for the occasion by Mrs. Frank Liske, Mrs. Thomas and others. Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. James Kiser trained the boys for the various numbers on the program, which was as follows:

Song—"Onward Christian Soldiers."

Scripture Reading and Prayer—Mr. Hawfield.

Song—"Christ the Lord is Risen Today"—Boys' Choir.

Recitation—"Walks In and Around Jerusalem, the Holy City"—Gerald Johnson.

Song—" 'Tis Easter"—Tird Grade boys.

Recitation—"An Easter Sight"—Tommy Everhart.

"Easter Bells"—Third Grade boys.

Recitation—"The Funny Bunny"—Willam Ussery.

Song—"Precious Jewels"—Robert Gaylor.

"A Ballad To Easter"—Brady Tew. Address—Mr. Hawfield.

Song—"Christ Arose"—Boys' Choir.

Song—"Church in the Wildwood."

Closing Prayer.

—:—

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read John 10:1-18, and as the text for his message to the boys he selected the 9th verse—"I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture."

A door, said the speaker, is a most significant symbol, whether it is open or closed, and as a rule will attract the attention of those passing by. Doors, he added, have a peculiar meaning to us. We can think of life as one door or many doors. Open or closed, they are symbols of opportunity. If open, they are invitations to enter; if closed, we should stop and decide whether or not it is best for us to enter or least knock for admission be-

fore stepping over the threshold.

Christ used the word door on many occasions, said Rev. Mr. Baumgarner, and mentioned a few: The Master spoke on being "inside the door;" again he says, "knock and it shall be opened unto you;" and on another occasion he said, "behold, I stand at the door and knock." These are the doors which will lead men to the finer things of life. Other doors lead to bitter doom.

The speaker then stated that probably one of the most assuring expressions used by Jesus Christ is that in which he tells us that he is the door of life. If we would enjoy eternal happiness in the life beyond the grave, we must enter through him. To enter this door, man of himself does not have the power to open it. The only entrance can be made through Jesus. He has said, "I am the door," and we know that it is open to all the wayfarers of life, but they must choose the proper entrance.

The important thing, continued Rev. Mr. Baumgarner, is that Christ himself is the door. The thief, robber or hypocrite cannot find entrance through this door. As in the parable of the true shepherd, they can only enter the fold by climbing over the wall, and will be discovered and punished.

The speaker then told his listeners that if the door of life is open to us, it matters not if others are closed. We must think of our own lives and choose the proper door which will lead to the things that are uplifting, those things that will give us high ideals. There are many doors, but all save one, lead to sinful ways and destruction. We should always try to reach the higher things of life. While we may not be able to reach them, we

shall be the better for having tried.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner then asked the boys to think briefly with him of the three promises given to us by the open door, as follows: (1) This door offers us the opportunity to be saved. Other offers of salvation are being given to people, but we should always keep in mind that the true way is Jesus. (2) Then we have the promise of freedom; the liberty wherewith Christ will make us free. He has promised a home with him to all who put their trust in him. It is the opinion of some people that in order to be a Christian a person must give up all of life's pleasures. That is definitely wrong. Jesus can give us our freedom from all sin, and we can live in eternal happiness. (3) We have the promise of divine heritage. If we enter into the way of life by Jesus, we shall find everything necessary for our well-being. If we strive for the things that will mean a fine Christian life, they will be bestowed upon us abundantly. It is a wonderful opportunity to know that Jesus is the door through which we may enter into the greater life when we come to leave this world.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Baumgarner told the boys that in going through life, man should never be content with what he has, but should always strive for something better. In going through life, we must make sure that by entering through a certain door, we should choose the one that will enable us to receive something to make us strong to meet all of life's trials. The thought which should be uppermost in our minds at all times is that the one and only door through which we may pass safely is Jesus Christ.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending April 16, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

James Benton  
 Charles Blakemore  
 Earnest Bullard  
 William Burnett  
 Chancey Gore  
 Liston Grice  
 William Hilliard  
 Lee Hollifield  
 Fred Jones  
 Leonard McAdams  
 Charles Pearson  
 David Prevatt  
 Francis Ruff  
 James Stamper  
 Harry Wilson

## COTTAGE No. 1

Ralph Bailey  
 Richard Billings  
 Eugene Bowers  
 James Buckaloo  
 Walter Byrd  
 Marion Cox  
 Jack Gray  
 Howard Hall  
 Roy Jones  
 John Love  
 Harold McKinney  
 Amos Myers  
 William Poteat  
 Carlton Pate  
 Tommy Ruff  
 David Swink  
 Harry Thompson  
 Harlan Warren  
 Donald Redwine

## COTTAGE No. 2

Charles Byrd  
 Cecil Caldwell  
 Fred Coats  
 Joe McKinney  
 Hayes Powell  
 Jesse Peavy  
 Wm. Penninger  
 Johnnie Pritchard  
 Jack Ray  
 Jimmie Sneed  
 Ezzell Stansberry  
 Roy Womack  
 Thomas Wase

## COTTAGE No. 3

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 4

Billy Brooks  
 Clyde Brown  
 Clyde Godfry  
 Jeter Green  
 Jim Parker  
 L. B. Sawyer  
 John Ray Smith  
 Roy Swink  
 Walter Thomas  
 Wm. Carl Willis  
 Paul Stone  
 James Linebarrier  
 Lawrence Walker

## COTTAGE No. 5

Kennith Atwood  
 Thomas Barnes  
 Earl Birgman  
 Lawrence Hopson  
 Earl Hoyle  
 McKeever Horne  
 Raymond Pruitt  
 William Walls  
 Robert Wilkins

## COTTAGE No. 6

Horace Collins  
 Charles Cox  
 J. C. Cayton  
 Craven Callahan  
 Rufus Driggers  
 Earl Gilmore  
 Robert Gaylor  
 Donald Griffee  
 Everett Gallion  
 Jack Hensly  
 Stanford McLean  
 Robert Peavy  
 Lawrence Temple  
 Leroy Wilkins

## COTTAGE No. 7

Hershall Duckworth  
 Charles Edwards  
 Wallace Foster  
 Donald Grimstead  
 Ned Metcalf

Marshall Prestwood  
Marion Todd

COTTAGE No. 8  
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9  
Conrad Cox  
Edward Guffey  
Thomas Ingram  
Isaac Mahaffey  
Charles Redmond  
John Linville

COTTAGE No. 10  
Paul Alphin  
Homer Bass  
Fred Carswell  
Robert Holbert  
Alfred Lamb  
Edward Loftin  
E. C. Stamey  
Jack Williams  
A. B. Woodard

COTTAGE No. 11  
Roland Brooks  
Bobby Buchanan  
Wilton Barfield  
William Guffey  
Jim Hicks  
William Lowery  
Clyde Rhodes  
William Walker  
Robert Yow

COTTAGE No. 12  
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13  
William Andrews  
W. C. Boyd  
Robert Caudle  
Ervin Ewing  
Dexter Goard  
Paul Painter

COTTAGE No. 14  
Jack Bateman

Clyde Bussel  
Paul Childers  
Hugh Cornwell  
Raymond Davis  
William Ferguson  
L. C. Gearing  
Edward Haynes  
John Holder  
Troy Morris  
Fonzer Pittman  
Samuel Pritchett  
Bruce Sawyer  
Milton Talley  
Lester Williams  
Theodore Young

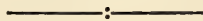
COTTAGE No. 15  
George Brown  
Buck Blanchard  
Thomas Baumgardner  
Jack Benfield  
Robert Bluester  
Houston Berry  
James Cantrell  
Jimmy Knight  
David Lewis  
Harvey Leonard  
Hilton Reed  
Roger Reid

INDIAN COTTAGE

Jack Bailey  
James Chavis  
Peter Chavis  
Harold Duckworth  
Allen J. Hammond  
Alton Hammond  
R. C. Hoyle  
Marshall Hunt  
Hudell Jacobs  
W. C. McManus

INFIRMARY

Raymond Byrd  
R. D. McCurry  
Lloyd Sain  
Odell Cecil  
Wm. McNeill



He is a benefactor of mankind who contracts the great rules of life into short sentences, that may be easily impressed on the memory, and and so recur habitually to the mind.—Johnson.



# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 29, 1944

No. 17

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## TAKE TIME

There is always time to find  
Ways of being sweet and kind;  
There is time to share  
Smiles and goodness everywhere.

Time to send the frowns away,  
Time a gentle word to say,  
Time for happiness and prayer,  
Time for kindness everywhere.

Time to give a little flower,  
Time for friendship any hour;  
But there is no time to spare  
For Unkindness anywhere.

—Selected.

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# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## A FRIEND

I will not think that I have failed,  
Or lived my life in vain,  
If to my credit I shall find  
One friend to be my gain,  
And tho' the Road of Life is rough,  
With mountains hard to climb;  
I find there's joy along the way,  
And the journey, it is fine.

If there's a friend beside me;  
To cheer me with his song,  
To smile his understanding,  
When everything goes wrong;  
It gives me strength and courage,  
The Mountains to ascend,  
And I find that Life's worth living,  
As long as there's a friend.

Then be not hasty when I'm gone,  
To say I lived in vain,  
Tho' ghosts of many failures,  
Like monuments remain,  
But when Life's sun is sinking,  
And I reach my journey's end;  
Then count my earthly riches  
In the number of my friends.

—Selected.

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## WHAT ARE YOUR VIEWS?

In January issue of The Proceedings, publication of the National Conference of Juvenile Agencies, a selected list of questions were printed. And invitation was extended to members and readers to write some comment on the question in order that they might be reproduced in subsequent issues of the publication.

Question No. 1 was: "How is the problem of the 14 to 17 year

old, who wants to work or fight, best met to keep him from delinquency?"

The answer to the question, prepared by Superintendent S. G. Hawfield, of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, was as follows:

Generally, probation officers recognize as their greatest problem that of dealing with the youth fourteen to seventeen years old who cannot get regular employment and who are not committed to an educational career. There are even those who are in school but are not sincerely interested in preparing for a profession or vocation, and these offer a critical problem also.

In attempting to solve these problems, one is confronted with the necessity of theorizing what should be done, as well as the problem of attempting to suggest how present facilities may best be used. In the final analysis, it seems necessary to do considerable theorizing because legally and socially so little has been done to meet this problem, either by the states or by the federal government.

1. It seems that there is every reason to believe that the school laws should be so written that the youth would be required to attend school until they reach levels at which they would be permitted to get jobs in industries.

2. It seems there should be employed enough enforcement help of the right sort to obtain proper observance of all compulsory attendance laws. The truant officers employed in this work should have adequate social and educational training for the job.

3. Practically all public schools should make more adequate provision for training in vocational subjects of the type suited to those who will enter immediately into employment instead of attending college. There is a vast opportunity in this suggestion in view of the vocational training being emphasized in the present war period.

4. It seems there is urgent need throughout the land for more wholesome recreational activities under trained leadership. This embraces recreation both on the playground and in community centers.

5. There are some aspects of compulsory military training which probably would be profitable to the individual and to the government. Generally, compulsory military training that is of the type that is fostered in totalitarian states would be very undesirable, but a type that is planned in accordance with sound educational policies would be far less dangerous than are the dangers of a great amount of delinquency.

## SAVE THE BIRDS

The return of Spring with all of its colorful glory brings the song birds, emphasizing the beauty and exhilarating effect of life in the open. Despite the late and continuous rains, the weather has been milder this sudden transition from the bleak winter weather to the soft warm breezes brings the song birds to herald the dawn of the new day. To many souls over-burdened with misfortunes of one kind or another, the chorus of the feathered songsters radiates cheer and hope, because of the familiar words of the Great Book: "not a sparrow falleth without the knowledge of the Father." These creatures of the air, nesting in the bowers of the trees and other nooks and corners, therefore, should be protected from the onslaught of the lawless or the mischievous youths who in the spirit of good sport take the birds as targets.

There is a possibility of making every community a bird sanctuary if the youngsters are taught the value of all birds in destroying insects that harm vegetation.

The proclamation issued by Mayor Wilkinson, of Concord, expresses an interest in conserving bird-life, with the hope that in the future Concord will be recognized as a bird sanctuary. This dream can be realized if there is cooperation of all people of this and nearby communities. We feel sure the superintendent of Jackson Training School and his co-workers will do their bit to make the hills and slopes of the campus, bordered by beautiful shade trees, a bird's paradise, as well as thing of beauty and heaven of rest.

The proclamation issued by Mayor Wilkinson, of Concord, reads in part, as follows: This action is taken in line with a number of other cities of the state where increased efforts are being made to attract, befriend and defend our cheery song birds. It is now a misdemeanor for anyone to molest or kill a song bird within the city limits. It is also a federal fine of one hundred dollars to kill a song bird or destroy its nest."

\* \* \* \* \*

## ANNIVERSARIES OF THE WEEK

Ulysses S. Grant, eighteenth President of the United States, was born at Point Pleasant, Ohio, April 27, 1822. During his boyhood he worked on his father's farm in the summer and attended school

in winter. His father secured an appointment for him at West Point in 1839, and he was graduated in 1843. Grant served in the Mexican War with honors, winning brevets of lieutenant and captain. Early in the Civil War he became a colonel in the Union Army and finally became a general, answerable to no one but President Lincoln.

In 1864 a number of leading Democrats offered him the nomination for President, but he refused. He accepted it from the Republicans in 1868 and was elected; he was re-elected in 1872.

At the close of his second administration, Grant made a trip around the world, and received ovations and honors wherever he went. After a long period of suffering from cancer, he died on Mount McGregor, near Saratoga, N. Y., on July 23, 1855. His body now lies in a great tomb on Riverside Drive, New York City. His last words are said to have been: "Let us have peace."

James Monroe, fifth President of the United States, was born at Westmoreland, Virginia, April 26, 1758. He served as a lieutenant in the Revolutionary War. He studied law under Thomas Jefferson. Monroe served in the Virginia assembly in 1782, and in Congress, 1783-86; United States Senator, 1790-94; became governor of Virginia in 1799. Jefferson sent him to France as minister, and with Robert R. Livingstone, he negotiated the Louisiana Purchase. Coming home from France, he was again elected governor of Virginia. Madison then made him secretary of state. He was elected President of the United States in 1816, and was re-elected in 1820, the last time having but one electoral vote cast against him. In latter days of his life, Monroe was financially embarrassed. He died in New York on July 4, 1831, and was buried at Hollywood, Richmond, Va. In 1932 a statue of Monroe was erected at Ash Lawn, near Charlottesville, Va.

\* \* \* \* \*

### DAY NURSERIES

The establishing of day nurseries for the small children of working mothers is one of the finest steps that our government has taken in the field of social welfare. There is one here in Thomasville with nearly fifty small children enrolled. These children are cared for by experts in the field of child welfare. There is a trained nurse, an

expert dietitian and attendants who give the children all needed care. One of the mothers is a member of the orphanage office force. She can work knowing that her child is in safe hands. There are hundreds of recently established day nurseries in the United States with hundreds of others being established daily. These nurseries meet a definite need and we wonder why they were not generally established before now. We also think that the government stole a march on the churches. It seems that this work would have been begun by churches. Most such work has been done first by the churches and adopted from them by the state. Yet the only church that we know that conducts a day nursery is the West Durham Baptist Church, of Durham, Rev. B. E. Morris, pastor. We understand that there is a thriving day nursery conducted by the church and that mothers leave their children when they go to work and get them on their return. While we think public day nurseries are good, we think church nurseries are much better, and we commend without reservation Pastor B. E. Morris and the West Durham Baptist Church.—Charity & Children.

\* \* \* \* \*

However strange and contradictory it may seem, the things we share with others are the things that live. That which we give away we keep; and the world is willing to cherish the memory of those who are forgetful of self. In the words of the Teacher of the ages: "He that wants to lose his life shall find it." The men and the books that the world will not let die are those who have in some way blessed mankind, and have done most to put the world forward.

—N. C. Christian Advocate.

\* \* \* \* \*

God saves the world not by the wisdom of the sages but by the constant inflow of youth. Jesus was a young man. His apostles were young men. Most of the world's saviours have been young men. Not as measured by the calendar but by the spirit. The old look backward; the young look forward.

—N. C. Christian Advocate.

## TWO BROTHERS

(By Catherine Herzel, In The Lutheran)

The first thing folks said when they saw the Hardinger boys was, "Well they certainly don't look like twins." They didn't, either. We lived neighbors to the Hardingers before those boys were born, and even as babies they were different. Jim was dark, and small, and quick, while Eben had sandy hair like his father's and was big and sort of slow.

It was funny to see Eben toddling along after his dad, looking like a small copy of Mr. Hardinger. He even walked like him. And you would generally find Jim playing near his mother. He took after her side of the family, only Jim had more fun and mischief in him than the Albees ever did. Mrs. Hardinger, she was small and dark and quiet, but somehow I always had a feeling that a lot went on underneath her calm face, and there have been times when I expected that underneath her calm face, and there have been times when I expected that underneath fire to just blaze out in the open. Never did though, not that I knew.

I think that's what caused all the trouble—the boys were so different. Now Eben was a boy after Mr. Hardinger's heart. He loved the farm—could do a man's work on it by the time he was fourteen. He liked to go hunting with his dad, didn't care much for books. Just another Andrew Hardinger.

You could tell that Mrs. Hardinger thought Eben was big and clumsy and sort of stupid. Always tramping mud into her clean kitchen, feeling kind of shut in whenever he was indoors.

It was just the opposite with Jim.

Here, let me give you more coffee. How about another piece of cake? Oh, go on, it won't hurt you. . . .

Now where was I? Oh, yes, Jim. Mrs. Hardinger worshiped that boy. When they were only babies she'd dress them up in white suits, and there Jimmy would sit, looking like a picture, while Eben, in ten minutes' time would be all rumpled and dirty. Maybe some women can't help favoring one child more than another. I don't know. All mine were dear to me. But Mrs. Hardinger did wrong. She'd give Jim things, and not Eben. She'd take Jim to town with her, and leave Eben with his father. And she'd scheme for things to go Jim's way, and never give a thought to poor Eben. I sometimes wonder that Jim wasn't worse than he was.

Even Mr. Hardinger saw it, and he didn't like it a bit. In the first place, Eben was his favorite. He just didn't understand Jim—or try to. Maybe, too, he felt that Mrs. Hardinger was slighting him when she slighted Eben—they were so much alike, you see.

Anyhow, he got to favoring Eben and slighting Jim just as much as his wife did the other way round.

I remember once, when the boys were about twelve, Eben helped in the fields at threshing time. It surprised you how much that boy could do. Jim was so much smaller, all he could do was carry the water jug out to the men in the fields, but he worked hard at that. When supper was over and we women were helping clear the table. . . . I was over

helping Mrs. Hardinger in the kitchen and Ilse and John with me. . . .

Mr. Hardinger got up from the table.

"Well, Eben," he said, in great good-humor, "you've done a man's work today and you shall have a man's pay." With that he took his wallet out and drew out some bills and handed them to Eben.

Mrs. Hardinger stopped. "What about James?" she said. "He has worked all day, too."

"Oh—James." Mr. Hardinger turned to look at Jim, finishing off his pie. "Sure, here's something for the water-boy," he said contemptuously, and tossed a quarter across the table to Jim.

Jim flushed, and stopped eating. But Mr. Hardinger went on out. I saw our Ilse slip her hand into Jim's. She knew how much that hurt.

Here, your cup's almost empty. . . . Oh, now, just enough to warm it up.

You mustn't think, though, that Jim was always blameless. That little rascal knew more ways of getting ahead of his dad, and Eben.

One summer the boys had a melon stand by the roadside. Eben did most of the work in the melon field, and hauled the melons to the stand, while Jim sat there, reading a Wild West book, yet Jim got half the money. And yet, you must be fair. The stand was Jim's idea, and he could sell melons where Eben couldn't.

I don't think there was hard feelings between the boys. Jim seemed to enjoy seeing how he could best Eben almost as if it was a game, and Eben—I really think he admired Jim's cleverness.

But it was no game with Mr. and Mrs. Hardinger. Maybe I imagined things, but it seemed to me that their

feeling about the boys was driving them farther and farther apart. They only spoke to each other when necessary and then kind of cold and distant. Mrs. Hardinger lived only for Jim, and Mr. Hardinger was interested only in Eben.

The only serious matter that ever came between Jim and Eben was our Ilse. From the time that all three started to school, the boys would do anything for Ilse. And she was fond of both of them. She treated Eben sort of like a big Newfoundland dog—and truth to tell he did put you in mind of one. She argued more with Jim, and had spats with him, but the older they grew the more I could see that for Ilse, Jim was the one.

Things came to a head when they were in high school. True to form, Eben was a star man on the football team. Oh, he was good. He could run, he could kick, and he was so big that he could just shake off the other boys when they tried to tackle him. And Jim was the business manager. He didn't make the team as a player, but he knew more about how the game should be played than all the players did. He'd sit on the bench with the coach and think up trick plays and the like—oh, he was good, too, and the coach would listen to him.

Now in their last year there was a medal that was to be given to the one who had done the most for the team. Well, with all the goals Eben made, and playing in every game as he did, everybody thought sure it would be Eben that would get the medal.

His father thought so too. He was so sure of it that he boasted about it, and bought a fine gold watch with an inscription on it, saying it was to Eben for winning the medal.

The way I've always figured it, Jim couldn't resist trying to get the better of his father. He knew how sure his father was, and maybe he decided to see what he could do. Anyhow, the coach, with Jim at his elbow, suddenly decided that the team needed a stronger defense, so he shifted Eben to the line, where, you see, he wouldn't be the one to do all the scoring. That's all anyone really knows. And it was a good thing to do, too, for the team played better football than ever, and it wasn't all a one-man show. The team went on winning games, but Eben wasn't the star any more.

Well, the night of the banquet came, and with it the awarding of the medal. All the high school was there, and all the parents. Afterwards there was to be a dance at the Gym, and Ilse had promised to go with Jim. The way the youngsters figured things, that was a pretty serious promise, too.

Well, it all went as Jim figured—though mind, I don't know, I'm just guessing. But after a little speech about what a good team it was, how they had all shone, and how hard it was to decide among them, the coach said that there had been one boy who had never played in a game, but from the sidelines he had planned all the brilliant playing and so on. So they had decided to recognize brains this time. And with that he turned to Jim and pinned the medal on his coat.

Jim stood there, trying to look surprised and modest, but his eyes danced with mischief. It was coming out as he had planned it.

But there were some parts of it that he hadn't planned. One was the

anger of his father. Mr. Hardinger stood there, his face red, so mad he could hardly talk.

"You're no son of mine!" he muttered, "with your crafty ways!" And then he couldn't say any more. He took that expensive watch out of his pocket, held it up high, and crashed it on the cement floor, where it broke into a thousand splinters.

Jim hadn't planned the stricken look on Eben's face, either. The brothers just looked at each other and Jim's face sobered. He had never realized that Eben's heart was set on that medal, and he could see now that his own part in all this looked pretty small and mean.

And I know he hadn't planned what happened next. Ilse swept up to the brothers—and a picture she looked, too, in her first evening gown. It was a blue one. I made it. Well Ilse came up and put her hand in Eben's arm.

"Come on, Eben. I'm going to the dance with you." Her eyes flashed indignant blue sparks at Jim. Poor Jim! He just stood there, his whole world in pieces.

That was the last we saw of Jim for over four years. He took the midnight train to the city and stayed there with his uncle, one of the Albees. Did right well for himself, too.

Eben settled down to farming, and Ilse—well, she just moped around here until we packed her off to Normal School.

Things went on that way for a while. Looked as if they might have gone on forever, but Mrs. Hardinger took sick, and I went over to help out. I felt so sorry for her, lying in that big bed so small and helpless.



She sort of fingered the covers awhile, and then she said, just half out loud, "Seems as if a sight of James would do more good than medicine."

Maybe I shouldn't have said what I did, her sick and all. But I'm glad I did.

I just looked down at her and I said, "It's your own fault, Mrs. Hardinger. You drove him from home." She sort of gasped, but I went on, "You'd think that you had put your mind to it, all these years, to make enemies of Jim and Eben. Those boys loved each other—as much as you'd let them. Eben needed Jim's brains, and Jim needed Eben's steadiness. But from the time they were babies you tried to make differences between them, always favoring Jim and neglecting Eben."

I had heard a noise in the next room while I was talking so I turned and I said, "I mean you, too, Andy Hardinger. You were just as bad about Eben as she was about Jim. How those two boys turned out as well as they did, considering their parents, is more than I can understand."

I was ashamed when I got through. But they took it meekly enough.

"Mebbe that's right," said Mr. Hardinger slowly.

"More my fault than yours," murmured Mrs. Hardinger. She reached out her little hand and he covered it with his big paw.

I went out then, but they must have talked over—well, a lot of things. A little later Mr. Hardinger

came down into the kitchen and said, "Minnie, what's Jim and Ilse's address!"

What's that? Oh, yes. Once away from here, Jim swallowed his pride and went to the Normal School to see Ilse. They were married right after she graduated.

The long and short of it was that Jim and Ilse came home and everything was ironed out. Mrs. Hardinger saw Jim before she died and died, I guess, as happy as she ever lived. When Any Hardinger died two years ago he left the farm jointly to Eben and Jim. I guess he learned his lesson, too. And those two boys together have really made the farm pay. They ship apples all the way to the East Coast. Eben is the farmer and Jim is the business manager.

You mustn't go already? I wanted you to meet Jim and Ilse and their two boys. I expect them over this afternoon.

Twins? No, but say, they're so close together they almost look like twins. It sort of tickles me to see how Jim and Ilse raise them. What one has, the other has. When they come up here Henry—that's the oldest one—named after my husband—Eben's the younger—Henry says, "Grandma, can I have a cookie?" I get the cookie jar down and just to test him I hand one to him. The two of them stand there, their little round faces shining up into mine. Then Henry says, "Grandma, Eben must have a cookie, too." Jim and Ilse aren't going to repeat the mistake his parents made.

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The fellow who is up and doing is never down and out.

# BASEBALL'S BEGINNINGS

By Vincent Edwards

When Major Abner Doubleday marched away to Civil War battlefields more than three-quarters of a century ago, he probably never dreamed he was leaving a sports memory behind that was to go down in history. In his spare time as a cadet home from West Point at Cooperstown, New York, he had worked up an improvement in the popular game of "town ball" and so became the father of modern baseball.

When Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was an undergraduate at Harvard, he had often played "town ball" with the rest of the boys. But it was a whole lot different from the nation's favorite pastime of today. The bat was a flat-edged paddle, the ball a lopsided affair which was usually made by wrapping yards of yarn around a bullet or a metal slug.

Players tried to bat the ball out of the reach of their opponents. When a good hit was made, the batter would dash madly for the first of four bases. Once there, he was safe until someone caught him trying to "steal," whereupon he would be smacked by the ball as hard as the other could throw. It goes without saying that he was often "out" in another sense than being ruled out of the running.

As there were usually anywhere from twelve to twenty players to a side, there wasn't much science to "town ball." It was more like a subway rush, with every player hoping for a chance to "paste" the runner. Rules were unknown. Nine times out of ten, a game would end in a squabble.

It was Abner Doubleday, a young engineer home on leave from West Point, who changed the picture. He gave the game definite rules and set a regulation distance of ninety feet between bases, which still applies to the modern diamond. The number of players was strictly limited to less than a dozen to a side, and more no smacking of a runner was permitted.

The year when Doubleday did all this was 1839. He did not have time to play the new game long, but, as a West Point graduate, was sent away on army service. Soon the Mexican War came along and he thought no more of baseball. In the Civil War he is given credit for firing the first gun in defense of Fort Sumter; he came out of this last bloody conflict with the rank of Major General.

In the meantime, others had taken up the game he had invented. On the basis of the Doubleday rules, Alexander J. Cartwright in 1845 organized the Knickerbocker Baseball Club in New York. It was the first regular baseball team on record, but a year had to pass before they found another team to play against. The first match game in history took place on June 19, 1846, at Hoboken, New Jersey. For ten years after that the "Knickerbockers" dominated baseball. Those pioneer players were such moneyed aristocrats that they naturally frowned on common people taking up the game. But, in 1858, the crowd had its way and the Knickerbocker Club led in the organization of a National Association of Baseball Players.

There was one regulation that everybody agreed upon in those early days-nobody should play for money! One can imagine, therefore, what a wave of anger must have been kicked up when Alfred J. Reach, an English-born player, sidestepped this ruling. In 1864, Reach agreed to catch for the Philadelphia "Athletic Club" for twenty-five dollars a week "expense money." This will seem like very small "pin money" to the fans who recall Babe Ruth getting \$80,000 for a single season.

Although Reach was the first salaried player, the first professional club was the Cincinnati "Red Stockings." This first openly-paid team traveled all over the map, and as the players all wore whiskers, they doubtless created as much excitement as a "House of David" nine does today. Huge crowds greeted these hairy hitters wherever they went on their first barnstorming tour of the East in 1869. On their triumphant return to Cincinnati they were presented with a championship bat as big as a telephone pole.

The contrast in rules between then and now would send modern fans into hysterics. Nowadays bleacherites demand split-second decisions from the umpire, but seventy-five years ago it was a common practice for that gentleman to turn to the crowd and say, "Gentleman, I was unable to see the catch. In your judgment, was it fair or foul?" Picture, too, the scene where the players wore starched-bosom blouses, quilted trousers and soup-pan hats, and where the umpire never stirred from a chair on the side

lines!

Today baseball has something other sports lack. It is a special shrine in the form of the National Baseball Museum at Cooperstown, the birth-place of the game. A brick building of impressive design, open to visitors all the year round, houses priceless souvenirs of early baseball and is also the home of the well-known "Hall of Fame."

In this museum the place of honor naturally goes to General Abner Doubleday, the inventor of the modern sport. A fine oil painting of him hangs on the wall, and on the mantelpiece above the fireplace, his original ball can still be seen inside a glass case. There are rows of show cases lined across the interior, all filled with interesting relics of baseball's pioneer teams and most celebrated players.

The "Hall of Fame" is also in the same room. It consists of plaques attached to the wall, each one commemorating a famous player or figure in baseball whom the Baseball Writers' Association of America has decided, by vote, worthy of being remembered as one of the game's "immortals." Christy Mathewson and Babe Ruth were among the first players to be given this honor, but quite a large group have since been added. The rule now is that the Baseball Writers' Association selects one new name each year. All fans rejoiced when Lou Gehrig was chosen the year before his death. Thus he lived to see his own name added to the gallery that has been visited by thousands of baseball enthusiasts.

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Don't decide great questions when you are in the dumps.

# THE NEEDS OF A WAR-TORN WORLD

By John H. Rankin

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should at this time dwell together in unity of thought on matters of most vital concern which will affect the world at large. Today we find ourselves laboring on in our allotted tasks, but realizing that in some degree, directly or indirectly, we are all participating in the greatest struggle of all time—a conflict in which the maximum of the powers of aggression and unholy alliance are arrayed against the powers that stand for liberty, freedom, and constructive achievement.

Day by day the conflict has increased in intensity until it has become for each of us a challenge to supreme service and supreme sacrifice in every way, in order to defend and preserve that priceless heritage for which our forefathers gave the full measure of their devotion—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness for ourselves, our children, and our children's children through all generations.

A time like this demands great heads,

Strong hearts, true faith and ready hands.

Men whom the lust of office will not kill—

Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy.

Men who possess opinions and a will,

Men who have honor and will not lie;

Men who can stand before a demagogue

And condemn his treacherous flatteries without blinking.

Tall men—sun crowned—who stand above

The fog in public duty and in private thinking.

We are but the children of yesterday, in the eternal cycle of events, and upon us rests the responsibility to keep the faith of our fathers, and be doers of things commensurate with our various individual capacities to promote and hasten the day when for us and for all people there shall be a universal reign of equity, good will and real brotherhood.

Some twenty-seven hundred years ago there lived in the city of Jerusalem a highly respected citizen by the name of Isaiah, whose observations of world affairs in his day, and whose pronouncements concerning the attitude and the viewpoint of the people of his time set him apart as a man of unusual understanding and leadership. His writings are recognized in the Book of Books as the inspired word of God, spoken through him as a prophet.

In these writings there is considerable gloomy denunciation of the people for their lack of faith in God—and much exhortation to the people to walk in the Light with assurance of the benefits thereof—and prophecy of the coming reign of the Prince of Peace. After a gloomy denunciation of the people for their iniquities as the cause of their calamities, and assurance of redemption for all who would turn from their transgressions as seek the true Light, he says.. "Arise, shine, for thy Light is come, and the

lish the heritage which has passed from generation to generation through more than 150 years of economic progress and spiritual growth until today we are the inheritors and trustees of the fruits of their service and sacrifice.

Now what have we been doing to justify our stewardship of so great a trust and so great a responsibility? Have we proven ourselves worthy of our sires who are speaking to us down through the years, admonishing us to let the light of our lives shine forth in the dark places, giving aid where possible, establishing courage where needed, hope for the down-trodden and oppressed, and to hold aloft the torch of Liberty enlightening the world.

Our own national personnel consists largely of a heterogeneous mass of people of various tongues and creeds who came here to avoid persecution and abridgement of human rights, and to embrace the principles of freedom of liberty of human rights which are set forth in our Declaration of Independence and in our Constitution.

This fair land of ours in the early days of our national history was designated as an asylum for the persecuted of other countries.

From the beginning, intelligence and culture have been the possible possession of the great masses of humanity within our borders.

On the basis of the ideology set forth in our Declaration of Independence and in our Constitution, we have grown and prospered, economically and spiritually, until today we are viewed with generous consideration and high regard by the nations of the world. A national position which may well have most significant influence for good in shaping the destinies of other nations when, in due time, their

glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

Thus the voice of the past ringing down through the aisles of time brings to us today a message which is timely and appropriate for our consideration.

In a world tense with anxiety and deep concern regarding the extremely changed conditions of life for all of us of all nations, tongues and creeds, what leading thought could be more appropriate than that expressed by the Prophet Isaiah to the people of his time.

Centuries have come and gone since these words were uttered by this inspired man, and the eternal surge of events has continued to build and destroy—empires have risen and fallen, civilization in many parts of the world has attained a high degree of intelligence and culture, and there has been remarkable progress in the national economy of many nations in science and art; and yet the organized society which has made this advancement has in many cases been obliterated. Why?

Can it be said that slothful indifference and selfishness and greed have permitted the powers of evil to overcome and to destroy—leaving Right for ever on the scaffold; Wrong forever on the throne? Then let us remember "behind the dim unknown standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own" and that God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform.

Today in rendering an appraisal of things as they are, we must admit that there has been during the past several years a colossal world-wide breakdown in observance of the moral standards which were the inspiration of the liberty loving people who effectively pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor, to estab-

leaders shall gather around the Peace Table.

What is needed in this world of ours more than all else is a spiritual renaissance—a condition in which men in all walks of life among all nations will find their own souls—will recognize each other on the basis of their real worth to society—when the laboring man will render the best service in his chosen sphere of activity of which he is capable, and will recognize the value of and the necessity for the leadership of the captains of industry and finance that makes it possible for him to render a distinguished service.

And when the captains of industry and finance will without exception be delighted to recognize such service with due regard and adequate compensation—when those in public service without exemption will embrace their duties as a public trust, fully conscious of their responsibility to the people whom they serve, and when the citizenery will strive to be adequately enlightened on economic affairs, to justify their whole-hearted cooperation with those whom they have chosen to serve them.

Thus may the national ideals of all nations be exalted and their economic structure be stabilized and secured.

A young soldier of Australia had this vision of the better day, for whose coming he gave his splendid young life on the field of battle:

“Ye who have to look with fearless eyes

Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife

And know that out of death and night shall rise

The dawn of ampler life;

Rejoice, whatever anguish rend your heart,

That God has given you this priceless dower—

To live in these great times and have a part

In freedom's crowning hour.

That you may tell your sons who see the light,

High in the heavens their heritage to take,

I saw the powers of darkness put to flight—

I saw the morning break.”

Let us rise and shine, for our light is come, and the glory of the Lord is round about us.

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### A JIG-SAW PUZZLE

There was a father, who, to keep his child quiet, tore a map of the world into pieces, and gave them to him to try to put together, as a jig-saw puzzle. To the surprise of the father, the child completed it in a very few minutes. “How did you manage to do it so quickly?” asked the astonished father. “Oh, daddy,” said the boy, “there was a picture of a man on the back. I put the man right, and then the world came right itself.” This little fellow had the solution to all of this sordid world's troubles. All that is necessary to establish better conditions will be to get the people right, and the rest will not be at all difficult.—Selected.

# SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT NEW GUINEA

By Chaplain Cecil L. Heckard

A few day ago several friends and I took a trip to a nearby native village and battleground. The trip gave us a greater appreciation of the work done by missionaries to the natives of this island. The missionaries prepared the way here for the coming hordes of white men.

The fighting that has taken place in this wild land has been named "the toughest fighting in the world." The Americans and Australians have not had to fight the dreaded Japanese but also the strange elements of a strange land where only a few white men such as traders and missionaries have cared to live. Fighting in New Guinea has consisted of dodging machine-gun bullets from air and land, dodging bombs and shells, and hand-to-hand combat with capable Japanese; but it has also consisted of fighting the jungle and mountains with their thick forests, high cliffs, impassable streams, tropical rains, poison rivers, snakes, rats, mosquitoes, flies, leeches and multitudinous diseases.

Everywhere the white soldiers have gone they have conquered all of their enemies, but, with all our science this could not have been accomplished as readily and without greater loss of life had it not been for the help of the natives. The missionaries are given credit for paving a way of understanding and trust between the natives and white man. We better understand these things as a result of our trip to the haunts of the natives and

sight of a terrific battle.

Most of the traveling between points over here is done by air. However, on this afternoon we went as far as possible by motor transportation, and then took to our feet on a trail which led through the jungle and along the beach.

On the trail we met a half-naked, barefooted native man. His face broke into a big grin, white teeth shining like pearls through the oily blackness of his face. Thick, long fuzzy hair framed his face; rings decorated his ears and tattooed beauty-marks streaked his cheeks. "How do you do?" he greeted us and raised his hand in salute. He could speak English in a staccate fashion, clipping his words out like empty cartridges expelled from rifle. We inquired his name and the location of his nearby village. Musical and rythmical words began to flow from his lips as he eagerly told us about himself and his village. Pride was in voice when he said he was a Christian, and that he belonged to the Church of England which maintains missionary work among his "brethen."

Suddenly his eyes fell upon the cross on my collar. "You American soldier-priest?" he asked, grabbing my hand and shaking it furiously, bowing elaborately all the while. "I be your guide," he offered. "We see battleground and my village." Gratefully we followed as he led us down the beach back into the jungle.

On every side, in the jungle and along the beach, could be seen signs of the terrific battle which had taken place months before and which is even now being repeated up the coast. Vacant Japanese gun emplacements lined the shore, dug deep into the sand and covered with logs upon which was piled a mound of dirt. Shattered and decaying life-boats were scattered along the edge of the water, the waves beating against them and gradually finishing their destruction. Out in the bay near the coral stoll a half-submerged Japanese transport raised its bridge and masts above the waters, as rusty evidence of battle.

In the jungle we had to walk carefully lest we suddenly fall into a Japanese fox-hole, shell hole or bomb crater. Japanese bullet-riddled vehicles remained where they had been abandoned, now partly concealed by the rapid growth of the vines and tall grass. The skeleton of a former Japanese hospital hidden in the erie, dim twilight of the jungle, was mute evidence of the fury of the Australians and Americans as they bore down upon the Japanese, coming in from water and from across the mighty Owen Stanley Mountains. The human parade that streamed forth from this scene of battle was an interesting sight. The exploring soldiers had found all types of Japanese souvenirs ranging from fire-arms, clothing and money in skulls.

Our native guide explained in the most minute detail the battle action which had taken place. We suggested that we see the American cemetery on the way to his village, so returning to the beach we suddenly came upon a clearing in a pale grove. A sign des-

ignated it as an American cemetery. In a straight line, row upon row, white crosses hallowed the spot. Democratic in death, majors, captains, lieutenants, sergeants, corporals and privates lay side by side. The leafy boughs of the pale trees formed a shroud over the dead as the rested near where, tired exhausted, sweating, fighting and perhaps not caring very much, they had died. Centering the cemetery was a flower garden spotted with all the colors and shades of the colors of the rainbow. Above flew the Stars and Stripes, assurance her sons would not be forgotten. From North Coralina and South Carolina some of these son had come.

Our guide led us toward his village, and told us more about himself. His Christain name was Donald, and he was going to school before the Japanese came. When the yellow men descended upon his people, he fled with them to the mountains and waited until the white people came. He had helped other native men care for the wounded American and Australian soldiers. They had carried the stretchers laden with the sick, the wounded, the dead and dying through stinking, streaming jungle and over the dangerous, tortuous mountain trails where no white man had ever been. He had dug graves in th cemeteies and thought the Christain funeral "good." The "white soldiers" were "good boys" for they "let the natives alone."

As the native told us of his experiences with the armies, I remembered a saying which has become a by-word because of the tender, gentle, steady loving and almost adoring way in which the natives have handled the



wounded and dying. A wounded soldier once remarked to a friend, "There'll be a lot of black, fuzzy-haired angels in heaven after this." There will be many soldiers returning to America who would not return had not a black fuzzy-haired native with rings in his ears and bands on his arms being ready to guide the force-down airmen and carry the wounded soldiers. Love has begot love between the soldiers and the natives. Both appreciate the practice of good will on the part of the other. In love, at least, they meet on a common basis and both understand the language of love as it eloquently speaks through service toward each other and respect for one another.

We walked on toward the village. Rounding a curve in the beach, we saw the village several hundred yards away. Square, thatched huts built on stilts, the largest about six by ten feet in size, nestled in compact group beneath a canopy of palm and coconut tree branches. A blue lagoon separated the village into sections.

Naked and half-naked children gathered around us when we came to the edge of the village. Each one was chattering wildly saying "How do you do?" and giving the usual salute. We had to respond to their greeting individually. The guide began to speak in the native tongue and told them about my being a "priest." The children took this information as a cue to ask for presents. They pulled at my clothes asking for gifts. Soon all my chewing-gum and small change were gone. The crowd dispersed. The children ran, laughing, to show their gifts to their families.

Our guide disappeared as suddenly as he had appeared, and we were left to stroll through the village alone. There was no furniture in the huts. The families live in a vacant small room and sleep on the bare floor. A small porch extends from the front of the huts and here the men and women sit on the floor watching the children play. Some of the families were eating supper. They sat in a circle eating out of a crude wooden bowl which was placed in the center of the group. Oyster shells were used to dip a raw oyster and coconut milk broth from the bowl. As we passed, the men raised their heads and nodded in greeting.

We came to the lagoon. Beyond lay the rest of the village. A native invited us aboard an outrigger-canoe and poled us across the blue stretch of water studded with mounds of coral. Young men and women were busily engaged in spearing fish in waist-deep water. Older women searched the shores for other types of sea food. Children swam and played with their small canoes, their laughter ringing across the water and their looks of hurt pride were amusing when their canoes happened to spill them into the lagoon. They played in a way no different from our own children.

In the village the men were taking care of the babies and the women were doing whatever work was on hand. Grunting and squealing pigs nosed through the dirt. Several shaggy dogs roamed the grounds. Grass skirts and loin cloths were stretched on lines and gave somewhat the same impression as an American family's washing hung out to dry.

Animals jaws with teeth intact were strung on lines in front of the houses. The number of jaws indicated the prowess of the men of the family as a hunter.

Standing in front of the largest hut were two native men and two young girls. They were awaiting us. Our guide had left to inform the village priest of the presence of an "American soldier-priest." They bowed as we came before them. One of the men stepped forward and introduced himself as the native priest. His youthful look was surprising. His body was as straight as the palm trees under which he lived; muscles rippled across his shoulders and chest; he appeared to be as lithe and nimble as a deer; his keen dark eyes shined with friendliness and intelligence; and a warm smile creased his face.

Without any questioning on our part, the priest began to tell about his work. The men and two girls his helpers. They conducted a school six days a week and held services of worship on Sunday. All the people were taught how to read and write in the native and English tongues. Sometimes there were four hundred and sometimes only two hundred out of a possible five hundred at preaching services on Sunday. That morning he served communion to two hundred and fifty. The offering was large sometimes and at other times was small. The money was kept until the Bishop from Australia came on his periodic visit.

When I finally was able to ask a question, I inquired whether his people were divided into tribes with different dialects, customs and chiefs. His answer came quickly. "Yes, we have

many tribes but we have only one God, one Father of all. We are brothers." As he thus declared his religion—and politician—belief, he stood to his fullest height, his arm outstretched, head back, his eyes and tone denoting such sincerity and eagerness that he seemed to fear I would misunderstand his people. There was a brief silence as my friends and I looked admiringly at this strong minister.

"There's my chapel," he said, pointing proudly to a long, low native building topped on one end by a wooden cross. The priest excused himself for a few minutes and we entered the chapel. We saw immediately that love had built this church. I shall be surprised if I ever see any place of worship more rustically beautiful. Built in episcopal style, everything was of native construction.

The altar was a thing of beauty. It was made of rich mahogany and hand-carved figures decorated it. Overhanging the altar was a canopy delicately woven from different types of leaves which dried into a maze of dark and light colors. A cross had been woven into the wall back and above the altar. Another cross set on the altar and flanking it were candlesticks made of brass gun shells. The priest and one of his helpers rejoined us bearing between them a piece of blue pure silk cloth. Kneeling before approaching the altar, they began to cover the altar with the cloth. Worshipfully and, it seemed, almost lovingly, they gently draped the beautiful silk over their pride and joy.

We left the clean, quiet and peaceful village at dusk. We had to re-

turn to the business of war. The laughter of children at play rang out behind us. The everlasting waves beat rythmically upon the sandy shore. The lagoon took on a color of deeper blue with the darkening of the blue of the skies. White cockatooes circled above and fluttered to rest in the trees. A lizard ran across our path and up a vine, pausing now and then to turn its ugly little head over its shoulders and looking at us. The

setting sun had painted the sky above the mountains red and golden. Darkness had already come in the thick jungle. Fireflies spotted the darkness with light. Insects were chirping, and the parrot was screaming his almighty protests. We had seen a lot and learned a great deal. What a garden spot for the sowing of the Gospel! And what a profit had the work of the missionaries yielded for the natives and for us!

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### BEING ALONE

Loneliness is not so dreadful as we sometimes suppose. So much depends upon our attitude to it. If we regard it as something that cannot be sustained, and as the worst possible condition of life, then, indeed, loneliness is a desperate thing.

But why should we so regard it? If loneliness is a trouble to us, it rather suggests there is some fear of ourselves.

The greater height of happiness is reached when we are capable of being content and we have to rely entirely upon ourselves for that content. Those who can do this do not mind being alone. Of course, there is a difference between the persons who seems to be morbidly happy when they are alone and who keep clear of their fellowmen, and those who, forced by some reason of another, spend many hours of their life alone. Being alone can be the most pleasant of mental conditions. In face, we ought to train ourselves in the art of it, because there are innumerable times when all of us are alone and unless we know how to be alone we shall suffer greatly.

And being alone is good for us. There is time to think, and sometimes out of the contemplation there flashes a gem thought that transfigures our life. In others, it gives birth to a great idea which some day enriches the world. Being alone, rightly used, need never dismay us.—Exchange.

## SPORTS OF BY-GONE DAYS

By Edgar Abernethy, in *The State*

If your great-great-grandfather could be miraculously whisked away from his well-earned rest in a better and fairer land, and brought back to this vale of tears, he would see lots of things which were new and strange to him, entirely different from anything he knew in his lifetime. He would be astonished, no doubt, by such things as the automobile, the airplane, and the radio, and even the football stadium and the basketball gymnasium would be entirely outside his ex-

On the whole, your perience guest would find athletic sports of today decidedly different from those of his own sojourn on this planet. There would, however, be a certain similarity between some modern games and those of his own youth. And the enthusiasm and determination which modern athletes put into their efforts would remind him of the way his contemporaries played.

He might remember a tragedy which took place at muster near Warrenton in 1810. A certain young man overtaxed his strength playing fives, and twice fainted on the court. His friends urged him to stop playing, but he refused to heed their entreaties, fearing the ridicule which such a confession of physical weakness might induce.

"I'll finish this game if I never play another," he declared. A few moments later he dropped dead.

Fives was an old English game similar to tennis, played either on an open court or against a high wall. It could be played either with a small

leather ball and a fives bat (a wooden paddle with a long handle) or a larger ball could be used which was struck with the hand, dispensing with the paddle.

When played against a wall, a line was drawn on the wall 38 inches above the ground, and a court marked off on the ground in front of the wall. The ball was put into play by one player, who batted it against the wall above the line, so that it would rebound into the court. His apponent returned it in similar manner, and play continued until a player failed to get the ball back into the court, just as in lawn tennis today.

Your great-great-grandad would find golf quite familiar, for as a boy he himself may have played bandy, the game from which golf was developed. Bandy was also called cambuc, or golf, and bore a strong resemblance to modern field hockey. The "bandy" with which the little hard leather ball stuffed with feathers was struck consisted of a straight wooden handle some four or five feet long, with a curvature at the bottom faced with horn and backed with lead. The object of the game was to drive the ball into a series of holes in the ground with the fewest possible strokes, just as in golf today. Nothing like the elaborate modern golf courses existed in those days, of course; the game was played in any convenient field, even sometimes on vacant lots or village streets, to the hazard of windows and passersby, who wrote indignant letters to the newspaper about it.

The old English type of football was probably played in North Carolina in the old days, too. This was quite different from our present game of the same name, although the field was similar, with two goals 80 or 100 yards apart. The ball was either an inflated bladder in a leather case, or merely a bladder weighted with peas or shot. Any number of players might participate, and the object of the game was to drive the ball through the opponent's goal, using only the feet in the process.

Long bullets or long ball was a similar game, the chief difference being that a large iron ball was used, which could be propelled with the hands as well as the feet. Naturally, this heavy ball could not be tossed or kicked through the air, although it could be rolled with great force.

These games were all English importations, but some of the favorite pioneer sports were as American as camp meetings or 'opossum hunting. The shooting match was always popular in a day when in many walks of life the rifle was an essential tool. Prizes were usually awarded to successful contenders but their greatest reward was the plaudits of their fellows. Such tests of physical prowess as wrestling, jumping, and throwing the sledge often took place at the old musters and other public gatherings, too.

One sport your great-great-grandfather would surely recall with pleasure was gander-pulling. This seems to have been reserved for the Easter season, and was eagerly looked forward to by practically everybody except sour old kill-joys.

A very, very ancient gander was

selected, one whose sinewy neck had been acquiring toughness for many years. The aforesaid neck receive a liberal coating of grease and soap to make it slippery and hard to grasp, and the fowl was tied to the flexible bough of a tree. Contestants were mounted on horses, and attempted to snatch off the gander's head while riding full tilt.

This sounds easy, but as a matter of fact it was exceedingly difficult; success required a combination of skill, strength, weight and luck. It was hard enough to lay hand on the bird's restless, dodging head in the first place, and harder still to retain a grasp on such a slippery surface. The contestant whose vise-like grip enabled him to do this was quite likely to find himself dangling in mid-air, or flat on his back on the ground while his mount galloped on alone.

Usually the delighted spectators were privileged to witness many such catastrophes before some husky champion succeeded in riding off in triumph with his gory trophy. A suitable prize was awarded to the victor.

Gander-pulling was a crude sport, better suited to the tastes of the frontier than to polite society. As manners and customs became more refined, it began to go out of favor, and in the late 'fifties, just prior to the outbreak of war, the ring tournament began to appear. This was sort of joust pattern after the medieval tournaments, and was carried out with great pomp and pageantry.

Instead of attempting to impale each other upon their long lances, like the knights of King Arthur's day, the riders sought to collect small rings

suspended on hooks at intervals along the course. Each "knight" was dressed in his Sunday best, or in a fancy costume reminiscent of the days of chivalry, and each chose the name of knight of old.

To the knight who succeeded in collecting the greatest number of rings as he thundered down the course at full speed was awarded the privilege of crowing the "Queen of Love

and Beauty" at the ball which took place on the night of the tournament. After the victor had chosen and crowned his queen, the royal couple received the homage of the knights and ladies of their court, and then led the opening dance.

Your great - great - grandfather didn't have a monopoly on these tournaments, for they persisted until comparatively recent years.

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### ENTHUSIASM PLUS

It is possible for us to get fed up on enthusiasm. We cannot live by it alone, nor all the time. It must be attached to something substantial. When it is artificially generated it is lost energy. It is sometimes associated with about the cheapest things of which we have any knowledge. There is the enthusiasm that we are in the habit of connecting with the church service, and there is the enthusiasm we associate with the stadium and the diamond where sports events are held.

There is something wrong with the person who yells himself hoarse when he attends a football or a baseball game, but who comes to church or Sunday school dragging his feet as though he were about to participate in the least interesting event that can be found in a week's travel. It is quite probable that he finds little that is interesting or attractive there because he brings so little of it with him.

There is to be much more in all of our services than earnestness and excitement and zeal, and if it is not present then these may as well go out the window. On the other hand if these are wholly absent then what else can remind but as dry-as-dust service? Let us aim to keep the interest at a high pitch; but even this will endure only if it grows out of an order of service that is carefully planned and a program thoughtfully constructed and carefull carried out to the last detail.

Generally this spirit arises from and gathers itself around a just and worthy cause. In that case it has something to stand on and cling to. Then it will endure as long as the cause makes an appeal. Take the Bible, the Lord's Day, our free institutions, the rights of the individual, and we have interests about which we can afford to be enthusiastic. The welfare of the individual and the group depends on them.—The Lutheran.

# WHO INVENTED THE JEEP?

(Christian Science Monitor)

The intrepid federal trade commission is trying to find an official answer to the question "who invented the jeep?"

Half a dozen companies have been claiming parenthood of the war's most adored offspring over the last three years, but the issue wasn't brought out into the open until the Willys-Overland company which shows off jeeps' precocity by driving them up and down 13 steps in front of their Toledo, Ohio, plant, ran some advertisement claiming the little army car is their idea.

The Minneapolis-Moline Power implement company protested. Somebody else said that the jeep was invented by neither of these companies but by the American Batam Car company, of Butler, Pa. The war department, in an effort to clear up the controversy, said the car was really their engineers' idea.

Federal trade commission lawyers think the issue should be settled in view of the post-war advertising bound to come along when jeeps become available for farm work, for cattle roundups or even for pleasure driving for folks inclined to ditch-hopping and cross-country dashes. The price probably will be high, manufacturers say, because of the four-wheel drive and double-gear mechanism.

The first Ford jeeps were called "G P's"—or general purpose cars, but also about the time the jeep was born, Pop-Eye had a little man helping him out in the funny papers who could do everything and his name was "Jeep." "Jeep" it became, though the Russian insists it's "Jeepski," and the army still refers to it with military precision as a "¼ ton 4 x 4 truck."

That's the way the surplus will be advertised at the close of the war.

---

## FLAG TRIBUTE

Oh folds of white and scarlet,  
 Oh, blue field with your silver stars.  
 May fond eyes welcome you,  
 Strong hands defend you,  
 Willing feet follow you,  
 Warm hearts cherish you,  
 And dying lips give you their blessing.

Ours by inheritance,  
 Ours by allegiance,  
 Ours by affection.

Long may you float on the free winds of heaven.  
 The emblem of Liberty—  
 The hope of the World.

## INSTITUTION NOTES

After standing idle during the winter months, the ice cream machine at the dairy has been put into use, and the School's entire personnel now enjoys ice cream on the Sunday dinner menu.

—:—

Douglas Holt, formerly of Cottage No. 4, called at The Uplift office recently. This lad, now nineteen years old, entered the School, January 1, 1942. He was given a conditional release, January 22, 1943, and returned to his home in Wiston-Salem, where he secured employment in a hosiery mill. He made a very good record at home, and upon recommendation of the welfare department, was granted an honorable discharge from further parole supervision, June 3, 1943.

Douglas then went to Portland, Oregon, and obtained a position in the Kaiser Shipyards, where he is still employed as crane operator. He told us that he liked his work very much and would be glad to get back on the job in a few days.

—:—

We received another letter from Ivan A. (Tiny) Morozoff a few days ago. Tiny is still in the United States Army, and is stationed in India. Having once been a linotype operator in our printing class, this lad is a pretty regular correspondent. He is still very much interested in the old shop and the publication of our little weekly magazine despite the many intervening miles that separate us. His V-mail letter, dated April 1, 1944 reads as follows:

"Dear friend: Just a few lines to let you know I am getting along all

right and trust you are doing the same. Nothing new here. Hot as usual, and me hunting the shady spots. Am letting you know my new address, A. P. O. No. 493, just in case you might want to drop a line or send some more copies of The Uplift.

"I have learned to like India very much, although it is not exactly as I thought it would be from the description given in the old geography books. There are so many different things I could say about this country, but I shall wait until I get back to the States and tell you all about it. It is a very mystic and enchanting country.

"I received a letter from Donald McFee a few days ago, and he seems to be getting along O. K. Since there's not much more space left on this sheet, I'll have to close. Please give my regards to everybody at the School. Best of luck to you. From your old friend, tiny."

—:—

Mr. C. B. Barber, our budget officer recently received letters from Harold Walsh and Grady Pennington, former students here, who have been in our country's service for quite some time.

Harold Walsh wrote that he landed overseas within the last month and was stationed somewhere in Northern Ireland. Because of military regulation's that was all the information he could give except that he had a fine trip across and expected an enjoyable one back some of these days. He entered the United States Army in November, 1942, and was stationed at Moore General Hospital, near Asheville until January of this year.



He was supposedly transferred to some other branch of service and was soon on his way to foreign lands. Harold has been away from the School several years, is married and has one child. During his stay with us he was a member of the Cottage No. 15 group and worked in the dairy.

According to the letter from Grady Pennington it would seem that he is in the United States Army and is stationed somewhere in the Pacific area. This young man has been in foreign service for several years. He was stationed at Schofield Barracks, Honolulu, The Hawaiians, in November, 1940, and so far as we know was there when the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor. He seems to be getting along fine, and sent his regards to all his friends here, adding that he hoped to see us by the end of the year.

While at the School, Grady was in Cottage No. 3. He was a member of our printing class for a short time, but worked on the farm and in the laundry during the greater part of the time spent at the institution.

—:—

Mrs. Ramsey J. Glasgow, of Winton-Salem, recently wrote that she had been hearing quite frequently from her husband, who was a member of our printing class more than sixteen years ago. Along with her very nice letter came a photograph of Ramsey, taken in March. He has been in the United States Army since shortly after Pearl Harbor, and is now a staff sergeant and a member of a bomber crew. Ramsey has been stationed in England for more than a year. Mrs. Glasgow's letter reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Have been intending to write you for a long time

but just couldn't seem to get around to it. Have to make out orders all day at the store and am too tired to do much writing when my day's work is done.

"Have had some swell letters from Ramsey so far this year. He has been going to school somewhere in Scotland but is now back at his base. He was studying for an Instructor's rating. Don't know how he made out.

"Ramsey visits an English family near where he is stationed every time he is off duty. From the way he talks, they serve swell meals. He had Christmas dinner with them, and had their 25th anniversary on January 5th, and he was back again. I received a very interesting letter from the family last week, written February 28th. It was snowing at the time, and Ramsey was there with them. They had had a snowball fight. I think they are all crazy about him, but you know Ramsey, and what an art he has for making friends.

"By the way, Monk, or Mumford as you know him, has gone overseas, but we have not learned just where he is stationed. Norwood is back in California waiting for a furlough, but the doctors won't release him yet. He has been aboard ship in the Pacific area.

"I am sending you a picture of Ramsey made recently in England. He mailed several in March, so I guess they were made about that time. He asked me to send one to you. You can see that it isn't the fellow you and I know at all. He hadn't said a word about gaining so much weight, and it came as a great surprise to me. Ramsey looks like a man now. Don't you think so? Hope you like the

picture. Best of luck. Sincerely,  
 Frances Glasgow."

—:—

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, visited the School last Sunday afternoon, bringing with him as guest speaker, Rev. John N. Thomas, a member of the group conducting the World Wide Evangelization Crusade, who brought a most interesting message to the boys. Rev. Mr. Thomas is a native of Liverpool, England, but for the past eight years was a missionary in Colombia, South America.

The speaker stated that he had been in the United States just a little more than a week, but he and his wife were delighted with the genuine, warm-hearted reception given them by the people of this country. He said that the last time he had spoken to a group of boys, such as confronted him at the moment, was in Liverpool. He expressed himself as being particularly pleased with the enthusiastic manner in which our lads sang the old gospel hymns, especially the one called "The Banner of the Cross," which made him think of his old Sunday school class of boys in England. The words of this song, said he, further impressed that Jesus can use young men as soldiers of the cross.

For the Scripture Lesson, Rev. Mr. Thomas read the story of Daniel, praying to his God, for which he was cast into the lions' den, as found in the sixth chapter of Daniel.

The speaker began by telling our boys that he was going to give them a brief sketch of his life, with the hope that his experiences might be of some value to them. As a young fellow he said that he hardly knew his father, who was an officer in the British Navy, and who only had an

opportunity to visit his family once in seven years. In his early teens he gave his mother lots of trouble. He usually went to Bible class to misbehave rather than try to get some benefit from the lessons. He was the leader of a kind of "gang" which managed to give people all sorts of trouble, and this continued for quite a number of years. Finally on one Sunday, known as "Decision Sunday" he stated that he realized how evil the heart of a young man could become, and a few days later, in the presence of his young associates, decided to give his heart to Christ.

For a number of years, continued Rev. Mr. Thomas, he was engaged as the driver of a huge transfer truck, but even in this humble profession he continued to think of what he should do to help others to be Christians. He then attended theological college, was graduated, and was sent to Colombia, South America as a missionary.

At first, after arriving in that country, said the speaker, the going was rather tough. He and another missionary were in charge of a large truck which was built into a portable home, something like the trailers we see in this country. It was equipped with a radio, record player and public address system, by which they could bring to the natives the wonderful music of the old gospel hymns and address large gatherings without having to use a church, tent or any sort of building. They were directed to go up into the mountain towns and villages, many of them thousands of feet above sea level, where the people knew nothing of the outside world. Those people, said he, were most unfriendly toward Christians, and many times the missionaries were fortunate

to escape being killed by angry mobs.

Just as God delivered Daniel from the lions, said Rev. Mr. Thomas, he and his fellow missionaries were cared for in South America. He pointed out that Daniel was a boy who was not afraid to pray, and added that he believed God could work wonders with some of the boys in his audience, if they so willed, and make of them true soldiers of the cross. In the story just read, King Darius had ordered that any person found praying to any god other than the king would be cast into the lion's den. Just as soon as young Daniel heard of this, he went to his room, opened the windows that anyone passing might see, and prayed to God. This, said the speaker, shows clearly that we should not be afraid or ashamed to let people see us pray. We should be glad to have the world know that we are Christians. We

need have no fears so long as God is on our side.

Rev. Mr. Thomas then told the boys that Jesus makes a direct appeal to their hearts. He said that while their parents and friends back home were pleased to receive letters from them, telling of the progress they were making at the School, what a fine thing it would be for them to write home and tell their relatives that they had accepted Jesus and were trying to live Christian lives.

In conclusion, the speaker told his youthful listeners that it was no easy task to live the right kind of lives. Life, said he, is a constant battle between the forces of good and evil, and he urged them to make the decision right at the moment to become true soldiers of the Cross, and start on the campaign that would lead to a glorious victory.

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### THE NEW CREED

I will start anew this morning with a higher, fairer creed,  
I will quit this fool complaining of my neighbor's greed;  
I will cease to sit repining while my duty's call is clear,  
I will waste no moment whining, and my heart shall know no  
fear.

I will look sometimes about me for the things that merit praise,  
I will search for hidden beauties that elude the grumbler's gaze;  
I will try to find contentment in the path that I must tread,  
I will cease to have resentment when another moves ahead.

I will not be swayed by envy when rival's strength is shown,  
I will not deny his merit, but I'll try to prove my own;  
I will try to see the beauty spread before me rain or shine;  
I will cease to preach your duty, and be more content with mine.

—Edgar Allen Moss.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending April 23, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

James Benton  
 Charles Blakemore  
 William Burnett  
 Chauncy Gore  
 William Hilliard  
 Fred Jones  
 Leonard McAdams  
 Charles Pearson  
 David Prevatte  
 Weaver Ruff  
 James Stamper  
 Harry Wilson

## COTTAGE No. 1

Ralph Bailey  
 Richard Billings  
 Eugene Bowers  
 James Buckaloo  
 Walter Byrd  
 George Cox  
 Marion Cox  
 Donald Carland  
 Howard Hall  
 Carlton Pate  
 Thomas Ruff  
 James Shell  
 Harry Thompson  
 Floyd Puckett  
 Donald Redwine

## COTTAGE No. 2

Charles Byrd  
 Cecil Caldwell  
 Joseph Case  
 Rudy Hardy  
 Gerald Johnson  
 Delmas Jerrel  
 Joseph McKinney  
 John McLean  
 Hayes Powell  
 Jesse Peavy  
 William Penninger  
 John Pritchard  
 Jack Ray  
 Vann Robinson  
 James Sneed  
 Ezzell Stansbury  
 Edward VanHoy  
 Kermit Wright  
 Roy Womack  
 Thomas Ware

## COTTAGE No. 3

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 4

Everett Benfield  
 Clyde Brown  
 Robert Blackwelder  
 Jeter Green  
 Robert Hogan  
 William Lewis  
 Edgar Shell  
 Ray Smith  
 Willim C. Willis  
 James Linebarrier  
 Lawrence Walker

## COTTAGE No. 5

(No Honor Roll)

## COTTAGE No. 6

Charles Cox  
 J. C. Cayton  
 Earl Gilmore  
 Robert Gaylor  
 Donald Griffie  
 Everett Gallion  
 Sanford McLean  
 Robert Peavy  
 Lawrence Temple  
 Leory Wilkins

## COTTAGE No. 7

Herschell Duckworth  
 Charles Edwards  
 Wallace Foster  
 Donald Grimstead  
 Marshall Prestwood  
 Marion Todd  
 Richard Tullack

## COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 9

Thomas Brannon  
 Leonard Church  
 Conrad Cox  
 Riley Denny  
 Edward Guffey  
 Thomas Ingram  
 James Jarvis  
 James Lowman

John Linville  
Isaac Mahaffey  
Charles McClenney  
Charles Pittman  
Charles Redmond  
William Ussery  
Glenn Wilcox  
William Painter

COTTAGE No. 10

Paul Alphin  
Fred Carswell  
Robert Holbert  
Alfred Lamb  
Joseph McCollum  
E. C. Stamey

COTTAGE No. 11

Robert Buchanan  
Wilton Barfield  
William Guffey  
Robert Moose  
Clyde Rhodes  
Leon Rose  
William Walker  
Robert Walker  
Robert Yow

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

William Andrews  
W. C. Boyd  
Fred Bostian  
Ernest Davis  
Erwin Ewing  
Eugene Frasier  
Eugene Graham

Dexter Goard  
Homer Johnson  
Paul Painter  
Vernon Rinehardt

COTTAGE No. 14

Everett Bowden  
Paul Childers  
Hugh Cornwell  
Raymond Davis  
L. C. Gearing  
Edward Haynes  
John Holder  
Arthur Ingle  
Troy Morris  
Fonzer Pittman  
Melvin Rice  
Bruce Sawyer  
Grover Shuler  
Milton Talley  
Theodore Young

COTTAGE No. 15

Jack Benfield  
Robert Bluester  
James Cantrell  
Lee Hollifield  
David Lewis  
Roger Reid  
Olin Wishon

INDIAN COTTAGE

(No Honor Roll)

INFIRMARY

R. D. McCurry  
Odell Cecil  
Raymond Byrd

-----:-----

I found them in a book last night, these withered violets; a token of that early love that no man e'er forgets. Pressed carefully between the leaves, they keep their color still; I cannot look at them to day without an old-time thrill.

Ah, me, what tricks does memory play! The passing years have fled, and hopes that lived in vigor once, alas, have long been dead. And this is all that I can say, when all is said and done; those flowers remind me of some girl—I wish I knew which one.

—Author Unknown.



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# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., MAY 6, 1944

No. 18

MAY 8 1944

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U. N. C.  
CAROLINA ROOM

## MY ALLIES

Faith, Hope, and Love—let these my allies be,  
All fibered with the woof of charity.  
These at my side, I'll win my way through  
all—

It matters not what trials may befall.  
Let foes come on, we'll put the host to rout,  
And face with courage Fear, Despair, and  
Doubt!

—John Kendrick Bangs.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND  
INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.  
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## THE HERITAGE

The rich man's son inherits lands,  
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,  
And he inherits soft, white hands,  
And tender flesh that fears the cold,  
Nor dares to wear a garment old;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;  
The bank may break, the factory burn,  
A breath may burst his bubble shares,  
And soft, white hands could scarcely earn  
A living that would serve his turn;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?  
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,  
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;  
King of two hands, he does his part  
In every useful toil and art;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?  
A patience learned of being poor,  
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,  
A fellow-feeling that is sure  
To make the outcast bless his door;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil,  
That with all others level stands;  
Large charity doth never soil,  
But only whitens soft, white hands—  
This is the best crop from thy lands;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

## THE UPLIFT

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state,  
 There is worse weariness than thine,  
 In merely being rich and great;  
 Toil only gives the soul to shine,  
 And makes rest fragrant and benign;  
 A heritage, it seems to me,  
 Worth being poor to hold in fee.

—Selected.

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 ONE OF OUR BOYS

Perhaps the general public does not realize the part former Jackson Training School students are playing in the present World War. For the benefit of our readers we carry monthly a list of those in service, at this time numbering more than 460. Hardly a day passes that some member of the School's staff of workers fails to receive one or more letters from the lads overseas and in camps in this country. In each letter they give as much news of their activities as war regulations permit, together with an expression of appreciation of training received at the institution. These fellows have not lost interest in the work of the School and the friendships made while here, as they all inquire about their buddies among the boys and the officers and matrons. They are also very solicitous about The Uplift, and constantly request that copies be sent them.

We carry here a nice letter from William R. Young, a manly young fellow who, while with us worked in the bakery and was a member of Cottage No. 10. group. He is now in the United States Army and is somewhere overseas. It is a pleasure to pass such an appreciative letter on to our readers. It is a V-Mail letter to Superintendent Hawfield, and reads as follows:

Dear Mr. Hawfield:

Excuse me for not writing before now. I've had a little extra time since being here, but have used it in answering the nice letters received from folks at the School, especially one from Mr. and Mrs. Liske today. Also received a letter from Mr. White day before yesterday. Was really glad to hear from all of them. I just noticed a misspelled word. Please excuse it. We all make mistakes, especially over here.

How are the boys behaving? Nicely, I hope. As it is about baseball season, I would like to be there to play with the boys, but as I can't be, I'll be doing O K here. Hope all of you have

a good time playing this summer. I am expecting to play a more dangerous game, but am going to enjoy it. Anything that will help suits me and I'm going to do my best.

I am wishing all of you good luck with the crops, the games and everything you do all summer. Give the boys, officers and also Miss McCoy my regards. From a friend who will never forget any of you,

William R. Young.

\* \* \* \* \*

### ANNIVERSARIES OF THE WEEK

On April 30, 1789, George Washington took the oath of office as the first President of the United States. From Mount Vernon to New York, it was a long, triumphal procession. The roads were lined with people eager to see him pass. In the villiges all along the route, all work stopped; bells were rung, guns were fired and flowers were scattered in his path. He took the oath of office on the balcony of Federal Hall, in Wall Street, after which he withdrew into the Senate Chamber, and read his inaugural address to the assembled Congress.

Joseph Addison, famous English essayist and poet, was born in Milston, Wiltshire, England, May 1, 1672. He was one of the outstanding figures in the development of English prose, bringing to perfection that form of essay which pictures contemporary life and manners, and his vehicle of expression has continued to be an example of a graceful, flowing style. At Oxford University, Addison distinguished himself as a writer of Latin verse, and after his graduation so added to his reputation that he obtained from the government a pension, which enabled him to travel extensively. He was the author of that magnificent hymn entitled "The Spacious Firmament on High." Addison died in 1719.

George Innes, an American master of landscape art, and one of the greatest painters of natural scenery this country has ever produced, was born in Newburgh, N. Y., May 1, 1825. After studying in France, he returned to America, and opened a studio in Brooklyn, N. Y., later removing to Medfield, Mass. Near the latter city is the charming rural landscape which he reproduced in his well-known

“Medfield Meadows.” In 1862 he took up his residence in Englewood, N. J., and during the latter years of his life lived in or near New York. He was accorded many honors both at home and abroad. His death occurred in 1894.

It was in the evening of May 2, 1863, that General Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson, famous Confederate officer, was accidentally shot by one of his own soldiers. He was reconnoitering after dark following the first day of the battle of Chancellorsville, when the fatal accident occurred. Jackson has been compared with Cromwell in combining a devout religious spirit with the strict discipline of the true soldier. He prayed before every battle and returned thanks to Providence after every victory. Because of his consideration for others, he was deeply venerated and loved by his soldiers. His death more than offset the victory over the Federals, and General Robert E. Lee declared that he had lost his right arm. In accordance with his wish, Jackson was buried at Lexington, Virginia.

Jacob A. Riis, well-known American journalist, author, and social worker, was born at Ribe, Denmark, May 3, 1849. At the age of twenty-one, he emigrated to America, where for six years he was glad to secure such employments as construction camp work, carpentry, coal-mining, farm work, and peddling. In 1877, after suffering from actual poverty, Riis became a reporter for the New York Tribune, then police reporter for The Sun. In the latter capacity he gained a familiarity with conditions in the great city's poorer section. He became a practical social reformer, a leader in the movements for securing greater purity in the city water supply, parks in the congested districts of lower New York, and well-equipped playgrounds for poor children. After serving as reporter for twenty-seven years on various New York newspapers, he resigned and devoted his time to lecturing and writing. At the time of his death, in 1914, he was generally recognized as one of the foremost social workers of America. President Theodore Roosevelt called him “America's most useful citizen,” a title which he truly deserved.

The first crossing of the Atlantic Ocean by airplane occurred May 4, 1919. An American navy flying boat, commanded by Lieutenant Commander Albert C. Read, successfully made the crossing

to England via Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, the Azores, and Portugal. It had been fifteen days on the way from New York to Plymouth, England, but the actual crossing of the Atlantic was made in 24 hours and 42 minutes flying time.

Rear-Admiral Robert E. Peary, undisputed discoverer of the North Pole, was born at Cresson, Pa., May 6, 1856. He was educated at Bowdoin College, and became a civil engineer in the United States Navy. After several unsuccessful attempts, Peary reached the North Pole, April 7, 1909. Many honors were conferred upon him and he was promoted to the rank of rear admiral and given the thanks of Congress. He died in 1920. In 1932 a monument about sixty feet high was erected in his honor at Cape York, in northern Greenland.

\* \* \* \* \*

### INCREASE NECESSARY IN VICTORY GARDENS

If the Victory Gardens of 1943 furnished fifty per cent of the vegetables canned for civilian use, and as a source of supply for the armed forces, it stands clear to all understanding minds there will have to be greater interest in this project again this Spring, if the food battle is to be won. Let us not be oblivious to the slogan, "We have just begun to fight," the words of John Paul Jones, commander of the frigate, Bon Homme Richard, seventy-eight feet in length, during the fight for freedom in the Revolutionary War. There are many duties on the home front—and the most important one is to supply the soldiers, sailors and others on the fighting lines with sufficient food to meet physically the extreme demands in the struggle to protect the people from enslavement. Victory is worth nothing without a hard fight, therefore, let us perpetuate the tenacious spirit of our early forebears by doing our best in the present conflict.

The following, clipped from an exchange, is the opinion of the Chairman of the OPA:

Two million additional Victory Gardens are needed this year, according to Chester A. Bowles, director of the OPA, who intimates that the present low point values on food can hardly continue without them.

Mr. Bowles says that we were facing a vegetable crisis last year, with the Government taking thirty per cent of the supply

for its armed forces, Lend-Lease, the Red Cross and other shipments. This year, he adds, the armed forces will get forty per cent of the commercial pack of canned fruits and vegetables and that the additional Victory Gardens are necessary if we are to meet the war food goals.

Warning against any assumption that the food battle is won, the head of the OPA declares that we must grow more food and can more food from home-front gardens this year. Higher point vaules for canned vegetables, he adds, appear inevitable for next year.

\* \* \* \* \*

### PRINCESS ELIZABETH

The heir to the throne of England, Princess Elizabeth, who celebrated her eighteenth birthday a few days ago, seems to have lived a normal life, the birthright of all children. She will, if fate so decrees, be the first queen since the days of noble Queen Victoria. We often wonder if the upheaval of conditions in England causes the young princess the least bit of apprehension. However, if Princess Elizabeth, has the fine humanitarian understanding of her great-great-grandmother, Victoria, the middle classes in England will be more generously recognized.

Here are some facts concerning the princess taken from one of our exchanges: Princess Elizabeth, heiress presumptive to the British throne, was eighteen years old on April 21st. That made her a child of good fortune as it does every other girl who reaches that age. But better than this she bears the reputation of being kind, intelligent and unpretentious. And one of her own poets said, 'Kind hearts are more than coronets and simple faith than Norman blood.' She has been brought up simply, subject to the limitations that arise out of the exigencies of war. She likes most things that a healthy girl enjoys. She rides, plays tennis, shoots and swims, but is said to have a dislike for arithemtic. Now we know she is a normal girl."



**WITH THE UNITED STATES  
ARMED FORCES**



The following list includes the names, as they have come to this office, of members of the staff, former staff members, and former students of Stonewall Jackson Training School, who are now serving as members of the armed forces of the United States. It will be seen that four employees went into the service directly from the School campus. The others listed have, in some cases, been away from the institution for quite a number of years, joining the fighting forces several years after severing their connection with the School.

In checking over the list of our old boys, we find that practically one hundred per cent voluntarily enlisted in "Uncle Sam's" service, rather than wait to be called by the selective service system. It is also interesting to note that many of these fellows had been in their country's service several years prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

If any of our readers know of former Training School boys who are now in any branch of service, and can furnish definite information as to their present location, please notify the editor of THE UPLIFT, P. O. Box 32, Concord, N. C. We shall appreciate your co-operation.

**Staff Members**

Brausa, Ralph J.	(Navy)	Patterson, James L.	(Army)
(d) Carriker, J. L.	(Army)	Query, James L.	(Army)
Liner, James H.	(Army)		

**Former Staff Members**

(d) Adams, J. E., Jr.	(Navy)	Parker, Lt.-Col. Samuel I.	(Army)
Barrier, Major George L.	(Army)	(d) Poole, William E.	(Army)
Cleaver, James A.	(Navy)	Watson, Lt. (jg) James E.	(Navy)
Hollingsworth, Jesse G.	(Navy)	Wingate, Lt. W. J.	(Army Air Corps)

**Former Students**

Abernethy, Paul	(Navy)	Ashley, Arthur	(Army)
Adams, Clyde	(Navy)	Atkins, Richard	(Army)
Adams, Felix	(Army)	Atkinson, Hiram	(Navy)
Alexander, J. Mack	(Army)	Atwell, Robert	(Navy)
Alexander, Robert	(Army)	Atwood, Earl	(Army)
Almond, Odell H.	(Navy)		
Allen, Burl	(Navy)	Bailiff, Wilson	(Navy)
Allen, Julian Herschel	(Navy)	Baker, John B.	(Navy)
Allen, Grady C.	(Navy)	Ballew, Edward J.	(Navy)
Allen, Wayne	(Navy)	Barber, Winfred V.	(Army)
Allred, James R.	(Army Air Corps)	Bargesser, James	(Navy)
Amos, Gerald	(Navy)	Barker, Jewell	(Army Air Corps)
Andrews, Julian	(Marine Corps)	Barkley, Joel	(Army)
Andrews, Lewis	(Marine Corps)	Barnes, Norton	(Army)
Anderson, Raymond	(Army)	Barrett, Allen	(Army)

Barrier, Carl	(Marine Corps)	Coffer, Robert	(Army)
Barrier, William T.	(Navy)	Coggins, Mack	(Navy)
Batson, Jack	(Navy)	Collins, Glenn L.	(Army)
Bishop, Garrett W.	(Army Air Corps)	Connell, Harry	(Army)
Branch, Glatley	(Army)	Connell, James	(Navy)
Baynes, Howard	(Army Air Corps)	Cook, William	(Navy)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)		Cooke, George C.	(Army)
(‡) Beach, Ernest L.	(Army)	Cooper, Lake	(Army)
Beaver, Albert	(Army)	Cooper, Dewell J.	(Navy)
(d) Beaver, Walter	(Army)	Cooper, Walter	(Army)
Bell, James	(Navy)	Cowan, Henry W.	(Army)
Bell, William Clarence	(Navy)	Cox, J. C.	(Marine Corps)
Bell, William G.	(Navy)	Craft, Arthur	(Army)
Beheler, Reid	(Navy)	Crawford, Jack	(Navy)
Benson, John	(Navy)	Crawford, Louis	(Army)
Blackman, William	(Army)	Crawford, Wiley	(Army)
Bolton, James C.	(Army)	Crumpler, John	(Marine Corps)
Bordeaux, Junior	(Army)	Cunningham, David C.	(Army)
Bowman, Charles	(Army)	Cunningham, Jesse S.	(Navy)
Branch, Horace	(Army)	Dalton, James	(Army)
Brantley, Elmond A.	(Marine Corps)	Daubenmyer, Nelson	(Army)
Bray, Relons Odell	(Army)	Davis, Duke	(Army)
Briggs, Paul	(Marine Corps)	Davis, Hubert	(Navy)
Britt, Jennings	(Navy)	Davis, James	(Army)
Broadwell, William	(Navy)	Deal, Paul	(Navy)
Brogden, Norman	(Navy)	Deese, Horace R.	(Navy)
Broome, Jack	(Army)	Detherage, James	(Army)
Broome, Paul	(Marine Corps)	Doel, Carroll	(Army)
Broome, Shannon	(Army Air Corps)	Donaldson, Harold	(Marine Corps)
Brothers, William	(Naval Air Corps)	Dorsey, W. Wilson	(Army)
Brown Aldene	(Army)	Downes, George	(Army)
Brown, Elbert M.	(Navy)	Downes, William H.	(Army)
Brown, Harold	(Army)	Driver, Malcom	(Army Air Corps)
Bunn, Dewey	(Navy)	Drumm, Glenn	(Army)
Bunn, Homer	(Army)	Dyson, Fred	(Navy)
Burke, Ensign William H.	(Navy)	Eaker, Arnold Max	(Army)
Burkhead, Dermont	(Navy)	Earnhardt, Donald P.	(Navy)
Burleson, Lacy C.	(Navy)	Edmondson, Arthur	(Army)
Burrow, John B.	(Navy)	Edwards, Eugene	(Navy)
Butner, Roy	(Marine Corps)	Elders, James R.	(Marine Corps)
Cable, Nathan	(Army Air Corps)	Elliott, John	(Navy)
Capps, John T.	(Army Air Corps)	Elmore, A. C.	(Marine Corps)
Carter, Adrian L.	(Navy)	Ennis, James C.	(Navy)
Carter, Douglas	(Army)	Ennis, Henry	(Marine Corps)
Carter, Fred	(Army)	Ennis, Noah	(Navy)
Carver, Gardner	(Army)	Ennis, Samuel	(Army)
Causey, Floyd	(Army)	Eury, James	(Army Air Corps)
(‡) Causey, James D.	(Army)	Evans, John H.	(Army)
Chapman, Charles	(Army)	Evans, Mack	(Army)
Chapman, Edward	(Army)	Everett, Carl	(Army)
Chattin, Ben	(Army)	Everidge, Samuel	(Navy)
Cherry, Herman	(Army)	Faggart, John	(Marine Corps)
Cherry, William	(Navy)	(Enlisted 1929. Made Warrant Officer by Act of Congress, 1941.)	
Christine, Joseph	(Navy)	Farthing, Audie	(Navy)
Cline, Wade	(Army)	Faschnat, Mose	(Navy)
Coats, Clinton	(Army)		
Cobb, Frank E.	(Army)		



Fausnet, Bernard L.	(Army)	Hill, Doyce	(Army)
(‡) Ferris, Russell	(Army)	Hill, William	(Army)
Fisher, Edward	(Army)	Hodge, David	(Army)
Fisher, John H.	(Army)	Hodge, Dallas	(Army Air Corps)
Flannery, John	(Army)	Hogan, Gilbert	(Army)
(d) Freeman, Richard	(Army)	Hogsed, John R.	(Army)
French, Ian	(Army)	Hoke, Bernice	(Navy)
Furches, William	(Marine Corps)	Holland, Burman	(Army)
Gaddy, William	(Navy)	Holland, Donald	(Army)
Gaines, Robert	(Navy)	Hollars, Ralph	(Army)
Gardner, Horace T.	(Army)	Holloway, Hubert	(Army)
Gardner, John	(Navy)	Holmes, John	(Army)
Gatlin, Britt C.	(Army)	Honeycutt, Richard	(Navy)
Gentry, William	(Navy)	Hooks, Hubert	(Army)
Gibson, Merritt	(Army)	Honeycutt, Nathaniel	(Army)
Glasgow, Mumford	(Army)	Hulan, Norman	(Navy)
Glasgow, Norwood	(Navy)	(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)	
Glasgow, Ramsey	(Army Air Corps)	Ingram, John E.	(Navy)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1929-1933. Member China Expeditionary Force, '29-'32.)		Irwin, Raymond	(Army Air Corps)
Glover, Henry	(Marine Corps)	Jackson, Edgar	(Marine Corps)
Godfrey, Warren	(Army)	Jackson, William	(Navy)
Godwin, John T.	(Navy)	Jenkins, Fred	(Navy)
Godwin, Paul D.	(Army Air Corps)	Johnson, Clawson	(Army)
Goodman, Albert	(Army)	Johnson, Coley	(Navy)
Goodman, George	(Army)	Johnson, Edward	(Navy)
Gray, Delma C.	(Navy)	Johnson, Hugh	(Navy)
Green, Eugene	(Army)	Jolly, James D.	(Navy)
Greene, Giles E.	(Army)	Jones, Mark Twain	(Navy)
Gregory, Charles J.	(Army)	Jones, S. E.	(Marine Corps)
Gregory, Roy	(Army)	Jordan, James E.	(Army)
Griffin, Charles	(Army)	Keen, Clinton	(Army)
Griffin, James H.	(Marine Corps)	Keith, Monroe	(Army)
Grooms, J. B.	(Army Air Corps)	Keith, Robert	(Navy)
Guffey, Lawrence	(Army)	Kelly, Grady	(Army Air Corps)
Hall, Frank	(Army)	Kelly, Jesse	(Army)
Hall, Joseph	(Army)	King, Cleo	(Army Air Corps)
Hames, Albert	(Navy)	King, Frank L.	(Army)
Hames, William R.	(Army)	King, Jesse	(Navy)
Hamilton, Leo	(Navy)	King, Thomas	(Army Air Corps)
Hampton, Robert	(Navy)	Kinley, Robert	(Marine Corps)
Haney, Jack	(Marine Corps)	Kirksey, Samuel	(Navy)
Hardin, Wilbur	(Navy)	(d) Kivett, Clyde A.	(Army)
Harris, Edgar	(Army)	Knight, Thomas	(Army Air Corps)
Hawkins, Bruce	(Navy)	Knight, Thurman	(Army)
Hawkins, William T.	(Navy)	Koontz, J. Milton	(Army)
Head, Elbert	(Army)	Kye, George	(Army)
Heath, Beamon	(Navy)	Kye, James	(Army)
Hefner, Charles	(Army)	(‡) Lamar, A. C., Jr.	(Army)
Hefner, Eugene	(Navy)	Land, Reuben	(Army)
Hensley, David	(Army)	Land, Wilfred	(Marine Corps)
Hensley, J. B.	(Navy)	Landrum, Luther H.	(Army)
Hendren, Isaac	(Navy)	Lane, Floyd C.	(Marine Air Corps)
Hendrix, John	(Army)	Langford, Olin	(Army)
Henry, Charlton	(Navy)	Langley, William	(Army)
Hicks, Garland	(Army)	Laramore, Ray	(Army)
Hildreth, John	(Army)		

Lawrence, Robert	(Marine Corps)	(‡) Odom, David	(Army)
Leagon, Harry	(Army)	Owen, Fred, Jr.	(Marine Corps)
Ledford, Harvey L.	(Army)	Owens, Leroy	(Army)
Ledford, James	(Marine Corps)	Oxendine, Earl	(Navy)
Lemly, Jack	(Army)	Padrick, William	(Navy)
Lee, Valton	(Army)	Page, James	(Army)
Lett, Frank	(Army)	Pate, Hansel	(Army)
Lewallan, Paul R.	(Army)	Patterson, James	(Navy)
Link, Bruce	(Navy)	Patterson, Joseph	(Navy)
Long, Loyce	(Army)	Patton, Richard	(Navy)
Long, Stacey L.	(Army)	Payne, Joy	(Army)
Martin, Willie H.	(Army Air Corps)	Peake, Harry	(Marine Corps)
Mathis, D. B. (Jack)	(Marine Corps)	Pearson, Flay	(Army)
(* Matthews, Douglas	(Army)	Pennington, Grady	(Army)
Matthews, Harley P	(Navy)	Pickett, Claudius	(Army)
Mattox, Walter	(Army)	Pittman, Hoyle	(Navy)
May, Fred	(Navy)	(d) Pittman, Ted	(Marine Corps)
May, George O.	(Army)	Pittman, Walter	(Army)
Mayberry, Douglas J.	(Army)	Plemmons, Hubert	(Army)
Medlin, Clarence	(Army)	Pope, H. C.	(Army)
Medlin, Ervin J.	(Army)	Presnell, Robert	(Army)
Medlin, Wade	(Navy)	Pyatt, Jack	(Marine Corps)
(‡) Medlin, Wilson	(Army)	Quick, James	(Navy)
Merritt, Edgar	(Army)	Quick, Simon	(Navy)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)		Ramsey, Amos	(Army)
Merritt, Julian	(Army)	(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)	
Miller, Latha	(Navy)	Reep, John	(Navy)
Montford, James B.	(Army)	Revels, Grover	(Navy)
Montgomery, Samuel	(Army)	Riggs, Walter	(Navy)
Moose, Claude L.	(Marine Corps)	Rivenbark William W.	(Army)
Morris, Everett	(Navy)	(Served in Marine Corps, 1933-1938.)	
Morrow, Chas. W.	(Army Air Corps)	Rhodes, Paul	(Army)
Morrozoff, Ivan	(Army Air Corps)	Roberts, Lonnie	(Navy)
Morgan, William S.	(Navy)	Robertson, John C.	(Army)
Murphy, Lemuel	(Army)	Robinson, Perry	(Army Air Corps)
Murphy, Norvelle	(Navy)	Rochester, Nicholas	(Navy)
Murray, Edward J.	(Army)	Routh, Walter	(Army Air Corps)
Muse, Robert	(Navy)	Russ, James P.	(Army)
McBride, Irvin	(Army Air Corps)	Sands, Thomas	(Navy)
McCain, Edward G.	(Navy)	Scism, Arlee	(Navy)
McColl, Vollie O.	(Navy)	Seibert, Fred	(Army)
McCoy, Hubert	(Army)	(* Sexton, Walter B.	(Army)
McEntire, Forrest	(Marine Corps)	Seymore, Malcom E.	(Navy)
McFee, Donald M.	(Army Air Corps)	Scott, Archie	(Army)
McGee, Norman	(Army)	Shannon, William L.	(Navy)
McHone, Arnold	(Navy)	Shaver, George H.	(Navy)
McKay, John C.	(Marine Corps)	Shropshire, Hassell	(Army)
McKee, Thomas R.	(Army)	Sides, George D.	(Navy)
(Enlisted 1937)		Simmons, Horace K.	(Navy)
McNeely, Robert	(Army)	Sistar, Walter B.	(Army)
(Enlisted 1933)		Sloan, Lonnie	(Army)
McNeill, Preston	(Army Air Corps)	Small, Clyde E.	(Army)
McPherson, Arthur	(Navy)	Smith, Julius D.	(Navy)
McRorie, J. W.	(Navy)	Snider, Samuel	(Navy)
Nelson, Larry	(Navy)	Snuggs, Charles L.	(Navy)
Newton, Willard M.	(Army)		

Spears, James	(Navy)	Watts, James	(Navy)
Springer, Jack	(Army)	Watts, Boyce	(Army)
Stack, Porter	(Army)	Weaden, Clarence	(Army)
Stallings, William	(Navy)	Weathers, Alexander, Jr.	(Army)
Stanley, Brown	(Coast Artillery)	Webb, Charles R.	(Army)
Stepp, James H.	(Navy)	Webster, John D.	(Army)
Stines, Loy	(Navy)	Whitaker, John H.	(Navy)
Strickland, Robert W.	(Army)	(*) Whitaker, William E.	(Army)
Stubbs, Ben	(Army)	White, Marshall	(Coast Artillery)
Sullivan, Richard	(Army)	Whitener, Richard M.	(Army)
Sutton, J. P.	(Army)	Whitlock, Winfred	(Army)
Talbert, Morris	(Navy)	Widener, Charles	(Navy)
(x) Taylor, Daniel	(Army)	Wilhite, Claude	(Army)
Tessner, Calvin C.	(Navy)	Wilhite, George	(Army)
Teeter, Robert E.	(Army)	Wilhite, James	(Army)
Thomas, Harold	(Navy)	Wilhite, Porter	(Army)
Thomas, Richard	(Army)	Williams, Everett L.	(Army)
Threatt, Sidi	(Army Air Corps)	Williams, Samuel R.	(Navy)
Tipton, Kenneth	(Navy)	Williams, William R.	(Navy)
Tobar, William	(Army)	Williamson, Everett	(Navy)
Troy, Robert	(Army)	Wiles, Fred	(Army)
Tucker, Joseph	(Army)		(Enlisted 1927)
Turner, Lee V.	(Navy)	Wilson, John C.	(Army)
Tyson, William E.	(Navy)	Wilson, Thomas	(Navy)
Waldrop, Ned	(Army)	Wilson, W. J.	(Army)
Walker, Glenn	(Army)	Winn, J. Harvard	(Navy)
Walker, Oakley	(Army)	Wood, James L.	(Army)
Walker, Robert	(Army)	Wood, William T.	(Navy)
Walsh, Harold	(Army)	Wooten, Charles	(Navy)
Walters, Melvin	(Army)	Wrenn, Lloyd	(Army)
Ward, Eldridge	(Army)	(‡) Wright, George	(Army)
Ward, Robert	(Army)	Yarborough, Preston	(Army)
	(Enlisted 1928)	York, John R.	(Army)
Ware, Dewey	(Army)	Young, Brooks	(Army)
Watkins, Floyd A.	(Army)	Young, R. L.	(Marine Corps)
Watkins, Lee	(Army)	Young, William R.	(Army)
Watson, Lieut. Lemuel	(Army)	Ziegler, Henry F.	(Navy)
Watts, Everett	(Navy)		

- ( ‡ ) Prisoner of war.
- ( § ) Missing in action.
- ( \* ) Killed in action.
- ( d ) Discharged from active service.
- ( x ) Died while being held prisoner.

Former Students in Merchant Marine Service

Efird, Nathaniel A.  
 Hill, Caleb  
 Hillard, Clyde

Lambert, Jay  
 Smith, Glenn W.  
 Stutts, Edward

# WHITTIER'S KNOWLEDGE AND USE OF THE BIBLE

By Elmer Schultz Gerhard

It has for a long time been evident that much of our best poetry is beyond the imaginative reach and appreciation of many readers because of their unfamiliarity with the ordinary literary allusions, references, traditions and legends. Many allusions—historical, Biblical and mythological—go by default because of the lack of knowledge of these commonplaces of allusions on the part of the reader. One needs only to listen to the programs broadcast over the radio to be made aware of this woeful lack of knowledge displayed by a large mass of the people. Just at this writing a radio broadcast featuring a quiz program asked what virtue or quality comes to mind when one hears mentioned the Biblical names of Job, Goliath, and Methuselah (patience, giant, old age). The person questioned missed on every point.

Attention has frequently been called of late years to the need of a better acquaintance with the Bible as an essential requisite for a proper and appreciative understanding of literature, particularly of poetry and of the songs and hymns we sing. The Bible is the most resourceful book we have. It has illustrative incidents of every kind of experience and phase of life. In the light of its ancient past, with its accumulated wisdom we can interpret our own experience. And in addition, the Bible is replete with all possible literary forms: narration, argument, description, tragedy, the most lofty poetry and inspired prose,

and with all the possible figures of speech, or rhetoric.

Whittier's poetry alone may be sufficient to illustrate the truth of this contention. More Biblical allusions and citations are found in his poetry than in that of any other American poet; and it may be safe to add that there are probably only two British poets who surpass him in this respect—Tennyson and Milton. The latter's poetry is virtually nearly all religious both in thought and theme.

Whittier was always a close student and persistent reader of the Bible. This characteristic may have been partly due to the fact that among both maternal and paternal progenitors of our Hebrew prophet and Quaker poet the religious nature was predominant. Moreover, according to the fine and tender delineation the poet gives of his mother in "Snow-bound" one can readily see that she was a person of deep and tender religious nature. His Biblical inclination may also have been strengthened and enhanced by the meager and somewhat circumscribed library in the Whittier home.

"The Almanac we studied o'er,  
Read and reread our little store  
Of books and pamphlets, scarce  
a score";

One of his first attempts in verse was a catalogue of the books in this home library, written in rhymed couplets, beginning.

"The Bible towering o'er all the  
rest,  
Of all other books the best."

One of the books in the library was considered reprehensible and was usually barred from orderly households; but Whitter must have read it, for he characterizes it thus—

"And Tufts, too, though I will be  
civil,  
Worse than the incarnate devil."

This is the book mentioned in "Snow-bound"—

"One harmless novel, mostly hid  
From younger eyes, a book for-  
bid."

Seven of his poems Whitter based wholly on Biblical themes: "Palestine," "Ezekiel," "The Wife of Manoah to Her Husband," "The Cities of the Plain," "The Crucifixion," and "The Star of Bethlehem." The best of these are, "The Cities of the Plain" and "The Crucifixion." The first is thrilling and tense in style. It reminds one of Byron's "Sennacherib"—

"The Assyrian came down like a  
wolf on the fold  
And his cohorts were gleaming in  
purple and gold."

And even so Whitter—

"And I paused on the goat-crag  
of Tabor to see  
The gleam of thy waters, O dark  
Galilee."

Of the sixteen stanzas of "Palestine," beginning—

"Blest land of Judea! thrice hal-  
lowed of song,"

five were combined into hymn and set to music as late as 1918. The poem "Ezekiel" is based on the book of Ezekiel 33: 30-33. In it the hearers of the prophet are taken to task for their disobedience. "The Crucifixion" is a highly solemn chant destined to touch a devout heart.

After having made a rather cursory review of Whitter's poetical works and a summation of his Biblical allusions, we find that there are by actual count no less than 147 such allusions; in fact, there may be more. These are found in twenty different Books of the Bible, fourteen in the Old Testament and six in the New. There are even allusions to two Books of the Apocrypha: Tobit and Esdras. Some Books of the New Testament are alluded to time and again. All this shows Whitter's amazing and extensive knowledge of the Bible. Many of the allusions are found in remote and little known corners of the Scriptures; for what writer has ever gone to the Books of Tobit and Esdras—among the least known of the Apocrypha—to find an apt passage to strengthen and illuminate his poetical conception?

Sometimes he adopts a text as the basis for his poetic meditation. For his poem, "Questions of Life"—

"I am: how little more I know!  
Whence came I? Whither do I  
go?  
A center self, which feels and is;  
A cry between the silences";

he took II Esdras, chapter 4. It might not be amiss to read the greater part of this chapter before one begins to read this poem and to reflect on it. And then one needs to

turn to his "Eternal Goodness" and to "My Soul and I" for the poet's faithful answer to the great questions of the here and the hereafter. "Democracy" has for its text Matt. 7: 12, which contains the germ of the Golden Rule. And "Worship" is based on James 1: 27. "Pure religion and undefiled, before God and the Father is this: To visit the widows and the fatherless in their affliction," etc.

His Biblical allusions and citations are always apt, convincing and illuminating, and add charm and agreeableness to what he tries to say. The last two lines in "Ichabod," which is a Hebrew word meaning "glory departed," reads thus—

"Walk backward, with averted  
gaze,  
And hide the shame!"

Here is an allusion to Gen. 9: 23. Noah's two sons took a garment and laid it on both their shoulders, and went backward to cover the nakedness of their drunken father. Whoever does not recognize this allusion and does not comprehend its penetrating thrust will miss the meaning of the most powerful lines in the poem, which is a withering rebuke administered to Daniel Webster after he had delivered that memorable speech of March 7, 1850; for many people thought he was supporting the Fugitive Slave Law, so obnoxious to the North. In that incomparable winter-idyl, "Snow-bound," is told the story of an old skipper who offered himself as a sacrifice when food and water failed and there were mutterings of casting lots for life and death. Just then a school of porpoise flashed in view.

"Take, eat," he said, "and be content;

These fish in my stead are sent  
By Him who gave the tangled ram  
To spare the child of Abraham."

Here the allusion is to Gen. 22: 13. Jehovah tried Abraham's faith by commanding him to sacrifice his son, Isaac; but when he was about to slay Isaac an angel called to Abraham to desist. Abraham then substituted a ram that he found caught by the horns in the thicket.

The closing lines of that love romance, "Maud Muller,"

"Ah, well, for us all some sweet  
hope lies  
Deeply buried from human eyes;  
And, in the hereafter, angels may  
Roll the stone from its grave  
away."

allude to Matt. 28: 2. In the hereafter angels may roll away the stone from the grave wherein our hopes are buried, just as angels rolled away the stone from Christ's sepulcher. In his Prelude to "Among the Hills" the poet upholds the dignity and nobleness of labor—

".... how rich  
And restful even poverty and toil  
Become when beauty, harmony,  
and love  
Sit at their humble hearth as  
angels sat  
At evening in the patriarch's  
tent,"

This is a happy allusion to Gen. 18: 1-10, wherein is told how Abraham and Sarah entertained three angels unawares. In "Cassandra Southwick," which is the story of a Quaker girl sentenced in Boston in 1680 for

her religion, to be transported to Virginia and there sold as a slave, there are sixteen Biblical allusions covering eight Books of the Bible. And so one might go on ad infinitum.

Whittier was primarily a Christian poet and achieved true success in the field of religious poetry. He was one of America's ablest lyrical poets, but he wrote no hymns as such. He was not strictly a hymn writer, and yet

more than thirty hymns have been constructed by culling certain stanzas from some of his poems and combining them into an artistic whole. He sought what he sought in the name and for the glory of God. "His works glow with the divine fire of a great personality, which had to a high degree the child-like simplicity of the kingdom of heaven."

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### THE WAY TO SUCCESS

A young man in his early teens sat musing one day on the banks of a great river. A priest chanced to pass that way, and the young man said to him: "Good Father, what shall I do to have success?" The priest answered: "Follow me," and waded forthwith into the stream.

The water grew deeper and deeper, but the priest led on, and the boy followed until the water reached his chin. As he turned to go back the priest seized him by the hair of his head, and held him at arm's length under the water. The lad struggled and fought with all his strength, and finally, when it seemed he would drown, with a mighty effort he broke away and made his way to the shore.

After the lad had ceased gasping, the priest said to him: "Young man, what did you want most while you were held under the water?" "Air, air," replied the boy. Then the priest said: "My son, when you desire success as much, and are willing to fight for it as hard as you fought for air, nothing can keep you from getting it."

Behind the success of every successful man or woman is the same story—the story of a life struggle, fed by an unquenchable desire to attain the goal to which vision beckons and points the way.—Sunshine Magazine.

# THE PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHER AND CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

By Mildred E. Winston

The evolution of a person from a teachable child to a well-educated teacher is a process that exceedingly important. It is of interest not only to the psychologist and the educator, but also to the churchman who has an intelligent concern for the most effective means of strengthening and developing the church.

There are certain influences and choices which affect the personality and professional qualifications of the potential teacher. For the sake of a necessarily brief analysis of one aspect of the public school situation as it is related to the church, it is well to concentrate the attention upon a single person—the teacher.

A Christian believes that the church has within itself those elements which create in both the home and the school their strongest characteristics. A child born into a truly Christian home is nurtured in such a manner as to acquire an understanding of God, a respect for herself, and a proper relationship with those about her.

The average child goes to a public school. The amount of time spent daily in the school room, the necessary intensity of relationships with teachers and fellow pupils, shifts the weight of influence very largely from the home to the school. The parents who realize this will have a real concern for the spiritual and moral, as well as the professional, qualities of the teacher.

The modern home leaves to the

church as an institution the greater part of the responsibility for imparting religious knowledge and the developing of the religious spirit. If this is to be done properly, parents must realize that here, too, the pastor must have the assistance of teachers who are spiritually and professionally well qualified.

In addition to these major influences, the early choices a child and young person make go far in determining the kind of teacher the person will eventually become.

The amount of influence of the church in the total life of the community goes a long way toward helping a child from the proper friendships. The church does much to determine the quality and variety of the recreational and cultural opportunities in a town or neighborhood.

As the young person approaches the period of making a choice of college and profession, it is obvious that the public school teacher has a greater opportunity than anybody else to guide in the decision. Again the church must be aware that the character and the type of training a teacher has had will determine largely the place of the student in her future relationship to the church and to society.

There are unlimited opportunities for the church to guide a child through home and school influences and choices and to educate her for her own highest good and for the help she can be to a community as a



Christian teacher. It can only be done, however, when the total organization of the church at large has a well-integrated program with workable relationship so that its impact upon individual men, women and children through the local congregation is a unified and thoroughly spiritual one. A highly departmentalized and segmented program probably makes for an efficient manufacturing or business organization, but it can create only bewilderment and ineffectiveness in dealing with people and with things of the spirit. The increasing evidences in the church of using the foundations of a strong organization as stepping stones toward greater spiritual heights and broadening horizons are very encouraging.

The responsibilities of the church in regard to public education are obvious. The first responsibility that stares the Lutheran Church in America in the face is both a startling and an embarrassing one. We have been reared on the continuous reiteration that we are an educated church. Are we?

According to unbiased statistics, it is true, we have the best educated ministry. But somewhere in our life as a church we have failed miserably. There is an appalling gap between the education of the ministry and the laity. We are third numerically as a Protestant Church in America, but we are tenth in the number of young people attending institutions of higher learning. Furthermore, the greatest proportion of difference is in Pennsylvania, the numerical center of the United Lutheran Church.

In addition to becoming conscious of the need for higher education, the constituency must become aware of the need for Christian colleges—and support them. As churchmen we must go deeper than a kind of patriotic loyalty to an educational institution just because it is related to the church. We are under obligation to think of it as an instrument in developing individual personalities and in enlarging the Kingdom of God. Practically, it is at this point where the strengthening of our church colleges and the education of Christian men and women for our public schools is strategic.

Note Pennsylvania again, where 42 per cent of the membership of our church in the United States and Canada is located. The church should be exceedingly grateful for the Christian men and women who are on the faculties of the fourteen teachers' colleges in the state. For in the teachers' colleges, one-sixth of the total student enrollment is Lutheran. That fact alone should make the church demand the highest quality of spiritual and educational ministry to the students in those centers. This cannot be done alone by a single board of the church. It requires the intelligent, aggressive and co-operative work of the local congregation, the synod and the board. There is ample evidence that every one of these colleges welcomes a good quality of cultural and spiritual leadership.

The competition between the liberal arts and the teachers' colleges is a point of fact. Nevertheless, if as a church we are to fulfill our ministry to individuals and to train

Christain leadership for another generation, we must accept our responsibility to our own young people in the numerous teacher training and state colleges and universities of the country.

One realizes the impossibility of a state school—especially a teacher's college—giving the variety of courses or frequently the type of content in the courses offered, or of creating the kind of extra-curricular activities valuable in developing the total personality. Need is placed upon the church to make it possible for several of our colleges to provide thoroughly Christain, highly cultural and professional courses and campus life for those who plan to teach in the public schools.

Another responsibility which has gone practically unrecognized by the church is the need for a place to which those who are teaching and who plan to continue in public school work may go for a year or two for fellowship and for courses on a grad-

uate level. There should be open to teachers courses in Bible. Christain philosophy, psychology and sociology, church history, religious education and related subjects. Christain teachers need this opportunity and many have expressed a desire for it. Those leaders in the church who have taken steps toward providing these courses are real pioneers and should be encouraged.

The results of the church accepting its opportunities and responsibilities in providing the highest calibre Christain cultural and professional education for potential teachers will manifest themselves in enriched lives, in greater service to the community and in unstinted co-operation in the local congregation. Both the home and the church will extend their influence through the twelve to fourteen formative years when the modern child to a large extent is forced to substitute the public school teacher for pastor and parents.

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There is no free gate to anything worth while. Not to skill nor health, nor to success or friendship, nor even to the lasting love and respect of those who are nearest and dearest to us. These are the items that makeup the best income that any human being can have, and the sum of that income will be measured by the sum of what we are willing to pay to get it.

—Selected.

## JIMMY'S FIND

By Carla F. Rosenthal

Jimmy saw it that morning on his way to school. As usual, he was barefoot. He never wore shoes in summer except on Sunday. As usual he was late, because he always slept till the last minute; and as usual, he was trying to save money by running across lots. Suddenly his foot struck something hard and round that felt queer in the soft grass. Jimmy was not in too much of a hurry to investigate. He bent down, pushed aside a clump of grass and smiled all over his freckled face as a shiny coin met his gaze. Finding money was a novelty to him. Then he searched his pockets to see if there was one without a hole in it. He discovered one fairly secure, and empty save for a piece of chalk, a stub of a pencil, a button and two marbles. He added this money to the collection and went on whistling.

In spite of the interruption he succeeded in reaching his seat half a minute before the final bell, and he even had time to punch Reddy O'Brien who sat in front of him.

Reddy turned around indignantly, but his wrath disappeared as he met Jimmy's grin.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked.

"Bet you didn't find what I found on the way to school."

"What did you find?"

"Some money."

"How much?"

Just then the bell rang so Jimmy didn't answer.

Recess time came and Jimmy walked up to a group consisting of Reddy

O'Brien, Skinny Tompkins and Chubby Gleason. The money in his pocket, the pencil stub, the button and the two marbles gave forth a pleasant and harmonious jingle as he walked along.

"Did you find some money? When? How much?" From Skinny in one breath.

"What are you going to do with it?" asked Chub, pointblank.

"I don't believe I better spend it yet," said Jimmy thoughtfully, "cause the person who lost it might advertise. Maybe I'd better wait."

"Say, what is it? A five dollar gold piece?" asked the unquenchable Reddy.

"That's telling," said Jimmy. "Wait awhile and you will know all about." He turned away with the air of a millionaire having important business to attend to, while the other boys stared after him enviously.

By the end of that recess period all the boys, not to mention the girls, knew that Jimmy Brenton had found some money. And immediately a committee was formed to discover, if possible, the extent of the treasure and what the finder purposed to do with it. As Jimmy, however, preserved a discreet silence, the committee were left to their own speculation, and very wild those speculations were. One optimistic youngster was positive that Jimmy had found no less than one hundred dollars. And no one doubted in the least that he was going to share his good luck with the rest of them. Then and there a baseball team was organized with Jimmy as captain. That was only fair, because

the boys already in their minds were buying a splendid equipment with his money, and meditating already upon the challenges they were going to send out to neighboring teams. Also, as some of their stocks of marbles were running low, it was suggested that it would be nice if Jimmy use part of his wealth in the purchase of agates and pures for the rest of the school. It was also noticeable that many delectable offerings were being brought to him, such as candy, apples or peanuts, occasionally by the boys, but more often by the little girls. This was done in the hope that the power of suggestion would so work upon Jimmy that he would be moved to buy ice cream and candy in wholesale quantities for the entire class.

Meantime the boys were eagerly each evening scanning the lost and found columns in the newspapers. It was hoped that when Jimmy did present himself in answer to the advertisement, the loser would be so favorably impressed with his wonderful honesty that he would press upon him a reward equal to it if not more than the amount lost.

Several days went by, and several advertisements appeared for lost money. But each time the boys showed an item to Jimmy he shook his head. "No," he said, "that isn't the one. The description doesn't fit."

"I'll tell you," he said on the sixth day, "tomorrow makes a week since I found that money. That's plenty of time for a person to advertise. If nothing shows up by tonight, I'm going to spend it tomorrow."

"All of it?" asked Reddy O'Brein, awestruck.

"Every bit," said Jimmy grandly.

That night—again that evening there had been nothing in the paper—the boys dreamed of such trifles as aeroplanes, automobiles, baseball outfits that would turn the New York Giants green with envy, bushel baskets of marbles, and a storeful of candy. At half-past three the next afternoon people in the neighborhood opened their eyes, for they saw a whole procession of excited shouting boyhood, led by a freckled-faced, brown-eyed lad, headed in the direction Osgood's Confectionary store. Even the proprietor of that establishment, used as he was to invading squads, looked in amazement at the tremendous army that crowded his place. There was an eager buzz, then Jimmy came forward and the army fell silent.

"And what can I do for you, young man?" asked Mr. Osgood deferentially. Jimmy's purchases had never occasioned any great change in the candy merchant's bank deposit. Still this vast retinue must betoken something.

Jimmy looked at the array of candy displayed in the glass case; chocolates, peanut brittle, licorice, lollypops, lemon sticks and peppermints. He deliberated while the other boys waited on his word.

"Gimme one of those," said Jimmy, pointing to the peppermint sticks. Mr. Osgood passed out one stick, and waited for the rest of the order. Jimmy laid down a cent.

"Here, Frank," he said, you divide it with the others. Well, so long fellows." One foot was already outside the door.

"Say," gasped Skinny Tompkins, "you're not through here, are you?"

Why, you've only spent one cent."

"That's what I found," grinned Jimmy.

And then he bolted before the other fellows could get their breath.

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In these days of rationing and conservation, here's something for a fellow to remember when he is invited out to dinner. Unless the steak is very large, the last to be served must pretend that he likes fat, gristle and bone.—Exchange.

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## DISCIPLINE

(Selected)

No figures have been announced as to the number of American soldiers in England at the present time, but we can rest assured that they are numbered by the hundreds of thousands. All are under the command of General Dwight D. Eisenhower, who has proved himself to be an able leader of men. It is generally known in this country that the placing of so many men in the British Isles, already overcrowded by American standards, has caused some difficulties with the British population.

It is because of these difficulties that General Eisenhower was constrained last week to address a letter "to every American serving under my command" asking that all of them help see to it "that a very small minority does not damage the good name of the American army in the United Kingdom.

The general declared that "only a self disciplined army can win battles," and he warned his men, especially officers, to be especially careful con-

cerning the following:

"Improper use of motor transportation"

"Drinking in public places"

"Excessive drinking at any time. In this connection public drunkenness by officers will invariably call for the sternest disciplinary action permissible.

"Loud, profane or indecent language, especially in public."

"Sloveniness in appearance."

"Any discourtesy to civilians."

One of the great benefits that is to come out of this war is the discipline which has become an important part of the lives of 10 million or more men. And we, too, on the home front need to know something of discipline, and especially do we need to see that our children know the meaning of discipline. It is vital, as General Eisenhower has said, both in military and civil life, that human beings so discipline themselves as to work together on the basis of mutual respect, consideration and co-operation.

# THIS IS WHAT WE ARE FIGHTING FOR

By Corporal John Demarsky, U. S. Army

America is the sleeping giant of nations, suddenly transformed by a bomb at Hawaii into a smashing colossus. It's the joy rider turned Paul Revere. It's the jazz orchestra gone out to fight and conquer. It's Hollywood and Broadway suddenly warmed by the spirit of Bunker Hill and Lexington. It's the night-club the cabana colony and the country club discarding it's play clothes for uniforms and jumpers and the sign of the Red Cross—that's what it is. It's waltz music and the rhumba shifting to the blare of bugles. It's all the trivial ditties of tin-pan alley welling into "Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory of the Coming of the Lord" and "Oh, Say Can you See by the Dawn's Early Light." A soda clerk dying for democracy, that man on the golf links flinging away his clubs to become an air warden, a youth on the tennis court suddenly flashing through the air to bomb a hostile battleship, a Collin Kelly.

It's the cry "gimme, gimme" changing to "up and at 'em" and the slogan "Every man for himself" and "What do I get out of it?" becoming again "Don't shoot until you can see the whites of their eyes!" It's the Stork Club playboy turned parachutist, the grimy coal town laborer leading a suicide squad to retake Manila. The village ne'er-do-well on a mine sweeper on a raging sea, the tap dancer stripped to the waist in the blazing gun turret. A youth idling on a

Florida beach giving his life to protect a lonely island outpost.

It's laughter in a loaded beach wagon transformed into a hoarse shout of "Let 'Em Have It" from an army tank—it's a club car turned into a jeep car—the deluxe Pullman into an ammunition train and the porter into Gunga Din. The street corner idler winning a citation for valor. And the boy who wasn't much use sticking to the guns of a flaming, sinking cruiser, taking one last defiant shot before a cold and pitiless ocean closes over him to strangle out his life.

It's the tree-hours-for-lunch fellow turned minute man. It's Bossey Gillis and Bill Knudsen, Alfalfa Bill Murray and Sergeant York, Colonel Lindberg and General Pershing, Louie the Lug and Jimmy Durante and Bishop Manning. It's Carrie Nation, Hiram Walker, Israel Putman, Fibber McGee, George Washington and Jack Benny, Benny Goodman and Alexander Hamilton, Ulysses Grant, Robert E. Lee, Henry Ford, Bill Green, Tom Girdler, Al Smith and Herbert Hoover and Franklin Roosevelt and Wendell Wilkie.

It's the messenger with a singing telegram delivering instead the 1943 Message to Garcia. It's Dorothy Thompson, Sophie Tucker, Walter Lippman and one-eyed Connolly, Nicholas Murray Butler and Willie Howard. And the skyscraper scrub woman and the Colonel's lady, Gypsy

Rose Lee and Molly Pitcher, Eleanor Roosevelt and Aimee Semple McPherson and Sally Rand and Barbara Fritchie. And every man, woman and child who buys a War Bond or Stamp.

It's self-interest become self-sacrifice. It's the spirit of indifference become the spirit of '76. It's the homestead turned cathedral because

of the prayers of mothers there. And the dingy town becomes a flaming symbol because it has given birth to heroes. The prophesies of Holy Writ become the events of the moment and the human heart and soul turn torch and beacon to light the way to freedom and liberty for all of the oppressed peoples of the world.



### THE TRAIN OF LIFE GOES BY

The children stand by the side of the way  
As the train goes dashing through—  
At the cottage door, at the farmyard gate,  
At the coutry crossing, too.

In the squalid court of a tenement row;  
In the mansion, fair and high—  
And they give us a smile and a wave of the hand  
As the great train rushes by.

Oh, the train of life goes thundering on  
With a roar, like a beast in pain,  
And childish faces are raised to ours  
That we never shall see again.

Yet with wistful smile they are watching still  
For the light of a loving eye.  
Let us give them a smile and a wave of the hand,  
As the train of life goes by.

—Selected.

# MOST LOFTY MOUNTAIN PEAK

By Temple Manning

Somehow it seems eminently fitting that mighty Alaska, so full of scenic, mineral and other resources of bounteous nature should include in its mighty mountains, the highest peak on the North American continent. Set in a national park that is part of a vast wilderness is Mount McKinley, thrusting its head into the clouds, reaching an altitude of 20,300 feet above sea level, and 17,000 feet above the timber line.

On its north and west sides, McKinley rises abruptly from a plateau only about 2500 feet high. Two-thirds of the way down from its summit, it is enveloped in snow throughout the year. Near McKinley are other peaks that range from 17,000 feet to 11,600 feet, a sort of a court for a king, that mighty mountain that early Indians named Denali, "home of the sun."

Mount McKinley Park in south-central Alaska takes in over 3000 square miles. It is a fascinating region of awe-inspiring beauty, and one that is a tremendous favorite with mountain climbers. We know travelers who have visited the park at various times of the year from summer when the sun shines more than 18 hours a day to the deep winter when an indescribable stillness hovers over everything, and everyone agrees that here is one of the world's most wonderful spots. Access to practically all parts of the park during the winter is by dog team.

As a park attraction, the animal life is surpassed only by Denali itself. Many of the species are rare, such as the willow ptarmigan and the caribou, not found in any other national park, while the surfbird's eggs, as the guide proudly told us, have been found in the park and nowhere else in the world. Thousands of caribou graze within the reservation. Almost everywhere in the park the presence of the caribou is indicated by well defined trails through the tundra, or by certain battered willows which the animals have used for battering the velvet off their horns. To watch a grizzly bear in his native habitat in Mount McKinley National Park is worthy of a long journey. The cubs are especially delightful to watch as they spend their days at play sliding down the steep slopes at higher elevations.

One of the handsomest animals in the park is the white Alaska mountain sheep. It is interesting in late June to watch their general migration across the main Alaska range, and at some places they mingle freely with the caribou, grazing together and using the carbon, grazing together and using the same trails. Besides all this, the park is a walking fur store, with magnificent red fox, marmot, lynx, beaver, otter, marten and mink on the hoof, not to mention the ground squirrels, the type from which Alaska natives make them prize parka coats.



## INSTITUTION NOTES

The attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night was "My Gal Sal," a Twentieth Century Fox production. This popular picture, in technicolor, was thoroughly enjoyed by the boys.

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Some of the members of the Training School Boy Scout Troop went to Concord last Thursday night, where they met with the Board of Review. These lads took examinations for various Merit Badges. We are happy to report that they passed the tests successfully and will be awarded appropriate cards or certificates at the next meeting of the Court of Honor.

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With the coming of some nice, clear weather, such as we have enjoyed for the past few days, our fields are scenes of much activity. All the members of our outside forces are busily engaged in preparing the soil, sowing seed and transplanting plants in an effort to raise more vegetables this year than ever before. The tractors and a number of teams are being used extensively and everybody seems to be right on their toes. Adverse weather conditions prevented as early a start at this work as desired, but each one is doing his level best in an effort to make up for lost time.

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Just a few days ago we recieved a nice collection of picture post cards and snapshots of places of interest in England and Scotland, from Corporal James L. Query, who is with the United States Army "somewhere in England." Mr. Query was a member

of the Training School's staff of workers before entering the Army. He has been overseas for more than a year, during which time he has written his friends at the School quite frequently. We were delighted to get the pictures from our friend, Lardner, and have added them to our collection, received from friends in foreign service.

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We recently received a brief note from Lee V. Turner, a former member of our printing class, who is now in the United States Navy. Following his basic training at Bainbridge, Maryland, he was transferred to the U. S. N. A. S., Melbourne, Florida. Lee writes as follows:

"I received a letter from you while in boot camp, and thought it was about time to answer it. I like the Navy just fine. As soon as I got out of boot camp, I got the books needed and started studying for a rating. Two months ago, I made the rating fought for so long, and am now a Machinist's Mate 3-c. Will you please send me a few copies of The Uplift? Would like to see all the boys and officers. Please write real soon and send me a copy of the paper with the names of all the old boys in the service. Your friend, Lee V. Turner."

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The Charlotte News, issue of April 25th, carried a list of boys who had enlisted in the United States Navy through the recruiting office in that city. Among those appearing on the list was Samuel Kirksey, of Gastonia, a former student at Jackson Training School.

Samuel entered the School, April 17, 1939 and remained here until July 9, 1942, when he was conditionally released to go to live with his mother in Gastonia. While here Samuel was a house boy in Cottage No. 8 for more than two years, and worked on the barn force and the work line during the remainder of his stay. Upon admission he was placed in the third school grade, and had advanced to the seventh at the time of leaving. This lad made a good record after returning to Gastonia. Upon receipt of a full report on his case for one year, and on the recommendation of the superintendent of public welfare, he was given an honorable discharge, July 7, 1943.

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John T. Capps, a former member of our printing class, who is now "somewhere in England" as a member of the United States Army Air Corps, continues to write us quite frequently. We have been following the career of this young fellow since he left the School several years ago, and have been pleased to learn that he did fine wherever he went as a linotype operator, and is still doing a good job for Uncle Sam. Johnnie's letter, dated April 12th, reads as follows:

Dear Mr. Godown: Just a few short lines to let you know that I haven't forgotten you or the School. Everything is just fine here and I'm having a very lovely time this week. My girl friend came down for a few days. We are going to be married in June, and the way the days are now passing it seems that June will never get here. Am having some prints made of a few pictures I made of her, and as soon as they are finished, I'll send you one.

"I am sending you a small booklet

of snapshots which I picked up here. It has a few pictures in it which might interest you. Have some more that I have taken but had to send the negatives home so my sister could have some sets made. I should be getting them soon, and will make sure that you get one of them for your "little book."

"It is getting lovelier here with each passing day. Am beginning to believe they knew what they were doing when they named this part of the country Beautiful England, but even that doesn't do it justice. Everywhere you go there is beauty—tree-lined roads which are starting to break out in green, and the old and very lovely homes. One can travel for miles and miles and it is the same. I shall never forget my stay here. Only wish you could visit this wonderful country some time.

"Please give my regards to all at the School. Guess I had better call this a day. It is very late and I'm getting sleepy, so I'd better hit the hay. Your old pal, Johnnie."

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Rev. W. V. Tarlton, pastor of McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture lesson he read the story of the miracle of the feeding of the multitude, as recorded in John 6:1-15.

At the beginning of his most helpful and interesting message to the boys, the speaker stated that he wanted to speak to them about a splendid boy of the Bible. In quoting John's words, "There is a lad here," he said that while all four of the Gospels contained a story of this most wonderful miracle performed by Jesus, John was

the only writer who mentioned the part the boy played.

Rev. Mr. Tarlton called attention to several outstanding facts concerning the miraculous event of that day, as follows: A great multitude of people had walked between twelve and eighteen miles to meet Jesus. They had stayed close to the Master all day, watching him heal the sick, and listening to him preach. Along toward night they realized they had a long trip back home, and they were hungry. There was no town nearby where a sufficient quantity of food might be purchased. Some of the disciples suggested that Jesus send the people back to their homes, but the Master, ever feeling kindly toward his listeners, did not want to do that. In the discussion that followed as to what could be done about feeding the people, one of the men said to Jesus, "There is a lad here with five barley loaves and two small fishes, but what are they among so many?" The Master ordered them to have the people sit down. Then followed the well-known miracle of feeding the five thousand, and the gathering up of twelve baskets of food remaining.

Nothing much is known of the lad in the story, continued the speaker. All we know is that he was one of the huge crowd gathered to hear and see Jesus, and that he had taken a lunch with him, probably prepared by his mother. But the part he played was most important. The boy gave what

he had because he loved Jesus. By reason of his unselfish act the multitude was fed, and the people were able to return to their respective homes thoroughly satisfied with the events of the day. While the boy had given the best he had to Jesus on that occasion, Jesus also gave something to the boy—his blessing for having rendered a deed of kindness. The thing that little fellow did that day will never be forgotten as long as there is a Bible or people left in the world.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Tarlton urged the boys never to forget that no matter how small their contributions to the welfare of others might be, they would glorify God, and they would be blessed, both in this life and in the life to come.

This was Rev. Mr. Tarlton's first visit to the School, but it was plainly evident from the way the boys paid close attention to him from the very beginning of his remarks, that he really knows how to talk to boys. Since he has succeeded Rev. Clyde A. Baucom, a former pastor at McGill Street Church, who was a frequent visitor here, we feel sure we shall have the opportunity of hearing him regularly in the future. Judging from remarks we have heard among the boys since last Sunday, if put to a vote, they would be unanimously in favor of listening to Rev. Mr. Tarlton often.

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"Servant of God, well done!  
Thy glorious warfare's past;  
The battle's fought, the race is run,  
And thou art crowned at last."

## COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending April 30, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

James Benton  
 Charles Blakemore  
 Ernest Bullard  
 Chauncey Gore  
 William Hilliard  
 Fred Jones  
 Leonard McAdams  
 David Prevatte  
 Weaver Ruff  
 James Stamper  
 Harry Wilson

## COTTAGE No. 1

Ralph Bailey  
 Richard Billings  
 Eugene Bowers  
 George Cox  
 Marion Cox  
 Donald Carland  
 Howard Hall  
 Roy Jones  
 Rufus Massingill  
 William Poteat  
 Carlton Pate  
 Donald Redwine  
 Thomas Ruff  
 David Swink  
 James Shell  
 Floyd Puckett  
 Harlan Warren

## COTTAGE No. 2

Charles Byrd  
 Cecil Caldwell  
 Kenneth Caldwell  
 Joseph Case  
 Rudy Hardy  
 Gerald Johnson  
 Delmas Jerrell  
 J. T. Jacobs  
 John McLean  
 James Norton  
 Hayes Powell  
 Jesse Peavy  
 William Penninger  
 John Pritchard  
 Vann Robinson  
 James Sneed  
 Kermit Wright  
 Roy Womack  
 Thomas Ware

## COTTAGE No. 3

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 4

James Burr  
 William Brooks  
 Leroy Brown  
 Leroy Childers  
 Clyde Godfrey  
 Robert Hogan  
 William Lewis  
 Lewis Sawyer  
 Edgar Shell  
 Roy Swink  
 Clifford Shull  
 Kay Smith  
 Walter Thomas  
 James C. Willis  
 James Linebarrier  
 Lawrence Walker

## COTTAGE No. 5

Cecil Bennett  
 Clyde Billings  
 Thomas Barnes  
 Earl Brigman  
 Lawrence Hopson  
 Brady Tew  
 Robert Wilkins

## COTTAGE No. 6

Horace Collins  
 Rufus Driggers  
 Horace Foster  
 Earl Gilmore  
 Robert Gaylor  
 Donald Grittie  
 Jack Hensley  
 Stanford McLean  
 Leroy Wilkins  
 Robert Peavy

## COTTAGE No. 7

Charles Edwards  
 Wallace Foster  
 Ned Metcalf  
 Ray Naylor  
 Jack Phillips  
 Marion Todd  
 Richard Tullock

COTTAGE No. 8  
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9  
Leonard Church  
Conrad Cox  
Charles Pittman

COTTAGE No. 10  
Paul Alphin  
Homer Bass  
George Bass  
Fred Carswell  
Forest Davis  
Robert Holbert  
Frank Jones  
Alfred Lamb  
Edward Loftin  
Carlton Morrison  
Gerald McCullom  
Ralph Nelson  
Jesse Parker  
E. C. Stamey  
B. H. Thomas

COTTAGE No. 11  
Robert Buchanan  
Wilton Barfield  
William Guffey  
Alton Hilton  
Robert Jarvis  
Robert Moose

COTTAGE No. 12  
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13  
William Andrews  
Fred Bostian

Ernest Davis  
Ervin Ewing  
Dexter Goard  
Eugene Graham  
Homer Johnson  
Paul Painter  
Vernon Rinehardt

COTTAGE No. 14  
Everett Bowden  
Paul Childers  
Hugh Cornwell  
L. C. Gearing  
John Holder  
Lawrence Littlejohn  
Fonzer Pittman  
Samuel Pritchett  
Bruce Sawyer  
Grover Shuler  
Lester Williams

COTTAGE No. 15  
Jack Benfield  
Robert Bluester  
Lee Hollifield  
Harvey Leonard  
J. B. Ledford  
Roger Reid

INDIAN COTTAGE  
James Chavis  
Peter Chavis  
Harold Duckworth  
A. J. Hammond  
R. C. Hoyle  
Marshall Hunt

INFIRMARY  
(No Honor Roll)



Have a time and place for everything, and do everything in its time and place, and you will not only accomplish more, but have far more leisure than those who are always hurrying, as if vainly attempting to overtake time that had been lost.

—Tryon Edwards.



# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., MAY 13, 1944

No. 19

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## MOTHER'S LOVE

I've lived to learn that friends grow weak,  
When trouble marks you for its own,  
The ones you love oft turn aside,  
And leave the fight to you alone.  
I've stood on many scenes of strife,  
I've stood where care and pain assailed,  
And though friends oft turned away,  
Yet Mother's hand has never failed.

As though in childhood far removed,  
She smoothed my brow and dried my tears,  
Still, in young manhood's troubled hour,  
With loving words she hovers near,  
Oh, fickle love and friendship false,  
Oh, glittering dreams and hopes bewailed,  
You weakened in life's darkest hour,  
But Mother's love has never failed.

—Louis E. Thayer.

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# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## MOTHER'S DAY

Mother's day! how hearts are thrilling  
At the mention of that name.  
Mother! gentle, kind and willing,  
Seeking not for selfish fame.  
Yet possessing thoughts inherent,  
Always centered on her child.  
Hidden deep in love's great current,  
Are her children's future filed.

Mother's day brings back to memory  
Thoughts of her who gave us birth,  
And we think again of Mother,  
As our best friend here on earth.  
Though she may have crossed the river  
To that city far away,  
Yet she seems to be quite near us  
On this blessed Mother's Day.

Mother oft' has been mistreated  
By some proud and selfish child,  
Yet she bore her grief in silence,  
Loving, praying for that child.  
Mother's love hath not its equal  
In the whole world here below;  
It would follow to the portals  
Of that place where sinners go.

—Ernest A. Chapman.

---

## 'BEHOLD THY SON—BEHOLD THY MOTHER

These words are those which form the 'third' word of the cross. It was a time of much physical pain and mental anguish, but in the midst of it all Jesus was thinking of others. He died as he lived, namely with his heart interested in humankind.

And this third word is another in which he is thinking of the welfare of others, this time his own loving Mother. This verse of scripture contains three very significant facts:

#### 1. The fact of REMINISCENCE.

This is a long word, but it means a calling to mind. So Jesus is here calling to mind the early days when he was in his Mother's home. He is thinking now of that lovely home. He is calling to mind that it was a Godly home. The mother had read the law and the prophets. Jesus and his brothers and sisters had learned the great truths of the Bible here in this home. The very environment was filled and saturated with the high and holy and heavenly.

That, Jesus is thinking, was the kind of home in which he was reared as a boy. He is now reminiscing, thinking of how much that home did for his life, the shaping of his life and, yea, the destiny of the world.

Jesus thought of that home as a rich soil in which to grow a soul. Just as seeds grow better where the soil is richer, so here was a rich soil conducive to spiritual growth.

How much better the world would be if there were more homes like that today. How many boys and girls would be saved for a higher and better life as they could grow in such a home.

The second fact these words contain is:

#### II. The fact of APPRECIATION.

As Jesus looks back he appreciates what that home life had done for him. As some of us look back we too can appreciate the homes that have meant so much to our lives.

As Jesus thinks of what the home had meant he looks down on his Mother with deep appreciation.

The influence of many a home has kept many a boy out of trouble, how we ought to appreciate that today.

When Jesus realized that many of his ideals for living had come to him from that early training there wells up within his soul a deep appreciation. So it is a word that contains the fact of reminiscence, and the fact of appreciation.

But there is a third fact that it contains:

#### III. The fact of INSPIRATION AND CHALLENGE.

Jesus seems to hold up that Mother and says 'Let her life be an example and an inspiration to all Mothers in the world.'

He seems to say since the early days of childhood and youth are so important let this home life that Mary had be an inspiration. He seems to challenge the world by saying the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world. He seems to say no civilization can rise higher than the homes of the nation. He seems to say that one thing we must do is to again make the home a place of prayer. In these words Jesus does inspire us and challenge us. Jesus seems to say it is a fine thing to deal kindly with delinquent children, but it is a far more worthy thing to go up stream to the fountain head, the home, and put God in the picture and that will save many a boy and girl from becoming delinquents. Let us accept the challenge of Jesus and make more God-like homes.

—Rev. R. C. Whisenhunt.

\* \* \* \* \*

### TWO CLASSES ALWAYS

We have had from the beginning of the time two classes of people—the wise and the foolish—and these two distinctive personalities will continue to exist to the end of time. We fully understand that those who use their mentality, discriminate in choosing the finer and better things of life, and have for their watchword “preparedness.” From observation we feel that the foolish class is impulsive and falls headlong into any project without thinking. The cool, deliberate thinker loses neither time nor money, because forethought charts safely to success. The following short story from an exchange, is a resume of sound thinking, and is proof of the fact that the seven wise men coming to America for observation, know a good thing when they see it. Read:

Some years ago, King Carol of Rumania told how he had selected fourteen of the brightest young men in Rumania for training in the government service. Seven he sent to England, seven to America, to study the economic and political systems of the two countries.

“The seven who went to England were very wise,” said Carol, “and they all have important posts in Bucharest. But the seven we sent to America were wiser still—they stayed in America.”

\* \* \* \* \*

### NATIONAL FAMILY WEEK, MAY 7-14, 1944

One of the major causes of juvenile delinquency, as outlined by

the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor, is the "mothers in large numbers are engaged in full time employment and are therefore away from home most of the day," and the rise in delinquency number is greater for girls than for boys. Because people everywhere are living under a spirit of general excitement and adventure aroused by war and the tension, anxiety and apprehension felt by parents and other adults is being reflected in the children and young people, mothers are urged to give extra guidance and supervision to the activities of their children, and to leave them for work only in case of direst necessity. To womanhood has been given one of the biggest and all time consuming tasks—that of bearing, reaching and training children. No labor for material gain can be compared to it in importance, and yet it is being sorely neglected by many mothers.

The observance of National Family Week, May 7-14, will help a great deal in making family ties stronger, and it is hoped that people everywhere will cooperate and be benefitted by this observance.

—N. C. Christian Advocate.

\* \* \* \* \*

The people of Coventry, England, are impatient for the end of the war. They want to see the new cathedral, which has been designed by Sir G. B. Scott, a noted Catholic, architect erected upon the site of the old cathedral, which was destroyed by the blitz that overwhelmed Coventry early in the war. The tower and four walls of the old cathedral still standing will be incorporated in the new structure. A new feature will be the construction of a central altar which may be approached by the congregation from all sides. This is a device that has not been used in England for more than 300 years. Its significance now is heightened by the cathedral plans for a "Christian Center of Service," to be used by the whole community, without any restrictions on the various religious groups in the community. This will be connected with the cathedral by a "Chapel of Unity" open to Anglicans and Nonconformists. It is not directly stated that the central altar will be used in common. That is room for a larger religious community of interests and worship is evident from the accompanying statement that 80 per cent of Coventry's population is without membership in church or chapel. This is partly due to

the influx of strangers because of war conditions. Some of our city centers must be having something of the same condition because of war migrants.—The Lutheran.

\* \* \* \* \*

Good news is that from the War Production Board that there is to be no rationing of coal to householders next winter. This coupon business goes hard with people accustomed to the American way of life. There will be a general rejoicing when there is a let-up all along the line in this attempt to regulate the citizens in their undertakings. To sow and reap from the land and to live in the open free from the regimented life has been our lot.

N. C. Christian Advocate.

\* \* \* \* \*

The American press reports Prime Minister Churchill's new wording of an old proverb in a recent address to the British Parliament. The pioneer's version pictured a man holding a bear by the tail which he dared not "let go." Abraham Lincoln advised against swapping horses while crossing a stream. Mr. Churchill's sentence read as we remember it, "If you must carry a hot coffee pot, do not throw away the handle."—Exchange.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some men's minds are a sort of garbage can and they gather their intellectual food from the gutter and sewer. While other minds are jewel cases filled with all sorts of precious things. They think upon the things that are true, that are just, and of good report.

—N. C. Christian Advocate.



# MOTHER O' MINE

(Religious Telegraph)

"If I were hanged on the highest  
hill,  
Mother o' mine, O mother o'  
mine:  
I know whose love would follow  
me still,  
Mother o' mine, O mother o'  
mine."

Thus sang Kipling, and the sentiment finds a sympathetic response in the human heart everywhere. It would be a sad heart and a bad heart, indeed, that would be an exception. Mothers are human. They are not perfect, and some may be lacking in desirable qualities, but there is one thing they all have in common. It is mother love, the most redemptive influence in the world, outside the love of God. It is the one sort of human love that most nearly reflects the divine love, for, as Kipling well suggests, it is not dependent upon the character, attitude, or worth of its object. It follows the son or daughter, with no abatement, up the highest heights or into the lowest depths. It is without the taint of selfishness, for, though the mother remains obscure and lowly, she rejoices in every honor and every good fortune that comes to her child. Who ever heard of a mother envying a son or daughter?

Her love resembles the divine love, also, in its sacrificial quality. Her ministry is associated with our earliest recollections. Naturally we did not understand it or appreciate it in those days of children or even of youth, before intelligence was sufficiently advanced to comprehend the higher and finer things that a gracious Providence had thrown about us. Mother knew the limitations of her

child and did not expect then an intelligent response to her ministry. She sought compensation only in the joy of serving, for love's natural expression is in spending itself for others. Hence, mother never counts the cost of her devotion to those committed to her care. Weariness, pain, anxiety, the sacrifice of personal comfort, and, if need be, the yielding of life itself, all are included within the range of her love-created obligations. Such is mother love—the purest and nearest divine of all human loves. Whatever may be her shortcomings in other respects, we say with Coleridge:

"A mother is a mother still,  
The holiest thing alive."

No other influence approaches, in depth and breadth and persistence, that of a mother. That must be true in the very nature of things, for the child is dependent upon her and subject to her more than to anyone else during that plastic age when character is taking form. Consciously or unconsciously she starts the life in the way of blessing or in the other direction, and it would be difficult for any other person to deflect its course. What tremendous power she wields! What a tremendous responsibility rests upon her shoulders! She has in her power the making or the breaking of the nation. So long as we have good mothers to order the home life and to give the rising generation the right ideals, the country is safe. But no power can save it if the mother abdicates her throne and proves untrue to her trust.

# TO PARENTS TODAY

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely

Your hearts as parents are centered in your children. Fathers and mothers could endure anything if they were only assured of safety and happiness for their children. What today can be a parent's largest and surest contribution to a child's future success?

The most certain contribution to the future of a child is the amount of treasure you enable him to store up in his mind and heart. Circumstances can take all external things away from one, but it cannot touch the inner resources. The true successes of life are the products of the inner lives of men. The inner treasures remain intact in concentration camps and in invaded lands. The hope of tomorrow is that from the inner resources of men of good will the outer world of material things will be rebuilt justly and wisely.

With their country at war boys and girls in their teens all over America are thinking of quitting school and getting jobs in business and industry, in shipyards and munition plants, and in enlisting in the army and navy.

Our government, through the President and many other high officials, has stated repeatedly that the teen age youth's greatest service now is to become equipped in mind and in heart to do the work of tomorrow. If education was important in America five years ago, it is of tenfold greater significance today.

We are just waking up to the fact that we live in a world which must be reconstituted. The editors of a number of our more important magazines are calling the attention of all Ameri-

cans to the fact that, though our most essential job is to concentrate on winning the war, "at the same time it is scarcely less important to consider what to do with victory, once it is won."

If one has read the first of a series of reports, entitled "The United States in a New World," prepared by a committee set up by the publishers of Time, Life and Fortune, one begins to see how completely our whole national life must be modified. We can never be the same again in America, for the world about us will be so different that we must change to be able to survive in it.

The citizens of tomorrow, these teen age boys and girls, will need more knowledge, more character, and higher motives than we, their parents, have displayed if they are to move into their opportunities and make a success and not a havoc of their world. It will be a vastly more complicated world, with the frontiers of America's influence at the ends of the earth, so that the dimensions of our thinking must be enlarged to keep up with the dimensions of our responsibility. It will be a world of vast opportunities, for technological development will permit men either to develop a world of security and plenty or to prepare for a more devastating Third World war, which will make this one, now seemingly so horrible, mere child's play. The minds and hearts of future Americans will need careful preparation if we, and not the Nazis and Fascists, are to be the leaders in the New World. It is America's supreme

opportunity, both now and in the after war days, if we only will get equipped for it.

We older people can do a lot of thinking, can revise a lot of our opinions, and can partially equip ourselves for the new world, but the future lies with the youth of America. Don't

let them quit school, send them to college, get them ready. There is not a single field of endeavor from farming to politics, from engineering to theology, which does not need now, and will increasingly demand, bigger brains and truer hearts.

---

### "LITTLE MOTHER"

We saw a Whistler Painting of a Mother, yesterday,  
 A little whisp of a woman, with a crowning touch of gray;  
 And in the first glad moment, sort of haloed o'er with tears,  
 We saw a second mother from the vista of the years.  
 Her form was slight, too—fragile—just a tiny bit o' thing,  
 Her hands were frail as lilies that th' Easter spirit bring;  
 And she, too, smiled, like Whistler's, till the very room was fair  
 From God's sweet benediction resting on the silvery hair.

The Whistler background pleased us—it was simple, plain and quaint;

The one we know and cherished is the kind he put in paint.

A soft light, and a curtain, and lot that wasn't there—

Just left for folks to think of when the mood was one to care.

But, back of all the canvas, you could smell the scent of hay,

And berries on a-cookin' and a garden path in May.

The dairy pans were shining—there were pastures cool and green,

A row of slender asters, and her walkin' in between.

I guess that human nature never changes very much;

A world of men have suffered and have loved—at Whistler's touch.

We've seen that other Mother tucked away amidst a dream,

As sweet as old rose petals, or a pasture near a stream;

We've longed to have a moment of the Little Lady's smile—

To call her back, with the kisses, from Yesterdays awhile,

And to see her sitting yonder, with her haloed head o' gray,

By a twilight-shadowed window in the magic Whistler way.

—W. Livingston Larned.



# MOTHER'S DAY OF ANCIENT ORIGIN

By Elizabeth Tipton Derieux

"Moreover, his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice."—I Samuel 11:19.

The mother love which Hannah expressed in the making and the gifts of the little garments for her son, Samuel, who at an early age was dedicated to God and left at the temple to be trained by the prophet, Eli, is typical of the love and sacrifice which mothers have experienced for their children throughout the centuries. Theirs is a true devotion which finds its greatest happiness in unselfish service, its greatest reward in dependable, appreciative children.

As Hannah counted not the cost to herself in the surrender of Samuel, her first and long awaited child, but courageously prepared the little lad as best she could for the long separation from his parents and home, so mothers through the centuries have counted no sacrifice too great in order to secure for their children the training and advantages which would fit them to live a life of happiness and service.

Not only have mothers of the race willingly sacrificed themselves for the benefit of the child, but they have made definite efforts since the race was young to improve the civic and economic conditions under which the child must live. This constant struggle of motherhood for better conditions has been both a stimulus and an incentive toward greater improvement for the race.

Motherhood's tenderness and love, her protective care and infinite pa-

tience have surrounded the infant and child with a heaven of happiness in which the young life could unfold and develop in all its natural beauty and innocence.

The child, with its growth in years and understanding, seldom fails to respond to its mother's devotion with an undying love and gratitude. The expression of this love is among the first sentiments which the child struggles to utter. The simple phrase, "Mother, I love you," from baby lips are magic words which erase all worry and fatigue. The mother heart asks for nothing more, since life for her can hold no greater happiness.

Appreciation for motherhood was by no means confined to oral expression during the early centuries. Not only are many beautiful tributes to be found in our oldest literature, but some of the best known characters in Greek mythology are those which depict motherhood.

Great deference and importance were attached to motherhood in the Roman Empire. Here the individual members of the family were quickly welded together into strong family group in which the mother's influence was strongly felt. The Roman matron gave careful attention not only to the physical needs of her young child, but as it grew older, she continued to guide its education and administer to its spiritual growth. Not content with the development of the child within the home and school, the Roman mother exerted her influence in the affairs of state in order to help create an educational and cultural environment

in which the youth of the empire might be encouraged to seek its highest perfection.

Public expression of love and veneration for motherhood were not lacking in the early centuries. The Greeks set aside a certain day at which time they delighted to honor the "Mother of the Gods." The Roman populace also celebrated a "Mother's Day," but this observance was more personalized, perhaps, as the influence of Roman mothers was a dominant factor in the life of the empire. Two hundred and fifty years before the birth of Christ Mother's day was being observed in the Roman empire.

With the advent of Christianity, a note of spirituality was added to Mother's day, which gave this ancient celebration a new significance and a deeper meaning. Since many members of the early Christian church were familiar with the observances of the Greeks and Romans, it was an easy transition for them when the church began the observance of Mother's day. Instead of a ceremony which honored the mother of the gods, the members of the new faith honored Mary, she Mother of Christ and His church, or the Mother church, as they delighted to call it.

The early Christian church also adopted some of the symbols and emblems of the earlier peoples. One of the most pleasing of these was the generous use of flowers to commemorate important occasions.

Not only did the Greeks and Romans use a wealth of flowers to decorate their homes and cities in preparation for some outstanding event, but from earliest times the Hebrews also enjoyed the use of flowers for their ceremonials, and their early writings fre-

quently make mention of their gardens and flowers. The Old Testament also contains many references to flowers, shrubs, and herbs. Flowers were, therefore, a natural and logical symbol of expression for the early Christians to use in honoring the Mother of Christ and the Mother church.

Through the centuries flowers, particularly the rose, have come to be one of the most delightful symbolisms of motherhood. Among others most frequently employed in earlier days were narcissi, snowdrops, white iris and other lilies. The favorite flowers which are used today to symbolize motherhood are the Madonna lilies and roses.

It was not long before happy results began to appear from the observance of Mother's day by the Christian people. The church had selected the fourth Sunday in Lent on which to honor motherhood and had encouraged the communicants to bring gifts which were to be left on the altars for the church. As God's use of the illustration of motherhood to show His tender love for His people and the many references to a mother's love were brought to the remembrance of the communicants, a new thoughtfulness for motherhood, but more particularly for the individual mothers which composed the congregation, began to manifest itself among the Christian youth. It was not long before the gifts for Mother church were accompanied by a gift for physical mothers.

Gradually the custom of remembering mothers with a gift on Mother Church's day was extended to mothers whose children were not communicants or who were away from home, thus

leaving the mother alone and often lonely.

As the Christian interpretation of Mother's day continued, a new esteem and reverence for womanhood and motherhood were developed. Mothers of the new faith, realizing their responsibility to their children more than ever before, were careful to train them in the ways of Christian living and the kindlier ways of life as taught and practiced by Christ. Motherhood in its effort to teach these lessons lost much of the austerity and majesty which it had acquired through the centuries and became more affectionate and approachable. Youth, ever responsive to kindness and naturalness, welcomed this expression of love and and greater companionship and gave a greater love and reverence to their mothers in return.

"In after life you may have friends—fond, dear friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows."—Lord Macaulay.

A mother's love, with its depth of sincerity and unselfishness, has done more to hold humanity true to its highest ideals and provide an anchor in the storms of life than any other emotion.

Motherhood in its relation and influence, whether the child be an infant or an adult, has a universal language of its own. There was pathos in the moans of "ma ma" which a Chinese soldier made a few weeks ago when he was injured in the fighting on the Burma front. "It was pitiful," wrote a correspondent, to "to hear the Chinese calling his mother in the same sounds we use." It is consoling,

however, to know that this wounded soldier, while not able to have the comfort of his mother's presence, did have treatment at the hands of an understanding and sympathetic British physician. "The doctor," the writer concludes, "his body gleaming with sweat in the tropic night heat, finished the operation, picked up the patient, carried him off in his arms, and laid him on the floor of an inside room."

Forever tender in the heart of the adult is the memory of the feeling of infant safety and comfort which was to be found in a mother's arms, the guidance and encouragement which she gave during youth, and her council and companionship in maturity. It is this memory which brings a depth of understanding in later life and a rush of tenderness at the sound of a baby's cry or the first lisping words of a tiny child of whatever race or clime; for they make the whole world a-kin.

While motherhood's keen perceptive love and faith have frequently discovered latent or budding talent in her child and has nurtured and inspired the growing youth and later held the mature genius true to its ideals to the great enrichment of literature, music, science, philosophy and, indeed, all the creative arts, her greatest contribution to humanity throughout the years has been her untiring patience and faithfulness in training the child in the simple virtues of honesty, truthfulness and sobriety and their expression in every day Christian living. This was what Bonaparte was told when he asked Madame Campan what the French nation most needed and she replied in one word "Mothers."

The world has owed a great debt of gratitude to Christian mothers in the past for the splendid training which they have given their children and which has enabled the youth of today to measure up to their noble heritage and to face the trials, dangers, and hardships which they are being called upon to face today. It is the memory of this Christian training and the sacrifices of their parents, some as great as those of Hannah of old, which is holding the soldiers of the Allied forces true to their best traditions and maintaining the high morale of the army today. It is motherhood's spirit of love, loyalty, unselfishness, and the kindly, patient care of the weak and unfortunate which, if given an opportunity in the future, will translate itself into a better and safer world.

It was to a country which already held a great love and appreciation for motherhood that Miss Jarvis of Philadelphia addressed herself in the hope that a national Mother's day might be arranged. The first observance to be carried out was in Philadelphia on May 10, 1908. Year by year Miss Jarvis continued her efforts through personal letters and interviews.

At length, President Wilson, after a resolution had passed the Senate and the House of Representatives to make the second Sunday in May a national holiday, issued a proclamation "calling on the government officials to display the United States flag on all government buildings and the people of the United States to display the flag at their homes or other suitable places on the second Sunday in May as a suitable expression of our love and reverence for mothers of our country." This announcement met with an enthusiastic approval from the American people.

When the Golden Rule Foundation, which annually sponsors the selection of "a representative of the best there is in all motherhood," began to seek for a mother who could fully qualify, their selection fell on Mrs William N. Berry of Greensboro, North Carolina, as the 'American Mother of 1942.' Mrs. Berry is the proud, happy mother of 13 children, the youngest of whom is Stephen, age nine. North Carolina and the nation proudly join today in honoring Mrs. Berry as the American Mother of 1942 and also her husband for their splendid Christian family.

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Blessed are the mothers of the earth, for they have combined the practical and spiritual into one workable day of life. They have darned little stockings, mended little dresses, washed little faces, and have pointed little eyes to the stars and little souls to eternal things.—William L. Stidger.

# A SHORT STORY OF AMERICA

(Louis Allis Messenger)

In 1474, the people of the old world had visions of new worlds, and a new route to the Orient—eighteen long years of discouragement, ridicule, poverty, faith and determination. Then came confidence, backed by the jewels of a queen, and a hope of greater glory and riches for Spain.

Three little ships, the Santa Maria, the Pinta and the Nina sailed an hour before sunrise on Friday, August 3, 1492. Ahead lay a vast uncharted sea, a flat world, superstitious fears, troubles, and weeks and months of sailing westward—ever westward. Only a man's undaunted courage, faith and determination, coupled with absolute confidence in success, kept those three little crafts on their charted course—west.

On October 12, 1492 came the cry, "Land Ahead!" Christopher Columbus little realized the magnitude of his discovery, and the far-reaching of his faith, confidence and determination, ideals that have helped build the greatest continent in the world's history.

A little band of Christians fleeing persecution, who wanted freedom to worship as they believed, were the 102 Pilgrims aboard the "Mayflower" as it sailed away from their native land in September, 1620. Theirs was a perilous voyage, over a hundred days long. Then came the landing in a wintery storm on barren Plymouth Rock.

Courageous men and women were those who built shelters while being smitten by the winter's cold, disease and death. But not a one who survived that bitter winter would turn back. Embattled by the severe cli-

mate, unproductive soil, and lack of means to carry on their job, "no state was e'er founded by a more heroic people." But they carried on—a brave little band whose first written constitution in the world pledged "solemnly and mutually in the presence of God and one another" to form a body politic to frame such laws as they may need, to which they all promised "all due submission and obedience."

Then came December 13, 1621 and the memorable First Thanksgiving, proclaimed by Governor Bradford of the Plymouth Colony. Four marksmen were appointed by the governor to bring back meat for the feast, and they returned with many animals. King Massasoit and ninety of his Indian braves, who joined the Puritans in this observance, presented Governor Bradford with the welcome gift of five deer. Elder Brewster conducted the church service among the loyal band of fifty-five Plymouth settlers. Thanksgiving was a time set apart by them for giving thanks for all the good things they had received during the year, especially the harvest. They gave thanks for the Religious Freedom this new land gave them, together with thanks for its bountiful blessings.

In 1775, our freedom was endangered. Paul Revere, one of the noblest of the Sons of Liberty, stood by the river, his steed by his side, waiting for a lantern signal from the belfry of the North Church. At midnight, April 18, 1775, came the signal and a moment later he was galloping through the night toward Lexington. At every door as he dashed along he shouted the news that the British were

coming. As a result of his warning, seventy determined men were waiting at Lexington to meet the enemy. Today Paul Revere stands symbolic of the ever alertness every American has to safeguard and protect his invaluable heritage of Freedom and Liberty.

It is needless to dwell at great length on how the Revolutionary War was won, and the independence of the colonies established. Under the leadership of George Washington, great hardships were overcome, and the Spirit of Liberty was born anew in American hearts, and we became the United States of America, with the immortal Washington at the helm of the ship of state as our first President.

The new nation grew and more territory was needed. In the Spring of 1804, Captain Meriwether Lewis and William Clark set out with a small band of men to explore the great unknown West. The Journey was filled with hardships, but these pioneers were repaid by the thrills of being the first white men to witness the beauty of the plains, the grandeur of the snow-capped mountains, the vastness of gigantic virgin forests. Two and one-half years later, having penetrated though nine thousand miles of unbroken wilderness, they reached their goal—the great Pacific. The natural resources of this endless land were beyond comprehension.

The Lewis and Clark expedition typified the spirit of romance, adventure, pioneering and determination that mark the founders and builders of our great nation.

It is now 1816, and America marches on. Hardy pioneer families with all their worldly goods in covered wagons, rolled westward. These ancient ve-

hicles were loaded with food, seed for planting, tools and other necessities. The family cow and usually a dog walked behind each wagon as the golden sun of the West beckoned them on to a new life in a new world. There were hardships, sufferings, dangers in every mile; tragedy rode with these good people, and many were the unmarked graves along the trail. Despite all this, they traveled ever westward.

Upon reaching their destination, there was land to be cleared and the first cabins had to be erected. It was a life of loneliness, toil, privation, sickness, and the ever-present danger of suffering at the hands of Indians. The howl of the wolf echoed and re-echoed through the hours of the long winter nights, but they carried on. Deeply inbedded in the lives of these brave pioneers were industry, thrift and faith in God. They dreamed only of the future, and because of the foundation so well-laid by them, there came new homes, communities, villages and towns—and the picture of the great West unfolds before our eyes as we review the great deeds wrought by those early Americans.

Then followed the days of the pony express and the stage coach, which served well in those early days, but now there is need of a railroad to the Pacific. The tide of emigration rolling westward over the plains, the lure of precious metals, the restless spirit of adventure and conquest continued to beckon men on.

In 1862, Congress authorized the construction of the first continental railroad. Two companies were formed, the Union Pacific to work westward from the village of Omaha and the Central Pacific to work eastward

from Sacramento. For seven long years with aye, pick and shovel, thousands of men labored. Rails had to be brought great distances, many of them by way of Panama or around Cape Horn. At length, on May 10, 1869, the two sections met near Ogden, Utah. Amid impressive ceremonies, Leland Stanford, president of the Central Pacific, drove the golden spike into the last tie—and the East and West were at last joined by iron bands.

In 1862, our unity was threatened. With slavery and secession in full swing, along came a tall, gaunt man in whose hands the fate of the Union rested. In the seceding states' rebellion, the President warned that unless they would return to the Union on the first day of January, 1863, he would declare their slaves free. Came New Year's Day, 1863, and as a war measure, President Abraham Lincoln made his Emancipation Proclamation, which announced the liberation of three and one-half million slaves. This act changed the status of nearly one-eighth of the inhabitants of this country from chattels to the right of men and women endowed with the right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." The Thirteenth Constitutional Amendment, December 18, 1865, provided that "neither slavery nor involuntary servitude except as punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction."

On America's farms today we find rich, fertile fields; well kept orchards; choice live stock; and every modern convenience. Each year produces golden harvests of scores of crops. Our rural families are happy and healthy.

They are prosperous far beyond the wildest dreams of tillers of the soil in many other lands. Retaining the simple ruggedness of their forefathers—liberty loving, God-fearing people—today's American farmer finds time to enjoy the many luxuries of life, and is also enabled to educate his children in the world's finest schools and universities.

The American farmer carries on the traditions of all the rights for which our forefathers toiled and fought, and is playing a most important part to crown our efforts with success in the great world conflict now raging. If necessary, he can feed the entire world.

From the blast furnaces of Pittsburgh, the rolling mills of Gary, the factories of Detroit to the smallest shop in the smallest town, American industry produces more things for more people than any other nation on earth. In a little more than a short century from a wilderness has sprung the greatest force of modern production ever known.

Throbbing with life, American industry is but the reflection of the deep-rooted ambition and determination to make America the most powerful—fairest—but most feared nation of the world. Today complete unity makes American industry the front line of dependable defense against any and all who may seek to challenge the great American way of life.

From Columbus until today, the millions of life years of toil, suffering, tragedies and hope, sum up to our great America of today. The freedoms we enjoy, our right to peace and security, our country, our state, our town, our friends and neighbors, our home and children, are the things

no power on earth can deny us. Those sacred right and privileges are America to you and me.

The many comforts, conveniences and protections that are so casually taken for granted, are again endangered. There are those who, jealous of our greatness in every respect, are seeking to have Americans, along with

people of other lands, ruthlessly crushed under the merciless heel of the tyrant. But today, as in the days of our forebears, every American stands strongly united to fight, work, sacrifice, save, give and even die for victory. And we shall not be denied that victory

—:—

### TO MOTHER

One day each year is set aside  
 For you, O, Mother mine,  
 And in this rhyme I shall confide  
 The merits that are thine:

I must confess that you were right  
 In counsel that you gave,  
 And I will strive with all my might  
 The hopes you had to save.

I always thought your daily plea  
 Was but a mother's fear—  
 That if you failed to caution me  
 My mind would not be clear.

Today I know that it was wrong  
 To smile your fears away,  
 For though my punishment is strong—  
 With grief you doubly pay.

Now if we sons would give more heed  
 To what our mothers say,  
 We'd really make it be indeed  
 A gladsome Mother's Day!



# THREE OUTSTANDING PRINTERS

(Selected)

## James Printer

The first truly American printer was James, a Natick Indian of Grafton, Massachusetts. He was educated in an Indian Charity School. In 1659 he was apprenticed to Samuel Green at the Harvard College Press, where he worked on the first Bible printed in the United States, John Eliot's translation of the Testaments into the language of the Natick Indians. "He had attained some skill in printing," writes an historian, "and might have attained more had he not, like a false villain, ran away from his master before his time was out."

In 1675 our hero, now known as James Printer, was among those arrested for a murder in Lancaster, there being "much suspicion against them for singing and dancing, and having bullets and slugs and much powder hid in their baskets." Thereafter James went on the warpath, joining King Philip in the terrible raids which destroyed a dozen towns from Gorton to Providence.

With the failure of King Philip's War, James returned to civilization and the pressroom of Bartholomew Green, son of his former master, where John Eliot wrote of his work on a new translation, "We have but one man in the colonies, viz: the Indian printer, that is able to compose the sheets and correct the press with any understanding." He attained the dignity of a civilized name, James Printer, and completed his apprenticeship at last, for the title pages of Eliot's Indian Psalter, bear the modest imprint of B. Green and J. Printer, which

reads as follows: Boston, N. E., 1709. Printed by B. Green and J. Printer, for the honorable company for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England, &c."

## Junius Brutus Booth

Even before he turned to acting, Junius Brutus Booth played many parts. Born in London in 1796, he soon showed remarkable talents for painting, poetry, sculpture, and the conquest of feminine hearts. No doubt his parents hoped to turn his energy into more practical channels, for at various times young Junius was taught the art of printing, set to the study of law, and at last urged to become a midshipman as the first step in a naval career. But all in vain.

At the age of seventeen he took to the stage where he achieved such popular success that within four years London's two leading theatres engaged in a bitter struggle for his services. After another four years of constant triumphs he landed in America, made it his permanent home and dominated our stage for a generation. New York, Philadelphia and Boston acclaimed his arts; he travelled to the South and West, playing in New Orleans and San Francisco. Several times he assumed the management of theatres but his irresponsible temperament was unsuited to business affairs. He was returning from a western trip in 1853 when he died on a Mississippi River steamboat.

Although Booth excelled in the great tragic characters of Shakespeare he was almost as fond of low comedy

parts which he played with such skill that audiences howled for more. As a manager, it is to his credit that when visiting stars appeared at his theatre, the great Booth was willing to assume a minor role in the supporting cast. His frequent outbursts, of "temperament," intensified by drinking sometimes verging on insanity, were forgiven by the public because of the man's undeniable ability which made him the foremost tragedian of his day.

As further claims to immortality, this one-time printer left three actor sons—two of whom staggered the world. The elder, Edwin Booth, won fame as America's greatest actor; the younger is even more widely known as John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Abraham Lincoln.

#### Cyrus H. K. Curtis

This world-famous publisher, born in Portland, Maine, began his business career in 1862 at the age of twelve, as a newsboy for the Portland Courier. Before long he decided that owning the papers he sold would be more satisfactory, and with another youngster started a boys' weekly called "The Young America." A printer turned out the first issue of 400 copies for \$5.00—but the paper sold so slowly that the proprietors saw no hope of making expenses. The other boy retired, and Cyrus Curtis, figuring that the only course was to print the paper himself, drew his savings from the

bank, paid the printer's bill and took the morning train for Boston to "inspect presses."

Luckily he found a second-hand, out of date hand press for \$2.50. It was only large enough to print one page of his paper at a time, which the fifteen-year-old boy felt was an advantage since he need only invest in enough type to set one page at a time. Shipping the equipment back to Portland he set to work within a year had increased his subscription list to four hundred, built a steady job-printing business, and increased his plant until it represented an investment of two hundred dollars. But on July 4, 1866, the great Portland Fire wiped out his precious plant along with half the city.

For a while young Curtis drifted into store-keeping, and then in 1872 again became a publisher, this time with the "People's Ledger" in Boston. His new venture was indifferently successful, and in 1876 he moved to Philadelphia to secure cheaper printing. Here he started "The Tribune and Farmer," whose supplement, "The Ladies Home Journal," edited by Mrs. Curtis, quickly overshadowed the parent magazine and absorbed all its publisher's energies. From then on, the Curtis Publishing Company grew larger and larger, until the former Portland boy who had commenced with a two dollar and a half press, owned printing plants worth many millions.

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The love of a mother is never exhausted, it never tires. A father may turn his back on his child, brothers and sisters become enemies, husbands may desert wives and wives their husbands; but a mother's love endures all.—Washington Irving.

# THE TURNING POINT

G. E. Wallace, in Good Business

Ran Monser sat staring out of the window of his office at the street below, where fine cars were racing to and fro. His own car was getting shabby. He wandered if Janey had noticed it. The three desks over against the wall mocked him. It seemed only a few months ago that the Monser Advertising Agency was flourishing, and his three assistants were turning out copy by the ream! Now the desks stood there deserted!

Only yesterday he had called Sammy, the freckle-faced led who ran errands. In a prepared speech he had said "Sammy, I'm sorry—"

"So am I," Sammy had replied, sensing the rest.

"But you'd better get another job."

I get you," Sammy had said, meekly. But Ran had tucked an extra five into Sammy's pay envelope. It would be the last till times picked up.

Ran twitched at the sound of footsteps in the hallway. He must appear busy! It might be the manager of the big Superior store! He surely hoped so! If he could only get to handle the advertising of this big store, the Monser Advertising Agency would come to life again!

The door opened. A little worried-looking man, with a wisp of gray hair dangling from under a nondescript hat, said apologetically, "I'm sorry, but—"

"Sit down," Ran said, but not very cordially. A mean office, a car that was growing dingy, and clients that were threadbare! Alas for the Monser Advertising Agency!

The worried man blinked nervously as he faced Ran. "That last ad," he said, "didn't sell so well."

Ran said nothing. The man wiped his forehead, "I know I'm not pay-much," he began again, "but—"

Ran listened contemptuously as the man falteringly outlined what he had in mind for the next ad. "I know I'm lucky," he continued, "to get you to handle my advertising at all." And he glanced toward the vacant desks. Ran tried to smile, secure in his thought that the man was not aware his three assistants had gone. Yet, after the man took his leave, Ran carelessly tossed to one side the suggestions for the new ad. Bread-and-butter jobs made him tired! If he could get that big store, he'd forget about the ally rats!

On his way home, Ran detoured through Glenwood suburb, where tarvia roads curved between stately trees. Janey formerly lived on that street, and he drove by the bungalow on which he and Janey had long set their hearts. But what was the use!

"Well, Janey, the pauper has arrived," was greeting. And that was no way to start an evening!

"I don't care, Ran—"

Perhaps she didn't, but he did! It irked him to think of the time when fat checks came in at the end of each month, and now he was down to pica-yune little jobs he would not have looked at before! He surely had been forced to deal with a bunch of queer ducks! There was that fellow De Lano, that

foreigner who ran a fruit store on the crowded avenue—"Meester Monser, I tink maybe I try to see what an ad will do for my beesness! You write heem?" And he had written it. He had to! And the little gray mouse of a man with the comical, worried expression who ran a little store that didn't do as much business in a year as the Superior did in a day. Well, he had taken care of his advertising, but he despised the whole batch of small-fries. He had handled the big accounts with ease and pride!

Janey looked askance. Ran sensed her thought. "No," he said, "I've not heard from Superior. Not a word!" He stared moodily.

"That's tough, Ran. But you have some work."

He laughed cynically. He mimicked some of those who came to his office. Janey did not laugh, but her eyes flashed

"I'm sorry, Janey," Ran continued. "I had hoped by now we'd be in that bungalow." There was a long silence, then, "I can't understand it! We were going swell—a fine line of big clients—got them quickly. All of them quit—one by one—left me stranded. Believe me, when I get going again, I'll get their names on the dotted line! Then they can't walk out on me!" Loss of business had made Ran bitter, hard.

Janey wondered if she could make him understand. In a voice gentle and kind, she said, "Ran!" The emphasis with which she spoke the word startled him.

"Yes?"

"It's that we couldn't buy the bungalow, it's—" "What?"

"It's not that we couldn't buy the bungalow, it's—" "What?"

"It's that you are too good, too fine, to take the attitude you do!"

Ran laughed harshly. It flushed Janey, and her eyes spit fire. She straightened up in her chair, and Ran looked expectant.

"That bunch of big clients, Ran! They come so easily—they handled so easily—they went so easily. They didn't get your best work. You thought you were sitting pretty." Janey stopped to survey her attack. Ran's eyes were riveted on the flickering flames in the hearth. Feeling safe, she continued. "Now, take that little man you were telling me about—he pays his honest money, doesn't he?"

"And he gets his ads," Ran snapped. He had meant to get at that bit of copy that afternoon—still, he could toss it off in no time at all, once he started to work on it on the morrow.

"He gets—scrap," Janey amended.

"What!" Ran was on his feet.

"Crumbs!" Janey cried.

"I don't get you!" Ran was angry, hurt.

"And neither does he get your best work."

"Just like a woman!" Ran snorted. What did she know about business, or ad writing! Why, if she only knew it, it was harder to write a compelling small ad than a big one. And look at the little pay—rats! "What do you want?" he demanded.

"I want you to be honest, Ran."

And that was no way to end an evening!

On his way to the office the next morning, Ran met the little shabbily

dressed owner of the little dry-goods store who had brought him the only piece of business waiting for him at the office. "I'll see what I can do with that ad," he thought. He commenced work on his small task at once. He wrote the copy, then rewrote it. It took him longer to write it the second time. He studied his second script. He decided he could improve it still more, and took a clean sheet of paper, and started again from scratch. Then another sheet, and another. He got up from his chair, and read the script aloud. Would such an ad induce him to buy, if he was on the other end of the line? He scowled, and threw the copy away. He looked at his watch. Could he believe it! Copy was due to be delivered—and no copy! Frantically he phoned the little man. Lights in the adjoining rooms blinked—so others were working late, also!

Ran smiled when, three days later, he opened an incoherent letter. There was a mist before his eyes as he read. "That ad, it sold!" The letter was in disconnected fragments, but Ran read—"it was a matter of life and death—my wife, she is in the hospital—and now—"

Ran hadn't known that! Perhaps that was why the little man's forehead was creased with lines of worry! And he had thought him comical! "And now," the letter continued, "I can get me a specialist for my wife! Thank you, Mr. Monser—you are wonderful!"

Weeks passed. One afternoon Ran phoned Janey. "I'm sorry, dear; I'll not be home till late. You don't mind? Remember that foreigner, the one who runs the cleaning plant? He's got a boy in college, and I've got to help him. Of course there's no real money in it—not now. And say, that fellow from the Superior called and said he'd been reading the ads of the small stores. Wanted to know if I wrote them, and offered me the job to write all their advertising if I would work for them exclusively. Janey, I couldn't turn down my friends, so I told him all my time was engaged."

Ran arrived home late that evening. "They just won't let me alone, Janey," Ran said happily as she received him with a caress. "There scads of them to see me today. They're all good fellows—and human! Say, it's surprising how human they are! I'm taking two of my old assistants back, and, believe me, they'll have to do better work!"

"And Janey!" Janey tried to speak, but she had no chance. "Janey, I took an option on that bungalow today!" Ran expected his pretty wife to bounce into ecstasy, but she did not. She just stood quietly, yet her eyes were beaming.

"Why—don't you want the bungalow, Janey?" Ran complained

"It's not that I'm happy about, Ran," she said bewitchingly, "It's—it's you!"

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Men are what their mothers make them.—Emerson.

# ELIZABETH JOHNSON EVANS

By Alyce Billings Walker, in The State

"She heard with her heart."

This, the proposed title for the biography of Mrs. R. D. Johnston, which her niece, Mary Avery Johnson, is preparing, completely sums up the glorious life of this remarkable woman, founder of the Alabama Boys Industrial School and its guiding spirit until her death.

Deaf from childhood as a result of scarlet fever, Mrs. Johnson used her affliction as a safeguard against unpleasantness and disappointments that accompanied the great work to which her life was devoted. Her philanthropy had its first flower in Charlotte, where she moved after her marriage, but the seed was sown in early childhood.

Born in New Bern in 1851, Elizabeth Johnston Evans was a daughter of Col. Peter G. Evans and Ann Eliza Morehead, daughter of North Carolina's ante-bellum governor, John Motley Morehead. From infancy she was called "Johnsie" because of her second name; a coincidence, since the man she was to marry, no family connection, bore the same name.

Colonel Evans was captured by the Federal Army during the War Between the States and imprisoned in Washington. So deep was the love between the father and the child that little "Johnsie" Evans was obsessed with the desire to free her father. She had laid all of her plans, including borrowing a boy's clothes, to run away to Washington to plead his cause to President Lincoln when news of his death reached his family. She vowed then that she would always

befriend those who were imprisoned.

This then was the planting of the seed. . . .

Despite her handicap, Johnsie Evans was a famous belle of North Carolina and many were the suitors who sought her hand, so charming was she, so lovely of character and manner, so benevolent of heart.

The illness of a servant provoked her first civic endeavor in behalf of others. Discovering that there was no hospital in Charlotte for Negroes, Mrs. Johnson set about raising funds for such an institution. "Nice ladies" in those days didn't undertake such things, but confident that she was supported by God in her efforts, she plugged away and eventually the funds were raised and the hospital established.

"One day," she recalled in later years to her family, "faced with defeat, I went again to visit that suffering servant, hoping to receive an inspiration for finding the necessary money. As I left, there suddenly came to me the Scripture reference about the Phillistines being slayed with the jawbone of an ass. Well, I had the jawbone, and I used it!"

Such examples of her keen sense of humor sparkled throughout Mrs. Johnson's life.

Immediately after coming to Birmingham in 1887, when her husband became president of the First National Bank, Mrs. Johnson identified herself with the social and religious life of the city.

Fulfilling her childhood vow, Mr.

and Mrs. Johnson went each Sunday to the prison camp at Pratt mines to teach Sunday school. One Sunday, witnessing the heart-breaking spectacle of a young lad being torn from the arms of his mother as he was imprisoned, that vow was given new interpretation and strength. She determined at that moment that she would do something to have proper housing and attention provided for boys too young to be incarcerated with adult criminals.

Her close communion with God and her staunch belief in His guidance was all she had when she began her mission. She went to individuals, before clubs and other organizations all over the state pleading the cause of young boys, and eventually approached the State Legislature to ask for an appropriation, never paying any heed the discouragement and disparagement she encountered.

Her first contribution for the school came from a "life timer" at Pratt mines who placed in her hand at the close of a Sunday school class \$150. Colonel Rufus Rhodes was her second subscriber.

Eventually in 1889, a bill was passed by the Legislature appropriating \$3,000 for the establishment of the school. At the capitol, eagerly awaiting the fate of the bill, Mrs. Johnson was suddenly summoned before the august body. "There I was," she laughingly recalled, "wearing a tacky, snuff-colored dress, terrified at the thought of making a speech. So I just told the Lord He would have to help me. I prayed, 'You make the speech God, and I'll deliver it.'"

The state fund grew with private contributions and the Boys Industrial

School was opened in 1900, with a board of directors composed entirely of women, the first in the country to guide a state institution.

Then, as now, the school was a home for misguided boys, not a prison. There are no bars on its windows and the boys grow to love it, so that it becomes their "alma mater" when they leave. With eight children of her own, Mrs. Johnson was mother to hundreds of other boys. She knew each one at the school by name and shopped from one Christmas to the next to find little remembrances that would please them.

During the 35 years she devoted to the school, Mrs. Johnson would accept no compensation of any sort, paying her own expenses on the many trips she made in its behalf. Constantly supporting her efforts were her friends, members of the Highland Book Club, who had built on the school grounds, "Little Mount Vernon," the house in which she lived during the period of her life when she would return to Birmingham for a portion of each year from her country home in Virginia.

Her position for 20 years as Alabama vice regent to the Mount Vernon Association. Mrs. Johnson termed as the "dessert in her common food of life." She was responsible for the discovery and purchase of many of the most important relics from the life of George Washington that contributed to the restoration of his home. Because she strongly felt that the shrine should not be open for commercial purposes on the Sabbath, her wish was respected so long as she lived, despite the fact that was the

only day of the week that many visitor could see the home.

When Mrs. Johnson died December 20, 1934, resolutions praising her life's accomplishments were passed by all of the civic clubs of Birmingham, as well as other groups. She had previously been honored on numerous occasions, receiving in 1922 the Birmingham News loving cup

for outstanding contributions to society and in 1931, the Legislature passed a resolution praising her.

When "her boys" from the school bore her to the service here that preceded her burial in Charlotte, only one wish of her life remained unfulfilled . . . she wanted a governor of Alabama from the Boys Industrial School.

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### MOTHER'S DAY

What would we give for just one hour  
Of Mother's tender care,  
Or sacrifice to feel her run  
Her fingers through our hair;  
To be a happy child again  
And have her always near,  
To have her tell those fairy tales  
We loved so well to hear.

If mothers never would grow old  
What a grand world this would be,  
To have her comfort us in grief  
With loving sympathy;  
To always greet us with a smile  
Or sigh when we depart,  
This is mother's love and loyalty  
From a loving mother's heart.

So let each day be Mother's Day  
For every girl and boy,  
And bring that glad light to her eye  
And fill her heart with joy.  
'Twill ease that longing in her heart  
Should you be far away,  
By writing just a few short lines  
To her on Mother's Day.



## INSTITUTION NOTES

The pansy beds in different sections of the campus have really been beauty spots this year. The blooms have been larger than any we've seen at the School in several years, and each bed has been a mass of gorgeous colors.

—:—

Our fine herd of Hereford cattle continues to furnish beef for local use occasionally. Recently a nice-sized beef was slaughtered and our entire "family enjoyed several excellent meals in which beef occupied an important place on the menu.

—:—

"Air Force," was the attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in our auditorium on Thursday night of last week. Of course, it goes without saying that the lads enjoyed this picture, for anything that shows our fighters in action always appeals to them. This is a Warner Brothers production.

—:—

Our poultryman reports that about 1,200 baby chicks have been growing rapidly. This information brings visions of some good old Southern fried chicken dinners in the not too distant future. We think everybody will agree there is nothing better than fried chicken—except more fried chicken.

—:—

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have completed the renovation of the interior of Cottage No. 3, and there is a tremendous improvement in the appearance of this

building. Within the next few days, the boys of Cottage No. 4 will move into that cottage, while their own cottage home will receive the same treatment.

—:—

Mrs. Carl B. Cline, of Concord, accompanied by Mrs. Violet Hilliard, of Pickens, S. C., and Mrs. Arlin McKnight, of Sumter, S. C., called at The Uplift office last Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Cline is supervisor of nurses on the staff of the Cabarrus County Health Department, while Mrs. Hilliard and Mrs. McKnight are associated with that department for a period of three months, in relation to their courses in public health nursing at the University of North Carolina. During their brief visit to the School, Superintendent Hawfield escorted these ladies through various departments of the institution.

—:—

Donald McFee, a member of a bomber crew in the United States Army Air Corps, stationed at Langley Field, Virginia, recently received a ten days' furlough, and is spending part of that time with his mother, Mrs. L. S. Kiser, matron in charge of Cottage No. 4. "Mac," who was once on our staff of youthful printers, never fails to visit The Uplift office when on the campus, and came in the other day long enough to say, "Howdy," and to get some ink and grease on his fingers, as we were having slight difficulties with the old linotype. We are always glad to see "Mac," and are glad to know that he has been getting

exposure resulted in severe sunburn, and it was necessary that Cecil spend a month in a hospital, from which he was discharged shortly before his visit to the School. Cecil says that he has been granted a month's leave for a period of rest, after which he will be assigned to the crew of another ship.

—:—

The services at the Training School last Sunday were conducted by the Rev. A. C. Swofford, pastor of the Forest Hill Methodist Church, of Concord. All of the boys were delighted to have Mr. Swofford as he has endeared himself to them by his fine message and sense of humor.

Mr. Swofford used as his text the 8th verse of the 17th chapter of Jeremiah: "For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green, and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit."

His central theme was "Trees." He explained that there is lots of religion in a tree if one understands how to appreciate it truly. He said in a great many ways men are like trees, explaining that trees grow from the fertility of the soil which has been made rich throughout the years. The trees utilize the strength of the soil and the air about them, and then give out their strength to the world about them. From the wood obtained from trees men build houses, ships, and many buildings which are useful to man in his work. In addition to this, the trees give back to the soil through their leaves and otherwise, some of the fertility which they pick up. Mr.

along unusually well as a member of Uncle Sam's fighting forces.

—:—

At the athletic field last Saturday afternoon, a field meet was held and was a most enjoyable period of fun for the boys. There were 100-yard dashes, 220-yard dashes, relay races, potato races, bottle races, running and standing broad and high jumps and other contests. Boys were entered into the various events from each cottage. The competition was strong and excitement high as the youngsters engaged in these contests, and most of all, a spirit of good sportmanship prevailed. Judging from the comment which has come to this office, we would say that the field meet was a complete success, and there seems to be a desire on the part of practically all the boys to have another at a very early date.

—:—

Cecil Ashley, formerly of Cottage No. 8, spent Wednesday of last week at the School. He was allowed to return to his home in Edenton, in August, 1942, and by reason of good conduct and steady employment, the local welfare department recommended that he be granted a final discharge from further parole supervision. The discharge was issued, March 11, 1943. From the time of leaving the School, Cecil was employed on a farm near Edenton. Shortly after being discharged, this lad enlisted in the United States Navy. Some time ago according to Cecil, his ship was in action in the battle area and was sunk by an enemy torpedo. Along with several other members of the crew, he spent three days on a life raft before being picked up. This

Swofford explained further that a tree lives in the world of today, not in the past.

By comparison, he says men are like trees that have been planted. They grow and develop and utilize the environment about them. They then give of their strength and power to those about them. Because of the strength they get through useful lives, they bless the world and bring happiness, peace and joy to those about them.

told of how Christ, who had done so much for the world, in the end gave his life because he loved the world, and He was called upon to die on a tree. In other words, just as the tree dies and benefits the world, so likewise do men who give their lives in worthwhile things.

In conclusion, he urged the boys to be like a tree that is planted firmly and grows and develops and produces the worthwhile fruits for mankind. This is the opportunity for everyone

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#### IF WE KNEW

If we knew the cares and sorrows  
Crowded round our neighbor's way,  
If we knew the little losses,  
Sorely grievous, day by day,  
Would we then so often chide him  
For the lack of thrift and gain,  
Leaving on his heart a shadow  
Leaving on our hearts a stain?

If we knew the clouds above us,  
Held by gentle blessings there,  
Would we turn away, all trembling,  
In our blind and weak despair?  
Would we shrink from little shadows  
Lying on the dewy grass  
While 'tis only birds of Eden  
Just in mercy flying past?

Let us reach within our bosoms  
For the key to other lives.  
And with love to erring natures  
Cherish good that still survives;  
So that when our disrobed spirits  
Soar to realms of light again.  
We may say, "Dear Father, judge, us  
As we judged our fellow men."

Author Unknown.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending May 7, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

James Benton  
 Charles Blakemore  
 Earnest Bullard  
 Billy Burnett  
 Chauncey Gore  
 Billy Hilliard  
 Fred Jones  
 Leonard McAdams  
 David Prevatte  
 Harry Wilson  
 John Lee  
 Robert Lee

## COTTAGE No. 1

Ralph Bailey  
 Richard Billings  
 Eugene Bowers  
 James Buckaloo  
 George Cox  
 Marion Cox  
 Donald Carland  
 Jack Gray  
 Howard Hall  
 Roy Jones  
 John Love  
 Harold McKinney  
 Amos Myers  
 Carlton Pate  
 Tommy Ruff  
 David Swink  
 James Shell  
 Harry Thompson  
 Floyd Puckett  
 Harlan Warren  
 Walter Byrd  
 Donald Redwine  
 Liston Grice  
 Leonard Bradley  
 Johnny Allen

## COTTAGE No. 2

Charles Byrd  
 Cecil Caldwell  
 Kenneth Caldwell  
 Joseph Case  
 Tommie Furr  
 Rudy Hardy  
 Gerald Johnson  
 Delmas Jerrell  
 J. T. Jacobs  
 Chester Lee

Joe McKinney  
 John McLean  
 James McMahan  
 James Norton  
 Hayes Powell  
 Jesse Peavy  
 William Penninger  
 John Pritchard  
 Jack Ray  
 Vann Robinson  
 Melvin Radford  
 James Sneed  
 Ezzel Stansberry  
 Kermit Wright  
 Roy Womack  
 Thomas Ware

## COTTAGE No. 3 (Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 4

Billy Brooks  
 Clyde Godfrey  
 Geter Green  
 Robert Hogan  
 James Hill  
 Roy Miller  
 Garnet Quesinberry  
 L. B. Sawyer  
 Edgar Shell  
 Clifford Shull  
 Ray Smith  
 Walter Thomas  
 Carl Willis  
 Lawrence Walker

## COTTAGE No. 5

Cecil Bennett  
 Curtis Butcher  
 Lawrence Hopson  
 Nolan Overcash  
 Thomas Sessions  
 Brady Tew  
 William Walker  
 Robert Wilkins  
 Raymond Pruett

## COTTAGE No. 6

Rufus Driggers  
 Horace Foster  
 Keith Futch  
 Robert Gaylor

Donald Griffie  
 Everett Gallian  
 Jack Hensley  
 Clyde Hoffman  
 Stanford McLean  
 J. W. Smith  
 Clay Shue  
 Lawrence Temple  
 Leroy Wilkins

## COTTAGE No. 7

R. C. Combs  
 Hershell Duckworth  
 Charles Edwards  
 Wallace Foster  
 Ned Metcalf  
 Ray Naylor  
 Jack Phillips  
 Marion Todd  
 Richard Tullock

## COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 9

Raymond Bullman  
 Leonard Church  
 Conrad Cox  
 Riley Denny  
 James Eller  
 Edward Guffey  
 John Hill  
 Thomas Ingram  
 John Linville  
 Isaac Mahaffey  
 Charles McClenny  
 Jack Oliver  
 Bill Painter  
 Troy Parris  
 Edwin Peterson  
 Charles Pittman  
 Charles Redmond  
 Edward Renfro  
 James Stadler  
 William Ussery  
 Glenn Wilcox  
 J. B. Wilson

## COTTAGE No. 10

(No Honor Roll)

## COTTAGE No. 11

Roland Brooks

Bobby Buchanan  
 Wilton Barfield  
 Craven Callahan  
 Eugene Cline  
 William Guffey  
 Bobby Moose  
 William Walker  
 Roy Yow

## COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 13

Billy Andrew  
 Ervin Ewing  
 J. B. Galyan  
 Dexter Goard  
 Eugene Graham  
 Homer Johnson  
 William Whistnant  
 Eugene White  
 Charles Sherrin

## COTTAGE No. 14

Jack Bateman  
 William Ferguson  
 John Holden  
 Troy Morris  
 Sam Pritchard  
 Melbert Rice  
 Bruce Sawyer  
 Grover Shuler  
 Lester Williams

## COTTAGE No. 15

Jack Benfield  
 Robert Bluster  
 Houston Berry  
 Lee Hollifield  
 Roger Reid

## INDIAN COTTAGE

(No Honor Roll)

## INFIRMARY

Raymond Byrd  
 R. D. McCurry  
 Lloyd Sain  
 Odell Cecil  
 Roland McNeill

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Save an old man and you save a unit; but save a boy and you save a multiplication table.—Selected.



# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., MAY 20, 1944

No. 20

(c) Carolina Collection  
U. N. C. Library

## SPEAK KINDLY

A word may bring you profit,  
A word may bring you pain,  
A word may bring you happiness,  
Or a word may bring you shame.  
Consider well the words you speak,  
For the word reflects your soul,  
And ever kind word spoken  
Brings you nearer to your goal.

—Selected.

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## THE AMERICAN'S WAR CREED

What are we fighting for? For America and Americanism. For the American way of life—for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. For the Constitution and the Bill of Rights—for freedom of religion, freedom of the press, freedom of speech and the right to vote—for a government of the people, by the people and for the people.

We are fighting for the land we love—for treasures more precious than silver or gold; for Plymouth Rock and Mount Vernon, for Niagara Falls and the Grand Canyon, for the glories of the Yellowstone and the mighty Father of Waters. For these and the Statue of Liberty we stand ready to defend our country to the death against European aggressors. For these and the Golden Gate our armies and our navies challenge the treacherous hosts of Japan.

We are fighting for the flag unfurled and flying high with thirteen stripes and forty-eight stars, for the indestructible United States of America, a nation united, independent, unshackled and free.

We are fighting for the future—for a world in which all men may have work, food and happiness—for children whose hopes and opportunities will be secure—for happy homes in every nation—for international commerce on the seven seas, and for the perpetual peace of all mankind.

To attain these sacred ends we dedicate ourselves and all we have; with the help of Almighty God we shall win the Victory.—Exchange.

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## APPRECIATIVE COMMENT

It is frequently the opinion that when we begin to review past events it is an evidence of old age. The molded opinion may be a true cast of personalities who are prone to reminisce, but without this class who recall past events, and revel in telling of the past, much valuable history would be lost. If one has sweet memories, why not recall them and live again? We read a book over and over again, if the story is clean and uplifting, so in the same manner we can re-live indelible memories that have an influence for good. Mentally, we possess the mechanics of a radio, having the ability to switch off the bad programs, if we are so disposed.

At this time we cannot help but review the past influence this little magazine has exerted in the interest of the Stonewall Jackson Training School. It has been read by teachers, lawyers, ministers, editors and men and women in all walks of life, and fine comments of approval have been received at this office (and continue to come in) from our own state and from sources in other states. It is quite fortunate and satisfactory that the instructor of the printing class has kept a scrap-book of page after page of complimentary clippings and letters received.

We are going to give some of these in this issue, not in the spirit of boastfulness, but with the feeling that the ideals established by the founder of The Uplift have been maintained. The founder of this paper had a facile pen, an appreciation of the classics, along with the understanding that the printing department activities meant vocational training for the underprivileged child. We have selected some of these complimentary clippings, and here give the same for the benefit of those who for many years been subscribers of The Uplift:

A. S. Webb, superintendent of the Concord Public Schools for more than a quarter of a century, once made the following comment: "I have enjoyed reading The Uplift from its first issue until now. It is a matter of amazement to me that you are always able to print in every number so many interesting and helpful selections. I have often wished that all school children of North Carolina had access to the wealth of interesting and uplifting bits of literature carried in each issue. It is my opinion that you could assemble from your files a series of readers for the seventh grade pupils of our schools that would be more interesting and far more helpful than anything we have now.

"I believe that printing and reading The Uplift has played a very large part in building the splendid morale among the boys of your institution. This institution has a national reputation for the work it is doing in 'man-making', and in this The Uplift has done its part."

A former Federal Probation Officer of South Carolina writes as follows: "I have enjoyed reading your most excellent publication. Having had several years' experience in the newspaper game, I have been intensely interested in the progress of institutional publications. The Uplift is always full of helpful and inspirational news and stories. By reason of your publication I have secured many stimulating news stories by feature writers, as well as supporting editorials. Your magazine is one of the most interesting in my file. It is read by my entire family."

J. Edward Allen, of Warrenton, County Superintendent of Public Instruction of Warren County since 1919, has been a constant reader of The Uplift for many years. Mr. Allen, who stands forth preeminently in the fields of education, citizenship, religious life and fraternal affairs, has this to say: "The Uplift is a splendid publication. It has been coming to my office regularly for more than fifteen years, and I have kept a complete file. My pupils make frequent use of the material found within its pages."

The late Hon. Heriot Clarkson, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, once wrote the editor as follows: "I enjoy reading The Uplift, and speak my sentiments sincerely when I say that it is one of the best publications that I read. It is indeed inspiring and in truth and in fact an 'uplift'. May the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort be with you as you journey on."

A rector of an Episcopal church in a small parish in New York State, had this to say: "For some time I have been receiving copies of The Uplift, and have read it with great interest. Not only that, I take it to the vestibule of the church, where I have a table of magazines from which the members of the congregation help themselves. It is well-named, for it has a wonderful uplifting power."

Hon. A. Harry Moore, three times governor of the State of New Jersey, who for many years has been active in the improvement of conditions for the youth of this country, had this to say about our little magazine: "I enjoyed reading The Uplift. The reading matter bears out its name, and I am sure it is a helpful little medium for your fine institution."

Dr. James M. Parrott, of Raleigh, former State Health Officer, once wrote as follows: "The Uplift is a very interesting, instructive and inspiring publication. The current issue is especially good. We appreciate being on your mailing list."

Several years ago we received this request from the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.: "We have recently received two numbers of The Uplift, issued by your school. We are very glad to receive this publication, and are wondering if it would be possible for you to send us Volume 27, numbers 1 to 17. We should also appreciate it if you would place this library on your permanent mailing list."

From the columns of "Tab-O-Graph," published at the state prison, Danemora, N. Y., we take the following: "We thumb through the pages of a sturdy little periodical called The Uplift, which we welcome to our family of courtesy exchanges. Published by the printing class of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, Concord, N. C., it lives up to more than its inspiring title. Crammed with an inviting variety of choice articles, short stories, epigrams, poems, quotation and a judicious sprinkling of humor, it does itself proud from cover to cover each week as it leaves the press of the expert typographer lads of the printing class."

In the editorial columns of "Charity & Children," official mouthpiece of The Mills Home, Thomasville, N. C., there appeared the following tribute to our publication: "A weekly journal, The Uplift, by the Stonewall Jackson Training School, Concord, is indeed and in truth an uplift. It is edited by S. G. Hawfield with Mrs. J. P. Cook as associate. This periodical is one of the most wholesome magazines that we get. It should have a large subscription list in the state. Certainly every library, city, school or church, in the state should take it."

A New Jersey editor writes as follows: "The Uplift, a copy of which has been received here, is a 32-page weekly journal published and put out, from editorials to type-setting mechanics, by the boys' printing class of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, Concord, N. C. Its clear composition and altogether neat lay-out would have attracted our attention in any event. But what makes it particularly interesting to local people is that the printing class of this institution has for many years been under the tutelage of a native of this city. We congratulate both him and his class."

## THE UPLIFT

In the exchange column of the "Dupont Evergreen," published at the Federal Prison Camp, Dupont, (Fort Lewis), Washington, we find the following: "The Uplift is a very complete paper. It appears to cover every department of your institution and the printing class is to be congratulated on its work. This is a sure sign that after their little sojourn there in Concord the lads will be so improved that the people who represent the 'society' that sent them away will receive a great deal more for their investment than they anticipated."

In the editorial columns of "The New Leaf," published at the State Training School, Chehalis, Washington, we read: "One of the most interesting institutional publications that comes to our desk is The Uplift, produced by the printing department of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, Concord, N. C. 'Uplift' is an appropriate name in this instance. The little magazine always contains many articles of interest of a varied type, and the New Leaf has taken occasion quite a number of times to 'lift' from The Uplift."

The following item was taken from the "O. P. News," State Penitentiary, Columbus, Ohio: "We never fail to look forward with interest to the latest copy of The Uplift, vehicle of expression of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, Concord, N. C. This little maglet is packed from cover to cover with clean reading, the kind especially beneficial to youngsters. Indeed, nothing of a demoralizing nature ever finds a place on its pages, and this is a credit to Editor Boger and to Mrs. Cook. Congratulations."

The editor of "The Record," Pennsylvania Industrial School, Huntingdon, Pa., referred to the work of this department in his columns as follows: "The Uplift, a little magazine from Concord, N. C., is a most welcome visitor to our school. In it we find compactness and directness, seasoned with a certain amount of spice, that suggests to us a laudable effort to keep The Uplift in the class of better magazines."

The following comment appeared in "Rikers Review," Rikers Island, N. Y.: "Your estimable magazine, The Uplift, is one of the very best that comes to the desk of the exchange editor. Each issue contains a surprising amount of information in a highly attractive way. It is also constantly improving in technical make-up, as well as the solid matter which it always contains."

In "The Reformatory Herald," Hutchinson, Kansas, we read: "For real common sense that is inspiring and just what the name of the little weekly implies, The Uplift is one of the many periodicals that we are glad to have come to us. Because many of the feature items and some of the poetry are so good, we sometimes use them in The Herald, that our boys may benefit therefrom."

"The Echo," Iowa Training School for Boys, Eldora, Iowa, comments as follows: "The Uplift, Stonewall Jackson Training School, Concord, N. C., is another one of our better weekly journals. We are especially impressed by its political discussions, and the editorials are some that we shall never forget."

We quote the editor of "The Messenger," Sioux Falls, S. D., as follows: "The inmates of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, Concord, N. C., are deserving of praise for the magazine (The Uplift) they publish. It is full of good poems, feature articles and news of the activities that transpire in the institution."

From "The Yellow Jacket," official publication of the Florida Industrial School, Marianna, Florida, comes the following comment: "The Uplift, from the Stonewall Jackson Training School, is a fine publication. For interesting feature stories this little magazine of thirty or so pages is hard to beat."

The editor of "The Mentor," State Prison, Charlestown, Mass., writes: "The Uplift is a credit to the boys' printing class. A nice specimen of typographical work. We send to the editor and his staff our best wishes for its continued success."

The following comes from "The Boys' Messenger," State Industrial School, Miles City, Montana: "The Uplift, published by the printing class of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, Concord, N. C., always carries interesting items in its columns."

Editor H. F. Henrichs of "Sunshine Magazine," Litchfield, Illinois, made this remark: "I want to compliment you on the interesting contents of The Uplift. It should do a lot of good among the pupils of your school."

From "Trade Winds," published at the Boys' Trade School, Worcester, Mass., we get the following: "You have many interesting and timely articles which are a tribute to the make-up of your magazine."

From the "Four Mile Sign Post," State Colony, New Lisbon, N. J., we clipped the following: "The Uplift, a most excellent magazine, is a favorite with our press club."

The editor of "The Riverside," State Training School for Boys, Red Wing Minn., gives his estimate of The Uplift in these words: "We thoroughly enjoy the editorials and articles found in your magazine."

In addition to the comments already mentioned (and many others in our files) we are proud of a certificate hanging on the wall of this office, which reads as follows:

### 1939 Award

#### National Community Newspaper Contests

This certifies that

#### THE UPLIFT

has been awarded an Honor Rating for Excellence in Editorials in the 1938 National Newspaper Contests held at the School of Journalism University of Illinois.

(Signed) Renal R. Barlow

January 15, 1939.

Director of Contests.

To our many friends and contemporaries in this state and throughout the nation, we take this opportunity to express our gratitude for the many nice things said concerning our feeble efforts in the field of journalism. Your kindly interest and support have been a great source of inspiration to us. As the years shall come and go, it is our fervent hope that the same spirit of love and esteem may continue to exist between us, as has been the case in the past.

“Life is made sweet because of friends we have made,  
And the things which in common we share;  
We want to live on, not because of ourselves,  
But because of the people who care.  
It's in giving and doing for somebody else;  
On that all life's splendor depends,  
And the joys of this life, when you've summed it all up,  
Are found in the making of friends.”



## BOYS HEAR CAPTAIN RICKENBACKER

On May 16th, Mr. Frank Liske and Superintendent S. G. Hawfield took a group of thirty boys from the Training School over to Charlotte to see and hear Captain Eddie Rickenbacker. The meeting was held at the Armory-Auditorium, in Charlotte, and was under the auspices of the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs.

Two boys were selected from each cottage to make the trip, and the selection was based on the conduct record of the boys in the cottages and their general attitudes here at the School. Each officer was asked to recommend two of his best boys, and the group selected was as follows:

Cottage No 1—Ralph Bailey and Floyd Puckett.

Cottage No 2—Cecil Caldwell and Joseph McKinney.

Cottage No. 4—Edgar Shell and John Ray Smith.

Cottage No. 5—Earl Brigman and Robert Wilkins.

Cottage No. 6—Vernon Foster and Donald Griffie.

Cottage No. 7—Donald Grimstead and Richard Tullock.

Cottage No. 9—Leonard Church and Isaac Mahaffey.

Cottage No. 10—Paul Alphin and E. C. Stamey.

Cottage No. 11—Bobby Buchanan and William Guffey.

Cottage No. 13—Billy Andrews and Paul Painter.

Cottage No. 14—Edward Haynes and Bruce Sawyer.

Cottage No. 15—Robert Bluester and Harvey Leonard.

Indian Cottage—Jack Bailey and R. C. Hoyle.

Receiving Cottage—James Benton and David Prevatt.

Infirmary—Raymond Byrd and Odell Cecil.

Captain Eddie Rickenbacker has for a number of years been one of the outstanding heroes of the United States. He had the honor of having shot down twenty-six enemy airplanes in World War I. Since the present World War began he has been selected by Secretary of War Stimson to make a number of trips to the battlefronts to study the progress of the war and make reports and recommendations. On one of these expeditions his airplane was forced down in the Pacific, and he and six of his companions floated in rubber rafts for a period of twenty-two days before they were finally rescued. On account of his many exciting exploits he has become an outstanding hero, especially for children.

In his Charlotte address he cautioned the American people against a spirit of grumbling because of being called upon to make small sacrifices for the war effort. He told of how the soldier boys on the battlefronts are giving their very best for the protection of this country. He predicted that the European war might end during the year 1944, but he warned that while the war on the eastern front might end within a year's time it is possible that it might extend over two or three years.

The boys from the Training School experienced a great thrill in seeing and hearing this great hero. To all the boys it was a grand experience. Of course they, no doubt, will always

remember with great pleasure this event.

The officials of the Training School are convinced that it is a nice thing for boys here to have such experiences as this one. It gives a boy a fine feeling to know that his efforts to make a good record and abide by the rules in every way are noticed and appreciated. It is a much finer philosophy, after all, to have regard for the nice things that the boys them-

selves do and give them proper encouragement for these things.

All the boys conducted themselves in a most courteous manner.

The tickets for this program were made available to the boys by members of the Charlotte Woman's Club. This was a very fine gesture on the part of those good ladies, and we wish to take this opportunity to thank them for their kindly interest in our lads.

---

### IT AIN'T THE GIFT

It ain't the gift a feller gits,  
It ain't the shape ner size,  
That sets the heart to beatin'  
An' puts sunshine in yer eyes.

It ain't the value of the thing,  
Ner how it's wrapped ner tied;  
It's something else aside from this  
That makes you glad inside.

It's knowin' that it represents  
A love both deep an' true,  
That someone carries in his heart  
An' wants to slip to you.

It's knowin' that some folks love you,  
An' tell you in this way—  
Jes' sorter actin' out  
The things they really long to say.

So 'tain't the gifts a feller gets,  
Ner how it's wrapped ner tied,  
It's knowin' that yer folks like you,  
That makes you glad inside.

—Author Unknown.



# THOUSANDS ATTEND SOLDIER BOARD DEDICATION

(Concord Daily Tribune)

With flaming eloquence, Dr. S. W. Hahn, pastor of St. James Lutheran Church, called on the thousands of men, women and children who assembled yesterday afternoon on Holly Lane to dedicate the Soldier Board, to dedicate themselves anew to the making and preserving of homes; to the service of their country and of their God.

Said Dr. Hahn in part:

"Mothers, fathers, wives, sons, daughters, brothers, sisters, loved ones and friends of the six thousand and eighty-seven living men and women from Cabarrus county wearing the uniform of their country, and of the fifty-four who are clad in the garments of death for the sake of their native land: **FOR THEIR SAKE WE DEDICATE OURSELVES.** Write that six-word sentence at the top of this board over those 6,141 revered names. Write it in big, bold capital letters, not in black, not in gold, but in deep red, signifying zeal and loyalty.

"The board is made of wood, nails and some paint. But God knows it means much more than that to us. It is the embodiment of more than six thousand of our county's finest young men and women whom we love more than life. . . . Do you not wish some power were given whereby we might look through this board and see them? We'd see some of them in the Aleutians, shivering with cold but not with fear. You'd see others in the hot sands of African deserts, toiling for a

land called America. Jammed amid the thronging multitudes in England and Ireland, you'd see thousands waiting to pour across the channel the moment the die for invasion is cast. You'd see many in the inferno of the Anzio beachhead; others in the jungles of Pacific islands. Uppermost in the minds of all of them is the desire to get it all over with and come home.

"When Napoleon did what Hitler could not do—lead victorious armies into Egypt—he pointed dramatically to the pyramids and said to his soldiers, 'Men of France, forty centuries look down upon you'. I say to you today: Six thousand pairs of eyes look down on you. It seems to me their searching eyes say, 'We have dedicated ourselves to the task on the battlefield. Now dedicate yourselves to your task on the home front. We are expecting it of you'.

"Let's be specific about it. For their sake, let's dedicate ourselves to building and preserving the kind of homes our men want to come home to, the kind they are fighting for."

Then the speaker denounced some soldiers' wives that are unfaithful to their marriage vows while their husbands are away fighting. Some even find themselves figuring in court trials on account of infidelity.

Then he scathingly denounced those who selfishly patronize black markets, or refuse to work at home thereby endangering the lives of

the fighting men and depriving them of needed supplies.

In conculsion, Dr. Hahn urged those present to dedicate themselves to God and to be not ashamed to pray.

"Our soldiers are not ashamed to confess that they pray constantly to a God that has become very real to them," said he.

Prior to the ceremonies, a guard of honor from the North Carolina State Guard patrolled the street the length of the board.

Then the following program was presented: Musical selections by the Concord high school band, directed by Austin Ledwith; Invocation Chaplain C. C. Hamilton of the North Carolina State Guard; "America"; prayer, Dr. W. W. Jones, Pastor First Baptist church Kannapolis; Anthem, "Arise, O Lord" Cannon high school chorus, directed by Miss Nellie Alexander; scripture lesson, Rev. Lester Furr pastor of Mt. Pleasant Methodist church; Dedicatory message, Dr. Hahn; anthem, "Hallelujah Chorus" high school chours; greetings from Cabarrus Chapter American War Mothers, Mrs. G. A. Batte; greetings from National War Mothers, Mrs. R. E. Ridenhour, former national president; placing of flowers; taps sung by chorus; taps played by bugler Alex Patterson.

Led by two Gold Star Mothers, Mrs. R. G. Barbee and Mrs. R. C. Corzine, the Cabarrus chapter of War Mothers formed an aisle of honor for the passage of those bearing floral tributes.

As chaplain Hamilton read the names of donors and those whom the flowers honored, the following floral tributes were brought down the aisle of honor and laid at the foot of the board: The same wreath that was laid

on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington cemetery and later given to Mrs. Ridenhour by the keeper; placed by Mrs. Ridenhour and Mrs. G. A. Battle for the National chapter and the Cabarrus chapter of War Mothers.

The Fred Y. McConnell Post of the American Legion Auxilliary, placed by Mrs. Walter F. Curran, president. The American Red Cross, placed by Mrs. F. H. Adden, executive secretary. The State Guard placed by Privates Burrage, Sutton and Hampton.

The Forty and Eight, placed by Mrs. Zeb Bradford.

Washington Council, No. 20, P. O. S. of A. by Rev. Mr. Simpson.

United Daughters of 1812, by Miss Maggie Barnhardt, state chaplain; Cabarrus Black Boys chapter, D. A. R. by Miss Eugenia Lore, regent; Dodson Ramseur chapter, U. D. C., by Mrs. Guy Beaver, president; Coltrane-Harris chapter, U. D. C., by Mrs. Stahlee Funderburk, president; John Phifer Young chapter, Children of the Confederacy, by Miss Martha Cook, president.

In memory of Clarence Hinson, in honor of Grady A. Hinson, Clyde Houston Hinson, Robert David Hinson, Roy Bass, placed by Mrs. Roy Bass.

In memory of William R. Soots, in honor of James Franklin Jefferson, placed by Mrs. Jefferson and Mrs. Soots.

In honor of Brown Lindsey and Price Lindsey by Mrs. W. L. Lindsey; in honor of Willis A. Barber, David E. Clark, and Earl H. Delinger, placed by Mrs. Mae Barber.

Young men's Bible class of the A. R. P. church honoring the 19 men of the class who are in service placed by J. O. Cochrane.

In honor of Lieut. Hoyle Shinn, placed by Mrs. H. M. Shinn.

In honor of Sgt. Robert M. Simpson and James Shinn, placed by Donny and Ronny Shinn.

In honor of Lt. Martin L. Lafferty, placed by Mrs. Lafferty.

In honor of Marshall B. Sherrin, Jr., and Malcolm A. Sherrin, placed by Mrs. M. B. Sherrin and Miss Mary Ross Sherrin.

In memory of James H. Miller, placed by his mother, Mrs. George H. Miller.

In honor of James and John Burrage and in honor of James Morrison and Sgt. McCall. Designs placed by State Guardsmen by request of donors.

After the 23 wreaths and designs had been placed, the War Mothers marched in procession to the board, and as taps was sung and played, they reverently laid the floral chains at the foot of the board.

### MORE OF WHAT IT TAKES

(Editorial in Concord Daily Tribune)

The dedication of Concord's soldier board at the Community Center, Sunday afternoon was the city's recognition of and appreciation for the part that its sons and daughters in the armed forces are taking in service for their country. In the spirit of the Gettysburg Address, Cabarrus "will little note nor long remember"—measured in years—what was "said here, but it can never forget what they did" and are doing daily in the far corners of the earth.

Continuing the theme of Abraham Lincoln's immortal address: "It is for us" here at home, "rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work" which those who are fighting overseas

"have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead (as set forth on The Honor Roll, 54 of them) we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we hereby resolve that these dead (and those to follow in the course of the war) shall not have died in vain."

Doubtless there were the same rationing problems in 1863 as there are today with emphasis placed elsewhere other than on gasoline; rubber tires and sugar. However, human nature was the same and there were violators who stood unabashed among their neighbors as there are today. In that day Americans had not become softened and their patriotism emasculated to the extent of going on strike with pressing war orders to fill. There was no CIO in 1863 to tell the Federal Government how to act in a labor controversy.

It should be a cause for national shame, that Dr. S. W. Hahn, pastor of St. James Lutheran Church and the main speaker at the dedication exercises, should have found justification for taking us collectively to task for complaining about wartime restrictions with our peaks of discontent. Of course we are all prone to this fault, which is by no means confined to war wives, mothers, or fathers alone. The speaker contrasted our petty hindrances to the real sacrifices made by our boys in the ranks.

Dr. Hahn quite properly condemned the use of gasoline for purely pleasure drives. He cited the fact that a neighboring county was condoning the use of several gallons of black market gasoline. Such a quantity of

gasoline at a critical moment in Italy, New Guinea or on the Continent might mean the difference between victory or defeat in major engagements.

As we see it the selfishness of certain groups of organized labor and that of rationing violators springs from the same source. It implies a let-down in morale that is welcome to our Axis foes. With defeat closing

in on them, our enemies are looking for a hopeful sign in the gloom. The utter indifference of some of our motorists is one of the signs that Germany and Japan are seeking.

We believe the German and Japanese people to be weaker in spirit than their troops in the field. Can it be true that this is true of America?

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### HUSTLE AND GRIN

Grin, and the world smiles with you,  
 "Knock," and you knock alone;  
     For the cheerful grin  
     Will let you in  
 Where the "knocker" is never known.

Growl, and the world looks dreary,  
 Grin, and the path is bright;  
     For a welcome smile  
     Brings sunshine, while  
 A frown shuts out the light.

Sigh, and you "rake in" nothing,  
 Hustle, and the prize is won  
     For the nervy man  
     With real back bone can  
 By nothing be out-done.

Kick, and there's trouble brewing,  
 Grin, and life is gay;  
     And the world is in tune,  
     Like a day in June,  
 While the clouds all melt away.

Hustle, and fortune awaits you,  
 Shirk, and defeat is sure;  
     There is no chance,  
     Nor deliverance,  
 For the chap who can't endure.

—Author Unknown.

# THE BOYS ARE COMING BACK

(The State)

Some several months ago, boys with honorable discharges from the service began drifting back to their homes in and near Kannapolis.

Some of these boys had been wounded in action overseas. Others had been excused from duty when it was discovered that some physical ailment had impaired their strength. And we saw the record of one youngster who had told the recruiting officer that he was eighteen years old and was subsequently found to be only sixteen.

Anyone, however, is liable to be mistaken about one's age.

These boys were through, so far as service in the armed forces was concerned. They were back in civilian life once more, and they were ready to take up civilian work again.

They were somewhat uncertain about what procedure to follow. As you probably know, the biggest industry at Kannapolis is the Cannon Mills, largest manufacturers of towels in the world. Some of these boys had formerly worked there. They went to the employment office and asked for a job. In practically every instance they were taken on. In some cases they discovered that they weren't suited for the kind of work they had been given. So they went to the foreman and told him about it.

"O.K.," the foreman would say, "we'll put you on some other job."

But perhaps the new job didn't work out very well either. So the boys would quit again. Maybe they'd ask for still another kind of job; or maybe they'd leave the mills and look elsewhere. Regardless of what course

was pursued, they gradually began to feel dissatisfied. Some of them, who had lost a leg, or been otherwise physically handicapped, wondered whether they weren't misfits entirely. What was the good of trying to carry on?

It wasn't long before it was realized at the mills that something ought to be done about the situation. Officials wanted to give the returned men every possible assistance. But the thing wasn't working out as had been expected.

And then it was that Cannon Mills decided to follow an entirely different plan of procedure. The plan was put into effect about two months ago, and here's what happened:

The first thing they did was to hire J. H. Cannon, who was vocational director at the Kannapolis High School for a couple of years before entering military service. He spent nine months overseas and was wounded in North Africa. Returning to this country last June, he was kept in a hospital until November 20. Then he was told that so far as the Army was concerned, he was through. So he returned to his home in Kannapolis.

Shortly after the first of the year, he was interviewed by some of the officials of the mills. They told him what they had in mind and asked him whether he was interested in the work. He saw in it an opportunity of being of real assistance to men who were being discharged, and he said that he'd be glad to tackle it.

"All right," they told him. "It's your job."

"But how am I supposed to carry it out?" he inquired.

"That's something which you'll have to decide for yourself. We don't know any more about it than you do, but we realize that something ought to be done."

So Captain Cannon began. An office was rented in the down-town section of Kannapolis, and the services of a stenographer were obtained. That's all the personnel that there is.

The first thing that the Captain did was to get out a card.

It reads like this:

#### ATTENTION EX-SERVICEMEN

In order that ex-servicemen may receive every consideration in job placement and re-adjustment in Cannon Mills, the Company has opened the Servicemen's Personnel Office under the direction of Captain J. Harry Cannon, Room 213, Professional Building, Kannapolis, North Carolina. Tel. 514.

Primarily, this office assists ex-servicemen who were former employees in securing suitable employment in the various Cannon mills. However, the Servicemen's Personnel Office will be glad to assist you in securing hospitalization, vocational and rehabilitation benefits, and any other benefits to which you are entitled from the Government or Veterans' Administration.

As an ex-serviceman, it is your privilege to call on this office when you have a problem that deserves attention.

#### CANNON MILLS COMPANY

Please note the word "Primarily" at the beginning of the second para-

graph. In addition to helping former employees of the mills, however, Captain Cannon's office is also aiding others who are in need of advice.

The cards were distributed through various channels. It wasn't long before the boys began drifting into the office.

The first thing they had to do was to fill out "Veterans Service Records." Yellow card for men who had not worked in the mills before: blue card for former employees. These cards contain general information: name married, number of children, where last employed before entering service, type of work done, date of induction, date of discharge, overseas duty, whether wounded and what type of work was desired.

Then there are several other forms, which are used as rating cards. One of those is devoted to "Personal Traits" and includes such qualifications as cooperation, adaptability, courtesy, interest in work, relationship with other employees, etc. These are kept by someone in the department where the boy is placed.

Another form has to do with "Physical Capacities": whether the boy can walk, stoop, lift, balance, etc., without extra effort. It also includes such items as hearing, vision, working speed, endurance, etc.

A third form concentrated on "Working Condition": whether the boy should have outside work or inside work; what effect sudden temperature changes may have on him; cramped quarters, working alone, working with others, etc.

By the time Captain Cannon has all this information, he and the boy are ready for a real serious conference. The Captain asks the applicant

just exactly what kind of work he would like to do: what kind of job appeals to him; what kind doesn't. Then they both go to one of the foremen in that department, and once more there is a conference in which all three participate. This does away with the necessity for the boy to go back and forth in an endeavor to get himself straightened out. When all three meet together, every problem can be threshed out right then and there.

So the boy is given a job. But that doesn't mean that Captain Cannon's office is through with him. At the end of the first week, someone in the boy's department makes a general report on how he is doing: whether he is pleased with his work, whether he gets along well with his fellow-workers, and a lot of other things of that nature. If everything is going along nicely well and good. If it isn't, the Captain has another talk with the boy and tries to get him straightened out. If the boy says he has found that he was mistaken about taking that particular job, another conference is held and a new position is found for him.

At the end of three weeks, there is still another check-up. And at the end of six weeks, there is a final one. By that time, if the boy is still happy and contented, he's allowed to proceed on his own. If at any time, however, he decides to make a change, Captain Cannon is glad to confer with him.

So far, approximately 60 boys have passed through the Captain's office. With more and more boys being dis-

charged, this number is increasing steadily. Only two boys have quit their jobs and have decided to go elsewhere.

But helping a returned serviceman to get a job isn't all that is done. A lot of boys don't know how to obtain hospitalization and other rehabilitation benefits. Captain Cannon keeps up with every piece of servicemen's legislation that is introduced, debated and carried or rejected in Congress. His office is in a position to give the boys expert advice about whatever problem may be confronting them.

Thus far, the plan has worked out splendidly, and indications are that it is going to continue doing so. Captain Cannon admits that it's something entirely new. He knows that his office is bound to make some mistakes, but he believes that all these mistakes can be corrected.

"The principal thing we're trying to do," he told us, "is to let the returned servicemen know that they can come to us for help. When a boy goes out and tries to get a job, when he has difficulty in finding one, when he is shunted around from one place to another, it is perfectly natural for him to gripe. What we're endeavoring to do is to eliminate this gripe: to get him off to a good start, to see that he is satisfied and that he gets the kind of work for which he is best qualified. If we can do that, I know that we will have accomplished something well worth-while."

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The endurance of hardship is the making of man and the factor that distinguishes between existence and vigorous vitality.

# JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

(Religious Herald.)

General alarm has spread through the United States because of the large increase in juvenile delinquency. The same thing happened, and has continued, in Great Britain after the outbreak of the war, though the pattern of youthful misconduct there seems to differ in aspects from that in our country. If one may base his judgement upon the records that come from the enforcement officers and courts, many of the worst offenders are mere children. The fact that our very young people show dispositions towards lawlessness and crime makes the problem a grave one for the present and the future.

Doubtless there is ground for the claim that the picture is overdrawn and that young people generally maintain a high level of moral conduct. It is unfortunate that some good people have taken occasion to give "scare line" publicity to their opinions about the problem. Single local incidents have sometimes been used as the basis for the sweeping charge that there is a lack of moral standards and a disregard for truth by young people of high school age. Such expressions of distrust in youth, probably born of anxiety or extreme puritanism, are positively harmful. We need to keep in mind at all times that these young people are our children. They are not a new species on the earth. They respond as human beings.

Strictly speaking there is a remoteness between the methods with children in this and the past generation that is disproportionate to the lapse of a mere thirty years. Close super-

vision by professional social workers and officials of juvenile courts has sometimes given rise to a false impression about our young people in comparison with their fathers and mothers. Men who had the good fortune to spend their boyhood in a city of Virginia thirty or more years ago will recall the delightful and frequently exciting experience with the "gang." Carefree days passed with the usual routine of play and chores, interspersed with childhood adventures. Early hours of the nights were spent on the neighborhood corner where the suspended carbon arc rather hesitantly furnished light for roller skating, follow the leader, fox and hounds, and occasional rock battles. There were officers, but they understood that boys could engage in pranks without being potential criminals. Many activities of the "gang" might be frowned upon today by diligent officers and welfare workers. Some of the things the "gang" did were bad, seldom criminal. Ten boys in one "gang" that we knew grew to manhood and all, without an exception, became reputable citizens. We make the point that many things which boys did in the past generation without injury to themselves or to the community would not pass the strict eye of our efficient juvenile courts and officers. It is probable that much of the delinquency attributed to youth in this generation is the result of stricter supervision rather than an evidence of greater moral dereliction.

This must not be understood as a plea for less diligence by our juvenile



courts and officers. Life, even in the larger cities, was comparatively quiet and uneventful a generation ago so that young people were well protected within the family against evil intruders. Modern technical improvements have given the family access to the world with the result that home life has partly disintegrated. To meet this serious threat society set up special courts and agencies as effective counter measures to safeguard youth and the family group. Our sons and daughters are the first generation to be reared under the influence of high-powered automobiles,

aeroplanes, radios, talking pictures, open bars for young and old, public smoking by both sexes, and an approximate single moral standard for men and women. What effects these revolutionary changes will have upon the individual and how they will finally affect the human race we are not able to discern. Of one thing we are sure. The Christian churches face the grave responsibility to press the Gospel message and to compel people to hear the one way of salvation which is an immovable rock in a shaking world.

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It was a courtroom scene. Witness on the stand. Plaintiff's attorney points an accusing finger and shouts: "Did you or did you not, visit the defendant at his home?"

"I did."

"Did you, or did you not, go there to ask him a question about this case?"

"I did."

"And what did he answer?"

The defendant's attorney leaped up to object to this question. The two lawyers wrangled for half an hour as to its amissibility. The judge had to decide, so he retired to his chambers for an hour's study of technical points and precedents. He finally returned, called the court to order, and ruled that the question was proper.

With a challenging and defiant sneer, the plaintiff's attorney repeated the question, "And what did he answer?"

"He wasn't to home," meekly replied the witness.

—Farm Journal.

# OUR PRESENT SUPREME COURT

By R. C. Lawrence, in The State

Four recent developments should make our court of last resort of special interest to our people at this time: the court has but recently occupied the new and handsome quarters in the magnificent building recently completed on Morgan Street, facing the capitol; the court has but recently and for the first time in its history followed the example of the higher Federal tribunals and has donned the silken robes customary in those courts; there has but recently been established a Department of Justice, headed by the Attorney General; and there has just come from the press a new codification of the Statute laws of our State. So let us take just a bird's-eye glimpse of the members of the august tribunal which holds such extensive power over property interests, even of life and death in criminal cases.

## Judge Stacy

Chief Justice is Walter Parker Stacy, of New Hanover County. He is a graduate of the University where he was an outstanding scholar and orator, winning the Wiley P. Mangum medal for oratory. Entering upon the practice at Wilmington, he almost immediately began his long career of public service, beginning in the General Assembly. But his evident fitness for the judiciary soon became so apparent that he was elected to the bench of the Superior Court, and so deep an impression did he make in this behalf that after but four years of service, he was elected to the bench of the Supreme Court, winning out handsomely over a field of seven competi-

tors. After but four years of service as Associate Justice, he was appointed by Governor McLean as Chief Justice to succeed Chief Justice William A. Hoke who had died. Since then he has been re-elected without opposition. He is by far the youngest man to fill the position in the history of our state and is one of the youngest in the history of the nation.

He is an outstanding churchman, and until in recent years the pressure of his official duties forced him to relinquish some of his burdens, he was teacher of the Men's Bible Class of the Edenton Street Methodist Church at Raleigh and he vies with Governor Hoey and Governor Broughton in the distinction of being an outstanding Sunday school teacher. He is the only member of the court who has received national recognition as he has been appointed by three successive presidents to membership upon boards of national importance, especially in disputes between labor and capital. Two of these presidents—Coolidge and Hoover—were of different political faith, and the Chief Justice has been frequently mentioned for appointment to the Supreme Court of the United States when next a Southern jurist receives recognition. He has been honored with a Doctorate of Laws by his alma mater and also by Duke and Davidson.

## Judge Schenck

Senior Associate Justice Michael Schenck, hails from the county of Henderson, but his forebears were for more than a century distinguished in annals of Lincoln County. In 1816

the original Michael Schenck built at Lawndale in Lincoln County the first cotton mill ever constructed South of the Potomac River. The father of the Justice was a distinguished lawyer and outstanding jurist, and therefore the Justice came to the bench of our highest court admirably equipped both by training and inheritance for high position he now fills so ably. He also served with distinction upon the bench of the Superior Court prior to his elevation to the Supreme Court. He is a prominent Episcopalian, and he also holds the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws conferred upon him by the University.

#### Judge Devin

Next in order of seniority is Justice William A. Devin of Granville. The Justice first attended college at Wake Forest, but took his academic degree from the University. He began life as a clerk in the office of Senator Simmons when that gentleman was practicing at Winston (didn't know he ever lived there, did you?) and was encouraged by Simmons to study law. Coming to the bar, he soon entered public life, served in the General Assembly, and at an early age was elected to the bench of the Superior Court at a time when the judges rode the entire state, and therefore Judge Devin held court in every county from the mountains to the sea. When he was elevated to the Supreme Court bench he was a veteran in judicial service, as during his long tenure upon the Superior Court bench he had tried some of the most difficult and important cases ever tried in our states, civil and criminal. Justice Devin is also an outstanding churchman, a Baptist in religious affiliation, and he has served

as Moderator of his Association and on a number of important state-wide boards of that denomination. He also holds a Doctorate of Laws from the University.

#### Judge Seawell

Justice A. A. F. Seawell comes from the county of Lee. He is the only member of the court with three initials, and he is also the oldest justice in point of years, being more than seventy-five. He was an outstanding member of the Bar, a veteran trial lawyer, and his attainments in his profession caused his election as Attorney General, an office which he graced until his elevation to his present position. Do not get the impression that because the justice is not as young as he once was that he is in the sere and yellow-leaf stage or anything of that kind. If you have any such impression, read one of his strong and vigorous opinions, couched in clear and terse language, and you will reach the conclusion that he is at the very zenith of his powers.

Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes rendered distinguished service upon the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States until he was more than ninety, and present indications are that Justice Seawell will emulate the famous son of the autocrat of the breakfast table.

When the number of the court was increased from five to seven, and it became known that one of the new justices would come from the East and one from the West, there was but one name for consideration from the East—Justice M. Victor Barnhill of Nash, who, at that time, was one of the ablest of the Superior Court judges. As a trial judge, he had been the "trouble shooter" for more than

one Governor, and where any extremely grave situation arose fraught with danger to the body politic, a special term of court was called, and the Governor appointed Judge Barnhill to preside.

### Judge Barnhill

It was because of this fact that he presided over the trial of the labor leaders who were charged with the murder of police chief Aderholt of Gastonia, a case which attracted international attention and being the most famous criminal trial ever held in our state. Feeling was so intense that the case was removed to Charlotte for trial, and here the strain of a six-weeks trial proved too much for one of the jurors, whose collapse forced a mistrial — an incident which was responsible for the enactment of the statute providing for the appointment of a thirteenth juror in all capital cases. Final trial resulted in conviction, which so outraged the feelings of certain alien laborites that a mob of London hoodlums did the judge the honor of hanging him in effigy. But his decision stood the test of the higher courts and all unbiased lawyers gave the highest praise to the distinguished jurist for the ability and fairness with which he conducted himself in a most trying and delicate situation.

Similarly when the failure of the Central Bank and Trust Company at Asheville rocked the entire state, and when a number of its officers and directors were to be tried on criminal charges, and when United States Senator Luke Lea was also indicted upon numerous charges of criminal conspiracy, the Governor sent Judge Barnhill to Asheville and he spent

many weeks in the mountain city trying the many difficult and important cases. Here also trial resulted in convictions, all of which were sustained by the higher courts. The case of Senator Lea attracted national attention, not only because he had served as Colonel in the First World War (when he tried to capture the German Kaiser) and not only because he was United States Senator at the time of his trial, but because of the desperate efforts made by his able counsel to avoid the judgment of the Carolina courts. Yet notwithstanding two appeals to the Supreme Court of the United States, the action of Judge Barnhill was upheld.

### Judge Winborne

The new Western Judgeship went to Justice J. Wallace Winborne of McDowell County — an appointment some considered at the time to have a political aspect, as the Justice had been Campaign manager for Governor Hoey, by whom he was appointed. But no such idea was entertained by the Western Bar, who knew the new justice to be one of the most distinguished lawyers of his section, a man possessing that intangible quality known as "judicial temperament" in the highest degree. Since his elevation to the highest bench, the opinions of Justice Winborne have demonstrated the soundness of the judgment of Governor Hoey in making the appointment, as his opinions evince clear, cogent and convincing logic and stamp the justice as "to the man or born." He is an Episcopalian in religion affiliation, and a man who numbers his admirers by the large circle of his acquaintances.

### Judge Denny

The newest member of the court is Justice Emery B. Denny of Gaston County, who came to the bench under appointment from Governor Broughton. The Justice is a Baptist, and prior to his elevation to the bench had been a Sunday school teacher in his native city for many years. If you do not believe that he is a forceful speaker and a magnetic orator, hear him over the radio when he quite frequently substitutes for Governor Broughton when his Excellency is called out of town. The opinions of the young justice show that he possesses legal ability of a rare calibre, and that he will grace the bench to which he has been called. His is a difficult position, for after a case has been considered by the court in conference and the time comes to vote, the youngest justice is required to vote first, and if he finds himself at variance with his brethren he must perforce file a dissenting opinion!

Our Bar are quite generally agreed that by and large our state has never possessed an abler court. True, they do not always agree and sometimes divide four to three. But so also does the Supreme Court of the United States. Every now and then the court will reverse itself, so also does the Supreme Court of the United States; and if there was a tribunal higher than that, it would do likewise, for

the law is not a fixed science as is mathematics or astronomy, but in many cases becomes a matter of construction or opinion.

Clerk of Court is Adrian Newton, a member of the Bar, who occupies a position once filled by Major W. H. Bagley, son-in-law of Governor Johnathan Worth, whose daughter was the wife of Ambassador Josephus Daniels.

Marshal of the tribunal is lawyer Dillard Gardner, who fills a post once occupied by Robert B. Bradley of Edgecombe County, who was a member of the First or "Bethel" Regiment in the Confederate service. At this first battle of the Civil War, when Col. D. H. Hill called for volunteers to burn a barn which obstructed the Confederate line of fire, several stepped forward, including Henry L. Wyatt and Robert H. Bradly, who were members of the same company. Wyatt was almost instantly killed, the first Southern soldier to fall in battle, and Bradley was standing next to him when he fell.

Reporter to the Court is that outstanding lawyer, Joseph B. Cheshire, Jr., son of the renowned Bishop of that name (who was himself bred to the Bar) who occupies a position once filled by no less personage than James Iredell, the younger, who served in that capacity after having been both Governor and United States Senator!

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Brotherhood is a lovely word; and yet, if there is not the practise of brotherliness, the word itself is like a church with no lights, and no heat, and no singing, and no fellowship, and no worship, and no love. Brotherhood, like the church, is a lovely thing when it actually works.

# SAVING SELF LEADS TO COLLAPSE

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

We sent millions of boys overseas to make a safe world—safe for democracy. It was an hour of high adventure. Twenty-five years ago, as we followed the gleam, we visioned a new heaven and a new earth. Each grave overseas became a shrine, and the boys who returned were welcomed by America with glad acclaim. Armistice day was hailed as the first day of the first month of the year of the new era.

The decade following found us contented with ourselves and eagerly reaching for the abundance of things within our grasp. Little did we care for Europe bled white for the burdens under which the nations staggered. With reckless extravagance in the midst of our selfish ease we kept up the grand debauch with an insidious moral and spiritual decay eating away those noble and stern qualities that had made us great. All of a sudden we awoke to our peril and realized that the world is about the most unsafe place possible. Our treasures and the vast accumulations upon which we had set our affections were in jeopardy. So we began to seek safety, each striving to take care of himself. The last straw came with the disclosure of the big money changers in New York and Chicago. The world knows the story of the collapse in 1929.

The vulgarity in the playhouse; the laxity in sex relation, within the family and without; the sneers cast at "conventional morality," and the idiotic folly of those who would make

life and human well being to consist in a gratification of the appetites for sex, food and drink disclosed the depths to which we had fallen.

In the midst of the moral decay of this new freedom, women have cast conventions to the winds, counting themselves superior to their mothers and their grandmothers since they have descended to the social level of men. A closed bank may open again; a woman in the mire rarely ever lifts herself to the level on which stood Caesar's wife. The level on which our women live and have their being will determine largely the fate of this Republic.

This orgy of self-indulgence and defiance of the higher laws of God have brought us to our present estate. An epidemic of madness and misery and violent death sweeps the land. For this way madness lies. Men would escape their misery when stripped bare of earthly possessions; they would go down to the vile dust from which they sprang. They are pure materialists, without God and without hope in this present life and in the world to come.

We are able to recover our idealism, eager to enthrone the fine virtues that made us great, and determined to crusade for the uplift and health of our fellows and the welfare of the world? A return of material prosperity, without a new emphasis on the true, the beautiful and the good, will prove a curse added to the plagues which we already have. A passion for righteousness, a heroic

effort for the welfare of others and a willingness to crusade for God and for humanity would make glorious the dawn of the better day. Then

life's finest dreams would come true and the doors of immortality would come true anesctharodilnu ectam amm open to the sould man.

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Some people get the idea they are worth a lot of money just because they have it.

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## CULTIVATING SERENITY

By George Matthews Adams

Every human being has within himself the most potent remedy for a healthy, happy life—the will to acquire serenity of spirit, if he will but decide to put it to use.

The naturalist, who loves the wild, becomes akin to every flower, shrub, tree, song or sound, as well as to every mood of the day or night, and breaths this serenity into his very soul. Joy and sorrow alike melt into his consciousness and ever keep him aware of the Supreme Ruler over all. God's sky and stars and all the earth become his altar.

What a picture of serenity is the great forest, with its age-long trees, some of them standing when this Western world was first settled by the white man. This summer I walked through the forest over thick green mossy paths. For nearly 15 years I had become familiar with every outstanding tree. Each seemed like a friend. And if I am permitted to return to them, I shall find them till friendly—whispering their serenity to me as I walk under their beautiful foliage and listen to the song of the wind as it bathes each leaf and branch

with its warmth from the sun.

I always get a feeling of peacefulness as I pass a church because I know that in it people go to find this serenity which they so much crave. What is so serene as a small town, with its white steeples and wooded shade trees—or a country farmhouse in a setting of hills, forests, and a stream? It is always a joy to talk with those who till the soil. They are thinking people. They have plenty of time to think. Their knowledge is self-acquired and ever enlarged by this rural atmosphere. They are not the worrying sort. They court serenity.

Inspiring reading is one of the most valuable ways to cultivate peacefulness of mind. It gives every organ of the body an opportunity to rest and do its appointed task. Calm-minded friends are a great asset to anyone. And nothing can bring serenity of mind and spirit to one so quickly and permanently as regular prayer to the Giver of all good. On the very faces of people is written the fact that they take God into their confidence.

## INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Barber, our budget officer, reports that he saw Louis Crawford, a former student here, in Concord a few nights ago. Louis stated that he was given an honorable medical discharge from the United States Army about seven months ago, and is now working with the Southern Railway Co. He is a member of a crew making road-bed repairs.

Louis said that while in the service he was sent to Iceland and while there was accidentally shot in the hip when a rifle being handled by one of the boys was discharged unexpectedly, which explains the reason for the medical discharge.

—:—

We recently received some information concerning Linwood and Femmous Butler, former students at the School. Linwood stopped in to see us for a few minutes the other day. He was driving a Colonial Stores transfer truck, and since the trip took him past the institution, he said he had to make a brief call upon old friends here. Linwood lost his left arm in an auto-truck wreck in November, 1938. A clipping in his file under the date of December 11, 1938, showed that he had filed suit against the person driving the truck. He said he had been driving the large transfer truck for some time and was getting along fine.

Linwood told us that his brother, Femmous, was in the United States Army and was stationed somewhere in Italy.

The Butler brothers were conditionally released March 13, 1933.

A few days ago quite a number of progress reports on boys who had been conditionally released, was received at the office. We have been told that practically all the boys thus reported were getting along nicely and were making satisfactory adjustment back in their home communities. Among these reports were the names of several boys who are now in the armed forces of the United States, as follows: Grover Beaver, Navy; Howard Cox, Navy; Raymond Hackler, Army; Ralph Harris, Navy; John Robbins, Navy; Jesse Smith, Navy; Torrence Ware, Navy. Horace Williams is doing his bit in the Merchant Marine Service. Here is the tabulation to date of the former members of the School's staff of workers and of former students now in the United States armed forces: Officers, 13; boys in Army and Navy, 454; boys in Merchant Marine service, 7—making a grand total of 474.

—:—

A letter addressed to the Superintendent was recently received here. It came from Linwood Potter, one of our old boys, The following excerpts were taken from his very nice letter:

"Tell the boys who are there now that they might think it is a rather bad place, but that I wouldn't take a million dollars for the good the place did me, and that is very much true. Please give my regards to Mr. Morris and Mr. Wood, if they are still there, and also to Mr. Ritchie. I was on his tractor force."

Linwood stated that he had been in the service for about two years, and



since he gave his title as that of sergeant on his return address, it would seem that he has been getting along very well as a doughboy. He is now twenty-five years old.

This lad came to us from Elizabeth City, February 15, 1935 and was conditionally released, January 9 1936. On May 11, 1938 he was honorably discharged from further parole supervision. During his stay at the School he was a member of the Cottage No. 13 group and worked on the tractor force.

According to information in our files, Linwood spent some time in a CCC camp after leaving us, and made a very good record there.

—:—

Richard Mishoe, a former member of our printing class, visited friends at the school on Thursday of last week. This lad entered the School, October 17, 1932, and on September 6, 1933, he was permitted to go to live with his parents in Dillon, South Carolina. During his stay at the institution, Richard was in Cottage No. 1.

After returning to Dillon, he secured employment in a cotton mill and worked there for about three years. He then came to Lakedale, where he went to work in a plant belonging to the Burlington Cotton Mills chain. At present he is a section foreman in the finishing department. Richard stated that he liked his work very much and was getting along fine. This young man, now twenty-nine years old, has been married since 1939. He has a son aged three years, and he took great pride in showing us pictures of the fine-looking little fellow.

As a lad here, Richard was a pleasant sort of chap, and he has retained that pleasing personality which made

him quite a favorite among both the boys and officers. We certainly were glad to see him and to learn that he has been getting along so well since leaving the institution. Richard promised to come up and see us as soon as it could be arranged, and bring along his wife and youngster.

—:—

Just a few days ago we received a V-Mail letter from Delma C. (Red) Gray, of Albemarle, a former member of our class of young printers. He has been in the United States Navy a little less than a year. He received his basic training at Bainbridge, Md. and now has attained the rank of First Class Seaman, and is a member of an armed guard aboard a warship somewhere overseas. His letter reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: I have intended to write you for quite a while but just didn't get around to it. How are you and all the boys at the school getting along? Hope everything is well with you. As for me, I am just the same old Red. Since I've been over here I've seen a lot of old historical pictures and places that would have interested you very much. I wish I could tell you of my sight-seeing trips since coming over here. How about those pictures you took of me? Did you send them home or haven't you had them developed yet? Give my regards to all my friends around the old school, and please excuse this writing and spelling. You know I was the best speller you ever had. Ha! Will close now, hoping to hear from you real soon. Your friend forever, Red."

—:—

William R. Young, formerly of Cottage No. 10, now overseas with the United States Army, recently wrote Superintendent Hawfield. Bill's let-

ter, from "somewhere in Italy in action," dated May 5, 1944, reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Hawfield: I thought since the Germans are pretty quiet so far today, I would write a few lines. This leaves me as well as one would expect to be in a place like this. I truly hope everyone there is in the best of health. Am always thinking of all of you, hoping to hear from someone now and then, just to keep up with how they are getting along.

"It was a pretty rough day yesterday, but old Bill just crawled into his hole, listening to the shells, and when they hit, to the shrapnel whizzing in every direction. As long as I can hear them coming and hear them afterward, I'm O. K. This is a funny war in lots of ways and I have lots of fun sometimes.

"I am wondering how the baseball games are coming this season. Would like to be back to see all of you and play some ball with the boys, but on the other hand, I want to be over here. I wanted to come, so here I am, and I like it. When it's over I'll be back to see you all, and hope it won't be so many more months. Something is sure to break loose one of these days.

"Give all the officers and boys my best regards. Am hoping to hear from some of you, and keep up with how things are going, especially the ball games. I have received a couple of letters from pop and mom (Mr. and Mrs. Liske) since coming over here. Will say so long now. Keep things rolling smoothly. Your friend, Bill Young."

—:—

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last

Sunday afternoon. At the beginning of the service, with Superintendent Hawfield acting as master of ceremonies, a number of boys rendered a very impressive Mother's Day program.

Due to the kindness of Mrs. Frank Liske, matron in charge of Cottage No. 10, the stage was beautifully decorated with flowers, making a nice setting for a boys' choir of twenty-two voices. Each lad wore a flower in honor of his mother.

In addition to making a very nice appearance, these lads rendered two selections in a highly pleasing manner. The rest of the exercises consisted of a Scripture Reading, appropriate recitations and readings by several boys, and a vocal solo by Billy Poteat. This program was given under the direction of Mrs. Charles E. Thomas, and both she and her boys deserve considerable credit for their rendition of a lovely tribute to the mothers of the land.

For the Scripture Lesson, Rev. Mr. Summers read Galatians 6:7-8, 14-18, and the subject of his message to the boys was "The Marks of the Lord Jesus."

Before going into his regular discourse for the afternoon, the speaker made a few brief remarks about Mother's Day. He told the boys that it was a very fine thing to have a mother to be proud of, but finer still to try to be the sort of person of whom a mother could be proud. Each one, he added, owes to his or her mother to conquer evil inclinations and so live that she may be proud of her child. He asked the boys to live in such a way that anyone could easily recognize that they were thus honoring their mothers.

Rev. Mr. Summers told the boys that the Apostle Paul used the Greek

word "stigmata" because in those days men were marked who were Christians, and were looked down upon by their associates who did not believe in the teachings of Jesus. Paul taught that the greatest of all things in life was to be a follower of Jesus Christ. He said, "God forbid that I should glory save in being a follower of the cross."

To live a clean, Christian life, continued Rev. Mr. Summers, is the greatest thing in the world. It is hard to live such a life, he added, just as it is really hard to do anything worth while. We have to use head, heart and body in order to center our thoughts on being good Christians. This doesn't mean that we must give up all else, for being a Christian will help us to be better at whatever we try to do.

To be a Christian, said Rev. Mr. Summers, is not simply a matter of being baptized or becoming a member of a church. Those things alone are not all-important, but are just marks of a Christian life. Our willingness to live a life of sacrifice for the betterment of all mankind is what marks us as Christians.

In commenting upon St. Paul's words, "I bear the marks of the Lord Jesus," the speaker said there were some things we can have in our bodies today that will show folks we are Christians. He listed them as follows: (1) Sorrow for sin. Men sin

every day. When we fail to do our best, we have sinned. We should be sorry for our sins and try to do better tomorrow. When a man has reached the point where he is as good as he wants to be, he is not a Christian. When we do wrong, we should be willing to admit it, and try to do better. (2) We should have faith in Jesus. (3) We should publicly seek Jesus and ask him to forgive us. (4) It is our duty to follow him in Christian baptism. (5) If we are true soldiers of the cross, our lives will be such that all who know us will recognize us as Christians. (6) We should live worthily as citizens and church members. (7) God says that a person is not a Christian if he is heard to curse, tell lies and repeat vile stories. (8) Be sober. A fellow is not a Christian when he ruins his life by the use of poison rum and whiskey. (9) Be clean—morally and physically. (10) Pray. A true Christian is not ashamed to pray to God, either privately or publicly. (11) Attend church. Staying away from church is not the mark of a Christian. (12) Love. It is a Christian's duty to love his fellowmen and to help them whenever possible.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Summers told the boys how fine it would be for all of us, like Paul, to bear in our bodies "the marks of the Lord Jesus," and urged them never to stop trying to live upright Christian lives.

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Good manners are the blossoms of good sense and good feeling. If the law of kindness be written in the heart, it will lead to that disinterestedness in both the great and little things—that desire to oblige, and that attention to the gratification of others, which are the foundation of good manners.—Exchange.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending May 14, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

James Benton  
 Charles Blakemore  
 Ernest Bullard  
 Robert Lee  
 Leonard McAdams  
 David Prevatte  
 James Perkins  
 James Stamper  
 Harry Wilson

## COTTAGE No. 1

Ralph Bailey  
 Walter Byrd  
 George Cox  
 Marion Cox  
 Donald Carland  
 Jack Gray  
 Howard Hall  
 Roy Jones  
 John Love  
 Rufus Massingill  
 Harold McKinney  
 Amos Myers  
 Carlton Pate  
 David Swink  
 James Shell  
 Harry Thompson  
 Floyd Puckett  
 Donald Redwine  
 Leonard Bradley  
 John Allen

## COTTAGE No. 2

Charles Byrd  
 Cecil Caldwell  
 Kenneth Caldwell  
 Joseph Case  
 Rudy Hardy  
 Gerald Johnson  
 Delmas Jerrell  
 Chester Lee  
 Joseph McKinney  
 John McLean  
 Hayes Powell  
 Jesse Peavy  
 John Pritchard  
 Jack Ray  
 Vann Robinson  
 James Sneed  
 Ezzell Stansbury  
 Kermit Wright

Roy Womack  
 Thomas Ware

## COTTAGE No. 3 (Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 4

William Brooks  
 Clyde Brown  
 Robert Blackwelder  
 Leroy Childers  
 John Fine  
 Clyde Godfrey  
 Robert Hogan  
 James Hill  
 Ray Miller  
 James Parker  
 Edgar Shell  
 Clifford Shull  
 Paul Stone  
 John Ray Smith  
 J. R. Truitt  
 Walter Thomas  
 James C. Willis  
 Lawrence Walker  
 Garnett Quessinberry

## COTTAGE No. 5

Thomas Barnes  
 Earl Brigman  
 Curtis Butcher  
 Leonard Dawn  
 William Duncan  
 Lawrence Hopson  
 William Wall  
 Robert Wilkins

## COTTAGE No. 6

Rufus Driggers  
 Thomas Everhart  
 Vernon Foster  
 Donald Griffie  
 Robert Gaylor  
 Earl Gilmore  
 Everett Gallion  
 George Marr  
 Stanford McLean  
 Robert Peavy  
 J. W. Smith  
 Lawrence Temple  
 Leroy Wilkins

## COTTAGE No. 7

David Brooks  
 Max Brown  
 R. C. Combs  
 Charles Cox  
 Charles Edwards  
 Robert Helms  
 Cecil Kinion  
 Samuel Lynn  
 Ned Matcalf  
 Eugene Murphy  
 Ray Naylor  
 Jack Phillips  
 Marshall Prestwood  
 Marion Todd  
 Richard Tullock

COTTAGE No. 8  
(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 9

Leonard Church  
 Thomas Ingram  
 Windley Jones  
 Isaac Mahaffey  
 Charles Redmond  
 Edward Renfro  
 James Stadler  
 Jack Oliver

## COTTAGE No. 10

Paul Alphin  
 Homer Bass  
 Fred Carswell  
 Gaston Catreret  
 Forrest Davis  
 Calvin Davis  
 Robert Holbert  
 Frank Jones  
 Alfred Lamb  
 Edward Loftin  
 W. C. Mills  
 Jesse Parker  
 E. C. Stamey  
 B. H. Thomas  
 A. B. Woodard

## COTTAGE No. 11

Roland Brooks  
 Robert Buchanan  
 Wilton Barfield  
 William Guffey

Fred Holland  
 James Hicks  
 Orin Helms  
 Clyde Rhodes  
 J. C. Rhodes  
 Leon Rose  
 Robert Yow  
 Eugene Cline

COTTAGE No. 12  
(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 13

William Andrews  
 Robert Caudle  
 Ernest Davis  
 Eugene Graham  
 Homer Johnson  
 Paul Painter  
 Vernon Reinhardt  
 Eugene White  
 William Whistnant

## COTTAGE No. 14

James Blake  
 Hugh Cormwell  
 William Ferguson  
 L. C. Gearing  
 Edward Haynes  
 John Holder  
 Lawrence Littlejohn  
 Troy Morris  
 Melbert Rice  
 Bruce Sawyer  
 Grover Shuler  
 Lester Williams

## COTTAGE No. 15

Robert Bluster  
 James Knight  
 Harry Leonard  
 Samuel Linebarrier  
 Charles Lanford

## INDIA COTTAGE

Jack Bailey  
 James Chavis  
 Peter Chavis  
 R. C. Hoyle  
 Marshall Hunt

## INFIRMARY

(No Horizontal Roll)

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If great-grandmothers who made crazy quilts could only have lived to see our modern neckwear.



# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., MAY 27, 1944

No. 21

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## HONOR OUR SOLDIER DEAD

Scores of gallant little flags—  
Red and white and blue—  
Wave today above the graves  
Of soldiers brave and true.

Pay tribute to our soldier dead,  
Who for our nation fought;  
A country fair and free and fine  
Is what their dying bought.

—Daisy M. Moore.

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## IN MEMORIAM

In the City of Silence we gather today,  
Loved ones and comrades of Blue and of Gray,  
And our Khaki clad heroes, and over their graves  
The flag that they cherished trimphantly waves.

No shrill bugle call, nor multitude's cheers,  
No song of Victory ring in their ears;  
The crack of the rifle, the cannon's loud roar  
Disturbs the peace of our heroes no more.

Together they're banded in silent bivouac—  
They have crossed The Dark River and cannot come back;  
Long years they have slumbered the sleep that is sweet,  
Our Boys, who ne'er tasted the dust of defeat.

They fought and they died for you and for me,  
For the land that they loved, that it might be free;  
The reward of their victory—Death and the sod,  
But—their souls are at rest in the Kingdom of God.

And loved ones of Khaki, the Blue and the Gray  
In the City of Silence are gathered today,  
To honor the Memory sweet of our braves,  
And garland with flowers their green-crested graves.

—Selected

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## GRATITUDE

One of life's finest attributes is an appreciation of interest and kind treatment of friends. Gratitude is one of the God-given graces and without it a person lacks that which gives color and tone to life's picture.

At the moment we have in mind Clyde Adams, a smiling, scrappy little fellow, better known here by the nickname of "Jack Dempsey."

He could always stand upon his feet and never failed in any argument to be on the right side. Jack was always willing to give and take. Even as a youngster, he had a fine understanding of his duties.

A little more than nine years ago, this lad came to the School from Kannapolis. During his stay with us he made his home in Cottage No. 10, and was employed in the bakery. His cottage officer and matron were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Liske, the former also being in charge of our bakery.

They frequently hear from this young man and on many occasions have passed news of his activities in the United States Navy on to us. He never fails to express his gratitude for the training received at the School. Especially in one letter, recently received, he emphasized his appreciation of what the state had done for him in a most substantial manner. In this letter he enclosed a Post Office Money Order for fifty dollars, to be used for the purchase of something for his former cottage home, leaving it to the discretion of Mr. and Mrs. Liske, whom he calls "Pop" and "Mom," as to what said purchase might be.

"Jack" is loud in his praise for having the privilege of serving his country, and is especially proud that he has been a member of the crew of the U. S. S. North Carolina since it was put into active service. He has been in the Navy three years, two of which have been spent outside the United States. This is what he has to say about his ship: "I am sitting on the bow of the ship—coolest place I could find—trying to write this letter. Am proud to be aboard the mightiest battleship in the United States Navy. I have really seen this ship make history, but cannot tell you about it until after the war."

This fellow thrills at everything, and has a high sense of appreciation for all that has come his way. If it be a disappointment, he just smiles and take it on the chin. Unlike most "cocky" little fellows, he has no time for mud-slinging, but instead always radiates sunshine.

It was with a great sense of pride that "Jack" proudly announced that he had successfully passed the test and had attained the rank of second-class baker. He looks backward and gives credit to the School for his advancement in this line of work.

We very pleasantly recall this young man as a pint-size youngster just a few years ago, who met us each morning with a broad smile, and are glad to note the fine progress he is making as a sailor on one

of Uncle Sam's huge "battle-wagons." He made many friends here, who are all happy to learn that he is making good in a big way. We would take this opportunity to express the thanks of both the officials of the School and the boys of Cottage No. 10 for his nice gift, and extend best wishes for continued success as he sails the seas in the great conflict now being carried on.

It is always a privilege to give space in these columns to former boys who are now making their way successfully.

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE MEANING OF "D-DAY"

Many folks have been asking the meaning of the symbol "D-Day."

The explanation is that it is nothing more than a military abbreviation. "D" was selected as the code name of the day of invasion because the word "day" begins with the letter "D." It might have been called "X" day. In the same manner, the exact hour of a certain military movement or maneuver is designated "H-hour," "M-minute" and so forth. In the last war such a moment was called the zero hour.

"D-day" is simply an arbitrary symbol to designate the date when the invasion will begin.

As might be pointed out, however, it means a day of decision, a day of defeat for our enemies, a day of dedication for ourselves, a day of destiny for the world.—Morganton News-Herald.

\* \* \* \* \*

### A DAY OF SORROW AND PRIDE—MEMORIAL DAY, MAY 30th

From 1861 to 1865 our country was convulsed by a terrible Civil War. Brave men left their families by thousands to join either the Blue or the Gray. Men burned with the zeal of patriotism, and whether they fought for the Union or for the South, they fought for the cause they thought was right. The women of the North and the South remained at home to sew and pray for the safety of their loved ones.

At last peace was established. The Union was saved, but at the cost of thousands of the lives of our country's bravest men. There

was scarcely a village or neighborhood in the North, and none in the South, that did not mourn its dead.

The women of the Confederacy began to go at various times in different places to strew flowers on the graves of their soldiers, and presently the beautiful custom spread to the North. General John A. Logan, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, set aside May 30th as Decoration Day for the graves of the Union soldiers who had died in the Civil War. Gradually the observance spread from state to state. The name was later changed to Memorial Day, the better to voice the feelings of those who observed it. Each year the governor of each of the Western and Northern States proclaimed the day as a legal holiday. As flowers appear earlier in the South, the date of the observance is earlier there. Alabama, Georgia, Florida and Mississippi observe April 26th, and North and South Carolina observe May 10th.—The Book of Knowledge.

\* \* \* \* \*

### WE LIVE AND LEARN

The remark that "there is nothing new under the sun" is familiar to those who are constantly looking for news. The means of a livelihood is always a sub-conscious thought, and finally that one thought is an obsession, and in the course of time becomes an occupation. We are giving here the brief story of a woman who raises the Black Widow and other spiders purposely to get the silk that is used in focussing bomb sights. Regardless of the fear everyone has of the Black Widow spider, which to some means deadly poison, the person in this particular case seems to know her business ability. We pass along this story as a means of general information to our readers. We feel that there are new things in the technique of science brought forth daily. There are some things that some people cannot understand, and there are others who grasp the meaning instantly. Read:

Spiders are helping to win the war. The Black Widow spider we all fear because its bite will cause death but it is doing a good job for Uncle Sam in spinning hundreds of feet of silk. The silk is used in bomb sights and range finders.

There is a woman in the state of California who raises Black Widow spiders from which she gets the silk. She draws the silk

from the spider and winds it on a tiny reel. Some of the silk is too heavy and she splits it into several threads.

She is not afraid of the Black Widow, she lets them crawl in her lap and over her hands. She says they are like bees, and can tell when anyone is afraid of them, and if afraid will bite them.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here is a custom in a supposedly heathen land which might be a good example for those in more civilized countries, as reported in the columns of The Lutheran, one of the best among our exchanges:

A correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor describes an interesting and suggestive custom which has been observed in Cape Town, South Africa, ever since the beginning of the present war. Every day with the firing of a noonday signal gun, a bugler steps out on a balcony in Adderley Street and sounds reveille. The call goes out in all directions on the radio. After two minutes the last post is sounded. During those two minutes all street traffic comes to a halt; all work ceases, and "people everywhere—in street, workshop, office, school, or home—stand in respectful silence." The originators of the plan intended it as "a call to pray for the men and women at the battle front; the sick, the wounded, and those who are prisoners of war; those who are anxious about the well-being of their loved ones and a lasting peace."

\* \* \* \* \*

Farmers, woods workers and woodland owners. Unless you produce more saw-logs and pulpwood we'll be short of crates, boxes, baskets, cartons and paper containers to package food for our armed forces. Cut your mature trees for saw-logs, thin crowded stands for pulpwood. They are needed now. For help in marketing call on your Farm Forester or Timber Project Forester. Ask your County Agent

# OPEN OUR EYES THAT WE MIGHT SEE "THE GLORY OF THE LIGHTED MIND"

By Dr. Roy A. Burkhart

"And they came to Jericho and as he went out to Jericho with his disciples and a great number of people, blind Bartimaeus, the son of Timaeus, sat by the wayside begging."—Mark 10:46.

One of the most stirring experiences I have ever had was to call several months ago in a home where I visited two parents who are blind and who have a four-year-old girl who can see. That man and wife, deeply in love, have never seen each other. They have never seen their child. They know her. They know her voice, they know the shape of her face and body, but they have never seen her. I was amazed to discover that each time she smiled at them, by some secret hid from me, they sensed it and smiled back.

I knew this couple when they were first married and they have ever been a source of great inspiration to me. He has been a piano tuner, until recently when he secured a very responsible political job. They have never seen a tree, a bird, the sky, a ship in the harbor, a farmer planting seed, a colt playing by its mother. Never have they seen each other or their precious daughter. But each time I see and talk with them, I feel that they know each other better than most couples who see and felt a closeness between them and their child rarely seen between normal parents and their children.

They have some amazing inner sight. Not being able to see with their eyes they see with their minds.

Masefield must have thought of the same thing when he wrote a poem about the glory of the lighted mind. My blind friends have what we need more than anything else. Blind, and yet their eyes are open. As I thought of them it occurred to me that what we need most in this day is the inner sight of a lighted mind.

The interesting thing is that all of us have sympathy for physical blindness, but so little concern for spiritual blindness. We are concerned about eyesight—but how about inner-sight? Why so little concern over the blindness of persons regarding the simplest human relations, as for example bitterness, lack of compassion, refusing the call of brotherhood? Why so little concern over the blindness to the consequences of selfishness, dishonesty, destroying the gift that is in one's own child, one's wife, one's employees? Why so little concern over the blindness with which young couples marry, and seek to build homes, and raise children? Why so little concern over the blindness with which persons put all their hope in money? You can hold up a copper penny before an eye and blot out the whole world. Why so little concern over the blindness that leads persons to assume that free enterprise will solve all our problems? At the time when enterprise was most free in 1929 we got into the worst economic debacle this nation has ever seen—a debacle from which we still are not free. Why so little concern over the blindness that leads persons

to speak of "social security" as if it was all-important? Wages and hours are important, but is the work worth doing and is it ennobling to the worker and of value to his neighbor? Why so little concern over the blindness that leads parents to be concerned with what their children have and in what groups they are accepted, and have little thought about the persons they will be?

One of the most human stories in the New Testament is of a blind beggar who called out to Jesus as he and the disciples were on the road to Jericho. He was blind and yet he could see Jesus. Others crucified him, but Bartimaeus could see him. Someone suggested to me recently that there are as many columns on machine guns in the Encyclopedia as there are on Jesus. And there are eleven more columns on lace and five more on jewelry than on Jesus. Isn't that sheer blindness? We might call it the dismal astigmatism of our civilization. We talk so glibly of the "four freedoms." It has been said that Nero had all of them and yet he was one of the worst scoundrels in history. There is something about the four freedoms that we can see only with lighted minds. Freedom must be used positively for the good of all men or it will end in chains, in shedding blood, in broken hearts, in the death of an age.

As we look forward, can't we all agree here that one of the greatest needs of us all is keener inner sight? A far worse blindness than the blindness of our eyes endangers all we hold dear.

Is there a cure for the dullness of inner sight? This young couple I spoke about cannot be cured of

their physical blindness. They will never see. And they catch our sympathy, as does any blind man. Of course, there are corrections for poor eyesight. Many of us are beginning to wear bi-focals. There is a cure for blindness that is a type of hysteria. In certain hospitals there are a lot of hysterics who unconsciously chose blindness as a respectable way out of being in the war. But there is a type of physical blindness that can't be cured. Helen Keller will never see with her eyes.

But if we are inwardly blind who can enlighten us? I have come to think that only God can do it, working through devoted children. But even God can be blocked for He has given to a person the freedom to choose. One is free to choose to build life or destroy life, to honor God or to curse God, to help others or to hurt them, to work in harmony with the moral order of life or violate that order. One is free to choose, though not free to choose the consequences. As we look at civilization as a whole during the past fifty years, it seems like the Titanic rushing through the night toward an iceberg. Only God can give inner sight to man and to civilization. But God can only do so if men are willing, for He has given to man the power to bar Him. Otherwise man would be an impersonal cog in the wheel of creation.

Why did we go on blindly after the last war, devoted to peace but not to the control of forces that destroy peace? Why did free enterprise from 1919 to 1929 go on blindly failing to share enough with labor for labor to have the power to buy what it produced? Why the blindness of a real estate operator who will say that the lack

of sewage disposal facilities in a certain city is no hazard to health? What are you going to do with a man who is drinking intemperately and is wandering farther and farther away from his home? How about the blindness of a woman with whom I talked on a train recently? She had enough diamonds and jewels on to buy a good house. She was bitter toward labor. I said, didn't the men who work for your husband help earn those jewels you are wearing, and help provide all the comforts you enjoy? And aren't their wives working as hard as you? Did they have adequate funds to live on?" What about her answer? That is none of my concern. If their husbands didn't want to work for what my husband wants to pay them, then let them go elsewhere." Isn't there a dangerous blindness there?

What are you going to do about the blindness of parents who don't care about the spiritual welfare of their children? How about the busy father who nags his children but has no time to share with them? How about the blindness that leads parents to give money, but who never reveal the deeper loyalties to the higher values in life? How can you get people to cry out, "Lord, that I may receive my sight!"

This man Bartimaeus was not completely lost. He could lean. He could remember. He could say, "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy upon me." He could also insist and persist. The more he was told to be still, the more he cried out. He could try to help himself by getting up and stumbling in the direction of the place where he knew Jesus was. But he couldn't cure his blindness. Neither could his neighbors. A rumor reached Bart-

imaeus that Jesus could cure him and he surely ran down the rumor.

Haven't we heard the rumor that there is a cure for inner blindness? There ought to be a cure. We surely were not born to be blind within. Helen Keller was born blind of outer sight, but what amazing inner sight. Is there not a cure? Do we not sometimes hear the sound of footsteps on the way, between earth and heaven? Might we not hear? Can't we at least speak? Why not cry out for sight? I once heard George Butterick tell the story of a blind man carrying a lantern. Someone asked him why. His answer was, "So others will not stumble over me." Can't we sum up the troubles of our world by simply saying that in all walks of life we stumble over one another? On the world scene it is global warfare; on a national scene it is pressure group trampling over pressure group; in the family it is one person trampling over another.

But why do we not see? Why do persons make the same mistake over and over again—becoming victims of appetites and of impulses; mistaking bodily nearness for a great kinship of love; seeking money rather than the great spiritual values? We promise that after each new war there will be a new earth, and yet before the war is over we see how jumbled the issues. Why don't we see?

Our faith is too small. We do not believe in moral order, we do not believe in Will greater than our own that must be obeyed if our children are to have a fairer world. Is it pride? Are we afraid to declare our faith for fear people will laugh? Do we who can see partially stand in the way of those who would like to see? The disciples, you



remember tried to discourage the blind man.

Or is the reason for the blindness still deeper? Jesus asked of Bartimaeus: "What wilt thou have me to do unto thee?" Do we want money? Do we want to accept a great responsibility? Do we want comfort? Then do we want sight or just more money in a beggar's cup? What do we want more than anything else in the world?

I've been reading Adamic's book, "My Native Land." Each page I read makes me feel like a slacker. One chapter is about "One man Sacrifice." He just offer-himself up as being guilty when he was innocent, in order to save the lives of ten persons held as hostages who were more able to save the country than he. Or I was touched by a dying guerrilla's letter to his son. Note what he wants for his unborn son. What inner sight!

"My little one, curled up in the darkness, blind and unbreathing, soft and shapeless. I salute you. Now you are unhurried in the wonderful warmth; but the day of your birth is not far off, and you are storing strength. When your moment comes you will be ready. Your mother, whom I love deeply, will have given you everything you need. You will twist and struggle; something within you will fight toward the light and for air, for life—no one knows why. How I wish I could hear your first gasp and see the first blink of your eyelids.

"Keep burning, but always under control, the fire of passion that tempers the steel of your young years and gives them the ring of human worth let the flame leap and let it be so clear that in the years of your age, when your work is over, its light will continue to shine in your eyes like a

lamp in a dark-framed window, drawing and warning those who stumble in the night and are chilled.

"Keep your wonder and surprise, your impulse to discover, your eyes on the horizon—they are your promise of immortality. Go through storms but fix your heart on the sun and stars above them. There is one never-changing rule in the world—dawn follows darkness.

"Work as you are able, whatever the task, and keep high courage and firm faith. Do not be ashamed of fear; do not hide it; conquer it. Do not be dismayed when you see others grow tired in this confused world. There is always light around the edges of gloom; strive toward it. Think as you are able. Ponder, decide, act. Never stop the flow of thought and feeling between your mind and your heart. Let your instinct tell you what is right.

"As you go on, know what is behind you. I am ashamed to leave you a world of charred hopes, of error piled upon error, blood spilled upon blood. Forgive me. Know the errors of the past, but look ahead—find the stepping-stones to the future, to a clear dawn.

"Keep your love of life, but overcome your fear of death. Life is lost if it is not loved; only never love it too much. Sometimes the best thing a man can do is die.

"Keep your joy in friendship, and your anger at what your instinct tells you is wrong.

"Keep your pleasure in little things—a snowflake, a blade of grass, a cobweb stretched between two branches of a bush, the sheen of a bird's wing, the moisture in a linden leaf, a girl's smile. They are as big as sunlight

and thunder, wind and wave on the ocean, and the greatness of heroes. There is magic in the stillness of a seed."

What he wanted for his unborn son, are the wishes of anyone with true inner sight. Wouldn't it be interesting if we parents had that letter and read it often, just before bedtime..

One Sunday night some young people asked, "What is most important?" I answered, "To make your body the great servant to you; to become more and more Christ-like; to build, wherever you go, a fellowship that calls forth the best from others, be it in the home, school work or play." Start out on that basis—follow it through. If you really want that, you'll have inner sight.

And what are the growing sources of inner sight? The wise use of your physical eyes, if you can see. All the glories of the physical and human world, as well as all of the realities of human need. Another source is in worship and in personal prayer. Bartimaeus cried out for help. He wanted sight and he got it through. In Jesus we have the answer as to that higher healing that means sight. The poem by Massefield to which I referred in the beginning, is a ringing testimony:

O glory of the lighted mind!  
How dead I'd be, how dumb, how  
blind.  
The running brook, to my new  
eyes,  
Was babbling out of paradise.  
The waters rushing from the rain  
Were singing, Christ has risen  
again!

I thought all earthly creatures  
knelt  
From rapture of the joy I felt.  
All earthly things that blessed  
morning  
Were everlasting joy and warn-  
ing.  
The mist was error and dam-  
nation,  
The lane the road unto salvation.  
Out of the mists into the light—  
Ah, blessed gift of inner sight!

Ah, listen—when one has received through faith the gift of inner sight, then he is aware of others, he is kind, he is loving, compassionate, thoughtful, courageous and ever seeking to develop the true gift in another. The hope of the world is the person who does the simple thing with mighty impact, his influence is out of proportion to the thing he does for light streams through him; he is in a new land of light. Here and there we see them. There are more than we have, any idea. They bring light because they have light.

Someone tells the story of a man who took the wires that rung his door bell and tried to get them to light a light bulb. He failed. He found that it takes five times as much power to light a bulb as to ring a door bell. Men can make the noise of war: but they cannot light the world because that takes more than the power of men. But we can have the power if we will only accept it. Will we?

The blind man immediately received his sight because he had faith. Do we want the inner sight? Will we believe?

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When you are aspiring to the highest place, it is honorable to reach the second or the third rank.—Cicero.

# WALTER CLARK, FIGHTING JUDGE

By Bernard W. Spilman

This is the name of a book recently from the University of North Carolina Press (price \$3.00). For three good reasons I wished to read this volume. First Judge Clarke and I were born in the same county—Halifax; second, when I was a young man living in Raleigh, I knew him and admired him very much; and third, he did a remarkable constructive work in shaping the laws of North Carolina through almost two generations.

The author, Mr. Audrey Lee Brooks one of the ablest lawyers in America, is well equipped for his task.

Judge Clark died twenty years ago. The fact that his biography appears twenty years after his death indicates that he made a contribution to his day and generation which is affecting the life of his neighbors and is destined to do so for years to come. North Carolina is different because Judge Clark lived and the story is told by Mr. Brooks in a book which is both easy to read and full of much of the history of the state.

He was born August 19, 1846 at Prospect Hill, Halifax County. He lived to the ripe age of seventy-eight and died in Raleigh. Go back seventy eight years and then forward seventy eight years and the history of North Carolina during that period reads like a romance. His father was David Clark and his mother Anna Maria Thorne. A short distance back of these two lay the long struggle for American Independence and the days of construction of the new nation destined

to become the greatest the world has known.

On the side of his father and mother was mingled the blood of the finest of the families of the young nation. He was born in Halifax County. One is tempted to linger there. Only to call the roll of the men who helped to shape the destinies of the country would require more space than is available. Men who were foremost in the American Navy, in business, in law, in industry, in administration of farms and statesmen, and some politicians; mighty men in the gospel ministry—Halifax County has sent more than its share into the life of the country.

In the midst of this environment Walter Clark started his eventful career. His father's farm was located on the banks of the Roanoke river a short distance from Scotland Neck. There were five thousand acres of land and two hundred slaves. This was typical of the times. Immediately ahead the United States was to be torn to bits and reconstructed on a new pattern. The war Between the States and the period of reconstruction were at hand. David Clark was to die under the terrible strain of it all; young Walter, his firstborn son, was to be a soldier and while still a youth take charge of the great farm and manage it during the remainder of his life.

A Student. Young Clark was a student all his life. When he was seventy eight he was the same type of stu-

dent which he was at six, at twenty, at forty and sixty. At six years of age he had read the Bible through. It was his daily companion at seventy and beyond.

His father and mother were both highly educated. He had a bright mind far above the ordinary. The mother guided him first; then governess took charge. At the age of eight he entered Vine Hill Academy in Scotland Neck, one of the famous schools of the early days which continued until the modern era of public schools.

Later he went to Belmont Select School in Granville County and from there in September 1860 he entered Tew Military Academy at Hillsboro. Colonel Tew was a graduate of West Point and had a strict Military school. Before Clark had completed one year there the War broke upon the country.

While the war was still on he entered the University of North Carolina and completed the law course at the age of seventeen. He afterwards took his degree in law at Columbia University, Washington, D. C., now George Washington University. He had further study in New York; and was still so young that he could not enter the practice of law. He never ceased to be a student not only in law but in many other lines, among them religion.

**A Soldier.** He entered the army at the age of fifteen as a second lieutenant and was soon made first lieutenant. He rose to the rank of major. He was with General Johnson. He was paroled near High Point and with his faithful Negro servant, Neverson, rode home to the plantation, Ventosa, near Scotland. He found nothing but the bare earth. The raiding federal

troops had burned the beautiful three story residence, they had stolen all the live stock: the Negro slaves had been set free and were wondering aimlessly here and there not knowing what to do with their new freedom. It was many years before they learned. Some of them never learned.

No author can write the complete story of any man's life. Judge Brooks graciously drops the curtain on conditions as they really were in North Carolina for the next twenty years. It is a story to make the hair stand on end. Halifax County found itself with a population of twenty one thousand Negroes and and nine thousand whites. Many of the white people utterly crushed; the Negroes not knowing what to do with their new freedom; all of the male Negro population given the right to vote. Swarms of men from the North pouring in, some as fine citizens as the world has, others as unscrupulous scoundrels as could be found on the earth. Young Clark went into this era with a kindly soul and a firm resolve to see it through.

**A Lawyer.** By a special dispensation he was given license to practice law a few months before he was twenty one years of age. He opened his office first in Scotland Neck, later in Halifax, the county seat. His ability was immediately recognized and he became the attorney for three railroads. In 1880 he moved to Raleigh and became the attorney for the newly organized tobacco company of the Dukes. He was thus rapidly coming into prominence as an attorney for the interests of the big corporations.

The same year (1880) that Clark moved to Raleigh a youth of eighteen

from Washington, N. C. went to Wilson to edit the Wilson Advance. He later established the Free Press of Kinston and in 1885 went to Raleigh to edit the State Chronicle. His name was Josephus Daniels. Judge H. G. Connor of Wilson wrote to Judge Clark and asked him to assist the young man to get a start. He did. These two men, with strong leanings toward the best Socialism, fought side by side during the entire lifetime of Judge Clark; Mr. Daniels continuing to this day. Judge Clark owned a half interest in The Raleigh News. Mr. Daniels was a lawyer.

Judge Clark was appointed to the Superior Court bench in 1885 and made remarkable record. Governor Fowle in 1889 appointed him to a place on the Supreme Court. His record here until the day of his death is one of the outstanding achievements in American history. The limits of space make it impossible even to touch on his record. He spent his life fight-

ing the battles for the unprivileged—women, day laborers, Negroes—he fought the battles for these.

A writer. It is almost unbelievable how much he wrote. He wrote 3,235 opinions while he was on the Supreme Court Bench. Merely to list his books, bound pamphlets and magazine articles fills nine pages of Judge Brooks' book. Everything he wrote was worth while.

He was Religious. From boyhood he was a devout Christian. He was a student of the Bible all his life and practiced its teachings. During his last visit to the great plantation in Halifax County one of the Negroes who took him to the railway station expressed a wish for an overcoat. Judge Clark took off his overcoat and gave it to the old man. In May 1924 he was dressing to go to church. He was taken ill and was at home with his Saviour in a few hours.

Judge Brooks has rendered a real service in giving us this book.

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“Seems to me it’s pretty cold, and the wind is keen and sharp,” complained a woman who was sitting in the shade on the north veranda. “Everybody who passes says it is a nice day, but when you get out into it, it’s cold and nasty.”

“Of course it is,” called her neighbor on the sunny side of the house next door, “when you are sitting in the shade on the north side of the house. Come out here into the sunshine; the yard is full of it!”

One might as well expect to get into a perspiration sitting on an iceberg as to realize true blessedness with a complaining spirit. Everything in nature is ordained to bring us blessings, but if we put on blue glasses, wrap shadows about us, and drearily sit on the shady side of life, how can we expect to know much about blessedness?

## DO DOGS REASON?

(By H. V. Gard, in *Our Dumb Animals*)

Is man the only member of the animal kingdom that reasons from cause to effect? Before commitment let the reader study the dog episode about to be related, for the truth of which I freely vouch, then answer his latest belief.

"Judge" was a pedigreed collie. He was called "Judge" because he came from Judge Smith's Kennel. My friend, Judge Smith, gave the dog to me to send to my father who lived on a farm in southeastern Illinois.

Judge had the markings of a high-grade, well-bred collie. His new master was proud of him, and built a comfortable doghouse in which Judge slept at night, and sometimes in the daytime when no cows were to be rounded up and nothing else occupied him.

A relative was spending a week-end with father and with the guest came his own dog, a very homely specimen. Before the sun had set the dog spied the vacant doghouse and, being tired, preempted the house for a night's sleep.

The intruder could hardly have finished his first nap when Judge's bedtime came, and he made for his house to go to bed. But when he got there, to his utter surprise and disgust he found his bed occupied by the unwelcome guest.

On this balmy mid-summer evening Judge's master and his guest were sitting in the approaching twilight within view of the doghouse, talking of oldtime incidents. Judge often dis-

closed traits of high intelligence and father was accustomed to watch for such traits to crop out. Father observed the situation, and quietly called his guest's attention to the predicament.

Both took pains to avoid letting Judge know he was being watched because they did not want to make the dog self-conscious, and they wanted events to take a natural course.

Of course, the ordinary dog way would have been for Judge to force the intruder out of his bed by a rough and tumble fight, which half a challenge to the unwelcome one would have brought on, but evolution had carried Judge to a state of doghood where he seemed to feel above such primitive dowdyism.

The onlookers saw Judge hang his head to one side as if in deep meditation, but his decision lasted only a moment, when he pricked up his ears and trotted briskly some distance from the doghouse and there set up a vigorous barking.

The sleeping dog, naturally excited by the sudden outburst, rushed to the scene of the barking to find out what it was all about. When Judge saw that his trick worked, he relaxed his ears and paced briskly back to the vacant doghouse, carrying a look of amused satisfaction. And well he might be satisfied, for he caused his bed to be vacated and now took possession of it without committing a breach of the peace.

# THE TWO RIVALS

(By Richard Richardson, in Trade Winds)

"Speed" Davis and "Sandy" Watkins were very well known throughout the town of Bridgeport, for these two boys and their followers had, over a period of years, formed a rivalry that was more noticeable than words could tell.

Speed Davis, a blonde lad of seventeen, nearing eighteen, lives on the north side of the Bridgeport River. This enormous river cuts the town of Bridgeport almost directly in two. One side is known as the North Side and the other, the South Side.

Speed, a senior, attends North High where he belongs to practically all of the athletic teams. The time is Spring, and Speed, one of the pitchers for North's baseball team, was elected captain again this season as he had been since his sophomore year. Besides being head man on the baseball team, he assumes a similar role off the ball field. His fellow classmates and associates look to him as a leader at all times.

The baseball season is drawing to an end. North High has one more game to play before the final clash, the most important game of the season, with South High.

"We have only two more games to win to hang up an undefeated season," Billy Gates, the catcher remarked.

"Yes, but I'd rather have to play three than to face South High again this year," said Speed. "I never can seem to get Sandy Watkins out. That guy is the mainstay of the team and if I could get the upper hand on him it would be a cinch to acquire a shut-out.

"Oh, well!" piped in Jimmy Melton. "I think we'd better start thinking about the Riverside team and our game with them before we get to South High."

North High won the game with Riverside, and with only a week to go before the feature attraction everyone concerned was getting jittery.

Sandy Watkins is a husky boy slightly older than Speed. He is the center fielder for South High and usually bats in the cleanup spot in the batting order. Sandy, a noted slugger usually manages to hit a home run from the offerings of Speed every time they oppose each other. It's more often that two balls are smashed out of the lot than one, however Speed dreads the sight of him when he steps up to the plate.

This is not the only rivalry that exists between these two boys however. It would be fatal for one of these boys or one of their gang, to cross the river and venture into the other's section of town.

Speed is in a grave predicament, as he had met a girl, whose name is Becky Woods, at last year's ball game. She comes from the south side of town and this fact makes it rather difficult for these two to meet very often. He has and still is seeing this girl, usually under cover of darkness, to avoid being caught by Sandy's mob.

The South Side boys heard of a party that Speed and Becky were planning to attend on the Thursday evening previous to the game. They laid in wait at various points around

Becky's house that evening, waiting for Speed to arrive.

Speed borrowed his father's car to drive over and pick up Becky at her house and take her to the party. He drove cautiously as he approached her house. All seemed quiet so he drove into the driveway and then started for the door. Just as he was leaving the driveway, it happened! Sandy and three of his companions pounced on Speed and crammed him into a burlap bag, threw him into the back of their car and drove off with him.

Becky was nervous as it was getting late. She looked out of the window and could see Speed's car, but investigated and could not find him. She knew what had happened so she just sat tight and waited.

Meanwhile in the back of the car Speed was pleading to his enemies to let him go as he had an important date.

"Please, fellers," he said. "Let me go tonight and I'll place myself in your hands tomorrow night."

"Are you crazy?" yelled Sandy. "We've been waiting for a chance like this. What will we do to him, fellows? Cut his ears off and make mince ham of them or just pull all his teeth out?" The others joined in laughter, all except Speed, who was blindfolded so as not to see where he was being taken.

The car finally reached its destination and they all vacated the car. Two of the fellows carried Speed in the burlap bag as though he was a sack of potatoes. They bounced him around with great delight.

Upon entering their hideout they freed him of his private darkness and quickly applied bonds to his hands and legs. Speed pleaded for mercy and

said, "I've got to go to a costume party tonight."

"A costume party," sneered Sandy with delight. Speed begged, "Please, fellers, please! Let me go. 'I know what we'll do to him. Pete, you and Joe get some paint from the other room. Get some red, green, blue, yellow and any other color you can find.'" The boys obeyed their leader's command and soon were back with the paint.

"What are we going to do with this?" Joe inquired.

"Don't you see?" Said Sandy. "He's going to a costume party so we will give him a nice costume

Well, for a few minutes Speed was squirming, paint was flying, and Sandy's hoodlums were having the time of their lives. When it was all over Speed looked at himself in the mirror.

"Green ears! Red nose! Yellow cheeks! What a sight; and I'm supposed to go to a party this evening," he said. Speed was red in the face and very angry, but to no avail.

The boys waited until the paint had set, then blindfolded him and dropped him off at Becky's house. Speed had no other choice but to present himself to her in this mess, because he was already late as it was. He knocked on the door and Becky came to answer it. When she saw who it was she was greatly relieved. He immediately asked her to help him get cleaned up. She started to, then thought, and said, "Speed! I've a bright idea. Why take the paint off? The prize for the funniest dressed couple is one hundred dollars. You look terribly funny!" He considered it for a moment and agreed. She rapidly painted herself



to resemble Speed. Hurriedly they both put on painters' overalls and hats. In a few minutes, carrying empty paint pails and brushes, they were off.

Speed and Becky won the one hundred dollars and when Sandy and his cohorts heard the news, they were very angry.

Soon the party was history and the town took into consideration a new subject, the baseball game. This was to be played on the following Saturday afternoon. Both teams had been practicing diligently the day before and when Saturday finally came, the stands were packed with spectators. Last year Sandy Watkins and his big war club had beaten North High. Would he do it again?

The umpire finally shouted, "Play ball!" and the game was under way. The first second, third, fourth fifth, and sixth innings went by. There was still no score as the game was two-thirds over. As North was the visiting team they batted first. The stretch half of the seventh finally came and this half inning showed some action.

South's left fielder and second baseman both singled sharply through the box into center field. The third baseman then came to the plate. He was batting third in the batting order. Next up was the dreaded centerfielder, Sandy himself. Speed worked on the third baseman. With a count of three balls and no strikes the umpire sharply barked, "Ball four, take your base."

The bases were loaded, with no one out, and Sandy strolled to the plate. He was confident of what he could do. He shouted antagonizing words to Speed, who was worried enough without this nemesis facing him. Speed worked the count to three and

two. "What shall I do!" he said to himself. "I've walked him every time previously to get rid of him. To do that now would mean a run." The people in the stands were on their feet cheering and shouting to add to the confusion in Speed's mind.

The third baseman came in and offered encouraging words.

"That's all right, Speedie old boy, we're behind you. Make him hit it into the dirt."

Speed knew this task was not so easy; however, he had to pitch to him so he took his stance on the mound, looked at the men on the bases, wound up, and fired the big one.

Speed thought to himself, "No it's not high, not too low, or wide, or inside." Right over the plate it headed. Then Sandy's big black bat came into view. Bang! A terrific clout careened toward left field. The question in everyone's mind was, "Is it foul or fair?" Speed's heart was in his mouth as he saw the ball going, going, and still going.

"Foul ball!" yelled the umpire.

"What a relief!" thought Speed, but he still had to serve the big one up again. He put it over the plate all right and this one really was gone. Sandy slammed this one over the wall in left center for a home run with the bases loaded.

Speed settled down and finally retired the side without any more runners crossing the plate, but the damage had been done. The score at the end of seven innings stood, South 4 North 0.

Speed's teammates managed somehow to produce five runs in the eighth and ninth innings. At the same time Speed held South scoreless. The score at the end of eight and one-half innings stood, North—5, South—4.

Then came the last of the ninth. What fate awaited Speed? "He'll have to face Watkins again in this inning if a man gets on base." This was running through the minds of a great many people as they sat erect, waiting for the players to take their deep corner in right field.

Speed struck out the first man, eliminated the second on a fly ball, but the third man tripled to the deep corner in right field.

Sandy again strolled to the plate. He was grinning, worrying Speed, as the fans could see.

"One swat with his bat and South will take this game," Speed thought.

There was one way out. He could give him an intentional pass, as first base was open. His teammates encouraged him to do this. Speed thought for a few moments, then he said to himself, "I'm going to pitch to him. He's held this spell over me long enough." Speed was trying to be brave but he knew that he was all shaken up inside. He did his best, however, on the first three pitches but it was not good enough.

The fans shouted, "Speed's afraid of Sandy. Going to walk him, Speed?" they asked.

Speed shed beads of perspiration. He tried to get control but so far his efforts to put the pill over the plate had been in vain.

"This one is the old automatic," he thought. "Sandy won't swing at this if I can get it across." He gathered up all the courage he had and threw.

"Strike one!" The umpire shouted. The crowd was on its feet. They ap-

plauded Speed for finding the plate.

Speed thought, "I've got the range now. I can do it. I know I can!"

He once again pitched.

"Strike two!" bawled the umpire. Speed was given a nice hand by the spectators.

"He's going to pitch to him," they said. "What a sport!"

This was the fatal pitch. A man on third, two out, North leading, five to four, in the last of the ninth with Sandy Watkins up. Speed was determined not to walk him, so once again he toed the rubber, looked toward third, wound up, and delivered.

"Foul ball," hollered the ump.

Still in this precarious position Speed knew he had to fool Sandy. He wound up and pitched. Sandy swung. However, there was no noise of the bat striking the ball. The ball hadn't even reached the plate until Sandy had completed his swing. Speed had fooled him. He had pulled the string and had thrown a slow ball, a perfect pitch right over the plate. Sandy struck out and North won the game.

Speed had acquired a goal that he had been trying to obtain for three previous years. He finally had struck out the great Sandy Watkins. Sandy, very much surprised at himself for striking out, walked out to the mound and shook hands with Speed.

That one incident ended the rivalry between Speed and Sandy. They soon became fast friends and the North and South Sides of Bridgeport soon became one town, instead of a divided camp.

---

To know, but to be as not knowing, is the height of wisdom.  
Not to know and yet to affect knowledge, is a vice.—Selected.

# LIGHTING HUMAN FACES

By Dr. Joseph Fort Newton

More than 50 years ago, in a lonely farmhouse in Wisconsin in the middle of a stormy night, a child became desperately ill. Suddenly the quiet home became a house of fear.

It struck terror to the heart of a little boy when he saw his brother suffer and watched the drawn and anxious faces of his father and mother—so eager to help, yet so helpless.

The nearest doctor lived miles away, but when sent for he came as rapidly as a team of good horses could bring him. To this day the boy remembers the sense of relief when the doctor came.

As the doctor entered the sickroom, the boy—unspeakably shy—slipped in too, unnoticed, and hid behind a piece of furniture. Intently he watched the doctor as he examined the patient.

Calmly the doctor made his tests, touching here, listening there, taking temperature, and the rest. As he sat down and poured out the medicine to be given, he said to the parents, "The child will get well."

At once the boy felt the tension relax, and from his hiding place he saw the drawn faces of his mother and father light up in a way so wonderful

that he could never forget it—how could he?

Then and there the boy decided what he wanted to become when he grew up. To have such knowledge and skill, to be able to cause such a light to shine in the faces of people—that was his dream.

Years passed, and his whole life found focus in his dream—his desire and determination to become a doctor. Such is the story of one of the great bacteriologists of our country and our time.

Surely neither men nor angels can know a satisfaction more real, joy more wonderful, than to be able to bring the light of hope and happiness into the faces of men and women amid the shadows of life.

If the name of that great physician were added here, he would be annoyed—he is still a shy man, doing his work for the joy of it and for the light it may bring into homes darkened with fear.

Not all people love the lime-light; much of the best work of the world is done anonymously. Just for the good it can do.

---

There is a monument at Gettysburg to honor the memory of a color-bearer who became isolated from his regiment after a charge. The regiment retired, but the color-bearer and several men held their ground. The major sent a messenger through to the boy, with this message: "Bring the colors back to the regiment." The boy replied: "Bring the regiment back to the colors.—Selected.

# AMERICA, TODAY AND FOREVER

By Clyde H. Knox

Most of our troubles in this life are those that never happen. And most of the ills which today beset this country will soon be cured. When a patient becomes seriously ill, the one thing that gives his doctor the greatest confidence that he will quickly recover is a life record of clean living, good habits, and a hopeful outlook.

The strongest reason for abiding faith in America's future is its own fine record of past achievement. We need not worry about America after the war. If we should believe in some of the things we read about "Post War America," we could easily conclude that on the very day peace comes, we are all to become a different sort of Americans, and to pass, as if on wings, to the realm of some hazy way of national life where the path is not clear.

No one who thinks clearly, or who remembers accurately, can be disturbed by these fantastic fears. America, after peace comes, will be

the same glorious America we have always known. Many dire prophecies were also made in 1918, but nothing happened then, and nothing cataclysmic is going to happen now. Our soldier boys will come trooping home, but their worldwide experience will make them better Americans than when they marched away. We will live in a finer and better country than we have ever known, but it will be under the same form of government and with the same high national ideals.

Those who may seek to substitute new principles and new forms of government for those which have served us so well for 168 years, will have their little day, and soon be forgotten. The national destiny of America, like the individual purposes of good citizens, will never turn sharp corners, because life's currents flow steadily onward in the same general direction, just as the rivers flow unerringly towards the sea.

---

Up in Minnesota there is an insurance man who takes with him on his rounds among the farmers an all-round farm hand. When he calls on a farmer who is plowing, or pitching hay, or milking cows, and says he hasn't time to listen, the agent's farm hand continues with the farmer's work. Under such circumstances the farmer will invariably sit down and lend an ear.

Perhaps the reason why many of us often fail in our efforts is because we neglect that very important factor—the other fellow's viewpoint.—Sunshine Magazine.

## QUAINT COMMENT ON FEEDING BIRDS AROUND THE HOUSE

(Beasley's Farm and Home Weekly)

John Gould, who writes those interesting "Dispatches From the Farm" for the Christian Science Monitor, has a story about feeding birds. He never feeds them, he says, because it keeps them from going on where they belong.

The other morning, he says, the infant of the family lifted his voice in juvenile amazement (not to be confused with mature amazement) and demanded, "What's that funny noise?" The "noise" was the opening spring serenade by the returning birds. A batch of juncos skipped around the doorway, a starling squawked from the barn roof, a robin yelped, and a pair of bluebirds expressed their opinion of a bird-house hole too small for both of them at once. It was a wild concert after the quiet of a snowbound and birdless winter.

Before the day was out we had some sort of a woodpecker pounding an elm, an assortment of sparrows and a genuine myriad of grackles in need of lubrication. Every time I hear grackles I remind myself to oil the wheelbarrow. The lad spent the day with the bird book, putting gold stars on the kinds he'd seen and so discovered the trumpeter swan. He wanted a couple of swans for his very own.

It is my private opinion that a hen is man's greatest feathered benefactor, and that birds as a whole are lovely to look at, delightful to know

—but overrated. The National Guild of Audubon Societies may have other ideas, and will probably picture me as a wicket old reprobate who shies rocks at orioles. That is not so. I put up wren boxes, hang out string for the bluebirds, I nail up a board for the mason swallows, and speak kindly to the sparrows—going through all the motions of a birdlover except feeding them in the winter.

I refuse to feed them in the winter for a reason I believe sound. If I feed them, they hang around when they ought to be down South where it's warm. I think feeding migratory birds is a reverse-English kindness. Chickadees, owls, pheasants, and grouse know how to take care of themselves in cold weather and don't need feeding, but birds that ought to go are better off gone.

I like all birds, and give them a proper quantity of attention. I like the bobolink as well as any, and I might feed them if they were the kind to eat at a station—because I understand they call them rice birds down South and shoot them. They arrive here with more music than a juke box, darting up into the sky like an English lark—only we have a much better sky for them to dart into. The mama bird isn't anything special, but the old man wears formal clothes to breakfast, and when he finds a cat prowling in the grass he says some interesting things.

When we're mowing hay and a gentleman bobolink raises his voice, we always stop and look around for the nest. Then we set the fledglings over onto the mowed part out of danger and drive on. Instead of being grateful, the papa explains that we haven't any right in his field anyway.

Another bird I favor is the starling. People come here from the cities and tell what a terrible thing a starling is. They hatch about a

bushel every year under a clapboard in the barn, and act as if they had a warranty deed to the whole place. They are noisy, and are not quite the sopranos they think. But the starling is the only bird I've ever seen wade into a nest of tent caterpillars and establish a beachhead. Bluebirds, supposed to be great foragers among insect and bug life, ignore tent caterpillars—and then perch on a wire and sing to show what good fellows they are.

---

### THE BEST ARE FREE

A pleasant smile, a word of cheer,  
 A helping hand from someone near,  
 A warm handclasp from a friend sincere,  
 All these are free.

The rainbow colors of the sky,  
 The sun, the moon, and stars on high,  
 The flowers that bloom, and birds that fly,  
 All these are free.

The earth that yields the golden grain,  
 The clouds that drop the welcome rain,  
 All that there is in life to gain—  
 Cost you nothing, they're free.

The love of friends, the love of mother,  
 Love of father, sister, brother,  
 The greatest love of all the others—  
 God's love, it's free.

The best of life will always be  
 The simple things; and they are free.

—Mary Jane Turner

# MISSING IN ACTION

(Prentiss Headlight)

All Prentiss was brought to a fuller realization that "war is hell" Sunday evening when the news came that Ralph Brinson was missing in action over Germany. We know that as the war progresses, and the invasion of the continent starts, such news will come more frequently, but we are never ready for it. And even now our faith, like the faith of Ralph's family, makes us hope with a fervent hope, that Ralph is yet safe, and will find his way out.

To us, he is just a kid—too young to be in the hell of war. And, privileged as we were, to read some of his last letters, our eyes filled with tears that burned our vision as we saw the lovable traits of the little boy, all the way through, as he talked to his "Mom." And because we love Ralph—as do hosts of others—we asked the privilege to print here, parts of a letter written his mother on Feb. 15, because it is so human, so characteristic, and touches so deeply . . . just a homesick kid, doing his dead level best to get a job that tries the souls of strong men, and squeezes their iron nerves into so much pulp. Ralph wrote:

"I was awarded the air medal **today**, which made me very happy. The medal, which is bronze, hangs down from a blue and gold ribbon. It has the American Eagle spread on it. It was my first decoration.

"Now that I have 12 missions in over the Reich, I am now sweating out No. 13, or, better known as 12-B

to most crew members over here. I am going to crowd into that plane next time and tell everyone that it is the 13th. That's how superstitious I am

"You know the little Bible that the Bible class gave me when I left for the army? Well, that is going with me on every raid, now, so you see, I am counting on One Person to help me get back each time. I don't think there's any one that goes through this, that doesn't get wise sooner or later. I tell you now, I am scared, more so than when I first started I don't know why I should be. But I know some day I am going to be repaid for the things I have done wrong. I am counting on you to pray for me too. I try to, but I know that He thinks I am a hypocrite—that's the way most of the boys are. Lots of them swear and cut up, but yet they carry that little Book or good luck charm around with them every time. That's the way I am, and it's the reason I think I am hypocritically religious. I do hope you are praying for me, because I have just as much to go home to as any other boy has. Lovingly yours,  
Ralph."

Ralph has always been a good boy, and his refraining to pull self-righteous robes about him, and his readiness to admit his fallibility, shows forth his sincerity and honesty. Who knows but that his dependence on that "little Book" and that "One Person," and on his mother's prayers, will bring him to safety?

# THE ELUSIVE GOAT

(Speakers Magazine)

Did anybody ever get your goat? Some decades ago there was an old custom of placing a goat in the same stall with a race horse. The companionship of the goat, it was believed, soothed a thoroughbred horse.

It happened at times that the owner of a competing horse in a race would cause the goat from the opposition stable to be stolen overnight, which often fretted the horse so that he would be worthless the following day.

They "got his goat."

When anyone or anything "gets your goat," it means that you have lost your poise. Poise is the secret of happiness and success. It is the control of the mind. Without mind-control things are bound to go wrong.

Mind accomodates but one thought at a time. A cheerful thought, a kindly thought, or a constructive thought, can easily be substituted for those of anger, bitterness, contempt, and hatred, as well as the petty, an-

noying things which dominate the mind without poise.

Without poise no mind can be truly just. Without poise no man can be fair to himself and others. Poise is the control of reason. Reason sees not only one, but three sides to every question—your side, the other fellow's side, and the unprejudiced side.

Poise is your goat. Don't let anybody or anything get it away from you. It is the secret of business success and personal happiness.

The advantage the educated man is supposed to have over the untrained man is the ability to restrain his emotions and act fairly—to be a good sport—under the most provoking circumstances. He is supposed to keep his head even in mortal combats. An illustration may well be observed at our national Capitol, where oftentimes high-ups fly at each other in deadly political fray—and then go out to lunch together.

---

A young man was walking along a country road. There came along a farmer driving a wagon. Without asking the farmer's permission, he jumped upon the wagon and said, "Hayseed, I'm going to ride along with you to Louisville."

The farmer just looked at him, but said nothing. They rode for ten miles. The young man began to feel uneasy. He turned to the farmer and said, "I say, old top, how much further is it to Louisville?"

The farmer replied, "If you keep on in the direction you are going, it's about twenty-five thousand miles, but if you want to get off and walk back the other way, it's about sixteen miles—six miles from where you jumped on.—Sunshine Magazine.



## INSTITUTION NOTES

"Assignment in Brittany," was the attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium on Thursday night of last week. This is a Warner Brothers production.

—:—

In addition to the regular Saturday afternoon swimming periods, the boys are now enjoying similar periods through the week. Each night, the boys of three or four cottages are permitted the use of the pool.

—:—

Mrs. Martha Webb, of Charlotte, a former employee at the Training School, called at The Uplift office a few days ago. She informed us that her son, James H. Webb, who was a member of our teaching staff a few years ago, was in the United States Navy. He received his basic training at the Naval Training Station, Bainbridge, Maryland, and, after spending a furlough with his family in Charlotte, returned to that station. In case any of Mr. Webb's friends at the School wish to write him, we are giving his present address as follows: James H. Webb, Seaman 2-c, Building No. 608, Ship's Co., Bainbridge, Maryland.

—:—

The boys of Cottages Nos. 6 and 7, fifty-eight in number, and their respective cottage officers, Messrs. John W. Russell and William W. Carriker, staged a most enjoyable picnic last Saturday afternoon. The scene of this delightful party was Reid Creek, about five miles from the School, and the trip was made in our large truck.

The chief attraction of the occasion was a weiner-roast. and it is reported

to this office that twenty-eight pounds of frankfurters were consumed. The rest of the menu consisted of about thirty gallons of iced tea and generous supply of rolls.

In addition to the "eats," the youngsters enjoyed swimming, and some of them who wanted to try their luck at fishing, were fortunate enough to catch a few fish.

We have talked to quite a number of the youngsters who made the trip and they were most enthusiastic in telling what a fine time they had, and are all looking forward to having an opportunity to enjoy another similar treat.

—:—

J. P. Sutton, formerly of Cottage No. 15, recently wrote Mr. J. H. Hobby, officer in charge of that cottage. He has been in the United States Army for quite some time, and has been overseas several months. His letter was written April 12th, and came from England. J. P. writes as follows:

"Dear Mr. Hobby: Hope you are feeling fine these days. I am doing O K over here. Bet you thought I would never write you, but after a fellow has been in the Army nine months, and as busy as we are over here there is not much time for writing. I often think of the good old days back at the School. Am now somewhere in England and like it fine but would rather be back at J. T. S. where I used to work and play ball. A fellow never learns to appreciate what he has until he gets away from it. There are some boys here from North Carolina, but not many in our

outfit. I have been all over the States since leaving the School, and would rather be back in N. C. than any place I've seen. Tell all the boys they don't know anything about being in tough places until they have been through the things I've been through.

"The first three months in the Army were pretty tough for me. I lost about 40 pounds, but have gained a lot since then, and now weigh 205 pounds and feel fine. England is very pretty. The buildings are all made of rock or brick. Haven't seen a house made of wood since I've been here. Some of the buildings are more than 1,000 years old, but are still pretty. The people here are just about the same as those back home, but they have a different kind of money. Theirs is pounds and shillings, and we had some trouble in learning to count it at first, but are doing all right now. They have hills over here which they call mountains, and the timber has all been cut off. Not much like the Great Smoky Mountains back home.

"Mr. Hobby, I just want to say that I enjoyed every minute spent at J. T. S., and hope to see the old place when this war is over. Please answer when you can for I'd sure be glad to hear from you and the School. Best regards to all. From an old friend, J. P. Sutton."

—:—

Rev. R. C. Whisenhunt, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Genesis 1:1-18, and he stated that the subject of his message to the boys was just one word, "Faith."

The speaker began by saying that

faith was a very important word and was usable today. He further stated that he firmly believed every boy present had some kind of faith or belief in God.

Before the coming of the white man to this country, continued Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt, the Indians had some kind of a belief in a supreme being. They believed that in the life hereafter good Indians would spend eternity in what they called the "Happy Hunting Grounds." In China, Africa and other heathen lands, it was found that the people had faith in some sort of a supreme power.

There are thousands of American boys in service today in all corners of the earth, said the speaker, and they have faith in that for which they are fighting and are confident that God will grant them and their allies victory, and will eventually establish a lasting peace among the nations of the earth.

Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt then told the boys that our faith in God points to three of the greatest things we need today, as follows: (1) Courage; (2) Hope; (3) We need to live our best.

In speaking of courage, he said faith in God will enable us to have the necessary courage to overcome any kind of evil. He quoted the words of the Psalmist, who said the Lord was like a shepherd to him: "Though I walk in the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." We should not think of faith or religion simply as something in a book, but should live it every day.

The speaker next called attention to the second thing needed so badly today—hope. We need hope today more than ever, hope that the war will end soon and our soldier boys return

to their homes. Truly, these are dark days, but if we believe in God, we have hope for the best. There have always been times in the lives of men when things seemed hopeless. Back as far as when Christ lived upon earth, there were such times. When his disciples saw him put to death, there were three dark days, but the light of the resurrection drove away the darkness and gave men hope. In the Revolutionary War in this country, there were times when it seemed that our cause was lost, but men fought with faith and the freedom of our nation was established. Again in the Civil War, it seemed that the unity of this nation would be destroyed. Our own people were fighting each other. There were those who had faith that this would not occur, and finally the war ceased, and we once more became a great united nation. We are now engaged in the greatest struggle known to mankind; a war that is causing more destruction than all other wars combined. But if we have sufficient faith, we can hope that out of this conflict will come great blessings to all mankind.

Speaking of living our best, Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt told his youthful listeners that when a person lives in the best way he possibly can, he may rest assured that God will be ever present to shield him from all harm.

The question has been asked what kind of a God is it who will do thus. We have a God who loves us and will not let us go. His arms are ever ready to support His children.

The speaker then told this story: Many years ago, the lava from a great volcanic eruption destroyed the city of Pompeii. Hundreds of years later, scientists dug into the ruins of this once great city. Deep down below the surface they found the skeletons of a mother and child. Indications were that the child was a cripple. It is presumed that as the river of hot lava descended upon the city, the two were caught. The positions of the skeletons showed that the mother's arms were wrapped around the child as both were killed.

Such is a picture of God, said Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt. The great protective arms of God are wrapped around us. No matter what dangers overtake us, we have the assurance that He will be with us, so long as we believe in Him.

In conclusion, the speaker told the boys never to lose sight of the fact that faith is what they need. First, faith in one's self as they strive for success in life, and faith in a loving Heavenly Father to direct and care for them, both here on earth and in the life to come.

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Sometimes little men curse, thinking it adds to their statue. It does—in the minds of other cursers. Cursing is the counterfeit coinage of speech, and as much against the laws of culture and decency as counterfeit coin is against the laws of a country.—Dr. Reuben T. Clark.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending May 21, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

James Benton  
 Charles Blakemore  
 Ernest Bullard  
 William Burnett  
 Chauncey Gore  
 William Hilliard  
 Fred Jones  
 Leonard McAdams  
 David Perkins  
 David Prevatte  
 James Stamper  
 Harry Wilson

## COTTAGE NO. 1

John Allen  
 Ralph Bailey  
 Richard Billings  
 Leonard Bradley  
 Eugene Bowers  
 James Buckaloo  
 Marion Cox  
 Donald Carland  
 Jack Gray  
 Howard Hall  
 John Love  
 Rufus Massingill  
 Harold McKenney  
 Amos Myers  
 Carlton Pate  
 Thomas Ruff  
 James Shell  
 Harry Thompson  
 Floyd Puckett  
 Harlan Warren  
 Walter Byrd

## COTTAGE NO. 2

Charles Byrd  
 Cecil Caldwell  
 Kenneth Caldwell  
 Joseph Case  
 Thomas Furr  
 Rudy Hardy  
 Gerald Johnson  
 Delmas Jerrell  
 J. T. Jacobs  
 Chester Lee  
 John McLean  
 James McMahan  
 James Norton

Hayes Powell  
 Jesse Peavy  
 John Pritchett  
 Jack Ray  
 Vann Robinson  
 Melvin Radford  
 James Snead  
 Ezzel Stansbury  
 Kermit Wright  
 Roy Womack  
 Thomas Ware

## COTTAGE NO. 3

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE NO. 4

Everett Benfield  
 James Burr  
 William Brooks  
 Robert Blackweilder  
 Leory Childers  
 John Fine  
 Jeter Green  
 Robert Hogan  
 William Hawks  
 James Hill  
 William Lewis  
 Ray Miller  
 James Parker  
 Edgar Shell  
 Clifford Shull  
 J. R. Truitt  
 Lawrence Walker

## COTTAGE NO. 5

Thomas Barnes

## COTTAGE NO. 6

Rufus Driggers  
 Keith Futch  
 Donald Griffie  
 Robert Gaylor  
 Earl Gilmore  
 Everett Gallion  
 Clyde Hoffman  
 William Hawkins  
 Stanford McLean  
 Robert Peavy  
 J. W. Smith  
 Lawrence Temple  
 Leroy Wilkins

**COTTAGE NO. 7**

David Brooks  
Max Brown  
R. C. Combs  
Charles Cox  
Charles Edwards  
Donald Grimstead  
Robert Helms  
Eugene Murphy  
Ray Naylor  
Jack Phillips  
Marshall Prestwood  
Marion Todd  
Richard Tullock

**COTTAGE NO. 8**

(Cottage Closed)

**COTTAGE NO. 9**

James Eller  
Edward Guffey  
James Jarvis  
Windley Jones  
Isaac Mahaffey  
Jack Oliver  
Charles Redmond  
Leo Saxon  
James Stadler  
William Ussery  
J. B. Wilson

**COTTAGE NO. 10**

Robert Holbert  
W. C. Mills

**COTTAGE NO. 11**

Roland Brooks  
Robert Buchanan  
Wilton Barfield  
William Guffey  
James Hicks  
Clyde Rhodes  
Leon Rose  
Robert Yow

**COTTAGE NO. 12**

(Cottage Closed)

**COTTAGE NO. 13**

William Andrews

Robert Caudle  
Ernest Davis  
William Deal  
Erwin Ewing  
Eugene Frazier  
Dexter Goard  
Eugene Graham  
Paul Painter  
Chadles Shearin

**COTTAGE NO. 14**

Everett Bowden  
Edward Britt  
Paul Childers  
Hugh Cornwell  
William Ferguson  
L. C. Gearing  
Edward Haynes  
John Holder  
Lawrence Littlejohn  
Melbert Rice  
Bruce Sawyer  
Hubert Smith  
J. H. Smith  
Grover Shuler  
Lester Williams

**COTTAGE NO. 15**

Edgar Blanchard  
Robert Bluester  
James Cantrel  
James Knight  
David Lewis  
Harvey Leonard  
Sam Linebarrier  
Charles Lanford

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

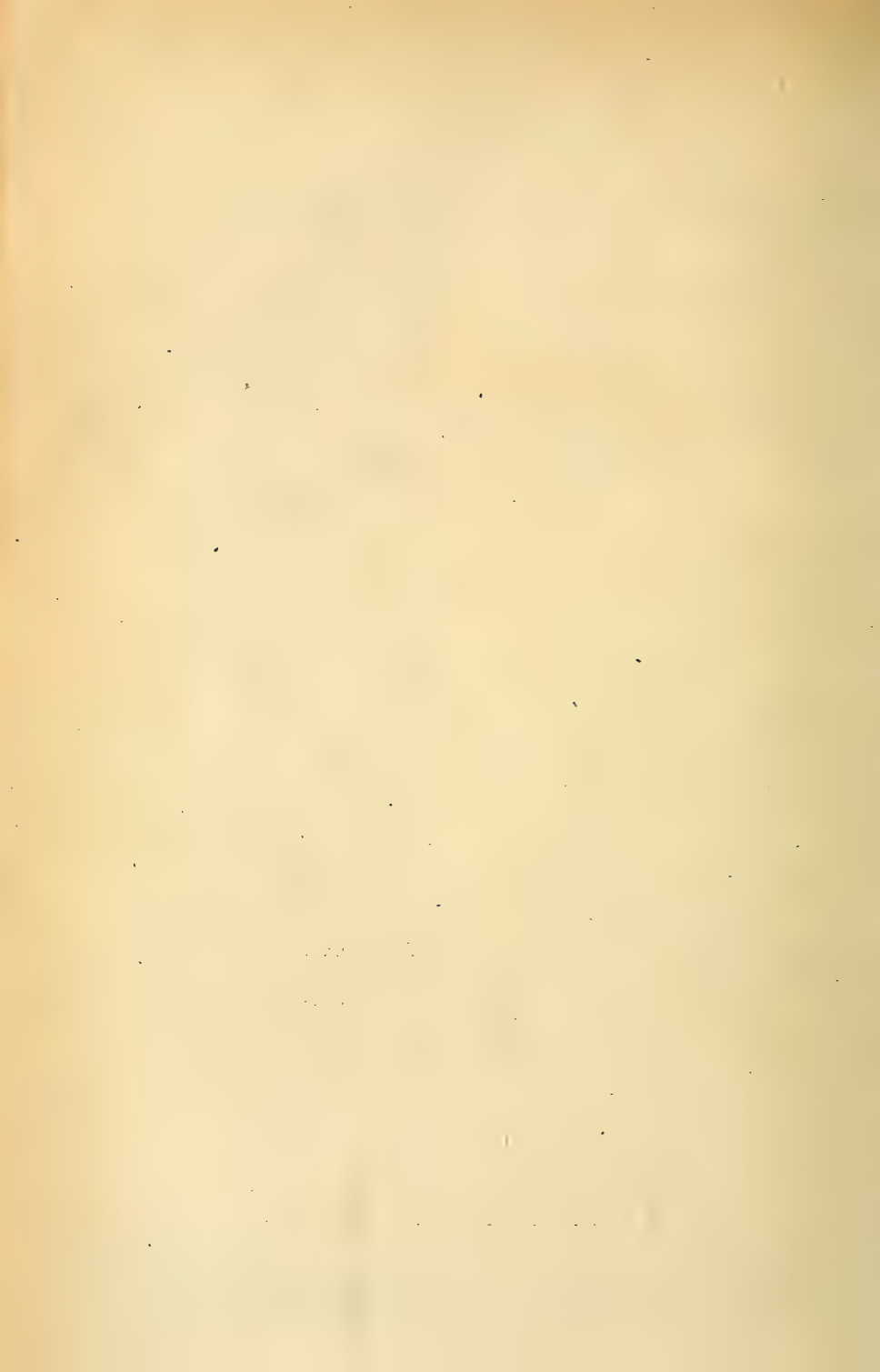
Jack Bailey  
Peter Chavis  
Allen Hammond  
Marshall Hunt  
Carl Lochlear  
W. C. McManus

**INFIRMARY**

(No Honor Roll)



If you would "do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you"—you have nothing to do but to go out the back door and get to work in that fashion.



JUN 8 1944

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 3, 1944

No. 22

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## HOW TO LIVE

Do not live to make a living,  
Rather live to make a life,  
For the measure of succeeding  
Is your service in the strife;  
All that you may leave behind you,  
When your soul has crossed the bay,  
Is the good you've done to others  
As you tarried by this way.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND  
INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## A LIFE CREED

I believe that good-will is the divinest activity of the spirit of man, the wisest method, the secret of co-operative living, and the most powerful force in the realm of human affairs.

I believe in the sacred sovereignty of my neighbor over his own life. Therefore I will not trespass on his domain or seek domination over his ideas or conduct in any way.

I believe in the good will of my neighbor; I believe that he is trying, according to his light, as I am trying according to mine, to do what is right and good, even when we do not agree.

I believe that I see some truth which my neighbor may not see and to which I must be true. I believe equally that my neighbor sees some truth which I may not see, so I must be not only open-minded, but sympathetic—because I want to know his truth too.

I believe that I have more defects in manner, speech, disposition and temperament than I can detect or am willing to admit. Therefore it ill becomes me to be too sharp a critic of my fellows.

I believe that humor is one of the major gifts of God. I hope for my sake that my neighbor possesses it; I pray for his sake that I may have enough of it to laugh at myself.

I believe that the happiness and success of my neighbor are as important as my own. Therefore I will seek in behalf of others the same things that I seek and ask for myself.

I believe in the Eternal Good Will; that there is a Spirit in this universe which prompts, inspires and sustains men who make life an adventure in brotherhood; and I trust that Spirit.—Author Unknown.

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## PROPER PLACEMENT NECESSARY

This is the season of the year when graduates from the public schools and colleges will step out into the world and place themselves in some field of fine service. If possible to give the number of graduates to whom the state educational institutions have given diplomas, the figures would be staggering. This system of training fresh re-

cruits to fill vacancies that come annually from natural causes—old age, physical handicaps and frequently the lack of adaptability or temperament—is necessary. The advantages for young people during this era of history are varied, and there is no cause for failure if adaptability and temperament are taken into consideration when choosing a profession or vocation. In such cases a teacher of fine understanding contributes largely to the young person's success in starting them out on the right foot.

When there are misfits in any work, sooner or later the word "failure" tells the story. It is quite impossible to fit "a round peg into a square hole" or vice versa, therefore, adaptability should be emphasized when choosing a life-long work. To be properly placed assures future security. Let us keep in mind at all times that nothing succeeds like success, and nothing fails like a failure.

The teachers of all institutions have a heavy responsibility because they are models in the eyes of the student body, and reflect in the future the lessons by example and precept taught in the class room.

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### ANNIVERSARIES OF THE WEEK

**Patrick Henry.** Born In Hanover County, Virginia, May 29 1736. According to the accounts of those who heard him, Patrick Henry was the most eloquent orator of his time. It is unfortunate that we have no shorthand accounts of his addresses or no phonograph records which could produce both his language and his intonations. True oratory lies not in words nor tricks of gesture, but in the emotional impulse which is communicated to the hearer. This man, at the age of twenty-eight was called the "Orator of Nature." One writer has put it thus: "He is by far the best speaker I ever heard. Every word commands the attention; and your passions are no longer your own when he addresses them."

From 1776 to 1779 and from 1784 to 1786, Henry was governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia. At different times thereafter he was offered a seat in the United States Senate, the position of Secretary of State, the office of Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and re-election as governor, each of which he refused.

He died June 6, 1799, and was buried at "Red Hill," his estate located about thirty miles south of Appomattox. On the plain

marble slab which covers his grave is the inscription: "His fame is his best epitaph."

**Jefferson Davis.** The President of the Confederate States of America was born June 3, 1808, in Christian County, Kentucky. At the age of sixteen he was appointed to the United States Military Academy at West Point, and was graduated in 1828. He immediately entered active army service, with the rank of lieutenant. Davis took part in the campaigns against the Indians. It is worthy of note that in the Black Hawk War he administered the oath to Abraham Lincoln when the latter enlisted. He resigned from the army in 1835. He entered politics, and was elected to the House of Representatives in 1845. He resigned in 1846, and again took up army life, serving in the Mexican War.

In 1847, he was appointed a United States Senator from Mississippi, filling a vacancy caused by death, and was elected in 1850 for a full term. He served as Secretary of War under President Pierce, and was later elected to the Senate, resigning when Mississippi passed the ordinance of secession.

Davis was inaugurated President of the Confederacy in 1861, which position he held throughout the Civil War. Soon after Lee's surrender, Davis was arrested and indicted for treason, and remained in prison for two years, unable to secure a trial. He was released on bail in 1867, and in 1869 was given full liberty. He died December 6, 1889, and was buried in New Orleans, but in 1893 his body was removed to Richmond, Va., where a monument has been erected to his memory.

**Nathan Hale.** This well-known patriot was born at Coventry, Conn., on June 6, 1755. At the age of eighteen he graduated from Yale, and then became a teacher, following that profession until the outbreak of the Revolutionary War. When Washington called for a volunteer to enter the British lines to discover their military secrets, Hale responded. Dressed as a Dutch school teacher he went in and out many British camps in New York and on Long Island. He was on the point of returning to his camp when arrested as a spy, and condemned to be hanged. The execution took place on September 22, 1776. His last words were, after mounting the scaffold, "I regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." Statues have

been erected to his memory in Hartford, Conn., and in City Hall Park, New York City.

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### INCREASES IN INCOMES

From the Morganton News-Herald we clip a short item: "Increases In Incomes." The story is staggering when we think of how this increase in the incomes of the American people has grown by leaps and bounds. However, in the midst of wealth, we have those who are pitifully poor, as well as in the midst of culture, we have an ignorant class, a large percentage of the people who are to be pitied. It seems there is nothing we can do to make a well-balanced life. The success of the masses depends entirely upon the manner in which they use their talents. We all should remember the teachings of the Scripture—that we are our brother's keeper. The article from the News-Herald reads as follows:

The national income of the people of the United States in 1943 has been estimated at \$147,000,000,000 by the Department of Commerce.

This is one-fifth larger than in 1942, double that of 1939 and four times the depression low of 1932. It is explained that three-fourths of the increase over 1942 is due to larger payrolls including the armed forces and farm income.

With this national income people find it easier to carry a much heavier tax schedule. The taxes of 1943 are severe but they would be impossible under the \$40,000,000,000 income of 1932.

The average American should understand that the greater part of the increased national income results from the activity of government, not free enterprise or individual initiative. They will likely wonder why the government can stimulate production, during war, without economic disaster and be unable to accomplish the same end in years of peace.

The welfare of the average citizen depends very largely upon the ability of the American system to maintain a large national income, which will enable the people to bear heavy loads to take care of the national debt.

\* \* \* \* \*

Every nationality has peculiarities—inherited feelings or desires—that cannot be suppressed or overcome. The Scotchman is fre-

quently classed as a "tight-wad," therefore, many amusing jokes are often told at his expense.

We have frequently heard the joke about a Scotchman who took his wife to the drug store for a cold drink, purchasing only one drink, but asking for two straws. In another instance a close-fisted man of the same race, when buying peaches to be used in making sweet pickles, or brandied peaches, chose the smaller ones. His reason for so doing, he said, the smaller peaches would go further when company came. The following brief story, taken from an exchange, holds priority over all stories concerning the close Scotchman: "A Scotchman gave his dog food in a dish with a mirror at the bottom, so the dog would think he was getting twice as much to eat." It is our opinion, however, that while the canny Scot might be able to fool some people, he must have found it quite difficult to fool the dog.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following story is told of Roger Babson, noted writer, who in all of his writings showed a fine understanding of conditions—mentally and physically—of the people at large. From the story related below we can see that he felt people knew little of the teachings of the Bible. Here is the story:

It is said that Roger Babson once sent out to his customers a leaflet with the Ten Commandments printed on it. He called his leaflet "Essentials of Success." One of these came into the hands of a business man who was so enthusiastic over it that he wrote Mr. Babson as follows: "I have never seen such a fine statement of the essentials of succes. Where did you get it?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Woodrow Wilson once said: "I would rather fail in something that will eventually succeed than to succeed in something that will eventually fail." While it may be true that President Wilson was not thinking about the League of Nations when he uttered those words, but no one can read them today without feeling that they were prophetic and full of wisdom.



## WITH THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES



The following list includes the names, as they have come to this office, of members of the staff, former staff members, and former students of Stonewall Jackson Training School, who are now serving as members of the armed forces of the United States. It will be seen that four employees went into the service directly from the School campus. The others listed have, in some cases, been away from the institution for quite a number of years, joining the fighting forces several years after severing their connection with the School.

In checking over the list of our old boys, we find that practically one hundred per cent voluntarily enlisted in "Uncle Sam's" service, rather than wait to be called by the selective service system. It is also interesting to note that many of these fellows had been in their country's service several years prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

If any of our readers know of former Training School boys who are now in any branch of service, and can furnish definite information as to their present location, please notify the editor of THE UPLIFT, P. O. Box 32, Concord, N. C. We shall appreciate your co-operation.

### Staff Members

Brausa, Ralph J.	(Navy)	Patterson, James L.	(Army)
(d) Carriker, J. L.	(Army)	Query, James L.	(Army)
Liner, James H.	(Army)		

### Former Staff Members

(d) Adams, J. E., Jr.	(Navy)	(d) Poole, William E.	(Army)
Barrier, Major George L.	(Army)	Watson, Lt. (jg) James E.	(Navy)
Cleaver, James A.	(Navy)	Wingate, Lt. W. J.	(Army Air Corps)
Hollingsworth, Jesse G.	(Navy)	Webb, James H.	(Navy)
Parker, Lt.-Col. Samuel I.	(Army)		

### Former Students

Abernethy, Paul	(Navy)	Andrews, Julian	(Marine Corps)
Adams, Clyde	(Navy)	Andrews, Lewis	(Marine Corps)
Adams, Felix	(Army)	Anderson, Raymond	(Army)
Alexander, J. Mack	(Army)	Ashley, Arthur	(Army)
Alexander, Robert	(Army)	Ashley, Cecil	(Navy)
Almond, Odell H.	(Navy)	Atkins, Richard	(Army)
Allen, Burl	(Navy)	Atkinson, Hiram	(Navy)
Allen, Julian Herschel	(Navy)	Atwell, Robert	(Navy)
Allen, Grady C.	(Navy)	Atwood, Earl	(Army)
Allen, Wayne	(Navy)		
Allred, James R.	(Army Air Corps)	Bailiff, Wilson	(Navy)
Amos, Gerald	(Navy)	Baker, John B.	(Navy)

Ballew, Edward J.	(Navy)	(‡) Causey, James D.	(Army)
Barber, Winfred V.	(Army)	Chapman, Charles	(Army)
Bargesser, James	(Navy)	Chapman, Edward	(Army)
Barker, Jewell	(Army Air Corps)	Chattin, Ben	(Army)
Barkley, Joel	(Army)	Cherry, Herman	(Army)
Barnes, Norton	(Army)	Cherry, William	(Navy)
Barrett, Allen	(Army)	Christine, Joseph	(Navy)
Barrier, Carl	(Marine Corps)	Cline, Wade	(Army)
Barrier, William T.	(Navy)	Coats, Clinton	(Army)
Batson, Jack	(Navy)	Cobb, Frank E.	(Army)
Bishop, Garrett W.	(Army Air Corps)	Coffer, Robert	(Army)
Branch, Glatley	(Army)	Coggins, Mack	(Navy)
Baynes, Howard	(Army Air Corps)	Collins, Glenn L.	(Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)		Connell, Harry	(Army)
(‡) Beach, Ernest L.	(Army)	Connell, James	(Navy)
Beaver, Albert	(Army)	Cook, William	(Navy)
Beaver, Grover	(Navy)	Cooke, George C.	(Army)
(d) Beaver, Walter	(Army)	Cooper, Lake	(Army)
Bell, James	(Navy)	Cooper, Dewell J.	(Navy)
Bell, William Clarence	(Navy)	Cooper, Walter	(Army)
Bell, William G.	(Navy)	Cowan, Henry W.	(Army)
Beheler, Reid	(Navy)	Cox, Howard	(Navy)
Benson, John	(Navy)	Cox, J. C.	(Marine Corps)
Blackman, William	(Army)	Craft, Arthur	(Army)
Bolton, James C.	(Army)	Crawford, Jack	(Navy)
Bordeaux, Junior	(Army)	(d) Crawford, Louis	(Army)
Bowman, Charles	(Army)	Crawford, Wiley	(Army)
Branch, Horace	(Army)	Crumpler, John	(Marine Corps)
Brantley, Elmond A.	(Marine Corps)	Cunningham, David C.	(Army)
Bray, Relons Odell	(Army)	Cunningham, Jesse S.	(Navy)
Briggs, Paul	(Marine Corps)		
Britt, Jennings	(Navy)	Dalton, James	(Army)
Broadwell, William	(Navy)	Daubenmyer, Nelson	(Army)
Brogden, Norman	(Navy)	Davis, Duke	(Army)
Broome, Jack	(Army)	Davis, Hubert	(Navy)
Broome, Paul	(Marine Corps)	Davis, James	(Army)
Broome, Shannon	(Army Air Corps)	Deal, Paul	(Navy)
Brothers, William	(Naval Air Corps)	Deese, Horace R.	(Navy)
Brown Aldene	(Army)	Detherage, James	(Army)
Brown, Elbert M.	(Navy)	Doel, Carroll	(Army)
Brown, Harold	(Army)	Donaldson, Harold	(Marine Corps)
Bunn, Dewey	(Navy)	Dorsey, W. Wilson	(Army)
Bunn, Homer	(Army)	Downes, George	(Army)
Burke, Ensign William H.	(Navy)	Downes, William H.	(Army)
Burkhead, Dermont	(Navy)	Driver, Malcom	(Army Air Corps)
Burleson, Lacy C.	(Navy)	Drumm, Glenn	(Army)
Burrow, John B.	(Navy)	Dyson, Fred	(Navy)
Butler, Femmaus	(Army)		
Butner, Roy	(Marine Corps)	Eaker, Arnold Max	(Army)
		Earnhardt, Donald P.	(Navy)
		Edmondson, Arthur	(Army)
Cable, Nathan	(Army Air Corps)	Edwards, Eugene	(Navy)
Capps, John T.	(Army Air Corps)	Elders, James R.	(Marine Corps)
Carter, Adrian L.	(Navy)	Elliott, John	(Navy)
Carter, Douglas	(Army)	Elmore, A. C.	(Marine Corps)
Carter, Fred	(Army)	Ennis, James C.	(Navy)
Carver, Gardner	(Army)	Ennis, Henry	(Marine Corps)
Causey, Floyd	(Army)	Ennis, Noah	(Navy)

Ennis, Samuel	(Army)	Harris, Ralph	(Navy)
Eury, James	(Army Air Corps)	Hawkins, Bruce	(Navy)
Evans, John H.	(Army)	Hawkins, William T.	(Navy)
Evans, Mack	(Army)	Head, Elbert	(Army)
Everett, Carl	(Army)	Heath, Beamon	(Navy)
Everidge, Samuel	(Navy)	Hefner, Charles	(Army)
Faggart, John	(Marine Corps)	Hefner, Eugene	(Navy)
(Enlisted 1929. Made Warrant Officer by Act of Congress, 1941.)		Hensley, David	(Army)
Farthing, Audie	(Navy)	Hensley, J. B.	(Navy)
Faschnat, Mose	(Navy)	Hendren, Isaac	(Navy)
Fausnet, Bernard L.	(Army)	Hendrix, John	(Army)
(†) Ferris, Russell	(Army)	Henry, Charlton	(Navy)
Fisher, Edward	(Army)	Hicks, Garland	(Army)
Fisher, John H.	(Army)	Hildreth, John	(Army)
Flannery, John	(Army)	Hill, Doyce	(Army)
(d) Freeman, Richard	(Army)	Hill, William	(Army)
French, Ian	(Army)	Hodge, David	(Army)
Furches, William	(Marine Corps)	Hodge, Dallas	(Army Air Corps)
Gaddy, William	(Navy)	Hogan, Gilbert	(Army)
Gaines, Robert	(Navy)	Hogsed, John R.	(Army)
Gardner, Horace T.	(Army)	Hoke, Bernice	(Navy)
Gardner, John	(Navy)	Holland, Burman	(Army)
Gatlin, Britt C.	(Army)	Holland, Donald	(Army)
Gentry, William	(Navy)	Hollars, Ralph	(Army)
Gibson, Merritt	(Army)	Holloway, Hubert	(Army)
Glasgow, Mumford	(Army)	Holmes, John	(Army)
Glasgow, Norwood	(Navy)	Honeycutt, Richard	(Navy)
Glasgow, Ramsey	(Army Air Corps)	Hooks, Hubert	(Army)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1929-1933. Member China Expeditionary Force, '29-'32.)		Honeycutt, Nathaniel	(Army)
Glover, Henry	(Marine Corps)	Howard, Jack	(Navy)
Godfrey, Warren	(Army)	Hudson, Hoyette	(Army Air Corps)
Godwin, John T.	(Navy)	Hulan, Norman	(Navy)
Godwin, Paul D.	(Army Air Corps)	(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)	
Goodman, Albert	(Army)	Ingram, John E.	(Navy)
Goodman, George	(Army)	Irwin, Raymond	(Army Air Corps)
Gray, Delma C.	(Navy)	Jackson, Edgar	(Marine Corps)
Green, Eugene	(Army)	Jackson, William	(Navy)
Greene, Giles E.	(Army)	Jenkins, Fred	(Navy)
Gregory, Charles J.	(Army)	Johnson, Clawson	(Army)
Gregory, Roy	(Army)	Johnson, Coley	(Navy)
Griffin, Charles	(Army)	Johnson, Edward	(Navy)
Griffin, James H.	(Marine Corps)	Johnson, Hugh	(Navy)
Grooms, J. B.	(Army Air Corps)	Jolly, James D.	(Navy)
Guffey, Lawrence	(Army)	Jones, Mark Twain	(Navy)
Hackler, Raymond	(Army)	Jones, S. E.	(Marine Corps)
Hall, Frank	(Army)	Jordan, James E.	(Army)
Hall, Joseph	(Army)	Keen, Clinton	(Army)
Hames, Albert	(Navy)	Keith, Monroe	(Army)
Hames, William R.	(Army)	Keith, Robert	(Navy)
Hamilton, Leo	(Navy)	Kelly, Grady	(Army Air Corps)
Hampton, Robert	(Navy)	Kelly, Jesse	(Army)
Haney, Jack	(Marine Corps)	King, Cleo	(Army Air Corps)
Hardin, Wilbur	(Navy)	King, Frank L.	(Army)
Harris, Edgar	(Army)	King, Jesse	(Navy)



King, Thomas	(Army Air Corps)	McBride, Irvin	(Army Air Corps)
Kinley, Robert	(Marine Corps)	McCain, Edward G.	(Navy)
Kirksey, Samuel	(Navy)	McCcoll, Vollie O.	(Navy)
(d) Kivett, Clyde A.	(Army)	McCoy, Hubert	(Army)
Knight, Thomas	(Army Air Corps)	McEntire, Forrest	(Marine Corps)
Knight, Thurman	(Army)	McFee, Donald M.	(Army Air Corps)
Koontz, J. Milton	(Army)	McGee, Norman	(Army)
Kye, George	(Army)	McHone, Arnold	(Navy)
Kye, James	(Army)	McKay, John C.	(Marine Corps)
		McKee, Thomas R.	(Army)
(‡) Lamar, A. C., Jr.	(Army)		(Enlisted 1937)
Land, Reuben	(Army)	McNeely, Robert	(Army)
Land, Wilfred	(Marine Corps)		(Enlisted 1933)
Landrum, Luther H.	(Army)	McNeill, Preston	(Army Air Corps)
Lane, Floyd C.	(Marine Air Corps)	McPherson, Arthur	(Navy)
Langford, Olin	(Army)	McRorie, J. W.	(Navy)
Langley, William	(Army)		
Laramore, Ray	(Army)	Nelson, Larry	(Navy)
Lawrence, Robert	(Marine Corps)	Newton, Willard M.	(Army)
Leagon, Harry	(Army)		
Ledford, Harvey L.	(Army)	(‡) Odom, David	(Army)
Ledford, James	(Marine Corps)	Owen, Fred, Jr.	(Marine Corps)
Lemly, Jack	(Army)	Owens, Leroy	(Army)
Lee, Valton	(Army)	Oxendine, Earl	(Navy)
Lett, Frank	(Army)		
Lewallan, Paul R.	(Army)	Padrick, William	(Navy)
Link, Bruce	(Navy)	Page, James	(Army)
Long, Loyce	(Army)	Pate, Hansel	(Army)
Long, Stacey L.	(Army)	Patterson, James	(Navy)
		Patterson, Joseph	(Navy)
		Patton, Richard	(Navy)
Martin, Willie H.	(Army Air Corps)	Payne, Joy	(Army)
Mathis, D. B. (Jack)	(Marine Corps)	Peake, Harry	(Marine Corps)
(*) Matthews, Douglas	(Army)	Pearson, Flay	(Army)
Matthews, Harley P	(Navy)	Pennington, Grady	(Army)
Mattox, Walter	(Army)	Pickett, Claudius	(Army)
May, Fred	(Navy)	Pittman, Hoyle	(Navy)
May, George O.	(Army)	(d) Pittman, Ted	(Marine Corps)
Mayberry, Douglas J.	(Army)	Pittman, Walter	(Army)
Medlin, Clarence	(Army)	Plemmons, Hubert	(Army)
Medlin, Ervin J.	(Army)	Pope, H. C.	(Army)
Medlin, Wade	(Navy)	Porter, Frank J.	(Army)
(‡) Medlin, Wilson	(Army)	Potter, Linwood	(Army)
Merritt, Edgar	(Army)	Presnell, Robert	(Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)		Pyatt, Jack	(Marine Corps)
Merritt, Julian	(Army)		
Miller, Latha	(Navy)	Quick, James	(Navy)
Montford, James B.	(Army)	Quick, Robert	(Army)
Montgomery, Samuel	(Navy)	Quick, Simon	(Navy)
Moose, Claude L.	(Marine Corps)		
Morris, Everett	(Navy)	Ramsey, Amos	(Army)
Morrow, Chas. W.	(Army Air Corps)	(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)	
Morrozoff, Ivan	(Army Air Corps)	Reep, John	(Navy)
Morgan, William S.	(Navy)	Revels, Grover	(Navy)
Murphy, Lemuel	(Army)	Riggs, Walter	(Navy)
Murphy, Norvelle	(Navy)	Rivenbark William W.	(Army)
Murray, Edward J.	(Army)	(Served in Marine Corps, 1933-1938.)	
Muse, Robert	(Navy)	Rhodes, Paul	(Army)

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Robbins, John	(Navy)	Waldrop, Ned	(Army)
Rogers, Hoyt W.	(Army Air Corps)	Walker, Glenn	(Army)
Roberts, Lonnie	(Navy)	Walker, Oakley	(Army)
Robertson, John C.	(Army)	Walker, Robert	(Army)
Robinson, Perry	(Army Air Corps)	Walsh, Harold	(Army)
Rochester, Nicholas	(Navy)	Walters, Melvin	(Army)
Routh, Walter	(Army Air Corps)	Ward, Eldridge	(Army)
Russ, James P.	(Army)	Ward, Robert	(Army)
		(Enlisted 1928)	
Sands, Thomas	(Navy)	Ware, Dewey	(Army)
Scism, Arlee	(Navy)	Ware, Torrence	(Navy)
Seibert, Fred	(Army)	Watkins, Floyd A.	(Army)
(* ) Sexton, Walter B.	(Army)	Watkins, Lee	(Army)
Seymore, Malcom E.	(Navy)	Watson, Lieut. Lemuel	(Army)
Scott, Archie	(Army)	Watts, Everett	(Navy)
Shannon, William L.	(Navy)	Watts, James	(Navy)
Shaver, George H.	(Navy)	Watts, Boyce	(Army)
Shropshire, Hassell	(Army)	Weaden, Clarence	(Army)
Sides, George D.	(Navy)	Weathers, Alexander, Jr.	(Army)
Simmons, Horace K.	(Navy)	Webb, Charles R.	(Army)
Sistar, Walter B.	(Army)	Webster, John D.	(Army)
Sloan, Lonnie	(Army)	Whitaker, John H.	(Navy)
Sluder, Wayne	(Army)	(* ) Whitaker, William E.	(Army)
Small, Clyde E.	(Army)	White, Marshall	(Coast Artillery)
Smith, Jesse	(Navy)	Whitener, Richard M.	(Army)
Smith, Julius D.	(Navy)	Whitlock, Winfred	(Army)
Snider, Samuel	(Navy)	Widener, Charles	(Navy)
Snuggs, Charles L.	(Navy)	Wilhite, Claude	(Army)
Spears, James	(Navy)	Wilhite, George	(Army)
Springer, Jack	(Army)	Wilhite, James	(Army)
Stack, Porter	(Army)	Wilhite, Porter	(Army)
Stallings, William	(Navy)	Williams, Everett L.	(Army)
Stanley, Brown	(Coast Artillery)	Williams, Samuel R.	(Navy)
Stepp, James H.	(Navy)	Williams, William R.	(Navy)
Stines, Loy	(Navy)	Williamson, Everett	(Navy)
Strickland, Robert W.	(Army)	Wiles, Fred	(Army)
Stubbs, Ben	(Army)	(Enlisted 1927)	
Sullivan, Richard	(Army)	Wilson, John C.	(Army)
Sutherland, Jack	(Navy)	Wilson, Thomas	(Navy)
Sutton, J. P.	(Army)	Wilson, W. J.	(Army)
		Winn, J. Harvard	(Navy)
Talbert, Morris	(Navy)	Wood, James L.	(Army)
(x) Taylor, Daniel	(Army)	Wood, William T.	(Navy)
Tessneer, Calvin C.	(Navy)	Wooten, Charles	(Navy)
Teeter, Robert E.	(Army)	Wrenn, Lloyd	(Army)
Thomas, Harold	(Navy)	(‡) Wright, George	(Army)
Thomas, Richard	(Army)		
Threatt, Sidi	(Army Air Corps)	Yarborough, Preston	(Army)
Tipton, Kenneth	(Navy)	York, John R.	(Army)
Tobar, William	(Army)	Young, Brooks	(Army)
Troy, Robert	(Army)	Young, R. L.	(Marine Corps)
Tucker, Joseph	(Army)	Young, William R.	(Army)
Turner, Lee V.	(Navy)		
Tyson, William E.	(Navy)		
Uptegrove, John W. C.	(Army)	Ziegler, Henry F.	(Navy)

## Former Students in Merchant Marine Service

Efird, Nathaniel A.  
 Hill, Caleb  
 Hillard, Clyde  
 Lambert, Jay

Smith, Glenn W.  
 Stutts, Edward  
 Williams, Horace

- ( † ) Prisoner of war.
- ( § ) Missing in action.
- ( \* ) Killed in action.
- (d) Discharged from active service.
- (x) Died while being held prisoner.

## MAKE THIS YOUR PRAYER

O that mine eyes might closed be  
 To what concerns me not to see;  
 That deafness might possess mine ear  
 To what concerns me not to hear;  
 That truth my tongue might always tie  
 From ever speaking foolishly;  
 That no vain thing might ever rest  
 Or be conceived within my breast;  
 That by each deed and word and thought  
 Glory to my God be brought.  
 But what are wishes? Lord, my eye  
 On Thee is fixed, to Thee I cry;  
 Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,  
 And make it clean in every part;  
 And when 'tis clean, Lord, keep it so,  
 For that is more than I can do.

—Thomas Flood.

# HOW WILL YOU RECEIVE THEM?

By Chaplain F. Herbert Moehlmann, U. S. Army

The boys are coming home! Yes, many of our boys are coming home! Thousands upon thousands have already returned. They have come to stay, and will not go back to the scene of battle. But the day is not far distant when the great majority of our fighting men will return to start life all over again. Those who have remained at home will have to play a vital role in their rehabilitation.

The homes to which they will return will have to be havens of rest and peace where they can regain composure of mind and spirit. Try to visualize the stress of mind and the vexation of spirit which have been theirs before, during and after the battle! Think of all the shock and strain which they have endured in and under attack! Verily, their mind and spirit have been tested to the breaking point. Therefore, when they return to their homes, they must find an environment which will be ministrant in restoring and reviving their wearied and fatigued minds and which will tend to mend and heal their shattered and battered nerves. There will have to be love and kindness without measure. The need of patience and understanding is obvious. Every aid and assistance will have to be given our returning heroes to erase from their memories the horrors and nightmares of battle. Any desire to question them as to experiences which have been theirs in war should, in love to them, be suppressed. Help them to forget! Give them the pleasant things to think about. See to it that any and every

source of annoyance or irritation is removed. Avoid all harsh and loud talk. They have heard enough of it to last them a lifetime. Always have in mind all the hardships that they have endured. Always keep in remembrance the trying ordeals which they have been through since their entry into the military service.

At least one period of devotions should be set aside each day. At the family altar they will find rest for their troubled souls. Through this sacred medium hope will be reborn in their hearts and the light of heaven will dispel the darkness which has enshrouded their weary and perplexed minds. Here lies the way out of the wilderness in which they may find themselves. Here is the escape from their cave of despair. Here their moral tone will be deepened. Here the desire for re-consecration to Him who gave His all for them will be born. Here their hearts will be warmed with the love of Him who loved them unto death, even the death of the Cross. Here defeat will be turned into glorious victory. Here the ties of love and fellowship to each other and to Christ will be strengthened and renewed.

But the responsibility of the Church in the rehabilitation of our returning service men will be even greater than that of home. It must have a carefully and prayerfully prepared program ready for use upon their return. And this program should be more or less uniform throughout the entire Church if its full effect is to be felt

and if the desired results are to be attained.

First of all there must be a special service of welcome for our homecoming heroes. This service must be carefully and conscientiously planned and should be spiritually significant. All fanfares, bunkum, and hero glorification should be conspicuously absent from the service. It should be characterized by quietness and dignity. Praise and thanks-giving for Divine Protection and for answered prayers should receive special emphasis. The fallen and the maimed should not be forgotten. But above all, the message for the day should be warmly and strongly evangelistic and magnify the grace of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. There should be a real heart appeal for rededication and reconsecration directed not only to the returned men of war but also to their loved one. Opportunity should be given for all to come forward and give outward and public expression of their resolve to walk with the Master. And the service should reach its culmination in the celebration of the Lord's Supper. It should be a memorable occasion leaving an indelible and lasting impression upon the hearts and minds of all present.

On an evening during the week a love-feast should be held for the returned service men and their families. The pastor and members of the church council should be present. It should be a happy occasion, and here expression should be given to the joy over their safe return and grateful recognition be made of the self-denials and sacrifices which they have made for their country. At this time they should also be informed of all the prayers which were offered up in their

behalf during their absence. Opportunity should be given them to relate their spiritual experiences and to tell how they were served by the church while wearing the uniform of their country. The warmth and sincerity of the welcome should be so genuine as to touch deeply the hearts of the honored guests. Each service man should be presented with a special certificate of merit, and, if possible, a love-gift from the church. The meeting should close with prayer.

Further, the pastor should invite and urge each returning service man to come to his home or church study for a personal visit and interview. This will give him an opportunity to discover the heart needs of the individual and thus enable him to give proper direction for joyous and triumphant living. He must not overlook the fact that in this cruel and ghastly war many of our fighting men have gone through a veritable hell. They have been forced to kill and destroy, and, in some instances, have been dehumanized. Some will return with harrassed and tortured minds and with crushed and bleeding spirits. They will have to be dealt with in all tenderness and sympathy. It will not be an easy or simple matter to restore the hope and joy which possessed their minds and hearts before they became battle-scarred veterans. Many will have to be invited to return for further prayer and counseling. No effort must be spared in seeking to bring about their complete mental and spiritual recovery. They dare not be lost to Christ and the Church.

Some of our returning service men will need further religious training. Before their departure from home they may have been indifferent to the

church, but under the stress and strain of battle they finally made their peace with God and requested Christian baptism. There was not sufficient time or opportunity for the chaplain to impart the necessary instructions. It therefore becomes the home pastor's duty to fill this vital need in their Christian life. These men must be sought out at once while the spiritual fire in their soul is still glowing. They will be deeply grateful for such solicitude in their behalf. The response will be most heartening to the pastor.

The young people of the church should plan a special program of welcome and reunion for the homecoming warriors. Mere entertainment for entertainment's sake should by no means be the chief purpose of this gathering. It should be a meeting in which the idea of Christian fraternity must predominate. Having been deprived of the fellowship of Christian home friends over a long period of time, they will welcome the opportunity of fraternizing with them. The genuineness of true Christian sincerity must obtrude in every word and act. A befitting and well planned devotional program should precede the hour of fellowship. The frivolous and puerile should be conspicuously absent from all that is said and done. Remember; the holocaust our service men have been through has sobered and saddened their hearts. True, it should be a happy occasion, but one pervaded by the spirit of the Christ. It must be the set purpose of this gathering to win the heart-allegiance of the honored guests to the home church which they left behind, and, above all, to win them back to the fold of the Good Shepherd. This is the opportunity of all opportunities for our young peo-

ple's societies to contribute their part toward the advancement of Christ's Kingdom.

Upon the return of our service men all congregations should launch a vigorous and well-organized advertising campaign. Commercial establishments will advertise extensively to secure the soldier's patronage. Congregations must follow their example and use the same means to win their loyalty to Christ and the church. The money appropriated and spent for this purpose will be an investment in eternity and will bring a rich harvest of souls if properly conducted. Attractive and informative advertisements in newspapers and magazines and on wayside billboards should be utilized to the best possible advantage. The radio and silver screen can be employed as effective means of turning the thoughts of our returned heroes to the spiritual and heavenly, and extending to them the invitation of the Kingdom. The editors of the church page in our daily newspapers should be consulted and asked to cooperate in this great campaign to attract our returned service people to the Christ-way of life. Ministerial associations, church boards, and conferences should appoint committees now to draw up the plans for the program and should be asked to bring in their recommendations.

Pastors must not lose sight of the fact that our men and women in uniform, during their military service, have learned to live and work together in perfect accord and harmony with their comrades of the other Christian denominations. Many interdenominational friendships have been born out of this beautiful relationship. The bond which binds them together is

much stronger than the one which may, and in most instances does, bind together the church folks of their home community. They are very much aware of and enamoured by this spirit of unity and Christian harmony. They have discovered that such co-operation and friendship of believers are essential to success in any worthy undertaking or worth-while venture.

No, there has been no thought of denying or sacrificing one's faith! There has been no cooling-off of love to one's own peculiar denomination. Their sense of loyalty to the church of their first love has not diminished in the least but they will come back "dead-set" against all religious bigotry and intolerance, against all narrow-minded sectarianism and denominational quibbling and caviling. I feel certain that many will turn in utter disgust from the church whose pastor will take it upon himself to speak disparagingly of any of the other Christian denominations or refuse to collaborate with them in any worthy project for the common good of men and the kingdom of heaven on earth.

During their military service many of our service men have been served by a chaplain belonging to a denomination other than their own. The chaplain may have been their most faithful friend in the service. They have sought him out when in sickness sorrow, or trouble. They have had his companionship in the time of bat-

tle when their hearts were failing them. He has accompanied them in all their journeyings. The hardships which they have endured, he has endured with them. The sacrifices which they have made, he has not eschewed. He has prayed with them, comforted their souls with the saving Gospel and administered to them the Holy Sacrament. And as a result of this close and intimate relationship there has developed a real and lasting friendship. In gratitude for such faithful service he is imbued with a sense of real devotion not only to the chaplain but also to the denomination which sent him forth to serve the men in uniform. Having witnessed the friendship- and brotherhood of the chaplains of the various Christian demoninations he will expect to see this spirit in evidence among ministers in his home community. Having attended regilious services in which Christian chaplains of varying faith participated he will seriously question their pastor's unwillingness and inability to do likewise on special and specific occasions.

The home church must be prepared to meet this changed mood in its young men upon their return home. No attempt must be made to discourage the inter-faith friendships which may have been formed. This spirit of good will toward the other Christian denominations should not only be sanctioned but be further developed and deepened.

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It is not the cares of today, but the cares of tomorrow that weigh a man down. For the needs of today we have corresponding strength given. For the morrow we are told to trust. It is not ours yet.—G. MacDonald.

# MARCUS CICERO STEPHENS NOBLE

By Beth Crabtree, State Department of Achives and History

By the late 1870's it had become evident to thinking men that, if North Carolina was to recover from the Civil War and its tragic aftermath, something must be done to secure the promise of an enlightened and intelligent leadership. The answer to this problem appeared, to such thinkers, to be the creation of an educated populace from which could be drawn the leaders of the new era. The State was fortunate in having at that time of particular need a group of men such as McIver, Alderman, Aycock Moses, and Joyner who were primarily interested in the establishment of a public school system which would insure equal opportunity for all citizens.

Among this band of educational pioneers, Marcus Cicero Stephens Noble was a leader. The son of Captain Albert Morris Noble and Mary Ann Noble, he was born in Louisburg Franklin County, March 15, 1855. The family moved to Selma, in Johnston County, and there young Noble studied under Reverend W. B. Harrell and John C. Scarborough. Continuing his studies, he attended the Bingham School near Mebane for fifteen months before entering Davidson College. His stay at Davidson was brief, however, for, having completed the freshman courses, he returned to Bingham School to teach for a year. He entered the University of North Carolina where he received his degree in pedagogy in 1879.

Following graduation from the University, Noble again returned to the

Bingham School as an instructor and military commandant. He left there three years later to become the first superintendent of the public schools in Wilmington, North Carolina. The system in Wilmington at that time consisted of two white schools and two colored schools with a total enrollment of 900 students. Under his administration the student body increased to 1,700, the buildings were enlarged, and a new school building was constructed. During the summer months of the succeeding years, Noble served as a teacher in the University normal school and in the county institutions and normal schools. He resigned from the University summer school, however, to become superintendent of the normal school at Newton.

Noble left Wilmington in 1898 upon his appointment to succeed Edwin A. Alderman as professor of pedagogy at the University of North Carolina. The following summer he continued his teaching and, in cooperation with James Y. Joyner and Edward Moses, conducted teachers' institutes in several counties. They followed the program initiated by McIver and Alderman—that of lecturing on methods of teaching, school government, and other similar subjects connected with the conduct of public schools.

By 1913 the department of pedagogy had expanded into the school of education and "Dr. Billy," as he was affectionately known, became its first dean—a position he held until 1934. Not limiting his activities to the Uni-



versity, he also became president of the Bank of Chapel Hill. Upon his retirement from active teaching, Dr. Noble was appointed Kenan professor emeritus of education.

Along with his other activities, Noble engaged in writing. In 1885-86 he edited WILLIAMS' BEGINNER'S READER and DAVIES' STANDARD ARITHMETIC; in 1890 he wrote the North Carolina section of MAURY'S MANUAY OF GEOGRAPHY; he also did editorial work on THE TEACHING OF COUNTY GEOGRAPHY and wrote THE BATTLE OR MORE'S CREEK BRIDGE IN 1776. His most outstanding publication, and one that won the Mayflower Cup in 1931, is A HISTORY OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

He was active in many phases of education, serving as a member of the following organizations: the first board of directors of the North Carolina Normal School (1891-1898), the

State Board of Examiners (1897-1904), and the board of trustees of the Agriculture and Mechanical School for Negroes in Greensboro, becoming president of that board in 1907. In the latter year, Dr. Noble was appointed a member of the North Carolina Historical Commission and served the Commission as chairman from 1932 until his retirement ten years later.

In May, 1942, Dr. Noble suffered a stroke of apoplexy from which he rallied for only a short time. He died on the first day of the following June.

At the time of his death, "Dr. Billy" was the oldest member of the University faculty, having served for over forty years. With his fellow crusaders he had labored tirelessly, laying the foundation for the State-wide system of public schools and, as head of the University's school of education, he had exerted his influence in establishing that institution at the head of the system.

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### A PERFECT DAY

Grandmother, on a winter's day, milked the cows and fed them hay, slopped the hogs, saddled the mule, and got the children off to school; did a washing, mopped the floors, washed the windows, and did some chores; cooked a dish of home-dried fruit, pressed her husband's Sunday suit, swept the parlor, made the bed, baked a dozen loaves of bread, split some firewood, and lugged in enough to fill the kitchen bin; cleaned the lamps and put in oil, stewed some apples she thought would spoil; churned the butter, baked a cake, then exclaimed, "For heaven's sake, the calves have got out of the pen"—went out and chased them in again; gathered the eggs and locked the stable, back to the house and set the table, cooked a supper that was delicious, and afterward washed up all the dishes; fed the cat and sprinkled the clothes, mended a basketful of hose; then opened the organ and began to play, "When you come to the end of a perfect day."—Selected.

# THE FAMILY FUNDAMENTAL

N. C. Christian Advocate

The family with its many varied elements has a fundamental place in church, the school and the state. It is so fundamental that we are often forgetful of this oldest and most enduring of all institutions of mankind. The many present organizations such as the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution are deeply rooted in the family life and traditions of America. The thousand and one efforts to secure family reunions of one sort and another each recurring season indicate our persistent desire to review our family association so much cherished through the years. The tender associations and memories of childhood follow us through the years and continue to linger about the old family burying grounds with all their blessed memories. Home coming days are cherished from generation to generation.

The Bible is our great book of religion. It opens with a story of a family; it also tells of a family at the head of a movement in which "all the families of the earth shall be blessed." Thus through all the Old Testament record the family is the dominant influence of the centuries. In the New Testament the holy family is on the threshold of the story of redemption. Jesus came to his public ministry from the home in Nazareth, and he had much to say about the purity and perpetuity of the family. His most positive declaration against divorce was more emphatic than about any other relation of life. He insisted that the security of religion and of the race is in the purity of the marriage

relation. So through all the centuries of the Christian church the virtues of the Christian home has held a first place.

The pioneer cabin homes of America early became the hope of the future in the first settlement in our American wilderness. The Scotch families portrayed by Burns in his "Cotter's Saturday Night" became the ideal of the religious pioneers scattered along the Atlantic seaboard. The good old Book with its ideals came over with the early English, Scotch, Dutch and German emigrants. They taught their children to reverence the Sabbath day and to honor their parents that their days might be long upon the earth. Thus the so-called "Bible Belt" is the heritage of the fine virtues of pioneer days in which God and the Bible had a large place in the simple lives and plain homes of a hardy pioneer people.

The first teacher is the mother who awakens the divine impulses in the soul of the child. The look of love and the tender touch of a mother begin the process of education before the professional teacher arrives. God and mother in the Christian family pioneer the processes of education. The schools have truly rough sledding unless they can have the reinforcement that the home alone can give. The present widespread and effective parent-teacher associations tell the story of the most successful educational effort in our public school system. The joint efforts of the parent and the teacher are essential to the successful education of young America.

The same process goes on in the church school as in the secular efforts in education. The learning process in church and state schools must be reinforced by sympathetic help of the family. Then parent and teacher become an effective unit in the development and the training of the child and the youth. Thus the church and the family are joined in the long process of physical and intellectual development of youth.

Oliver Wendell Holmes said he "tumbled around in his father's library." This New England boy certainly enjoyed much which the child in a home without books could not know. Thousands have gone through life with serious handicaps that would not have been had they got a start in homes of culture. On the other hand, in some of these families of cultural advantages the high ideals are so wanting and the atmosphere is so devoid of moral tonic that it is next to impossible for a high souled woman or a noble, heroic man to come out of these. The home is of first importance in our entire educational system.

Nations are born, live their lives and then die. That is the record of man's best efforts in organized life. But such is not true of great old China. China has been organized about the family and a family life

that continues through the centuries. Sometimes we westerners discount the Orientals that worship about the tombs of their ancestors and thus are deprived of the boasted western progress of which we claim, but China lives on in spite of their aggressive enemies.

We have much to learn from the far Orient with its nations which were old when our more modern peoples were starting on their westward course. Who knows but that the day will come when their millions will be followers of the Man of Galilee, an Oriental, so that in China and in India there will be more Christians than are now in all the occidental world? Then there the Christian family will be exalted to influence and transform the ancient forms of their national life. At any rate, we do know that these peoples have much they could teach us.

Fortunate will we be as America is becoming a rising power among the great nations of the world, if we can exalt the family to its normal place and keep fresh and strong our homes so that they will send out noble men and women to help shape and fashion our national life rather than rely on many issues that accompany the strange voices that disturb the nation.

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Do more than exist, live.  
 Do more than touch, feel.  
 Do more than look, observe.  
 Do more than listen, understand.  
 Do something more than think, ponder.

# NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN

(Sunshine Magazine)

Scientific history was made on February 25, 1944, when in Middletown, a village of 300 population in northwestern California, the first meal was served, cooked entirely with hydrogen gas—gas manufactured by the clear rays of the sun from water. The successful experiment was conducted at the home of the inventor, Dr. Otto H. Mohr, when he served the first meal in history cooked with the new gas to a number of intimate friends.

The invention betokens an evolution in cooking, lighting, and heating. It will provide man, wherever he may be found, with an unending supply of gas for every need, even to air-conditioning and proper for his machinery all except for the initial small cost of the generating plant.

The invention is a series of units, actuated by light rays of the sun. One unit heats the water, another passes the water vapors through a current of electricity generated by the sun, converting them into hydrogen and oxygen gases. The gases

are stored in holders, from which they are drawn as needed.

The electrical current is generated by a newly developed photosynthesis generator. Photosynthesis is the process by which green plants capture the energy of the sun and puts it in forms that can be used by living things. Nature's way of capturing the sun's energy is the most efficient, but it is too complicated a process to be copied by man. Yet, after many trying years of research and experimentation, Dr. Mohr found a way of using the sun's energy directly.

Dr. Mohr, whose inventions of the suction cleaner and the so-called indirect lighting method have won him international acclaim, is a quiet, studious man living on the summit of Mount Cobb, near his home village. Here, with all nature around him, he conducts his experiment. His newest invention is not a new principle, for the problem of applying the sun's energy was solved by plant life aeons ago. In nature, there is nothing new under the sun.

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Some have much and some have more,  
 Some are rich and some are poor,  
 Some have little, some have less,  
 Some have not a cent to bless  
 Their empty pockets, yet possess  
 True riches in true happiness.

—John Oxenham.

# GIVE ENCOURAGEMENT

By F. A. Walker

A word of encouragement in the dark hour is often followed by a ray of sunshine that lights up a human soul.

Look at the burden bearers passing you, dust covered, sad eyed and weary, trudging through the cold and the heat, conscious only of their aching backs, tired feet, and breaking hearts.

Give them a smile as you meet them. See their countenance brighten and their feet step more lightly as they catch the meaning of your lips, and know it is meant for them.

Encouragement makes people believe in immortality because it opens up new visions that reveal vistas and sensations never before seen or experienced.

It stirs new emotions, strikes new chords of music, give new hue to the sky, and awakens thoughts which have been lying dormant in discouraged hearts since they first began to beat.

Instead of censuring the being who

has made a mistake, give him a kindly word of cheer. Treat him as you would like to be treated when your soul is filled with doubt and sorrowing.

Try it on some of the human wrecks you may meet, scuffling along, groping in a dismal world of whose horrors you know nothing and habitually shun as you would a pestilence.

And after you have tried it, look into your own soul and see the new light that has been born there to cheer you in the silent night when you are alone.

A little more friendly intimacy with one another, a few more benevolent smiles, a trifling bit of consolation, and a few small words of encouragement scattered here and there as you go along the beaten pathway would in a generation lighten sorrowing hearts, make the world brighter and better, and possibly move it closer to heaven.

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Youth fades, love droops,  
The leaves of friendship fall.  
A mother's secret hope  
Outlives them all.

—N. P. Willis.

# OKLAHOMA AFLOAT AGAIN

(Selected)

The U. S. Battleship Oklahoma, 26 months ago a capsized hulk on the bottom of Pearl Harbor, rode proudly at anchor preparing to make the Japanese pay double.

In a bulletin a few days ago, the navy disclosed that the 29,000-ton dread-nought, one of the five sunk or damaged Dec. 7, 1941 was "once more afloat" and that the staggering task of salvage was nearly completed.

There was no indication when the big ship would swing into action, but it was presumed that she had been modernized to make her a doubly formidable foe for the enemy who through the surprised barrage of aerial torpedo bombs had finished her.

Of the 19 U. S. vessels sent to the bottom or damaged in the Dec. 7 disaster, all but the battleship Arizona

and the target ship Utah have left the harbor repaired and under their own power.

Salvage work was started in July, 1942 but it was not until May nearly a year later the great vessel moved raised and righted. Finally she moved slowly down the harbor and nosed into the drydock.

The Oklahoma's new commander, Solomon Isquith, Brooklyn, N. Y., formerly of the Utah, reported that her engines "were in good shape"

'Built in 1914 at Camden, N. J., the Oklahoma fought in the last war with the Atlantic fleet. After the peace conference, she acted as escort for the liner George Washington which brought President Wilson back to the United States. She was modernized once before at the cost of \$7,000,000.

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In olden days people did not worry about money, because there wasn't any. They traded things. For example; if one family had more of something than he needed he would trade with someone who had something that he wanted, this was called barter.

Romans measured their wealth by the number of oxen they had. Indian money was beads, buckskins, feathers, and shells called wampum. Cowry shells were used in Africa and Hindustan, salt, rice, tea, dates, and ivory were also used for money.

Iron was used for money but it did not prove to be good because it was too heavy, then gold and silver were used. They were better because they were more durable and precious also more easily stamped.

These are different units of money; the Hebrew shekel, Anglo - Saxon - mark, English pound, and Italian lira. In Virginia tobacco was used for money and also for paying taxes and debts.

# THE ONWARD AND UPWARD PUSH

(Selected)

The way of life and of religion is ever onward and upward. This inner urge becomes most important in the processes of the ages. The book of nature opens wide about man and speaks to him a various language. But superior to the book of nature is the divine revelation full of life in all its manifestation. We are told, "God breathed into man the breath of life and man became a living soul." Life is God's unique gift; it is not for man to remain in the dust and to be content in a fixed abode. He thinks, he admires, he aspires, he plans, he achieves, determined to rise above the dead level of the earth.

The progress of mankind, as portrayed in the Bible, is a record of man acting as did Abraham who went

out not knowing whither he went. The record of patriarchs, those ancient pioneers of destiny, tells of their continuous moving onward and upward to possess the land. The inner compulsion and the keen sense of God urged these migrant peoples to press on with a marvelous sense of high destiny, constraining them to secure the highest earth has to offer. Such spiritual pioneers in the home, the school and in the church are the chief need in every land in every age. The outreach for loftier levels and larger conquest has always been characteristic of those girded by God, even though they knew him not. The spiritual constrains and the lure of worlds on high hold a dominant place in the conquest of the Christian world.

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Whom, then, do I call educated? First, those who manage well the circumstances which they encounter day by day and who possess a judgment which is accurate in meeting occasions as they arise and rarely misses the expedient course of action; next those who are decent and honorable in their intercourse with all men, bearing easily and good-naturedly what is unpleasant or offensive in others, and being themselves as agreeable and reasonable to their associates as it is humanly possible to be; furthermore, those who hold their pleasures always under control and are not unduly overcome by their misfortunes, bearing up under them bravely and in a manner worthy of our common nature; finally and most important of all, those who are not spoiled by their successes and who do not desert their true selves but hold their ground steadfastly as wise and sober-minded men rejoicing no more in the good things which have come to them through chance than in those which through their own nature and intelligence are theirs since birth. Those who have a character which is in accord, not with one of these things, but with all of them—these I maintain are educated and whole men, possessed of all the virtues of a man.—Scottish Rite Sun.

## INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Wyatt and his metal shop boys are doing a fine job of rebuilding metallic storage bins used at the bakery.

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All fire extinguishers at the School were recently repaired and re-charged. As a better means of fire protection, this is done each year.

—:—

The boys in our textile plant are now busy weaving hickory shirting. This material will be used in making shirts for the boys.

—:—

Our entire "family" enjoyed fine beef dinners over the last week-end. This meat, of unusually fine quality, was the product of our own herd of Hereford cattle.

—:—

Our farm forces began harvesting oats in earnest last Wednesday. From the appearance of the crop, a good yield will result. The oats is being cut by reapers and shocked, and will be threshed later.

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Mr. O. G. Reynolds, superintendent of public welfare in Rockingham recently reported that Robert Quick, of that city, had been in the United States Army for nine months. A re-

port on Jack Sutherland, of Concord, coming from Mr. E. Farrell White, superintendent of public welfare, states that this lad is now in the United States Navy. These names have been added to the list of former boys in service which may be seen elsewhere in this issue.

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At the regular weekly motion picture show last Thursday night, the boys enjoyed seeing "Chatter Box," featuring Joe E. Brown and Judy Canova. This is a Republic production.

—:—

A tonsil clinic has been under way among our boys for the past two weeks. At this writing thirty-two boys have had their tonsils removed. This work is being done at the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, by Dr. R. B. Rankin, specialist, of Concord. The lads thus operated upon have been returned to the School. Those in the first and second groups have fully recuperated and are now back in their respective cottages, while those in the third and fourth groups are in our infirmary, and will soon be discharged.

It is expected this work will be completed next week, at which time twenty more youngsters will be permanently "divorced" from their tonsils.

While the tonsil clinic is usually held in early summer, there are frequently cases at other times during



the year which demand immediate attention, and are cared for as the emergency requires.

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The daily papers carry hundreds of pictures and write-ups of what the men in various branches of service are doing in our war effort, and quite frequently we note items concerning former Jackson Training School students. In the Charlotte Observer of May 16th, there appeared a picture of Hoyette Hudson, a former member of the Cottage No. 9 group, together with news of some of his activities while stationed in England. The paper quoted from a letter written to his brother who is stationed at Camp McKall.

Hoyette is in the Army Air Corps, a member of the crew on a Liberator bomber, and has attained the rank of sergeant. In the letter to his brother he stated that he had quite a few missions to his credit and so far had managed to escape injury. Hoyette has been in the Army about nineteen months and has been overseas four months.

This young man entered the School, December 15, 1934 and was permitted to return to his home in Charlotte, April 5, 1936. His mother still lives in Charlotte. His father died since the boy left the School.

While here with us, Hoyette was employed on the barn force, where he made a good record. He entered the fourth grade and was in the seventh at the time of leaving. Having made a satisfactory record at home, he was given an honorable discharge in the Spring of 1940. He is now twenty-three years old.

We are delighted to announce that Hoyt W. Rogers, of Concord, another of our old boys, has made a fine record as a member of the Army Air Corps. The Concord Daily Tribune, issue of May 17th, carried a most interesting article concerning the fine record this lad has made. Hoyt recently returned to the States and is spending a furlough with relatives in Concord. He is now a staff sergeant, and was a waist gunner on a B-17 Flying Fortress. While on a mission over France, November 22, 1943, he was severely wounded. He has forty-three bombing missions to his credit. Going overseas in April, 1943, he immediately became very busy, taking part in missions over Germany, France, Greece, Austria, and Italy. Hoyt has won several decorations, among them being the Purple Heart, for wounds received in action; the Air Medal with six oak leaf clusters; and two bronze battle stars on his campaign ribbon. Following his injury in November, he was kept in a hospital until March 30, 1944, when he went back to try another fling at the Germans, but two missions proved that he would have to be assigned to other duty. At the expiration of his 23-day leave with his parents in Concord, Hoyt expects to go to Miami Beach, Florida, and from there to another hospital for further treatment. He has been in the service of his country since 1940.

Hoyt entered the School, December 16, 1935 and remained here until February 20, 1937, at which time he was conditionally released to return to his home. For some time thereafter he was an enrollee in a CCC camp. During his stay with us he was in Cottage No. 3 and worked on the barn force.

He was a very dependable boy and made a very good record while here. Having continued his good record after leaving the School, he was granted an honorable discharge, July 8, 1938.

This young man has many friends at the School who are proud of the very fine record he has made as a member of Uncle Sam's fighting forces, and we trust he will soon be able to overcome injuries received in action and be in first-class condition again.

—:—

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, visited the School last Sunday afternoon, bringing with him as guest speaker for the regular service, Dr. A. P. Wilson, pastor of the First Christian Church of that city. For the Scripture Lesson, Dr. Wilson and the boys read the 138th Psalm responsively. By way of getting better acquainted, the speaker taught the boys the chorus of a song called "Inside and Outside." It had quite a catchy tune, and in just a few moments they were singing it as well the ones they have known for a long time.

The speaker began his remarks by telling the boys that instead of preaching a sermon, he was going to have a little talk with them, and would later tell them a story. Being a native of Australia, he said, he thought they might like to hear a story of that country.

The subject of his message was just two words, "Hard Luck," and he went on to explain that hard luck does not play such an important part

in people's lives as many of them think.

The speaker began by calling attention to the fact that many people are very superstitious, and listed some of their pet superstitions as follows: There is the familiar Black Cat superstition. To have a black cat cross their paths is a bad omen to some persons, and we often see them turn their hats around in order to break the spell. We know of others who consider it good luck to find a horse-shoe. The finder is supposed to throw it and make a wish, which is supposed to come true. The old rabbit-foot superstition is another popular one. The left hind foot of a rabbit, killed in a graveyard, is considered by some to be a good luck charm. Then we sometimes see people cross their fingers for luck in a venture they are about to undertake. While we laugh at these things, many of us, deep down in our hearts, sometimes think there may be something to them.

Dr. Wilson then told the boys that many people think life is made up of either good or bad luck, and some just sit around and wait for good luck to come their way. Opportunity, he added, never comes that way. A chance to do something really worthwhile does not come to anybody who has not prepared himself to be ready for it. If a person were not ready, the opportunity would be of no use when it did come. In commenting upon this fact, the speaker told his listeners that when he was young he studied several foreign languages, and reached the point where he could read and speak them quite fluently. He then gave them up. A few years later he had an opportunity to obtain a

position in Europe as an interpreter, but could not accept it. Because of the fact that he had stopped studying and speaking those languages, he was not ready when he had a chance to use his knowledge of them.

The speaker stated that we should not blame what we call luck for everything that goes wrong. A failure is usually ten per cent bad luck and ninety per cent bad management. He then told this baseball story: A member of the old St. Louis Browns, whom he called "Red," once hit a ball right on the nose, but it struck a little stone and caromed off into the center fielder's hands, and he was thrown out at third base. "Just my hard luck," said Red to the coach. The coach did not agree, and asked Red these questions: "When you hit the ball, why did you stop and look where it was going? Why did you lose time by swinging around first and second bases on the wrong foot? Why did you slow up at second base and try to see how far the ball was going? Why did you slide right into the third-baseman instead of making a hook slide? The point of the story is that if Red had not made even one of those four mistakes he would have reached third base safely and if he had not made any of them, he could have reached home. What he

considered hard luck was simply making mistakes.

Many boys present, continued Dr. Wilson, have often said, "That's just my heard luck," when if the truth were known, bad management caused them to fail. If a boy or man sows wild oats, that's exactly the kind of crop he will harvest. He urged the boys to forget hard luck and use hard work instead. If this is done, nothing can cause failure.

In conclusion, Dr. Wilson told the boys something of his native land, Australia, stating that it was a land where swans were black and Christmas comes in the middle of the summer. He told them of a kangaroo hunt in a most interesting manner, and pointed out some of the characteristics of that strange animal. A kangaroo instead of running like other animals, travels by leaps and bounds, often leaping as far as twenty feet, and can easily outdistance a fast horse.

We were very glad to have Dr. Wilson with us on this occasion. His message to the boys was helpful and interesting, and his ability as a story teller made a decided "hit" with the lads. We wish to take this opportunity to assure him that we thoroughly enjoyed his initial visit, and hope he may be able to come to the School again during his stay in Charlotte.

---

Build it well whate'er you do;  
 Build it straight and strong and true;  
 Build it clean and high and broad;  
 Build it for the eye of God.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending May 28, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

David Perkins

## COTTAGE NO. 1

(No Honor Roll)

## COTTAGE NO. 2

Charles Byrd  
Cecil Caldwell  
Kenneth Caldwell  
Thomas Furr  
Rudy Hardy  
Delmas Jerrell  
J. T. Jacobs  
Chester Lee  
John McLean  
Jesse Peavy  
John Pritchard  
Jack Ray  
James Sneed  
Ezzell Stansbury

## COTTAGE NO. 3

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE NO. 4

William Brooks  
Clyde Brown  
Robert Blackwelder  
Leroy Childers  
John Fine  
George Hawks  
James Hill  
Roy Miller  
Paul Stone  
Edgar Shell  
Roy Swink  
Clifford Shull  
John R. Smith  
J. R. Truitt  
Lawrence Walker  
Garnet Quesinberry

## COTTAGE NO. 5

Robert Wilkins

## COTTAGE NO. 6

Vernon Foster  
Keith Futch  
Donald Griffie  
Robert Gaylor  
Jack Hensley

Stanford McLean  
Robert Peavy  
Lawrence Temple  
Leroy Wilkins

## COTTAGE NO. 7

Max Brown  
Charles Cox  
Charles Edwards  
Robert Helms  
Ned Metcalf  
Eugene Murphy  
Jack Phillips  
Marion Todd  
Richard Tullock

## COTTAGE NO. 8

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE NO. 9

Isaac Mahaffey  
Jack Oliver  
Edward Renfro  
J. B. Wilson

## COTTAGE NO. 10

Jack Clifton  
Robert Hamm  
Arcemias Hefner  
Alfred Lamb  
W. C. Mills  
Gerald McCullom

## COTTAGE NO. 11

Robert Buchanan  
Leon Rose  
Robert Yow

## COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE NO. 13

(No Honor Roll)

## COTTAGE NO. 14

Everett Bowden  
Clyde Bustle  
Eugene Connell  
Paul Childers  
Hugh Cornwell  
William Ferguson

John Holder  
 Roy Monoley  
 Troy Morris  
 Melbert Rice  
 Bruce Sawyer  
 Grover Shuler  
 Lester Williams

**COTTAGE NO. 15**

Thomas Bumgarner  
 Jack Benfield  
 Robert Bluester  
 Lee Hollifield  
 James Knight

David Lewis  
 Harvey Leonard  
 Olin Wishon

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

Jack Bailey  
 Peter Chavis  
 Alton Hammond  
 R. C. Hoyle  
 W. C. McManus

**INFIRMARY**

Roland McNeill  
 Lloyd Sain

---

**WHY I'M BUYING A BOND**

I'm Buying a Bond from a grand, old concern,  
 Of which every free man has heard;  
 A gilt-edged investment with splendid return,  
 And a bonus of—U. S. Preferred;  
 And with it I'm buying a share of the thing  
 That I'm fearful will vanish away—  
 The Birthright of Freedom, to which I must cling—  
 So I'm Buying a Bond—today.

I'm making a purchase that you will admit,  
 Is a token of faith—Yours and Mine;  
 Of value, exceeding the trifling bit  
 That's noted in graven design;  
 And high above par in Honor and Pride,  
 With the backing of all that is dear;  
 And a tower of strength—should the despot decide  
 To prove that it—Can Happen Here!

I'm Buying a Bond—perhaps two or three,  
 Or more, for the moment is grave;  
 Yet, I'd much rather a thousand times be  
 My own man, though poor—than a slave;  
 I want to hold fast to my cherished ideals  
 And all of which I am fond,  
 With courage to face what the morrow reveals—  
 That's why—I'm Buying a Bond!

—Adam N. Reiter.



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# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 10, 1944

No. 23



“Flag of the free, fairest to see,  
Born 'mid the strife and the tumult of war;  
Banner so bright with starry light,  
Float ever proudly from mountain to shore.”

PUBLISHED BY  
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND  
INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## "IT'S JUST A PIECE OF CLOTH"

That is all it is—just a piece of cloth. But when a little breeze comes along, it stirs and comes to life, and flutters and snaps in the wind, all red and white and blue! And then you realize that no other piece of cloth could be like it.

It has your whole life wrapped up in it—the meals you eat; the time you spend with your family; the kind of things your boy and girl learn at school; the strange and wonderful thoughts you get in church on Sunday.

Those stars in it—they make you feel just as free as the stars in the wide, deep night. And those stripes—they are bars of blood to any dictator who would try to change this way of life.

Just a piece of cloth, that is all—until you put your soul into it, and give it a meaning. Then it is a symbol of liberty, and decency, and fair-dealing for everyone. It is just a piece of cloth until we breathe life into it; until we make it stand for everything we believe in, and refuse to live without.

—Westinghouse Magazine

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## BOYS ADMITTED TO CHURCH MEMBERSHIP

On Sunday evening, June 4th, forty boys from the Training School were baptized and admitted to membership in the First Baptist Church of Concord. This was an unusual experience for these boys, fluence of this experience will manifest itself here at the School and in the individual lives of these boys.

This event has been in process of preparation over a period of several weeks and was due primarily to the efforts of Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church. For a number of years Rev. Mr. Summers has been preaching to the boys on the second Sunday of every other month, and he is thoroughly familiar with the Training School boys. He seemed to have the conviction that merely preaching to the boys here from Sunday to Sunday and not following it up with some definite church vows or pledges was

not doing enough and that the boys should have the privilege of being baptized and becoming church members, The results were very inspiring and encouraging.

The officials at the Training School are very grateful to Rev. Mr. Summers and the members of the First Baptist Church for this voluntary effort on their part and their willingness to assist these boys in this undertaking. It was a very fine gesture on their part toward the Training School, and no doubt many of the boys will always remember what this church has done for them. The plan is for these boys to retain their membership at this church until they are permitted to go to their homes, when they will then have the opportunity of transferring their church letters to their home churches. There is every reason to believe that this will offer one of the strong ties between the boys here and their home communities and no doubt many of these fine boys, because of this experience in their lives, will be able to offer a wholesome influence in the homes to which they return. No doubt, other boys at the School will follow the example of these boys and probably other denominations will want to undertake the same sort of thing.

In the church bulletin of the First Baptist Church, June 4th, we find the following statement:

#### **“A Happy Privilege”**

“Today our church has the privilege of offering a church home to a large group of the boys at Jackson Training School, and also the privilege of gladly receiving them, after baptism upon their personal profession of faith in the Lord Jesus as their Savior, into the fellowship of our church. During our recent revival meeting, through the invitation and cooperation of Superintendent Hawfield, a special service was held, with Brother Herring bringing the gospel message, at the Training School. These boys came forward there, openly confessing their sins, accepting Christ as their Savior and asking membership in our church.

“In the past weeks your pastor, Mr. Hawfield, the officers in charge of the cottages, and other Christian workers at the School have dealt with these boys, watched their conduct, and have become thoroughly satisfied relative to the sincerity and Christian purpose of those fine boys. On last Sunday, Deacons Puckett, Snyder and Wall and Mesdames Wall and Summers, together with the pastor, heard the

statements and requests of these boys, and heartily recommend that the following boys be received as candidates for baptism and church membership. The names (40 in number) are as follows:

- |                     |                  |
|---------------------|------------------|
| Bailey, Robert      | Horne, McIver    |
| Baumgardner, Thomas | Lackey, Ray      |
| Brigman, Earl       | Long, Bobby Lee  |
| Brown, Clyde Worth  | Lynn, Samuel     |
| Case, Joseph, Jr.   | Morris, Troy     |
| Caldwell, Kenneth   | Myers, Amos      |
| Cayton, J. C.       | McMahan, James   |
| Cox, Charles        | Neagle, Walter   |
| Cox, George         | Pate, Carlton    |
| Daye, Billy Ray     | Phillips, Jack   |
| Duckworth, Herschel | Reed, Hilton     |
| Eaton, David        | Roland, Charles  |
| Ewing, Erwin        | Ruff, Tommy      |
| Gaylor, Robert      | Sneed, Jimmy     |
| Gilmore, Earl       | Temple, Lawrence |
| Griffie, Donald     | Tew, Brady Lee   |
| Guyton, George      | Walls, William   |
| Hensley, Jack       | Wilkins, Leroy   |
| Hensley, Robert     | Wishon, Olin     |
| Hill, James         | Young, Theodore  |

\* \* \* \* \*

### KEEPING THE STARS AND STRIPES GLORIOUS

The message prepared by Commander F. W. Galbraith, Jr., of the American Legion, a few days before his tragic death in 1921, was one worthy of careful consideration. It was written for Flag Day; but before that day arrived, Commander Galbraith met his death in an automobile accident. What the American Flag means to one who has followed it in service, and how much it should mean to every citizen of this country, may be learned from his words:

“Flags are like people. They are full of personality, endowed with characteristics, traditions, ideals,—and faults.

“These qualities Flags borrow from the nations they represent, the peoples over whom they wave. If a nation is great and benign, striving to make the Golden Rule an international tenet, then is the Flag of that nation a glorious emblem and a symbol of right and truth. But if the nation is a mean, a jealous, and untrustworthy group, then its flag is only a bit of colored cloth.

“Down through the ages men have fashioned banners, have marched beneath them into battle and toiled beneath them in time of peace. They have died for their flags. Flags have been the first bright thing which the child has thrilled with recognition, the last thing taken by the soldier to his grave.

“But is the flag worthy of such reverence? Only, indeed, if those who revere it have a group conscience and a group aspiration to be honorable and just.

“Our Flag was born when the nation was an infant. The breeze that first rippled its starry folds brought whisperings of troubled events, violence and bloodshed. But our Flag lives on, to see the nation live and grow and prosper. Our Flag has been carried into many battles but never on the side of conquest. It has known grave dangers but never has been sullied by a national shame.

This Flag that ripples in the wind today is worthy of our reverence because we of this nation have striven, and always must strive, to keep our ideals lofty. Today we will pledge again our love for our Flag and our firm purpose to serve it. Our pledge, made today, will keep the Stars and Stripes glorious.”

\* \* \* \* \*

### EXCERPTS FROM THE GOVERNOR'S ADDRESS

In an address by Governor J. Melville Broughton to the graduating class of the Kannapolis High School, he made many comments worthy of note relative to education. He was not oblivious to the activities of this city, recognized for its manufacturing on a large scale, and emphasized the same, but at the same time kept as the keynote of his address the value of an education, including physical culture and vocational training. We quote:

“While a community may be justly proud of its large industries and stores, its inherent greatness really lies in its schools, libraries and churches, which furnish what the Scriptures term the more abundant life.

“Every child should be examined by a physician and when any defect is found that might break out in future years, it should be corrected at the state's expense if his parents cannot afford it. Our hospitals are filled with people kept there at public expense who might not be there if their parents had had the money years before to remedy the situation.

"We cannot go on simply turning out school football teams and substitutes. We need athletic programs for all our students.

"There are too many people just out of high school and college incapable of doing any skilled work. In this war our Army and Navy has to teach men trades that our schools have not taught them. A Raleigh boy of my acquaintance finished high school with saxophone. The Army has taught him the mysteries of radar and now he is a technician directing artillery out of sight of its target."

\* \* \* \* \*

### JUNK PILE NECESSARY

Everybody knows the meaning of the expression "the junk pile." It is a place, that without going into details, soon grows beyond all proportion, because there's not a day passes without finding something in the home, in the basement or the yard, that finds its way to the junk pile. If the yard and the home are to be kept clear of rubbish, a place of this sort is absolutely necessary, and the next move is to call the junk man to clear up conditions. In plain English, this is a true meaning of a place to throw material that is not usable, or desirable to have around. A home and its environments that are orderly and clean make living conditions more attractive and pleasant.

It would be nice if it were humanly possible to have an imaginary junk pile wherein we could cast aside our petty jealousies and unkind feelings. This would clear up conditions, and there would be more love, followed by a fine feeling of good fellowship among men and nations. The best way to overcome feelings that bestir people to make unkind remarks is not to magnify little differences, and to count ten before repeating anything detrimental. There would be no trouble if it were possible to junk all bad thoughts. Love is the panacea for all evils. There is no room in the life of a truly big person for petty gossip.

# FLAG DAY

By Mrs. J. A. Yarbrough

Today Old Glory celebrates its one hundred and sixty-seventh birthday.

It was on June 14, 1777, that the Continental Congress passed the resolution that the flag of the United States "be 13 stripes, alternate red and white, that the union be 13 stars, white in a field of blue."

Never in all the 167 years of existence of the national emblem have the American people been so flag conscious. Perhaps all of them not even yet stand at attention and salute the flag as it goes by. Nor does every man remove his hat and every woman her glove from her right hand before saluting. Some people still talk and hastily gather up their belongings while the colors are being retired on public occasions. Others chatter vigorously through the singing of the Star Spangled Banner.

It will take more time, especially for older people, to overcome the disrespect of a life time in regard to the United States flag, but it is certain that as the nation celebrates Flag Day today the banner of freedom more than ever before will be in the hearts and minds of Americans.

Numerous incidents have revealed an increasing concern that our flag be accorded utmost respect.

Several months ago a storm of protest came from women all over this nation when a popular magazine decorated its cover with a small dog wearing a blanket made of a United States flag. Likewise they protested against costume jewelry replicas of our flag for use as a hair

and lapel ornaments, brooches, buckles for belts and shoes.

In a patriotic pageant presented last fall a young girl representing Liberty appeared on the stage with a flag draped around her shoulders. With gasps of consternation several women in the audience arose, hurried behind the scenes and when the curtain again lifted the young lady held a flag in her hands.

Such circumstances, however minor, show that American citizens are on the alert as never before to correct an apparent misuse of our flag.

Exactly twenty-eight years ago President Woodrow Wilson issued the proclamation which made Flag Day, June 14th, a day of national observance.

For more than thirty years efforts along this line had resulted in celebration of the day in schools and by patriotic organizations but President Wilson's action in 1916 made the observance national in scope. Needless to say this year's celebrations will be more significant and important than ever before.

It is customary to think of our flag with its "broad stripes and bright stars" as belonging to a very distant past and it is interesting at this particular time to know that only thirty years ago did it assume its present, permanent form. On this Flag Day, June 14, 1944, it is timely to look back and see how we got our national banner.

The flag raised at Cambridge, Mass., by General Washington, January 2, 1776, bore 13 alternating red and white

stripes representing the colonies, while the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew on a blue field symbolized their allegiance to Great Britain. The Declaration of Independence eliminated this design and Congress decided upon the 13 stripes and 13 stars.

The first display of the new flag was at Fort Stanwix, N. Y., August 3, 1777. Tradition has it that an officer's coat furnished the blue; a soldier's shirt, the white; a woman's petticoat, the red.

In 1795, after the admission of Vermont and Kentucky, Congress ordered the design changed to 15 stripes and 15 stars. In 1818 it was changed back to 13 stripes with a star to be added as each new state was admitted.

During President Grover Cleveland's administration in 1896 the stars were first placed in rows but it was not until 1912 that by executive order of President W. H. Taft the fixed arrangement of six rows of eight stars each, representing the states in the order of their admission to the Union, gave us our flag as we have it today.

Controversy has raged for years about the maker of the first Stars and Stripes but it remains an unsolved mystery of the impenetrable past. There is no doubt, however about the identity of the person who first displayed it in America's navy. It was the daring young Scotchman. John Paul Jones, whose life was so interlinked with North Carolina. Adopting America as his home, he fought brilliantly in the Revolution and was called the "Father of the American Navy." The flag he flew on the Bon Homme Richard in that spectacular victory off the coast of Scotland bore thirteen red and white stripes and 12 stars on a field of blue.

The inspiring name of Old Glory was given to the American flag by Captain William Driver of Salem, Mass., in 1831. The words were his salute to a beautiful new flag presented to his ship when starting on a voyage around the world. Wherever he sailed it went with him. It passed through dramatic days in the War Between the States and twenty-two years ago was placed in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D. C.

Many rare flags are on display in the Smithsonian but most interesting of all is the huge Star Spangled Banner which flew over Fort McHenry and inspired Francis Scott Key to write the verses which became America's national anthem. It is the fifteen-star-and-stripe flag of 1795 designed after Vermont and Kentucky had entered the Union. It plainly shows the results of the attack upon Fort McHenry but it has been carefully mended, stretched on a wall and covered with glass. It is the greatest relic of the War of 1812 and one to be treasured by every American citizen.

Information of Francis Scott Key gathered recently is of deep interest at this time when on every hand we see the folds of the Star Spangled Banner "so gallantly streaming" and constantly hear the strains of that stirring song.

This information dispels the generally accepted idea that Key's composition of the song was due to an impulse of the moment when he saw the flag still flying after a night of terrific bombardment.

All his life Francis Scott Key was being prepared for that moment—be inheritance, by training and by environment. He was born August 1, 1779, near Pipe Creek in Carroll county

Maryland, a portion of Frederick county while the new county was still in the grasp of the Revolutionary war. His childhood was spent at his father's plantation in an atmosphere charged with new and vigorous patriotism. His father, John Ross Key, had marched with General Washington to Boston as a lieutenant at the outbreak of the war.

General Washington had been a guest of Grandfather Ross at his home "Belvoir" and Francis had gazed with pride at the room in which the general spent the night. When Francis was nine years of age Washington took the oath of office and became the first President of the United States. Thus his early years were spent among men imbued with the desire to serve their country.

While preparing for college Francis lived a few miles outside of Annapolis with his grandmother, the daughter of General Ross of Revolutionary fame. He graduated from St. John's in the famous class known as the 10th Legion because of its brilliancy. He practiced law in Fredicksburg, later forming a partnership with his uncle, Philip Barton Key, and moved to Georgetown, where his home is still standing.

When the British in 1814 marched upon Washington and burned many buildings including the White House, they carried away Dr. William Beanes, charging him with discourtesy. Young Key, a friend of the doctor and a United States agent hurried after the British to seek Dr. Beanes release. Under a flag of truce they went on a United States vessel to the British fleet where their mission ended successfully.

But because of an impending attack

on Fort McHenry they were held as prisoners on the British warship and later on their own vessel under guard. There they witnessed the all night bombardment and on the morning of September 14, "by the dawn's early light" they saw the Stars and Stripes still waving.

In the fervor of the moment Francis Scott Key commenced to write some lines on the back of a letter he had in his pocket. He finished it on the boat on his way to shore and after reaching Baltimore made a copy for the printers. In less than half an hour after it reached their hands it was all over town and was hailed with great enthusiasm.

The words fitted the tune of a popular song of the day, Anacreon in Heaven, composed by John Stafford Smith. On March 3, 1931, by Congressional action and over the signature of President Herbert Hoover, the Star Spangled Banner became the national anthem of the United States.

Francis Scott Key never lost the patriotism with which he was imbued during his childhood days and he served his country in many capacities. He died in 1843 and was buried at Frederick, Md., where the Star Spangled Banner always waves above his grave.

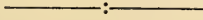
Many claimants have appeared as the originator of Flag Day, but it is very well established that B. J. Cigrand, of Fredonia, Wis., was principally responsible because of his pioneer effort in the Eighties.

The Pledge of Allegiance also has many claimants it is generally conceded that Frank Bellamy, a school boy of Cherryvale, Kansas, wrote the pledge in the exact words in which it is used today. It was first used in 1892.



A national creed to emphasize the duties and obligations of citizenship originated with Henry S. Chaplain. With the approval of the President of the United States he inaugurated a

nation-wide contest through the press. The author of the American's creed and winner of the contest was William Tyler Page of Friendship Heights, Md.



### THE OLD FLAG FOREVER

She's up there—Old Glory—  
 Where lightnings are sped;  
 She dazzles the nations  
 With ripples of red;  
 And she'll wave for us living,  
 Or droop o'er us dead—  
 The flag of our country forever!

She's up there—Old Glory—  
 How bright the stars gleam!  
 And the stripes, like red  
 Signals of liberty stream!  
 And we dare for her, living  
 Or dream the last dream  
 'Neath the flag of our country forever

She's up there—Old Glory—  
 No tyrant-dealt scars,  
 Nor blur on her brightness,  
 No stain on her stars!  
 The brave blood of heroes  
 Hath crimsoned her bars—  
 She's the flag of our country forever!

—Selected.

# OLD GLORY

By Margaret E. Poindexter

In the early history of our country the love of the Flag was strong in Americans hearts. The colonists had to choose between liberty and danger of destruction, and they chose liberty and faced the danger. That is the spirit that gave birth to our Flag—"Liberty and justice for all"—Down through the years we have kept the faith.

The Flag has no meaning save what we the people give it. It speaks for us, blending into one mighty force our joy and hope, our love and pride. The heroic deed of Sergeant Jasper, when he leaped over the parapet and in a storm of shot and shell rescued the colors, will ever be remembered.

"Here's to the red of it,  
There's not a thread of it,  
No, nor a shred of it,  
From foot to head,  
But heroes bled for it,  
Faced lead and steel for it,  
Precious blood for it,  
Bathing it red."

It was in June, 1777, that a committee composed of General Washington, Robert Morris and Colonel Ross was appointed by Congress to design a Flag. Washington, so the story goes, made a rough sketch and took it to Mrs. Betsy Ross, an upholsterer, on Arch street, Philadelphia "I'll try," said Betsy Ross, when asked if she could make a flag according to the design.

She was not awed by General Washington and suggested to him that five pointed stars would be pret-

tier than those with six points. And from that day to this the stars in the American Flag have had five points. Mrs. Ross succeeded so well with her project that the name of Betsy Ross is remembered throughout the United States as the maker of the American Flag.

June 14 of that same year 1777 was designated by Congress as "Flag Day" and has so been observed since.

It was a famous New England skipper Captain Driver of Salem, Mass., who first nicknamed the Flag "Old Glory." Captain Driver was presented a large American Flag just as he was setting sail from Salem in the brig Charles Doggett in the year 1831. As the Flag was raised aloft, Captain Driver doffed his cap and christened it "Old Glory" a name he ever after used for it.

He was known as "Old Glory" Driver from that time; and when, during the War Between the States he found himself in Nashville Tenn., he had the old Flag quilted inside a comforter, lest his neighbor take it away from him. Search as they would they were never able to lay hands on "Old Glory." But when peace was restored, Captain Driver, true to his word, carried the Flag to the Capitol building, in Nashville, and it was soon waving over the city. "Now that 'Old Glory' is up there, gentlemen, I am ready to die."

With great pride, "Old Glory" has waved in the joy of its people and the terror of its enemies.

To John Paul Jones is given the honor of first displaying the Flag

at sea. He unfurled the new Flag from the "Ranger," August 2, 1777 when he took command of the warship. "Old Glory" fluttered from the mast-head of the first vessel ever propelled by steam, Robert Fulton's famous Clermont, on her successful trip up the Hudson.

After the United States and half a dozen European powers had put down the Boxer Rebellion and restored order in China, it was the first Flag to be planted in Peking the capital.

It was the first Flag unfurled by Robert Peary, when he reached the North Pole.

It was carried by Wilbur Wright on his memorable first successful flight in France.

It was the first Flag adopted by the people of Hawaii, when a republican form of government was instituted in that island.

These are but a few scattered incidents in a glorious record of accom-

plishment, a record to be proud of.

No stain has ever marred the American Flag. Its stars are undimmed by any cloud. To champion the cause of the weak and the oppressed and to spread liberty, enlightenment and happiness has ever been its mission.

Wherever the Flag flies today, it is there by right—or it would not be there. At home or abroad, wherever blow the trade winds of the world it is a plea for law and order.

"Your Flag and my Flag,  
And oh! how much it holds—  
Your land and my land  
Secure within its folds.  
Your Flag and my Flag  
A glory in the sky,  
Your hope and my hope,  
It never hid a lie.  
In homeland and far land  
And half the world around  
'Old Glory' hear our glad salute  
And ripples to the sound."

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Question not, but live and labor,  
Till your goal be won,  
Helping every feeble neighbor,  
Seeking help from none;  
Life is mostly froth and bubble,  
Two things stand out like stone—  
Kindness in another's trouble,  
Courage in our own.

—Selected.

# THE BIRTHDAY OF OUR FLAG

By O. Ernest McCurry

When the English colonists came to America they brought with them the flag of their mother country, the "English Jack" and to it they gave their allegiance for over one hundred years.

But when James II abdicated in 1688, many of the colonies took advantage of the change, and began to adopt flags of their own. These flags were symbols, not only of their struggles with the wilderness of the new world, but also of their growing feeling for independence. The first colonial flag was adopted by the New England group. It was red with a white field quartered by the red cross of St. George, and in another one of the quarters was a picture of a pine tree, with the words: "An appeal to heaven." There were other symbolic flags such as the "Anchor" with the word, "Hope" and the "Rattlesnake" bearing the words, "Don't tread on me."

However, the first colonial flag having any general appeal and significance was the "Grand Union," sometimes called the "Congress Colors." It consisted of thirteen stripes, alternating red and white, representing the thirteen colonies, with a blue field in the upper left hand corner bearing the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George, indicating that the colonies had not yet severed relations with the mother country. This new American flag was first flown by the fleet in the Delaware River in December 1775, and on January 2, 1776 it became the flag of the Continental

army when it was hoisted above George Washington's headquarters at Cambridge Massachusetts. For this reason, it is oftentimes called the "Cambridge" or "Washington's Flag." It was the official colonial flag until June 14, 1777.

At that time, Congress authorized a new official national flag. In these darkest days following the Declaration of Independence our flag had its birth. In an effort to create a semblance of unity among the colonies, a distinguished committee, headed by George Washington, called on Betsy Ross, a needle woman of Philadelphia, and asked her to undertake the making of the flag. The Committee brought with them a rough sketch of the kind of flag they hoped would unite the efforts of the colonists. It was very similar to the Grand Union flag, the only change being that thirteen stars, representing the thirteen colonies, were substituted for the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George.

The efforts of both the flag committee and Betsy Ross were rewarded, when on June 14, 1777, Congress gave its unanimous approval of the new flag and ordered "that the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes alternate red and white; on a blue field, representing a new constellation,"

On that day, less than one year after the Declaration of Independence, the flag of our nation had its birth. But was not until 140 years afterward that its birthday was gen-

erally observed. Then President Woodrow Wilson proclaimed and set aside June 14 to be annually observed as Flag Day. On that day over one hundred and thirty million people will renew their loyalty and pledge their "allegiance to the flag of the United States of America, and to the republic for which it stands one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

What this day should mean to us

has been well expressed in the words of the Hon. Charles Evans Hughes, former Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court: "This flag means that you cannot be saved by the valor and devotion of your ancestors; that to each generation comes a patriotic duty; and that on your willingness to sacrifice and endure as they before you sacrificed and endured, rests the national hope." Let us always remember his words.

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#### A PRAYER FOR D-DAY

The Most Reverend Henry St. George Tucker, Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, and President of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, has sent out a prayer for the use of all Christians as the day of the invasion of the Continent of Europe approaches. The prayer reads as follows:

"Almighty and most merciful God, Father of all mankind, lover of every life, hear, we beseech Thee, the cry of Thy children in this dark hour of conflict and danger.

"Thou hast been the refuge and the strength, in all generations, of those who put their trust in Thee. May it please Thee this day to draw to Thyself the hearts of those who struggle and endure to the uttermost. Have mercy on them and suffer not their faith in Thee to fail. Guide and protect them by Thy light and strength that they may be kept from evil.

"May Thy comfort be sufficient for all who suffer pain or who wait in the agony of uncertainty.

"O righteous and omnipotent God, who, in their tragedies and conflicts, judges the hearts of men and the purpose of nations, enter into this struggle with Thy transforming power, that out of its anguish there may come a victory of righteousness. May there arise a new order which shall endure because in it Thy will shall be done in earth as it is in heaven. Forgive us and cleanse us, as well as those who strive against us, that we may be fit instruments of Thy purpose.

"Unto Thy most gracious keeping we commend our loved ones and ourselves, ascribing unto Thee all praise and glory, through Jesus Christ, Our Lord. Amen."

# STRIVING FOR A BETTER WORLD

By Rev. I. Malcom Lidstone

We are living in critical days—days on which the whole future of the world hinges. It is clear to thinking men that this world-wide conflict is preparing the way for some “new order.” Not, we pray, an order of tyranny and slavery but an order of truth, brotherhood and love—an order where-in dwelleth righteousness.

Today we are hearing of it from all angles. There is general agreement that the world of tomorrow will be and ought to be different from the world of today. Something new, better, more advanced, organically more sound, free and stronger must take the place of the past.

This vision of a new world order has been held by prophets and seers in all ages. We in turn have dreamed of this fair ideal. We did so when World War I was raging. We then held the thought of the new world that was to dawn. In the new world that was coming to birth things were to be different. A new and better civilization was to be built on the ruins of the old. This is what war always does. It quickens the impulse to the making of new worlds. It was after the fall of Rome that Augustine wrote his “City of God.”

But many of the dreams of nations and of individuals remain sadly unfulfilled. This is certainly true of our visions of 1914-18. Today we find ourselves fighting the same common enemy with our goal the same—the establishment of truth, liberty and justice. We are talking now as then of the “new order” that must be established when peace comes.

But like Nehemiah of old, our first concern must be the successful waging of the war. Amid all the talk of post-war problems, the new order, the Atlantic charter, we must never lose sight of the primary and immediate task of exterminating that “bad man” of Europe. That is our first charge.

Yet it is very important that all men of goodwill should be thinking of this new world and planning for it. We can hope for a new order after the war only if it is taking shape now. It is folly to suppose that the qualities required to restore civilization will be at our disposal when the war comes to an end, unless they have already begun to refashion our lives and our minds. To create and foster the spirit out of which the new world will come is something which we can do. It is not too early to think, to plan, and in some matters to make a beginning. We must have something to say and do about it now.

When the war ends weariness is apt to set in. The end of the war will provide an opportunity, that is all. It will not provide any guarantee of a new world. There will probably be a terrible orgy of revenge in Europe. The breakdown of a regime based on the concentration camp and the Gestapo may be the signal for a bloody revolt throughout Europe, too horrible to imagine. Who can say what the world will be like when the war is over?

One thing is certain—it will be different from 1939. It will be a devastated and tired world—revolutions

and bloodshed within national boundaries—a disorganized and poverty-stricken world, with new ideologies springing up. It will be a smaller world because of the way nations have grown together.

In the rebuilding of the world it will not be desirable that we restore things as they were. It must be said of the future temple of civilization, "the glory of this latter house shall be greater than the former and in this place will I give peace, said the Lord of hosts."

Surely that must be our aim in helping to rebuild a shattered world. As Lord Halifax recently said, "Although we see the war as one of liberation for the enslaved people, we also see it as a struggle to keep open the road from a Christian past to a more Christian future."

Upon what would you build the new order? Where is the sure foundation? The fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man are the only things that will suffice. What else can promote goodwill, inaugurate absolute justice, and establish peace on this troubled earth? The hope of the world remains where it always has been, loyalty to God's higher laws of righteousness and brotherhood. Again and again we are driven back to that foundation. All kinds of panaceas will be offered for the rebuilding of our tortured world but we must adhere to the plan of brotherhood. "See that thou make all things according to the pattern I gave thee in the mount."

The world has placed its highest value on material things for the purpose of construction. And we are witnessing at the present time how a civilization which is of things rather

than of the spirit, defeats itself. The world has forgotten that material things are only instruments and that it is only in the hands of just and upright men that these have any real value.

There is an urgent call today in all branches of our effort for skilled men. This call will be heard more than ever after the war is over. Only skilled and carefully trained men can build a better world. So let every man take heed how he buildeth. It is how we do our work that counts, the spirit we bring to our several offices.

It was not the two mites but the spirit of generosity back of them, not the cup of cold water but the spirit of service in it, not the costly vase of ointment but the spirit of consecration which elicited the Master's praise. It is this inner spirit which will determine whether our world shall be a temple or a shack. The need will be for craftsmen who are noted for their good workmanship and glowing zeal. The flame of faith must burn brilliantly.

There is more hope today for a new order than after the last war. All over the world men are thinking of these things. But let me say again that while striving for this better world we must first of all win the war. "We cannot accomplish a new world order and establish righteousness by fighting, but we have to fight to prevent the triumph of evil and to establish such conditions of free action that the kingdom of brotherhood may again rise in the earth."

There can be no peace until Hitlerism and its monstrous parasites are utterly obliterated and until the Prussian and Japanese militarists

have been taught in the only language they can understand that they will never again be afforded the opportunity of wrecking the lives of generation upon generation of men and women in every quarter of the globe.

When that time comes men of goodwill must be prepared and ready to build with vision afresh upon new and lasting foundations of liberty, morality, and justice. In the attainment of that great achievement the measure of our devotion will be the measure of the world's redemption.

Let us, therefore, courageously face both the present and the future, holding before ourselves the vision of the new world which by the grace of God shall be given us.

Give us, O God, the strength to build  
The city that hath stood  
Too long a dream, whose laws are love,  
Whose ways are brotherhood,  
And where the sun that shineth is  
God's Grace for human good.

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### BETSY ROSS

Just out of the history primly she comes,  
With slender pink fingers and deft little thumbs.  
She brings a bright needle—a skein of soft floss,  
A thimble and scissors, this quaint Betsy Ross.

She skillfully sews some long strips, red and white,  
And cuts with quick fingers five-pointed stars bright.  
Then puts all together, and with a proud toss,  
She holds up a banner, this quaint Betsy Ross.

Beloved Old Glory! So fearless and true,  
In bright starry splendor of red, white and blue,  
Forever your stars, with their beautiful gloss,  
Shall bring us sweet thought of our quaint Betsy Ross!

—Selected.



# FIFTY-TWO YEARS A FIREMAN ON THE S. A. L.

(Beasley's Weekly)

Old Jim Teal is a railroad man, a squat, shambling mahogany-colored Negro with the shoulders of a wrestler and a voice like Jack Benny's Rochester, says an article in the Atlanta Constitution.

He has been firing on the Seaboard for 52 years, the only man in the whole Georgia division from Birmingham to Abbeville entitled to wear the diamond button for 50 years service.

He has a letter that came with his diamond pin. It is a letter from the president of the railroad, and Jim is so proud of it he carries it in a double envelope in his battered old bag and he asks you to take it out and read it, for fear his hands may be dirty and smudge it.

It is full of nice words such as "gratitude for your long years of faithful service" and so on, but if you want to hear about old Jim Teal, the railroad man, you ask a man like Ed Cornely, the engineer, and he will tell you in words that Jim can better comprehend what kind of fireman Jim was in the old fist-firing days before the days of the stoker.

"He was as good," says Ed Cornely, "as ever guided his hand around the handle of a scoop, and I know what I am talking about, for it is the fireman who makes the engineer. He's got to keep that engine hot and that's the least of it. He's got to keep shaking the grates and cleaning out the ashpans and all the time watching out for the signals.

And no engineer ever made a record-breaking run unless he had a good fireman. Now Jim, you tell the man about yourself."

Jim took off his striped cap with the long bill and ran a hand like a black bunch of bananas across his shining head.

"Well, I tell you, I was a lil ole boy 'bout 14 years ole up in the country in South Carolina and my pappy and mammy was dead an' I run away from my aunty and got me a ijob flunkin' 'roun de yahds at Chester, S. C.

"I toted water an' helped out aroun' an' one day de man come to me an' said, 'Jim, you go down to the ballast pit an' fire that lil ole ballast engine an we give you a dollar a day.' So I went an' fired de lil ole ballast engine and before the man come an' say he want me to go to Elberton, Ga., an' fire on a lil ole passenger train run between Elberton and Atlanta, an' I fire on it for awhile and then they put me on a freight engine makin' the run from Abbeville to Atlanta and then they gave me a passenger run and I been firin' a passenger engine ever since. Firin' with a scoop 'till bout three years ago, when dey put de stokers on. An' dat's all."

Mr. Cornely snorted. "Fifty years and you tell about it in 50 words. Tell him about them old passenger engines, and your secret formula for shining the brass."

"Well, suh, in dem days de pas-

senger engines was all dressed up wid brass and Russian i'on, an' you had o keep de brass shinin' bright an' de boiler jacket shinin' blue, an' dat was the fireman's job. All firemens had 'em a secret 'bout shinin' de brass an' I had me a good mixture. I made it up wid graphite and boiled oil and a little dab of white lead an' some beeswax, an', all you had to do was just wipe yo' rag over it. It made de whissuls an' de bell an' de pop valves and de branch pipes shine like gold."

"Tell about the whistles, Jim," said Mr. Cornely.

"Well, in de old days de engineers dey had deir whissuls made to order and Mr. Claude Jones—I was his fireman 20 years—he had a mighty fine whissul. It had silver dollars melted in wid de brass to give it a sweet tone an I remember one time we had to make a run on de Georgia road on a Sunday because dere was a wreck on our track and all de telegraf operators come down an open up and put up de call b'od so mist' Claude Jones would have to blow his whissul and dey could heah dis famous whissul on Mist' Jones' engine."

"Tell him about passing the coal, Jim," said Mr. Cornely.

"I tole you at de start it was all wid de scoop, and in de 138 miles from Abbeville to Atlanta one of de ole big engines would eat up 18 to 20 tons an you had to pass it all in wid de scoop.

"An I remembuh one time I was comin' out of Monroe wid Mr. Bill Owens and some trouble was on de track and a torpedo went off and I

thought I tossed my scoop on the coal pile; when I look to see about the trouble, but I tho' it off the cab. An' there I was wid no scoop and a lot of boss men of the road back in the cars. So from the Nine Mile Post to Chester I fire this lil ole Rhode Island engine usin' de water bucket for a scoop and Mist' Bill Owens didn't know it until I tole him."

"How much did you make and how long did you work in those days, Jim?" said Mr. Cornely.

"We work jus' as long as work needed doin' all day an all night sometime, and we made a dollar a day, 'cept when I got up on the passenger runs I made \$1.27 a day. But there wasn't no overtime an no 16-hour law.

Jim had just came south on his run with the Robert E. Lee and he was tired and grimy and talking was out of his line anyway. He got up to go, to clean up a little and get something to eat before he went back out on the mail train, over the route he had been traveling 50 years—Emory Tucker, Lawrenceville, Winder, Athens, Elberton, Abbeville.

"Jim," I said, "you've been firing a long time and you've fired for some great engineers, like Mr. Claud Jones and all. Tell me which was the best man you ever fired for?"

Jim rubbed his head. "Dats hard to say," he said, "but in some respects I ruther fire for Mr. Cornely here."

"Is that so," I said. "He's a good man, is he?"

Jim picked up his ancient satchel.

"Well suh, to tell the truf there ain't a nickel's worth of difference between' em all now. But he de only one wear shoes whut fit me."

# HISTORIC CANNON

By Jasper L. Wiggins, in The State

What a story could be told by the old cannon of Edenton if they only had the power of speech! Their lengthy diversified and interesting history far exceeds the lifetime of any human being and theirs would be a tale worth listening to.

Sometime during the month of May 1778, Captain William Boritz of the staunch vessel, *Holy Heart of Jesus*, sailed out of the harbor of Marseilles, France, with forty-five Swiss cannon aboard. These had been ordered through an act of Congress at the request of the delegates from Virginia and North Carolina, although there was no appropriation from Congress with which to pay for the guns. The terms under which the cannon were sent were that Captain Boritz would receive 150 pounds of tobacco for each 100 pounds of cannon delivered.

Captain Boritz reached Edenton in July 1778 and asked Congress what disposition he was to make of the cannon, but received no reply. In the meantime, the colony of Virginia sent an agent with an order for the delivery of the Virginia portion of the Guns to South Quay at the head of the Blackwater River, a tributary of the Chowan River and at that time a port of entry for Virginia. Captain Boritz unloaded 22 of the cannon there and received his pay in tobacco since Virginia had a lot of tobacco stored at South Quay.

These Virginia cannon were hauled overland to Suffolk, Virginia, a distance of 20 miles, and there were distributed. The guns were conveyed by ox wagon and several were lost on the

way when the wagons broke through the bridges and the cannon sank into the water. What finally became of the Virginia cannon is not known, but at Fort Ethan Allen, Bennington, Vermont, there are mounted several guns of a similar type.

During Captain Boritz's absence up the Chowan and Blackweler rivers Thomas Benbury and Robert Smith of Edenton applied to Governor Richard Caswell for funds with which to pay for the 23 cannon that North Carolina was supposed to receive. As the guns were estimated to weigh 100,000 pounds, it would require 150,000 pounds of tobacco to pay for them. Messrs. Benbury and Smith had a small quantity of tobacco on hand, but not enough to pay for the cannon. In this dilemma, they appealed to Governor Caswell. He told them to buy what tobacco they needed from Virginia, which they tried to do. But Virginia would not take North Carolina's shin plasters as payment.

Captain Boritz was then beginning to get impatient. Finally, becoming disgusted at the delay, he dumped the cannon overboard near the Joseph Hewes Shipyards (nine 24-pounders and thirteen 18-pounders) and took his vessel, the *Holy Heart of Jesus*, up Mattaconmack Creek near the present site of the U. S. Government fish hatchery. There he scuttled his boat. At very low tides the skeleton of this vessel and others can be seen even now. The captain settled in Edenton, bought property and reared a family, according to colonial records.

And what happened to the cannon

after they were thrown overboard?

Two of them now guard the entrance of the State Capitol, pointing up Fayetteville Street in Raleigh. Three of them are mounted on granite at the foot of the Court House Green, pointing out over Edenton Bay. One of them is mounted on concrete in a small park on Broad Street near the county dock. One of them is used for a "lean on" post at the corner of Broad and King streets, the most prominent corner in Edenton. This cannon has been the silent witness of many conversations and there have been many business deals consummated while two prominent citizens were draped over it.

Another one of the cannon is partly buried on the corner of Queen and Granville streets.

This accounts for eight of the guns, two in Raleigh and six in Edenton. The remainder of the '23 are probably still sunken low in the mud near

the old Joseph Hewes Shipyard and would require mining operation to reclaim them

It is very improbable that these cannon were ever used in battle as there is no record of any of them being carried from Edenton. But two of them were used in bluffing the Yankees during the Civil War. They were mounted on the Green overlooking Edenton Bay by the Confederates. When the Federal gunboats appeared off Edenton Bay on February 12, 1862, the officers observed these guns through their glasses and waited awhile for them to start shooting. Since they did not shoot, the Yankees became curious and went ashore. When the forces from the Federal fleet disembarked, the commanding officer ordered his men to break the trunnions and spike the guns, saying "there were more danger standing behind them than marching in front."



Tropical birds on Guadalcanal served as "aircraft spotters" for United States Marines battling the Japanese for that Pacific outpost. Staff Sergeant W. D. Harrison, of Columbia, S. C., a veteran of the fighting in that area, tells this story:

Parrots, cockatoos and other birds set up a screeching and whistling at the approach of Japanese planes, sometimes several minutes before the men heard the aircraft. Those birds could hear the enemy planes a long time before we could, and when they started moving around, we knew it was time to take cover.

# DEAD-YET ALIVE

By Nora Willaman

Franz Peter Schubert is one of the most appealing figures in the history of music. Born on January 31, 1797, Franz was a thirteenth child. He was the son of an Austrian peasant schoolmaster who had seen nine of his children die. To the hard-worked, saddened parents, this little pudgy, unsmiling face was a symbol of hope.

There is little one can say about Schubert's childhood. He lived and was cared for with a peculiar mixture of adoration and firmness which was the portion of all Old World children of his time. At the earliest age he manifested a decided predilection for music. It was very evident that nature had endowed him for a musician rather than for a schoolmaster.

When he was seven years old he made friends with an apprentice who often took him to a pianoforte warehouse, where little Franz had the opportunity of practicing on the instrument. At eight, his father began to teach him the violin, and then sent him for singing lessons to Michael Holzer, the parish choirmaster, who soon found out that whenever he wished to teach the boy anything new he had already mastered it. "Consequently," he said, "I cannot be said to have given him any lessons at all. I merely regarded him with dumb astonishment."

Franz was sent to the imperial school for court singers when he was eleven. But what was one to expect from a little chap, pudgy-faced, near-sighted, with steel-rimmed glasses covering clear blue eyes, who was dressed in dust gray? There were

a dozen youngsters who went with Franz to take the examinations for the school. They called him the miller, because of his disorderly, neutral-colored hair, and prematurely old face behind the spectacles. If the nickname hurt Franz, he did not show it. Unsmiling, he bore the jibes of his more fortunate companions, whose smiles changed to wonderment when at his first trial he was accepted. There were many who envied him the blue uniform of the school, braided with gold lace, in which he looked a bit ridiculous.

Schubert, during his student days, was chronically short of pocket money and wrote to his brother Ferdinand, "You know by experience that a fellow would like at times a roll and an apple or two, especially if, after a frugal dinner, he has to wait for a meager supper for eight hours and a half. The few groschen that I receive from my father are always gone the first day, and what am I to do afterward? Suppose you send me a couple of kreutzer (about a cent) a month? I don't think you would notice the difference in your purse, and I should live quite content and happy at school. I trust you will lend your ear to the voice crying to you incessantly to remember your brother Franz."

At fourteen Schubert was composing music so rapidly that he could not afford to buy paper enough but friends volunteered to see that he was supplied.

Schubert wrote more rapidly and spontaneously than any other known composer. Music came from his pen

with marvelous facility. When he finished a song, he did not stop for the day, but wrote another and another. He began as soon as he woke up in the morning, often without waiting to dress. He kept music paper by his bed, and sometimes slept in his spectacles. He fashioned in his unhappily brief span, the most glorious string of melodies that has ever come from human brain. Beethoven hailed Schubert as a genius. "Truly," said he, "in Schubert dwells a divine fire." One of his teachers said of him, "He has learned everything, and God has been his teacher." Who could doubt this when listening to his lovely "Serenade"?

He wrote songs on menus at the coffeehouses—he wrote symphonies and masses and cantatas. He composed oratorios and string quartets and works for the pianoforte. Much of his work was lost. He was careless with his own manuscripts—dropped them, once finished, into a drawer and forgot them. An early opera which he gave to a friend in payment of a small debt was used by the servant to light fires.

As the year of his death approached, after having written more than six hundred songs, he felt that he should devote himself to symphonies. But it was too late. The years of privation had done their work; he was an easy victim to typhoid, which attacked him in the autumn of 1828. The last year of Schubert's life was filled with illness. Two months before he died he was confined to his room. He died November 19, in his brother's house.

All through his life, poverty had snapped at his heels constantly. When he died, his earthly effects included six pairs of shoes and boots, one hat clothing and bedding to the value of \$10, according to the official inventory. There was also some old music, which must have included his entire unpublished works, and which the appraiser estimated by some unexplained process, to be worth \$2. That was all Schubert left, except 1,100 compositions which are loved today as are the works of no other composer.

Life used him harshly, but time has made up for it. Dead a century, he lives on, in the beautiful melodies which he left the world.

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When Freedom from her mountain height  
Unfurled her standard to the air,  
She tore the azure robe of night,  
And set the stars of glory there.

—Joseph Rodman Drake.

# "FROM COLLEGE WINDOWS"

By David T. Nelson

An old proverb says we never miss the water till the well runs dry. When the water ceases to flow, we are galvanized into action. The old well had been allowed to run for many years. It was taken for granted. But now we face a crisis. We know we must have a stream of good water. Whatever our neglect may have been in the past, we shall have to do something now if life is to go on in an orderly way. So we clean out and refit the old; or we drill anew. Water we must have.

So with institutions—among them our church colleges. Once firmly established, they are in danger of being taken for granted. Our fathers built them. There they stand. Their buildings, libraries, and equipment are visible to the eye. We say they are the college. And every year a stream of young men and women flows out from the college, bringing new life and new strength to the

church. Year follows year. That stream of youth does not fail.

Yet there come times like the present when we look about and say: "What of this well of trained youth? The flow has diminished. Is it being choked? Will it recover its old strength again? We cannot continue indefinitely without an adequate supply."

Some take for granted that all will be easily put to right once the present crisis is over. Others fear that the problem is not so simple. There is danger that the stream may have been permanently impaired. Is it safe to take the matter for granted? Is it not wiser, by united effort, to look into the situation thoroughly and make certain that what needs to be done will be done, and that these wells of youth for the church will be kept in good repair and made ready for future needs?

---

"Uncover when the flag goes by, boys,  
'Tis freedom's starry banner that you greet,  
Flag famed in song and story  
Long may it wave, Old Glory  
The flag that has never known defeat."

## INSTITUTION NOTES

The School recently purchased a new combine and it is a pleasing sight to see it and another similar machine harvesting our grain crop.

—:—

Due to the extended period of dry weather we have our doubts as to being able to gather string beans from our gardens by June 10th. This is the traditional date with us for the first gathering of green beans, but unless there is rain soon, we shall be denied that privilege this season.

—:—

In strolling about the School grounds the other day we passed the poultry yards, and noticed a goodly number of frying-size chickens therein. Although no official announcement has been made, we are of the opinion that before long we shall have an opportunity to enjoy a real Southern fried chicken dinner.

—:—

The chief attraction at the motion picture show in the auditorium on Thursday night of last week was "One Born Every Minute" and a comedy, "Ace in the Hole," was shown at the same time. Both are Universal productions. Last Thursday night, the boys enjoyed seeing "Syncopation," an R-K-O production.

—:—

Our old friend, Clyde A. Bristow

who was a member of our printing class about eighteen years ago, continues to write us at frequent intervals. He has been driving a huge transfer truck for quite a number of years. Knowing of our hobby, that of collecting snapshots, in his most recent letter he enclosed a picture of the living room in his home in Winston Salem and one of an overturn truck along Highway No. 360, near Clover, Virginia. Clyde states that he has been quite busy for the past month on short runs. He adds that his wife and youngsters are getting along fine. We are always glad to hear from this young man, and shall be looking for him to stop in for a little chat the next time his truck hauls a load to this section of the country.

—:—

Superintendent Hawfield received a V-Mail letter from William R. Young, a former member of the Cottage No. 10 group, who is now with the United States Army on the Italian front. Bill's letter, dated May 24th, reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Hawfield: Just a few lines to let you know that I am well and hope everyone there is in the best of health and enjoying the nice weather. I just finished eating some fried chicken. I found a very nice Italian family which had some chickens, and decided to buy one. When I asked the man how much one would cost, he had one of his daughters catch me for me. Then he wanted me to take it for nothing. Realizing that I had no utensils for cooking, I tried to give



it back to him, but he would not take it. After explaining that I had no way to cook the chicken, they said they would cook it for me. Neither of the Italians would kill the chicken, so I wrung its neck. You know, I have killed many chickens for Mr. White. Started to tell you how good it tasted, but that won't be necessary, because you know how it was with me, after not having any fried chicken for such a long time.

"I received a nice letter from Mr. Barber a couple of days ago. Certainly was glad to hear from him and that everything was fine at the School. Have not heard from 'Pop' and 'Mom' Liske in quite a while, but hope to get a letter soon. Also received a letter from Mrs. Liner. She said that Mr. Liner was just fine and getting along well. She said that she heard from him often. Was glad to hear he's O. K., and will write him soon. Will close now. Give my regards to all the folks at the school. Sincerely Bill."

—:—

Rev. James W. Fowler, pastor of Kerr Street, Methodist Church was the guest preacher for the Sunday afternoon service on June 4. As usual, he brought the boys a very inspiring and thought-provoking message. He read for the Scripture Lesson some verses from the 18th chapter of St. Matthew, beginning with the 23rd verse and reading through the 35th. The topic which he used for his discussion was "Being Forgiven and Being Willing To Forgive."

The speaker pointed out that the greatest example of the forgiving spirit that the world has ever known

was demonstrated when Christ himself was being crucified. As the nails were driven into His hands and His body was pierced by His enemies, He still had enough fortitude and will-power to say, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." This is the example which all should strive to follow. Mr. Fowler explained that if Christ in this crucial hour had gone to His death with a spirit of resentfulness He would have been unworthy to be the Savior of the world. He explained also that too often people expect to get even with others who may have wronged them, but such an attitude is typical of all of the low and base in life.

It was explained to the boys that to return evil for evil is like Satan; to return evil for good is beast-like; to return good for good is man-like; but to return good for evil is God-like. The speaker explained to the boys that it is Christ-like, when there are differences between people, for them to be willing to apologize, to shake hands, and to live together without bitterness and without a spirit of vengeance. He explained also that there is need for one to strive to grow and develop in the spirit of forgiveness. It may be difficult to have the forgiving spirit at the outset, but it is possible to cultivate this spirit, just as one in life must set a goal far ahead and then strive towards that goal. He also reminded the boys that if they be effective in their worship and particularly in their prayer life they must be willing to forgive others. Rev. Mr. Fowler pointed out that at this time when there is so much hatred in the world and so much destruction of life and property it is going to be very difficult for people to refrain

from the spirit of revenge and to practice forgiveness, but he expressed the belief that Christian people can disagree with the ways of the other nations without actually hating those people as fellow-creatures of God.

—:—

Leo Ward, a former student at the School, called at The Uplift office a few days ago. Leo entered the institution, February 2, 1937 and was conditionally released, July 13, 1939, at which time he returned to his home in Whiteville. During the greater part of his stay with us he was employed as house boy in Cottage No. 4.

Shortly after going back home, Leo became an enrollee in a CCC camp, and was stationed near Albemarle, working on a project in that area for about nine months.

On September 4, 1940, he enlisted in the United States Marine Corps, and was sent to Parris Island, South Carolina, for basic training. He was later transferred to Jacksonville, Florida, and while there was employed as assistant cook. In September, 1941, he became a member of an MP company. Early in 1942 he was transferred to the Marine Air Wing and was sent for schooling to Hagerstown, Maryland and Mercersburg, Pennsylvania. For some time thereafter he was stationed at various places, among them being Fort Worth, Texas; Cherry Point, North Carolina; and San Diego, California.

Leo attained the rank of sergeant in the outfit known as V. M. F. 321, Marine Air Wing, and served in the following places overseas: Pago-Pago Harbor, American Samoa; Efate

in the New Hebrides Group; Bougainville, Solomon Island, Esperito Santo, New Hebrides, and then returned to San Francisco, California. He later returned to the New Hebrides, where he had the misfortune to sustain a severe leg injury when a "jeep" in which he was riding was wrecked. After spending several weeks in a base hospital at Efate, he was removed to a hospital in San Francisco, and was later sent to a convalescent hospital at Santa Cruz, California.

Leo told us that while stationed in the Bougainville area he took part in one major engagement before being injured. He also stated that while in the jungle he contracted a disease called elephantitis, caused by the sting of a certain kind of mosquito, which put him "on the shelf" for some time.

Despite injury and illness, Leo has developed into a fine-looking young fellow of twenty-one years, making a very nice appearance in his Devil-Dog uniform. Having been grounded for some time because of his injured leg, he seemed eager to get into the air again, but stated that upon returning to the convalescent hospital at Santa Cruz, he might be grounded permanently or discharged from further active service. After spending a few more days with his wife in Albemarle, he will return to Santa Cruz.

—:—

For the past three weeks the local baseball season has been furnishing our boys much amusement and recreation. Following the program adopted last year, two leagues have been formed. Because of the closing of Cottage No. 3, League Number One will oper-

ate with five teams until that cottage is again opened. League Number Two will consist of six teams, the same as last season.

Five games were played last Saturday afternoon with the following results:

League Number One—Receiving Cottage 10 second Cottage 2; First Cottage 16 Fourth Cottage 5.

League Number Two—Tenth Cottage 9 Fifteenth Cottage 8; Thirteenth Cottage 8 Ninth Cottage 7; Eleventh Cottage 12 Fourteenth Cottage 0.

CLUB STANDINGS

League Number One

Receiving Cottage	3	0	1.000
First Cottage	2	1	.666
Fifth Cottage	1	1	.500
Fourth Cottage	0	2	.000
Second Cottage	0	2	.000

League Number Two

Tenth Cottage	3	0	1.000
Thirteenth Cottage	3	0	1.000
Fourteenth Cottage	1	2	.333
Eleventh Cottage	1	2	.333
Fifteenth Cottage	1	2	.333
Ninth Cottage	0	3	.000



Mr. Watt's telephone rang boisterously, and he was somewhat irritated, and why not? "Hello!" he yelled into the instrument.

"Who's speaking?" came the answer.

"Watt."

"What's your name?" insisted the voice.

"Watt's my name," answered Mr. Watt.

"Yeh, what's your name?"

"My name is John Watt!"

"John What?"

"Yes!"

"Oh, never mind," came the disgusted voice: "I'll be around to see you this afternoon."

"All right," said Mr. Watt; "who are you—Jones?"

"No, I'm Knott."

"Well, will you please tell me who you are, then?"

"Will Knott!" yelled the man.

"Why not?" asked Watt.

"My name is Knott!" shouted the man.

"Not what?"

And both men slammed their receivers down in a rage.

—Selected.

# COTTAGE HONOR-ROLL

Week Ending June 4, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

James Benton  
Charles Blakemore  
Ernest Bullard  
William Burnett  
Chauncey Gore  
William Hilliard  
Fred Jones  
Leonard McAdams  
David Perkins  
David Prevatte  
James Stamper  
Harry Wilson

Clyde Brown  
Leroy Childers  
John Fine  
James Graham  
Jeter Green  
Robert Hogan  
James Hill  
William Lewis  
Garnett Quessinberry  
Lewis Sawyer  
Edgar Shell  
Clifford Shull  
John Ray Smith  
Lawrence Walker

## COTTAGE NO. 1

John Allen  
Leonard Bradley  
Ralph Bailey  
Richard Billings  
Eugene Bowers  
James Buckaloo  
Walter Byrd  
George Cox  
Marion Cox  
Jack Gray  
Liston Grice  
John Love  
William Lehrschell  
Rufus Massingill  
Harold McKinney  
Amos Myers  
William Poteat  
Carlton Pate  
Thomas Ruff  
Floyd Puckett  
Harlan Warren  
Marshall Sessoms  
Howard Hall

## COTTAGE NO. 2

Charles Byrd  
Cecil Caldwell  
John Pritchard  
Yann Robinson  
James Sneed

## COTTAGE NO. 3

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE NO. 4

William Brooks

## COTTAGE NO. 5

Thomas Barnes  
Curtis Butcher  
Leonard Dawn  
Noland Overcash  
Patrick Ford  
Robert Wilkins

## COTTAGE NO. 6

Arthur Brooks  
J. C. Cayton  
Vernon Foster  
Donald Griffie  
Robert Gaylor  
Earl Gilmore  
Everett Callion  
Jack Hensley  
Stanford McLean  
James Swinson  
Lawrence Temple  
Leroy Wilkins

## COTTAGE NO. 7

Max Brown  
Carlton Cox  
Charles Edwards  
Wallace Foster  
Donald Grimstead  
Robert Helms  
Eugene Murphy  
Ray Naylor  
Jack Phillips  
Marion Todd  
Richard Tullock

## COTTAGE NO. 8

(Cottage Closed)

**COTTAGE NO. 9**

Edward Guffey  
 Jack Oliver  
 J. B. Wilson  
 R. C. Combs

**COTTAGE NO. 10**

Evan Craig  
 Jack Clifton  
 William Flowe  
 Robert Holbert  
 Gerald McCullom  
 Brice Thomas  
 W. C. Miller

**COTTAGE NO. 11**

(No Honor Roll)

**COTTAGE NO. 12**

(Cottage Closed)

**COTTAGE NO. 13**

William Andrews  
 Ernest Davis  
 Erwin Ewing  
 Walter Neagle  
 Paul Painter  
 Vernon Rinehart  
 Charles Shearin

**COTTAGE NO. 14**

Everett Bowden  
 Eugene Connell  
 Paul Childers  
 Hugh Cornwell  
 William Ferguson

L. C. Gearing  
 Earl Green  
 Edward Haynes  
 John Holder  
 Lawrence Littlejohn  
 Roy Monoley  
 Troy Morris  
 Paul Matthews  
 Samuel Pritchett  
 Bruce Sawyer  
 Jerry Smith  
 Herbert Smith  
 Grover Shuler  
 Milton Talley  
 Theodore Young

**COTTAGE NO. 15**

George Brown  
 Edgar Blanchard  
 William Bass  
 Jack Benfield  
 Robert Bluster  
 Lee Hollifield  
 James Knight  
 David Lewis  
 Harvey Leonard  
 Samuel Linebarrier  
 Hilton Reed  
 Clyde Shook

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

Jack Bailey  
 Peter Chavis

**INFIRMARY**

(No Honor Roll)

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“A song for our banner?”—the watchword recall  
 Which gave the Republic her station;  
 “United we stand—divided we fall!”  
 It made and preserves us a nation!

—George P. Morris.



# THE UPLIFT

## I WANT TO BE LIKE HIM

I want to follow forward in the footsteps of  
my dad,  
I want to show a cheerful side, though I am  
feeling sad;  
I want the folks who see me to know I am his  
son,  
I want to share the world of good along with  
everyone.  
I want to have the qualities it takes to make  
a man,  
I want to share in knowledge and lend a help-  
ing hand;  
I want to face life's trials as though they  
weren't there,  
And do my work with gladness and have good-  
will to spare.  
It takes all these and even more to make a  
man full clad,  
And all of these must be real in a man like  
my own dad.

—Selected

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## FATHER'S DAY

Once a year a day is set aside in honor of fathers. Fathers, as a rule, are modest, unassuming men and exact no special consideration from their children, but they are worthy of honor every day.

Fathers work, save, plan and scheme to give their children better lives than they have had. They grow old and gray working to provide necessities—and sometimes luxuries—for children who seem, all too often, totally unappreciative. They strive to teach, by precept and example, the merit there is in living useful, honorable lives. They try to inculcate in their children fundamental principles of right and wrong, and to guide the children into paths of righteousness and duty.

Unfortunately, it is true in a great many cases that fathers are honored only on Father's Day. Children thoughtlessly accept what their father does for them every day of the year and reward him by setting aside one day of the three hundred sixty-five on which to do him honor. They bring gifts and good wishes, they extend to him highest filial regards on Father's Day, they give him every consideration and all respect—but only on Father's Day.

It would be a good thing to start a movement for universal practice of the Biblical commandment: "Honor thy father and thy mother," not only on one or two days, but every day of the year. This world would be a wonderful place if every one adopted that policy. For wrong-doing and injustice and discord would be rare, indeed, in a world where everyone gave full veneration and respect to their parents or to their parents' memory.—Selected.

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## D-DAY

The date, June 6, 1944, Invasion Day, will never be forgotten by those who experienced the confused and terror-stricken feeling when awakened early in the morning by the ringing of the church bells and telephones in nearby homes. As soon as the news of the invasion of the Continent of Europe was known the radios became intensely active and the details of every move of the Allied forces were given

the closest attention. The broadcast encircled the globe, and caught the undivided attention of people in millions of homes.

Never in the history of the world has such a drag-net been thrown out to supply the demand for man-power and woman-power. The masses knew only that the time for the invasion of Europe was fixed by the military strategists of this great world war. However, when the announcement came that "the invasion is on," every human being sensed the results—a horrible picture of bloodshed on the battlefields. There was terror in the hearts of mothers, fathers and others on the home front for they were apprehensive as to the welfare of dear ones giving of themselves for their homeland. The first impulse when the news of the invasion was made known, was to kneel reverently in prayer and petition the "Father of all good and perfect gifts" to mercifully look down upon the raging waves of cruelty, and say, "Peace, be still." On D-Day or Invasion Day, the churches throughout the land were opened and the people were called for special services—prayer for the sake of humanity. The question arises, "did we in spirit and in truth" do our best by attending these services, and humbly praying for the welfare of all mankind?

The end of this horrible maelstrom is far off, therefore, the time for prayer should be every day, for the safety of all warriors, with a silent petition for peace. There is no time for stiff necks. The plagues will continue to come until we truly love our fellowmen. We should not only pray for the success of our boys "over there," but work unceasingly and give of our means by purchasing War Bonds, in order that they may have the necessary materials for bringing about the end of the war.

\* \* \* \* \*

### TONSIL CLINIC

The officials of the Stonewall Jackson Training School are always alert to the physical condition of the boys entrusted to their care. Our attending physician, Dr. R. M. King, of Concord, made a survey of the entire School, and found that there were fifty-two boys who needed to have their tonsils removed. Upon his recommendation, these boys were taken in groups of twenty to the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, where Dr. R. B. Rankin, of Concord, performed the operations.

This work extended over a period of three weeks. To avoid any serious results the boys thus treated spent one day and night at the hospital, after which they were brought back to our infirmary, remaining there until recovery was complete. We are glad to report that due to the watchful care of physicians, nurses and all others in attendance, there were no ill-effects, and the boys are now ready for work or for play, in a much better frame of mind and physical condition than previously.

\* \* \* \* \*

### “HONOR THY FATHER”

One of the most disgusting things that comes to our attention is to hear a boy refer to his father as the “old man.” Nothing could show more disrespect to the head of the family. To such a thoughtless lad we would point out the following things about dad:

On his head may rest last year’s hat; his vest may hang a little loose and it may not be of the same material as the rest of the suit; his nails may not look so neat and his trousers may bag at the knees; he may even need a shave. In spite of all these things you may consider defects in his make-up, remember, boy, he is your father and is entitled to your respect.

For years he has been working early and late in order to provide for your needs, and though there may have been times when you doubted it, he has never failed to do the right thing by you. In his opinion you are the finest boy on earth. He has confidence in you despite the fact that you plaster your hair back with grease that smells to high heaven, smoke countless cigarettes, and fail to bring home a cent or otherwise make any effort to help the family along. When others censure you because of these shortcomings, dad stoutly maintains that you are all right and will some day stand at the top of the ladder.

Then here’s another thing for you to think about, boy. Dad is the man who won the love of the greatest woman in the world—your mother. He is some man, not the “old man.” If you should be fortunate enough to win as good a wife as he did, and if you will do as well by your boy as dad did by you, you’ll have to go some, boy. So please let’s not hear you refer to your father as the “old man.”—L. G.

## MARK IT WELL

We are passing on to our readers the following item from the editorial columns of the Morganton News-Herald. No further introductory remarks are necessary. This article speaks for itself. Read:

"June 12th—that is a red-letter day this year. Take a red pencil and circle it. Mark it well. That is the day on which the Fifth War Loan will begin.

"In England feverish preparations for the invasion of Europe are being carried out. The boys over there call it "The Big Show." It will be "The Big Show" over here, too. We are planning for it, just as emphatically as the British.

"But our biggest show will come before the invasion. It will start on June 12th. It takes money—lots of it—to finance a war. It takes more to go from the defensive to the offensive. It takes still more to invade your foe's territory.

Uncle Sam is fighting a war. He has gone from the defensive to the offensive. He is getting ready to invade the foe's territory. He will need money. You have some extra cash lying around the house. Lend him that money. He pays you back four dollars for every three you lend him. It would be tragic for the boys to have 'too little and too late' on D-Day.

"June 12th. Mark it well. And dig deep!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The campaign for the collection of old papers, paste-board boxes and other similar articles has not measured up to the demand. We are all familiar with the old expression, "The proof of the pudding is in the eating" but in this instance proof of this economic condition is seeing.

The periodicals, daily and weekly, that come to this office, are abbreviated about fifty per cent, both in size and in news print. One of the most distressing instances, to our way of thinking, is the manner in which the church papers have been reduced in size. The only way to keep up the interest of the membership of any denomination is to be realized through the church paper. To know the program of activities in the local and far removed churches creates interest. The remark has been made if this shortage of paper continues there

is danger of the majority of fine church publications being discontinued.

We are aware of the critical conditions, therefore, to salvage all old papers, boxes, etc., and send same to the junk dealer is necessary. This duty devolves on all of us. If we can't buy war bonds, we can at least save our old paper. While this is a comparatively small contribution, it is one way in which any person can help toward ending the war sooner.

\* \* \* \* \*

### FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is not merely one of life's ornaments. It is one of the very essentials upon which life is founded. To have true friends is not a matter of chance. We have them solely because our character and actions are of such high standards that men are drawn toward us, just as steel filings leap toward the magnet.

The man who has no friends has made a mistake somewhere along life's journey. His life may have been such as to render him unworthy of friends or he has been too proud or self-centered to welcome friendship with his fellow men. In either case, there is bound to be a good reason for such a condition to exist in his life.

Our friends are among the choicest possessions life has bestowed upon us, and we should use the greatest possible care in preserving them. It is our duty to exert every effort to retain old friends and to make new ones. Some one has truly said that great is the fellowship along that highway of life known as friendship's road.

\* \* \* \* \*

The number of pupils in public schools in the United States has nearly doubled in the last 44 years, while the cost of education has increased 22 times. It cost \$5.15 to educate a pupil in 1880, now the cost averages \$109.00.

# REPORT TO EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

By S. G. Hawfield, Superintendent

I am delighted to have this opportunity to submit to the members of the Executive Committee a report of the activities and conditions at the Jackson Training School for the quarter ending May 31, 1944.

Since this is near the time for the preparation of a budget for the biennium beginning July 1, 1945, I hope at this time that we may spend a good portion of the time in discussing the various items of the budget. I am sure all of us are conscious of the fact that the program of work at an institution of this sort is largely dependent on the appropriations that are made. Furthermore, it is true that the major responsibility for knowing and presenting the needs rests upon those who work locally at the institution. Neither the Budget Bureau nor the General Assembly will, in its own initiative, make appropriations for increases or new items in the budget which are not requested by the officials of the institutions themselves. On the other hand, we would like to have the feeling that after a careful study of our needs and also an intelligent presentation of the same we have in this respect at least fulfilled our obligation. In other words, we feel that the officials of the state, including the governor, members of the Board of Correction and Training, the general superintendent and all must share this responsibility. If, in the end, it develops that the program at this institution cannot be adequately developed, and trained workers cannot be secured, because the proper funds are not provided, then the responsibility rests on the shoul-

ders of those who know about the needs and fail to provide for them.

Having said this, I want to report briefly on some of the activities, as follows:

## 1. Tonsil Clinic

We are now in the midst of a tonsil clinic which will extend over two or three more weeks. During this time we will have had the tonsils of 52 boys removed. These boys have been examined and selected by the School's physician, Dr. R. M. King, as boys who need this type of remedial work. We think it will add not only to their health but to their general attitudes and their school work. It is very evident that some of these boys have been undernourished and suffer from poor eye-sight and other defects. This fits in with the general program of developing the boys here, for no matter how fervently the work might be done in other respects, if a boy's physical condition is poor the other work is ineffective.

It might be mentioned, incidentally, that several of our boys have been fitted with glasses, and we are attempting to attend to this as the need arises.

Incidentally, I wish to say also that two boys had the misfortune to get broken arms during this quarter. These two cases have been carefully handled, and the boys are on the road to recovery.

At an early date we expect to have the dental clinic here, under the direction of Dr. E. A. Branch.

## 2. Surplus Commodities

We have been fortunate during the quarter to receive from the Surplus

Commodities Division a rather generous supply of various commodities, as follows: eggs, beets, Irish potatoes, and cabbage. These items of food have made a fine contribution to our needs here and have enabled us to save a right good sum from our own budget for these items. We found we were not able to consume the cabbage at once, so some of it was made into kraut. We canned most of the beets and a good portion of the Irish Potatoes. The eggs have been served to the boys in a generous amount, and we have constantly urged the matrons to serve these in various ways in order to meet the various tastes of the boys.

We now have in prospect securing 370 bushels of tomatoes from the same source. The plans are for a carload to be shipped to this institution at an early date, and other institutions will come here for their share. We plan, of course, to can a large portion of these so that they can be preserved and utilized as needed.

### 3. Farm Work

The farm, during the spring months, has been rather uncertain and difficult. We had a very rainy season in the early spring, and then unfortunately it has been pretty dry recently. Also, it might be explained that due to extremely cold weather last winter the crop of oats this year has not been up to par. We have found it necessary to mow some of the oats along with the spring grasses and haul them in for hay. Then we have cut a good many oats with the reaper. Some of them were of medium quality and we will feed them to the stock here. We are now in process of cutting the other oats with the combine. These will be used for seed oats and some will be fed to the stock. At this time we

are not sure as to the number of bushels that we will have, but the quantity is not what we hoped for.

The prospects are that we will have a good crop of lespedeza hay, although we have not been able to have a good crop of oats. The same ground is covered with lespedeza and we should have the usual good crop of this hay.

We have been able to get a nice crop of corn planted and started off. As soon as the ground became dry enough to cultivate, our farm hands went immediately into this work and we have about 50 acres of nice corn. It has been right difficult to get the garden truck started because of the dry weather. We have kept persistently at it, though, and we now have some fairly nice young tomatoes, sweet potatoes and beans.

We were able to purchase during this quarter a new combine and we think it will make a fine contribution to the work here. We now see more clearly than ever, however, that we need a pick-up hay baler, especially since we need to use so much of the straw for bedding in the barns.

### 4. Personnel Problems

We have had several problems, of course, relating to the personnel. Some of those who have worked at the institution for a number of years have found work elsewhere and have tendered their resignations. However, I am happy to report that we have been able to recruit enough new workers to keep the staff complement up to about the usual standard.

### 5. School Progress

I think we are still making some progress in the school work. Although there is a feeling that the department of the school has not reached the standard towards which we should

strive, I do feel that excellent improvement has been made. I think that it is not an exaggeration to say that the school department has been improved at least 50% over what it was two years ago. I can say with a great bit of satisfaction that the set-up for this summer is far superior to what we had a year ago.

We have just purchased a number of new books for the school department, in order to keep the school materials and facilities up to the maximum strength.

#### 6. Improvements

We have continued to make improvements to the buildings and other facilities here. Just recently Cottage No. 4 has been completely worked over inside. The officer's quarters were reconditioned and painted light colors. All the floors on the second floor were reconditioned and varnished and waxed. All of the ceilings and walls were repainted and the kitchen was reconditioned and inlaid linoleum placed in this room.

We hope to work on other cottages in this manner from time to time.

Some needed improvements have been made at the dairy barn which will add to the cleanliness and efficiency of these facilities.

I am happy to state that Mr. Hedrick generously gave to the school a carload of white gravel to spread on the walks and drives here at the school. This carload has been delivered, and as soon as we can spare the time from the farm work it will be placed on the grounds.

All the woodwork in the swimming pool and gymnasium has been repainted and repaired during this quarter. This was greatly needed and will, of course, serve to preserve this building.

We have completed some new pastures here at the school, and we have pastured some of the land that was practically useless for anything else. In this way it keeps down the Johnson grass, weeds and other things.

#### 7. Miscellaneous Activities

We have had a fairly good recreational program during recent months, including track events, dodge ball, etc. At several of the cottages the boys have an opportunity to pitch horseshoes, and one of the cottages has an excellent tennis court. We have just recently started a baseball tournament which will extend through the summer months. For several weeks now the boys have been going swimming twice each week, and they have thoroughly enjoyed this form of recreation. Our greatest need in this connection is for a director of physical education who could devote his entire time to this phase of the work.

The Boy Scout Troop at the school is continuing to make an excellent contribution to the school program. It is probably not boasting too much to say that here we have the best troop in the county. There seems to be more interest and more genuine development here in this work than anywhere else. The boys are looking forward to being at Camp Cabarrus for one week beginning July 9.

An outstanding event happened last Sunday night when forty boys from this institution were admitted into membership at the First Baptist Church in Concord. This was due to the fine efforts of Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of this church. We think this was a fine thing, and, no doubt, many of the boys will have an everlasting remembrance of being baptised and received into the church while being



here at the Training School. No doubt, they will exert a wholesome influence in their homes and communities when they return.

Average enrollment for this fiscal year to date, 11 months 365

Enrollment same period last fiscal year 329

Number boys on roll June 7th 375

Number admitted during March, April, May and to June 7th 67

Number released March 1st to June 7th 65

Number making good their escapes 3

The total amounts for the Biennium 1945-47, as approved by the Executive Committee, were as follows:

For the fiscal year 1945-46, \$218,885

For the fiscal year 1946-47, 216,443

THE END

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### ON THE HOME FRONT

I am the teacher in a world at war;  
 No uniform have I—no wings, no bars;  
 No medals do I wear for valor shown,  
 No service stripes, no clusters, and no stars.

You will not see me in serried line  
 That marches on to war's grim recompense,  
 And yet I march—although no bugle note  
 Has summoned me in stern melliflence.

I keep my vigil in the country school;  
 I send our flag aloft, I lead a pledge  
 Of faithful fond devotion to that flag—  
 The symbol of a noble heritage.

In village small or city's wide domain  
 I serve my country in un-numbered ways;  
 To safeguard children and to bulwark homes  
 I "gladly teach"; my duty done my praise.

For those who go to scan the face of Death  
 I have a charge to keep—and no release  
 By day or night; 'til their safe return  
 My obligations hourly increase.

For thus I help to hold the home line firm;  
 I shall not shirk that task, nor seek reprieve  
 So long as boys and men hold firm their lines  
 Because of what I teach, and they believe.

—Ivah Green

# DAVID CROCKETT

By Edgar Abernethy, in The State

In his lifetime, David Crockett was perhaps the best-known of all the frontiersmen of his day, and now, more than a hundred years after his heroic death at the Alamo, he has become an almost legendary figure, in which is typified the American backwoodsman of the early nineteenth century.

Crockett is generally thought of as a native of Tennessee, and it is true that he was born on soil which later became a part of Tennessee and lived in that state for the greater part of his life. However, at the time of his birth on August 17, 1786, the State of Tennessee was not yet in existence. David was born a citizen of North Carolina, and remained a citizen of that state until April 2, 1790, when Congress accepted the deed of cession from the State of North Carolina, thus creating the new State of Tennessee.

We might even say that David was born a citizen of two states, for at the time of his birth the "bootleg" State of Franklin claimed sovereignty over this western area.

John Crockett, David's father was of Irish blood, being born either in Ireland or on board a ship en route to America. The Crocketts settled in the wilderness west of the Appalachians, where David's grandparents were killed by the Creeks in an attack on their home. One of his uncles was wounded, and another carried off by the Indians, but his father escaped without injury. The kindapped boy was held captive for nearly eighteen

years before he was discovered and released by his brothers.

"Sweet are the usages of adversity," says the old proverb and if that be true David had a blissful youth, for adversity was all he knew. The Crocketts ever had itching feet and we find David's father successively in Pennsylvania, North Carolina, and finally Tennessee, where he never could seem to stay put more than a few years at a time. For that matter, neither could David himself, after he became his own master.

While in North Carolina John Crockett was a citizen of Lincoln County, and fought against the British and Tories at Kings Mountain and on other battlefields which history does not record. In Tennessee he drifted about from one occupation to another, never succeeding any too well at any of them, and being usually in debt. There was little he could have done to give his children a start in life, even had he so desired and there is little indication that he had the desire.

When David was only twelve, his father hired him out to a Dutch cattle-drover to help take a herd of cattle to Virginia. Quite a jaunt for a boy of that age, considering that the distance was 400 miles, that the route led through the thinly-settled wilderness, and that the boy must make his own way home. David had various misadventures on the way, but he got home safely.

David's education was negligible, His father finally did send him to school at the age of twelve or thirteen,

but in the four days he attended he naturally didn't get very far. In a way, it was his own fault that he didn't stay longer. A disagreement arising with another boy, David soundly thrashed his adversary, although the other was larger and older. Then he was afraid to go back to school, fearing punishment. After a few days his father learned that his son had been playing hooky, and, being somewhat in his cups at the time, chased the truant youth off the place. David was so frightened that he stayed away from home for two years.

At the age of sixteen, after his father had permitted him to "work out" his time, David entered school again. This time he remained six months, and learned about as much as could be expected of a youth of that age whose head was chock full of girls.

In that joyous and delightful book, the autobiography which he wrote while a member of Congress, Crockett gives a candid account of his emotional ups and downs at this period. In describing his first love he writes:

"I thought that if all the hills about there were pure china, and all belonged to me, I would give them if I could just talk to her as I wanted to; but I was afraid to begin, for when I would think of saying anything to her, my heart would begin to flutter like a duck in a puddle; and if I tried to outdo it and speak, would get right smack up in my throat, and choak me like a cold potatoe."

The object of all this overflowing affection proved to be unresponsive, and so did another girl upon whom David fixed his hopes. Finally, when the love-lorn youth had simultaneously reached the mature age of eighteen and the conclusion that a cruel destiny

had doomed him to a lonely life, he met a girl who was willing to become his bride. The young couple began life with the following possessions: David owned a horse; and his bride's dowry consisted of two cows and two calves. They had nothing else whatsoever, but David borrowed \$15 from an affluent neighbor which furnished their little cabin very nicely.

Curiously enough, Crockett records neither the name of his first wife, nor that of his second, whom he married after the death of his first.

The young Benedict was an easy-going kind of fellow who much preferred hunting to taking care of his farm. In those days in the Tennessee hills a good hunter could just about supply all his needs with his trusty rifle anyway, and David Crockett must have been one of the best of his day. He liked to explore unknown regions, too, and every once in a while he would move a little deeper into the wilderness.

When the war with the Creeks broke out, he was among the first to volunteer and served throughout the conflict taking part in most of the important battles. While he performed his full duty—he always did that—there is no record of his being singled out for any particular distinction.

It was several years after this that Crockett made his entrance into politics. One of his moves had taken him into a particularly remote section of Tennessee, so remote that it was far beyond reach of the law. So many unprincipled individuals filtered into the settlement that in self-protection the respectable citizens were forced to set up an unofficial legal system. Crockett gave such universal satisfaction as an unofficial magistrate

that when the territory was finally legally organized he was appointed a justice of the ppeace. In those days any prominent citizen was invested by his neighbors with some military title, so it wasn't long until he was known as "Colonel Crockett."

He was becoming ambitious and when a deputation waited upon him and asked him to become a candidate for a seat in the state legislature he consented to run, and was elected by a substantial majority. He found the new occupation of electioneering almost as much fun as hunting bears, and proved to be a formidable campaigner. He followed a system which others since have found successful; instead of attempting serious speeches on subjects which neither he nor his hearers knew anything about, he simply told a few funny stories, and then invited everybody to have a drink.

Possessed of natural eloquence and a ready wit, his tactics were particularly devastating when directed against an opponent who smacked of aristocracy. In 1827 his opponents for a seat in Congress were two rather highfalutin' gentlemen; a Col. Alexander and a General Arnold. Arnold was a fussy, nervous, easily flustered individual. While he was speaking before a large gathering a flock of guinea hens happened along, and their noisy cries disturbed him so much that he stopped and asked someone to drive them away.

In his remarks Arnold had pointedly avoided the slightest mention of Crockett, who was also a speaker of the day. When the General had concluded the bear-hunter arose and said

"Well, General, you are the first man I ever saw that understood the

language of fowls. You had not the politeness even to allude to me in your speech. But when my little friends the guinea-hens came up, and began to holler, 'Crockett, Crockett, Crockett,' you were ungenerous enough to drive them all away."

This speech brought down the house, and it was such incidents which accounted for Crockett's overwhelming victory at the polls on election day.

The new Congressman was the first authentic backwoodsman to reach such a high place in the nation, and his name was soon familiar to newspaper-readers throughout the country for his rustic wit and quaint manner of speech made wonderful copy.

He was far more than a country bumpkin or a clown, however. It is true that he was practically illiterate. A few years before, in conversation with Colonel later President Polk, Polk remarked, "Well, Colonel, I suppose we shall have a radical change of the judiciary at the next session of the legislature."

"Very likely, sir," replied Crockett. "And," he relates, "I put out quicker, for I was afraid someone would ask me what the judiciary was: and if I know'd I wish I may be shot.

This ignorance was largely compensated for by his native intelligence, his remarkable memory, his instinctive and accurate knowledge of human nature and judgment of character, and his complete self-assurance. If he had been elected President or appointed ambassador to the Court of St. James, he would have been in no wise disconcerted and in all probability would have discharged the duties of his office quite adequately.

Certainly no more honest or conscientious man ever sat in the halls of

Congress. His motto was, "Be sure you are right, and then go ahead," and he lived up to this to the letter. When, a few years before, a flood had wiped out his business, he assigned every penny he possessed to his creditors, refusing to take advantage of some legal quirks by which he could have profited. He was elected to Congress as a supporter of Jackson, and most of his constituents were Jackson men, but when Old Hickory's views diverged from what Crockett considered to be right, he unhesitatingly joined the opposition.

"I would rather be a raccon-dog," he said, "and belong to a Negro in the forest, than to belong to any party, further than to do justice to all, and to promote the interests of my country."

During his second term, Jackson's Indian bill came up. "I opposed it from the purest motives in the world," Crockett wrote "Several of my colleagues . . . told me . . . that I was ruining myself. They said this was a favorite measure of the President, and I ought to go for it. I told them that it was a wicked, unjust measure, and that I should go against it, let the cost to myself be what it might; that I was willing to go with General Jackson in everything that I believed was honest and right; but further than this I wouldn't go for him or any other man in the whole creation."

At the next election the entire resources of the administration were brought to bear against the recalcitrant individual who had committed the "unpardonable sin"—Crockett's words—of thinking for himself instead of blindly following the leadership of his party and his President. The purge was successful and he was de-

feated by the narrow margin of 70 votes. He spent the next two years at home, catching up on his bear-hunting.

After the excitement of political life even this sport had lost some of its charms for Crockett. In 1833 he once more cast his coonskin cap into the ring, and this time he was triumphantly reelected.

In this session he found himself in constant conflict with the administration. As he saw it, Jackson had departed from the principles which had originally enlisted his support, and had assumed powers to which he had no right. "This thing of man-worship I am a stranger to," he remarked. "I don't like it; it taints every action of life."

He became one of Jackson's most inveterate opponents, and in the election of 1835 the administration redoubled its efforts to get rid of this perennial thorn in the flesh. These efforts were successful; Crockett was defeated by barely 230 votes.

He was bitterly disappointed; he felt that his country and his people had unjustly repudiated him. He was left without occupation; for bear-hunting and similar petty affairs no longer interested him.

Casting about for something worthwhile to do, his thoughts naturally turned to Texas, where the struggle for independence was getting underway. In this new land he thought he saw an opportunity to distinguish himself and recoup his shattered fortunes.

Crockett reached Texas in 1836, just in time to take part in the defense of the Alamo. Every schoolboy knows how the little garrison of this fort, numbering fewer than a hundred and

fifty men, refused to surrender when surrounded by several thousand Mexicans; how when on March 6 the besiegers stormed the fort its heroic defenders resisted to the last, using knives and clubbed guns until overpowered by sheer weight of numbers.

The body of David Crockett was

found against the wall where he had made his last stand, with a score of dead and dying Mexicans before him. It was a fitting end for a gallant and dauntless American, whose memory is cherished today not only in the states which he served but throughout our land.

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TODAY

I cannot see tomorrow's road,  
 How it may bruise my feet;  
 I cannot bear its heavy load,  
 Or smell its roses sweet.  
 I cannot shape my character there,  
 Or meet that battle fray;  
 Help me prepare, O Lord with prayer,  
 And live my best today!

I can't go back to yesterday,  
 And change those paths I made;  
 I can't live there—for time won't stay  
 To show a better grade.  
 Some deeds now past no praise can win;  
 I long to go that way,  
 To try again to keep from sin—  
 Lord, help me try today!

The future days of life may bring  
 Conflicts too great for me;  
 My heart may fail, refuse to sing,  
 When I the darkness see.  
 My life seems small in storm and rain;  
 I scarce know what to say;  
 My strength will wane as age brings pain—  
 But I can trust today!

I cannot see my life entire,  
 To plan it all complete;  
 But step by step I can aspire,  
 Each day my tasks to meet.  
 If long or short, or smooth or rough,  
 Life's road must turn to gray—  
 The God I trust gives strength enough  
 To overcome today! —John Cline.

# THE PRESIDENT'S PRAYER

Over a nation-wide radio broadcast at 10 P. M., Tuesday, June 6, 1944, President Franklin Delano Roosevelt asked the people of the United States to join him in a prayer for the success of the armies invading Europe. He asked for Divine aid in speeding the invasion to victory and "a peace that will let all men live in freedom, reaping the just rewards of their honest toil." The words of the invasion prayer are as follows:

"Almighty God: Our sons, pride of our nation, this day have set upon a mighty endeavor, a struggle to preserve our republic, our religion, our civilization, and to set free a suffering humanity.

"Lead them straight and true; give strength to their arms, stoutness to their hearts, steadfastness to their faith.

"They will need Thy blessings. Their road will be long and hard. The enemy is strong. He may hurl back our forces. Success may not come with rising speed. But we shall know that by Thy grace, and by the righteousness of our cause, our sons will triumph.

"They will be sorely tired, by night and by day, without rest—till the victory is won. The darkness will be rent by noise and flame. Men's souls will be shaken with the violences of war.

"These are men lately drawn from the ways of peace. They fight not for the lust of conquest. They fight to end conquest. They fight to liberate. They fight to let justice arise, and tolerance and good will among all Thy people. They yearn

for the end of battle, for their return to the haven of home.

"Some never will return. Embrace these, Father and receive them, Thy heroic servants, into Thy Kingdom.

"And for us at home—fathers, mothers, children, wives, sisters, and brothers of brave men overseas, whose thoughts and prayers ever are with them—help us, Almighty God, to rededicate ourselves in renewed faith in Thee in this hour of great sacrifice.

"Many people have urged that I call the nation into a single day of special prayer. But because the road is long and the desire is great, I ask that our people devote themselves in continuance of prayer. As we rise to each new day, and again when each day is spent, let words of prayer be on our lips, invoking Thy help to our efforts.

"Give us strength too—strength in our daily tasks—to redouble the contributions we make in the physical and material support of our armed forces.

"And let our hearts be stout, to wait out the long travail, to bear sorrows that may come, to impart our courage unto our sons where-soever they may be.

"And, O Lord, give us Faith. Give us Faith in Thee; Faith in our sons; Faith in each other; Faith in our united crusade. Let not the keenness of our spirit ever be dulled. Let not the impacts of temporary events, or temporal matters of but fleeting moment—let not these

deter us in our unconquerable purpose.

"With Thy blessing, we shall prevail over the unholy forces of our enemy. Help us to conquer the apostles of greed and racial arrogances. Lead us to the saving of our country, and with our sister nations into a world unity that will spell a sure peace—a peace invul-

nerable to the schemings of unworthy men. And a peace that will let all men live in freedom, reaping the just rewards of their honest toil.

"They Will be done, Almighty God.

"Amen."

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### "WE CAN DO ANYTHING!"

Get three people together anywhere in America, and you usually hear somebody start to wail about the mess things are in. "The human race has made a botch of it all; we are a futile and hopeless lot, and there is no longer any virtue in us!"

It's only natural that in the middle of a hard war, people may begin to wonder whether our species can do anything better than butcher itself. "Is there any progress?" What can we do, except be miserable?"

You will hear a lot of that kind of talk. War is so obviously evil that we sometimes forget how the world looks in the long view. But the look of the long view is worth remembering!

The face of America proves what men can do. We can do anything! The miracles promised for the future are not a speck on what we have already accomplished. The seeds of a great and good tomorrow are already planted in the American earth; planted by men who have done the impossible, again and again!

Look at our people—our happy people, busy turning dreams into clean, useful reality! Look at our buildings, soaring in proud beauty above our cities, or nestling close to the soil. Look at our bridges and dams, our factories and the fruits of our factories, and you'll tell yourself that a humanity capable of performing these miracles can do anything! Look at America, and you'll have to confess that we can make a good world, if we set our minds to it.—J. A. Aull.



# LIKE CIRCUIT RIDERS OF OLD

By Chaplain Frank R. Morton

Remember the circuit rider? He was a man of the country's yesterday, the preacher on horseback who brought religion to thousands living off the beaten track. Well, the cold fact of modern war has brought back the circuit rider, although with certain modifications. For one thing, he's now a military man—a chaplain. For another, he's traded in his horse for something seaworthy—an 83-foot Coast Guard cutter. This information comes from a sea-going circuit rider himself, Chaplain Frank R. Morton, the Coast Guard Chaplain assigned to the Newport Section of the First Naval District.

Although his home office is in Newport, the chaplain's territory embraces all ports from Watch Hill to Nantucket. This means work on the islands as well as the mainland; it means watching over the spiritual needs of men from the Providence Coast Guard Barracks to the Cuttyhunk Lifeboat Station. Islands such as Martha's Vineyard and Block Island must be visited as regularly as the more accessible points.

Chaplain Morton, by birth and upbringing, is a Pennsylvanian. A graduate of Thiel College in Greenville, Pa., he received his later theological training at the Gettysburg Lutheran Seminary, Gettysburg, Pa. Before entering the service, he was pastor of Bethesda Lutheran Church, New Kensington, Pa.

In the summer of 1943 he left his pastorate to enter the Naval Chaplains' School at the College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Va., Upon

his graduation as a Naval Chaplain in August 1943, he was assigned to duty with the United States Coast Guard.

"I came to Boston in September," said Chaplain Morton in a recent interview, "and was assigned to the Newport Section. As you know, it's quite a section. Not so much from the point of size, but because of the little out-of-the-way stations. It's just because they are off the regular paths that they're important to the Coast Guard, though.

"It was all rather new to me. In the first place, I wasn't used to reaching my congregation by means of a boat. But they don't build many railroads to islands so off I went—in picket boats, 83-footers, lifeboats, anything they had. It all depended on where I had to go, when I had to get there, and what was available.

"It may sound funny, but I came to like this work more than anything else. If we had nasty weather . . . well, I always had foul weather gear to put on. And when I hit the island, it wasn't all work by a long shot. The men took me out hunting and fishing."

In all these outlying stations, there is a uniformly appreciative reception given the chaplain. The men are seriously co-operative. They know that the chaplain is there because they are there. They have found through experience that the chaplain can be of invaluable help to them in their relationships with their God, their homes and their shipmates and officers.

In addition to his regular schedule of hopping across the water from

island to island, Chaplain Morton has inaugurated another plan to give the men in the Newport Section a regularly-scheduled religious service. This is done through radio. Each Sunday morning, over Station WPRO in Providence, he provides a religious program designed especially for men in the Coast Guard. At 8.45, the service opens with the Providence Coast Guard Barracks Choir, accompanied by organ music, singing "Coast Guard Forever." A bugle blows the church call... the Bos'n pipes all hands... and the religious service begins.

Coast Guardsmen in some ninety shore stations listen. The men in the island stations listen. And the men on all the cutters stationed within the radius of WPRO listen. More than listening, they participate in the service, for Chaplain Morton has seen to it that each unit is supplied with mimeographed programs for the service, so that all can join in the singing of hymns.

"You see," explained the chaplain, "such a program gives the men the

knowledge that every Sunday they have definite plans made for them in the way of a religious service. And then, through the week, I make my circuit rider rounds."

Chaplain Morton today uses all means of transportation at his disposal. In the performance of his duties, he rides in boats of all kinds, jeeps, trucks, station wagons and ambulances... anything that will take him where he wants to go. Shortly, however, Chaplain Morton will take to the air. From Quonset to Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, the chaplain will replace his water-borne transportation with an airplane, all in the interests of getting to the greatest number of places in the time available.

Thus, in the Coast Guard, the cycle of the circuit rider is still continuing. And, no matter what the transportation, no matter how remote the spot, Chaplain Morton and all of his circuit riding comrades will see to it that the spiritual wants of the service men will be met."

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Ambition is a most worthy attribute. Nearly every man wants to do something big, and, more power to him, for the world needs just that kind of men. But here is a fact that should not be overlooked. In order to accomplish something big, we must see to it that the little tasks are well done. If a man looks disdainfully upon doing little things, and doing them well, he will probably spend most of his life doing nothing, and the opportunity for doing big things will never come his way.

# FORT RALEIGH SITE TO BE ENLARGED

(Dare County Times)

For fifty years the people of Eastern North Carolina have deplored the lack of interest in protecting and preserving the site of old Fort Raleigh, where the first English settlements in the New World were made. Within the next few weeks the State of North Carolina, to carry out its pledge to the National Park Service, will take over enough land in the vicinity of old Fort Raleigh to bring the reservation up to approximately five hundred acres.

The land to be taken over will embrace several other historic spots, including the Indian Hole, Fort Blanchard and Fort Huger on the west side of Roanoke Island during the War Between the States, and also the site of Fessenden's workshop in 1902, where he perfected the wireless telephone and sent human speech through it between Roanoke Island and Hatteras

The long clamor for Federal recognition for Fort Raleigh, where the first English child in America was born, has finally resulted in success, and the State of North Carolina, under the leadership and cooperation of Governor Broughton has made it possible to obtain this land in order that it may be developed into a great national shrine, worthy of its place among historical attractions. As a part of the system of National Parks, it will be assured of perpetual care, upkeep and improvement. It will be protected against the ravages of fire, development into business or resi-

dential sites that might detract from its surroundings. The government was not willing to unertake a great investment in improving Fort Raleigh until sufficient land was acquired to adequately protect it and thereby justify improvements on a large scale.

Taking over the lands for Fort Raleigh is the first step in a long program that will have as its objective the development of the entire ocean front of Dare, Currituck and Hyde counties into a great National Park, and plans are now going forward for early acquisition of some 12,000 additional acres. The interest of the state in aiding this project has been brought about largely by the unselfish spirit of many non-resident land owners who have given large tracts of land free of cost to the State of North Carolina for the park, their total donations amounting to about 11,000 acres.

The greater and finer Fort Raleigh is considered important in the program for a greater and better "Lost Colony" pageant to be resumed when the war is over. Plans are now going ahead to stage a stupendous production that will attract far greater audiences than ever came during the five successful seasons the play operated before the war. This play, written by Paul Green and staged largely by native effort and talent, proved a most profitable industry to the vicinity, and brought thousands of dollars in new money to the people of Eastern North

Carolina. The newer play, and then a far greater quantity when the finer and more improved Fort Raleighwar is over. site will be expected to bring business

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### A CURB ON VICIOUS TALK

Among the instruments of punishment employed in England and New England in America's colonial days was the pillory. It was used for petty misdemeanors and to penalize persons whose conversation caused unhappiness and strife in the community. Gossip that "belied, betrayed, or raised injurious reports," about one's neighbor was an offence for which the penalty was hours in the pillory.

The infliction of this form of punishment—while no doubt the cause of considerable physical discomfort—was chiefly efficient because it was a form of disgrace. The instrument was erected at a prominent place in the town and subjected its occupant to the mocking taunts and miscellaneous missiles of those who passed by. But the main effect was the brand of trouble maker thus publicly placed upon the one pilloried.

But the functioning of speech—essential as it is for the enlightenment of individuals—has values far in excess of mere information. The co-operation of effort accomplished by the exchange ideas in the "enabling power" for the family, the congregation, the community, and the partnership in business. And these are localized dependencies of our ability to think, reason and communicate with and to others. Beyond these intimate relationships are the broader characteristics of nation, state, and government, none of which is independent of language.

One readily perceives the fitness in the Mosaic covenant of the commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness." There is no questioning the justness of laws against treason, false representation and perjury. Equally obvious is the great power placed in the person of the believer whereby he can testify to the grace and goodness of God as revealed in our Lord's proisions for our salvation.—The Lutheran.

# THE KNIFE GRINDER

By Vivian T. Pomeroy

This is one of my remembering stories; for I have remembered something that happened when I lived in an old house in England and Tony came to stay with me. Tony is now an army doctor and was one of the last to be taken off the beaches at Dunkirk; but, when he stayed with me, he was only six, with a thick crop of golden curls, and he himself as good as gold. If I was busy, he would sit on the floor and draw. Among my old papers I still have some of his drawings. You might laugh at them, but that would not worry me. I know the world has often laughed at great artists.

One day Tony began to cry. I did not know why. I was busy writing something, and Tony wandered around my study and then began to cry. Having begun, and having nothing else to do, and perhaps finding that I was not paying full and proper attention, he just went on crying. He would sniff, stop for a moment, and then start again. I was about to ring the bell for Tony to be removed, when there was the tinkle of another bell and a crunching on the gravel outside my window. The old knife grinder had come, pushing his grinder on wheels, and, as he pushed, the bell tinkled. "Come and look, Tony," I cried. "Here comes the knife grinder, and my old paper scissors are as blunt as blunt. Let's go and get them sharpened."

Tony stopped crying at once, and we both went out to the knife grinder. He was a funny old man, that knife grinder. He looked as though he never ate a real fat dinner; his old

hat was battered and had a hole in the crown; and I am sure he never sharpened his own scissors or his razor. But he had a very merry eye, and his face wrinkled with a smile as he looked at Tony who gave him the old blunt scissors.

Khirr, whirr, went the grinder; a little shower of sparks flew out.

"Where do you live?" asked Tony.

"Bless you, I don't live nowhere," said the grinder, laughing.

"Gen'rally in some nice warm barn along with the animals," said the grinder.

"With cows?" said Tony.

"Aye, with cows sometimes."

"With horses?"

"Aye, like as not."

"With sheep?"

"Aye, in summertime when nights is warm."

"With—with pigs?" said Tony.

"Nay, I draw the line at pigs," said the grinder.

And then the scissors were finished. Tony handed the grinder three large English pennies and then gave him one extra.

"For luck," I said.

"For luck," said Tony.

"Aye, for luck," said the grinder. "There's always luck for some, and where there ain't luck there's pluck"—and he laughed wheezily at his own joke.

So we went indoors with the sharp scissors.

"Now I can cut out pictures," said Tony.

"So you can," I said, "but not with these scissors. I have another pair,

which we will keep till the grinder comes again and you can use them until then."

Tony sat on the floor. Then he looked up. "But I was crying," he said. "What was I crying about?"

"I never knew," I said, "but the knife grinder stopped you."

"So he did," said Tony; and we both laughed.

But Tony did not know then—for he was too little—that all of us cry sometimes, or feel like crying. We do not quite know why. Perhaps we are just too sorry for ourselves. But there is always somebody—if not a knife grinder—somebody somewhere; and, because of that somebody, we stop crying.

---

### A MARINE SPEAKS

So you're sick of the way the country is run, and you're sick of the way the rationing's done.

And you're sick of standing around in line, you're sick, you say—well, that's just fine.

So am I sick of the sun and the heat, and I'm sick of the feel of my aching feet,

And I'm sick of the mud and jungle flies, and I'm sick of the stench when the night mists rise,

And I'm sick of the siren's wailing shriek and I'm sick of the groans of the wounded and weak,

And I'm sick of the sound of the bomber's dive, and I'm sick of seeing the dead alive.

I'm sick of the roar and the noise and the din, I'm sick of the taste of food from tin,

And I'm sick of the slaughter—I'm sick to my soul, I'm sick of playing a killer's role.

I'm sick of blood and of death and the smell, I'm even sick of myself as well.

But I'm sicker still of tyrant's rule, and conquered lands where the wild beasts drool,

And I'm cured darn quick when I think of the day, when all this will be out of the way,

When none of this mess will have been in vain, and the lights of the world will blaze again,

And things will be as they were before, and kids will laugh in the streets once more,

And the Axis flags will be dipped and furled, and God looks down on a peaceful world.

—Selected.

## INSTITUTION NOTES

Dress shoes for the use of the boys on Sundays, were purchased and were received here a few days ago. They will be issued to the boys soon.

—:—

The various kitchens have recently been supplied with squashes from our gardens. They are of extra-fine quality and everybody is enjoying them.

—:—

The boys are enjoying some volley ball games these days. Nets have been placed near the school building, and quite a number of boys play daily, during the recess periods.

—:—

Dwight Murphy, of Cottage No. 13, who had a fractured toe, was taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, last Friday, for treatment. He will remain at that institution for a few days.

—:—

Under the supervision of Mrs. C. E. Thomas, a number of boys have been rehearsing daily for an appropriate Father's Day program. This program will be given in the auditorium tomorrow morning, instead of the regular sessions of the Sunday school classes.

—:—

After making a trip around the

School grounds, observing the Victory Gardens, we must hand a little bouquet to Mr. John Russell and his laundry boys for having the best one we have seen. It is the largest one we saw and certainly has been well cared for. We failed to see a weed or a blade of grass between the neat rows of vegetables.

—:—

Our farm forces have completed harvesting the oats crop and are now busily engaged in gathering in the wheat crop, the latter consisting of about eighty acres. We do not have the exact figures as to the number of bushels of oats realized from this activity, but have been informed that the quality of the oats is as fine as was ever raised at the School. The straw has been baled and is stored in our hay-sheds.

—:—

We recently learned that J. Lee McBride, a former member of our printing class, who left the School in 1926, has been in the United States Navy since January, 1944, and at present is rated as third-class printer, and is getting along fine. For about eleven years, Mac has been employed as linotype operator-machinist on the Alexandria (Va.) Gazette, and has really made good in that profession. In addition to his duties at the Gazette plant, Mac purchased a half interest in a job printing plant in Alexandria a little more than a year ago and spent much of his spare time there. He is

married and has three daughters. Mrs. McBride, who has accompanied her husband on several visits to the School has had considerable experience in a printing office. Prior to her marriage she was society editor for a newspaper in Virginia, and since Mac bought the job office, has been helping there. Her recent letter, telling of Mac's enlistment in the Navy, reads in part, as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Thanks a lot for the copies of The Uplift. I enjoy reading them very much. Every once in a while there's something about a boy I met while visiting the School with my better half.

"As you probably know, since January 15th, Mac has been a sailor boy. He is one of those who are 'somewhere'. I don't know just where. I hear from him regularly. His address is in care of a Fleet Post Office, which tells you nothing. I am saving the copies of The Uplift for him. He enjoys them even more than I. He is a printer, third-class, and is doing a swell job.

"You'll be surprised to know that I am now manager of the print shop in which he bought a half interest. I love the work. Am even learning to run the presses, including a Kelly. Yes I even wash the presses, too, and get all black or red or whatever the color of the ink, and really enjoy it. It gives me something to do evenings and keeps me out of mischief. We have to work evenings because my printer teaches at the high school during the day. He is classed as 1-A and the Army gets my best boy June 15th, so I've got my fingers crossed.

"In addition to the work in the shop, I have a house and three girls to care for, so you can see that I'm being kept busy these days. I know Mac

would send his regards were he here, so I'll do it for him. Again thanks for The Uplift. Always enjoy reading them. Sincerely, Mary McBride."

—:—

We recently received a letter from Jack West, formerly of Cottage No. 6. Jack came to the School as a very little fellow. For quite a while he was employed on various work forces to run errands or as water boy, and later worked in the shoe shop. He entered the School, March 15, 1937 and was conditionally released, February 2, 1942. For the past two years he has been living at Cordova, Richmond County, where he is employed in a cotton mill. The last progress report concerning this boy stated that he was earning twenty dollars a week and was getting along nicely. Jack's letter reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Just the other day I came across a copy of The Uplift and as I read it I thought of the good times I used to have at the School. In reading of the beautiful pansy beds it reminded me of the times I helped Mr. Walker fix them. During these hot days I would like to be up there for a dip in the swimming-pool. The old Fourth of July celebrations then came to my mind. Boy, how we used to enjoy those cinnamon buns and lemonade. How those holidays used to roll around. On Hallowe'en we would have our party with the hot dogs, candy, peanuts, cakes and drinks. How good it all tasted. Then we would look forward to Thanksgiving Day, the game with Eastern Carolina School, and of course the big Thanksgiving dinner. The next day we would start dreaming again—this time of Christmas, the happiest day of all the year. We



would have the program in the auditorium on Christmas Eve, and then spend a whole week just playing around, with a picture show each afternoon. Those were the days.

"After all the holiday celebration we would hit the old work line for six months. While it was hard sometimes, we could always look forward to the Fourth of July again. One thing about the School, there was always something for a fellow to work hard for. I really appreciate the fine training received there, and can speak sincerely about it.

"I am now seventeen years old and have finished the tenth grade in school, and am working in a textile plant and getting along fine. Our mill is doing 93% government work, second only to steel and gas. As I go about my work I pick out a day to look forward to, and the next date I have in mind is January 5, 1945, when I'll be able to put on the uniform of my country. Then I can work hard and look forward to another special day—which will be when the Germans and Japs will be completely wiped out, and our country can be at peace again.

"Please remember me to all the folks I know at the School, and send me a copy of the latest Uplift. Sincerely yours, Jack B. West."

—:—

Rev. W. V. Tarlton, pastor of McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read Galatians 6:1-10, and as a text for his message to the boys, he selected the 7th verse: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

The speaker began by stating that

we often live as though we did not realize the truth of the text. He pointed out that in farming we reap the same kind of crop which we sow. That is the law of nature. It is the same in our personal lives. If we sow love, we reap love; if we sow friendship, we reap friendship; if we sow hatred, we shall surely reap hatred. That is the law of God. The same law may be applied to the lives of nations as well as individuals.

Rev. Mr. Tarlton stated that if we sow Godliness as we go through life here on earth, the harvest will be life everlasting. In our church life, if harmony and cooperation is sown, the result will be wonderful happiness. If worldliness is permitted to grow in churches, the church will surely fall far short of completing its mission in the lives of men. If obedience to Jesus Christ is sown, the harvest will be eternity spent amid the joys of heaven, and if the evil rules of Satan is sown in men's lives they shall perish.

We must recognize that God knows what we sow, continued the speaker. We sometimes fool our associates, but we cannot fool God. Men may never know just how strong or weak we are. It is possible that we even sometimes fool ourselves. We often think we are much stronger than we are, but when the test comes, we are very weak. On the other hand, we frequently find that we are able to do things which we had thought we couldn't possibly accomplish.

Rev. Mr. Tarlton then said that it is very important to know that when we sow a certain thing, we shall reap more than we sow. The reason that a farmer sows certain crops is that under favorable weather conditions he expects to harvest a great deal

more than he sows. If he did not hope to reap more than was sown, all his hard work would be wasted. That is the law of sowing and reaping.

Not only is this true with crops, said the speaker, but the same law governs the lives of men. If an evil thought is sown in the heart of a child, many more evil things will come out of that life. Hitler sowed into the hearts of hundreds of thousands of young Germans that they were supermen and could whip the whole world. But because he sowed the wrong kind of seed, thousands of Germans and many men and women of other races will die before this great war is ended.

The speaker then called attention to the fact that between the United States and Canada there were about 3,000 miles of border line, and that for several hundred years there have been no forts along the line and no battleships stationed on the Great Lakes. There has been no trouble between these two countries. The reason for this is that the people of both countries sowed good will, and the people of the United States and the Canadians are great friends.

If we plant the spirit of Jesus Christ in human hearts, continued Rev. Mr. Tarlton, the spirit of love will develop, and the bond of friendship between men of various races will put an end to all wars.

The speaker then told the boys that while they were young they should develop a feeling of good will toward their comrades, their teachers, in fact toward everyone with whom they came in contact. If this is done, he added, their lives will be far more pleasant and they will be blessings in the lives of others.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Tarlton told the boys if they failed to sow good deeds, the weeds of evil would enter their lives and they would be dismal failures. He urged each boy present to dedicate his life to the sowing of good seed, in order that he might live a life pleasing in the sight of God and one that would make men proud of him.

—:—

Five games were played in the two baseball leagues last Saturday afternoon. While there were some rather lop-sided scores, some of the contests were very close and interesting to watch. The scores were as follows:

League Number One—Fourth Cottage 15 Second Cottage 2; Fifth Cottage 5 First Cottage 1.

League Number Two—Fifteenth Cottage 12 Fourteenth Cottage 1; Tenth Cottage 6 Thirteenth Cottage 5; Eleventh Cottage 18 Ninth Cottage 6.

### CLUB STANDINGS

#### League Number One

	W	L	Pct.
Receiving Cottage	3	0	1,000
Fifth Cottage	2	1	.666
First Cottage	2	2	.500
Fourth Cottage	1	2	.333
Second Cottage	0	3	.000

#### League Number Two

	W	L	Pct.
Tenth Cottage	4	0	1.000
Thirteenth Cottage	3	1	.750
Eleventh Cottage	2	2	.500
Fifteenth Cottage	2	2	.500
Fourteenth Cottage	1	3	.250
Ninth Cottage	0	4	.000

## "THE COMING PEACE"

By Bishop G. Broomley Oxnam

Throughout the nation in the little chapels of the countryside and in the cathedral like churches in the cities, thousands of ministers will preach upon the theme, "The Coming Peace." Millions of soldiers and sailors have gone forth from the churches at the call of their country. They are resolved to march on to victory but, more, they are resolved to march from physical victory to moral victory, to the end that law and order may be established throughout the earth. I, too, will speak upon the theme "The Coming Peace." I would like to introduce that subject by reading a poem written by a soldier of the last war and a soldier of this war, Don Blanding. It is from a book of poems, entitled "Pilot Bails Out." Each verse begins with a question addressed to a soldier, and the soldier answers:

## SOLDIER, WHAT DID YOU SEE

What did you see, Soldier? What did you see at war?  
 I saw such glory and horror as I've never seen before.  
 I saw men's hearts burned naked in red crucibles of pain.  
 I saw such godlike courage as I'll never see again.

What did you hear, Soldier? What did you hear at war?  
 I heard the prayers on lips of men who had never prayed before.  
 I heard men tell their very souls, confessing each dark stain.  
 I heard men speak the sacred things they will not speak again.

What did you eat, Soldier? What did you eat at war?  
 I ate the bread of fear, the acrid salt of gore.  
 My lips were burned with wine of hate, the scalding drink of  
 Cain.

My tongue has known a bitter taste I would not taste again.

What did you think, Soldier? What did you think at war?  
 I thought, how strange we have not learned from wars that  
 raged before,

Except new ways of killing, new multitudes of pain.  
 Is all the blood that men have shed but blood shed all in vain?

What did you learn, Soldier? What did you learn at war?  
 I learned that we must learn sometime what was not learned be-  
 fore.

That victories won on battlefields are victories won in vain  
 Unless in peace we kill the germs that breed new wars again.

What did you pray, Soldier? What did you pray at war?  
 I prayed that we might do the thing we have not done before:  
 That we might mobilize for peace—nor mobilize in vain.  
 Lest Christ and men be forced to climb stark Calvary again.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 11, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

Charles Blakemore  
Ernest Bullard  
William Burnett  
James Perkins  
David Prevatte  
James Stamper

## COTTAGE NO. 1

John Allen  
Ralph Bailey  
Richard Billings  
Walter Byrd  
George Cox  
Marion Cox  
Donald Carland  
Jack Gray  
Liston Grice  
Howard Hall  
John Love  
Rufus Massingill  
Howard McKinney  
Amos Myers  
William Poteat  
Carlton Pate  
Thomas Ruff  
Floyd Puckett  
Harry Thompson  
Harlan Warren  
Donald Redwine  
Leonard Bradley  
William Lerschell  
Marshall Sessoms

## COTTAGE NO. 2

Charles Byrd  
Thomas Furr  
Vann Robinson  
James Sneed  
Ezell Stansbury  
Leroy Womack

## COTTAGE NO. 3

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE NO. 4

Everett Benfield  
William Brooks  
Clyde Brown  
Leroy Childers  
Burley Emerson  
John Fine

Jeter Green  
Robert Hogan  
George Hawk  
James Hill  
Cecil Kenion  
Roy Miller  
Garnett Quessinberry  
Paul Stone  
Roy Swink  
Clifford Schull  
John R. Smith  
Lawrence Walker

## COTTAGE NO. 5

Curtis Butcher  
Robert Wilkins

## COTTAGE NO. 6

J. C. Cayton  
Rufus Driggers  
Vernon Foster  
Donald Griffie  
Earl Gilmore  
Everett Gallion  
Jack Hensley  
Stanford McLean  
Robert Peavy  
J. W. Smith  
James Swinson  
Lawrence Temple  
Leroy Wilkins

## COTTAGE NO. 7

David Brooks  
Max Brown  
Wallace Foster  
Donald Grimstead  
Robert Helms  
Ned Metcalf  
Eugene Murphy  
Marion Todd  
Richard Tullock

## COTTAGE NO. 8

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE NO. 9

Windley Jones  
James Lowman  
Isaac Mahaffey  
Jack Oliver  
Charles Redmond

Edward Renfro

**COTTAGE NO. 10**

(No Honor Roll)

**COTTAGE NO. 11**

Odean Bland  
Robert Buchanan  
Craven Callahan  
William Guffey  
Alvin Hilton  
William Lowery  
Robert Moose  
James Ray  
Leon Rose

**COTTAGE NO. 12**

(Cottage Closed)

**COTTAGE NO. 13**

William Andrews  
Ernest Davis  
Walter Neagle  
Paul Painter  
Vernon Rinehart  
Charles Shearin

**COTTAGE NO. 14**

Everett Bowden  
Hugh Cornwell  
L. C. Gearing  
Edward Haynes  
John Holder  
Roy Monoley

Paul Matthews

Troy Morris  
Sam Pritchett  
Melbert Rice  
J. H. Smith  
Lester Williams

**COTTAGE NO. 15**

George Brown  
Thomas Baumgarner  
Robert Bluester  
James Cantrell  
Lee Hollifield  
R. V. Hutchinson  
James Knight  
David Lewis  
Charles Lanford  
J. B. Ledford  
Robert Myers  
Hilton Reed  
Clyde Shook  
Dewey Smith  
Alton Stewart  
Jack Willis

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

Jack Bailey  
James Chavis  
Peter Chavis  
Lonel Redwing

**INFIRMARY**

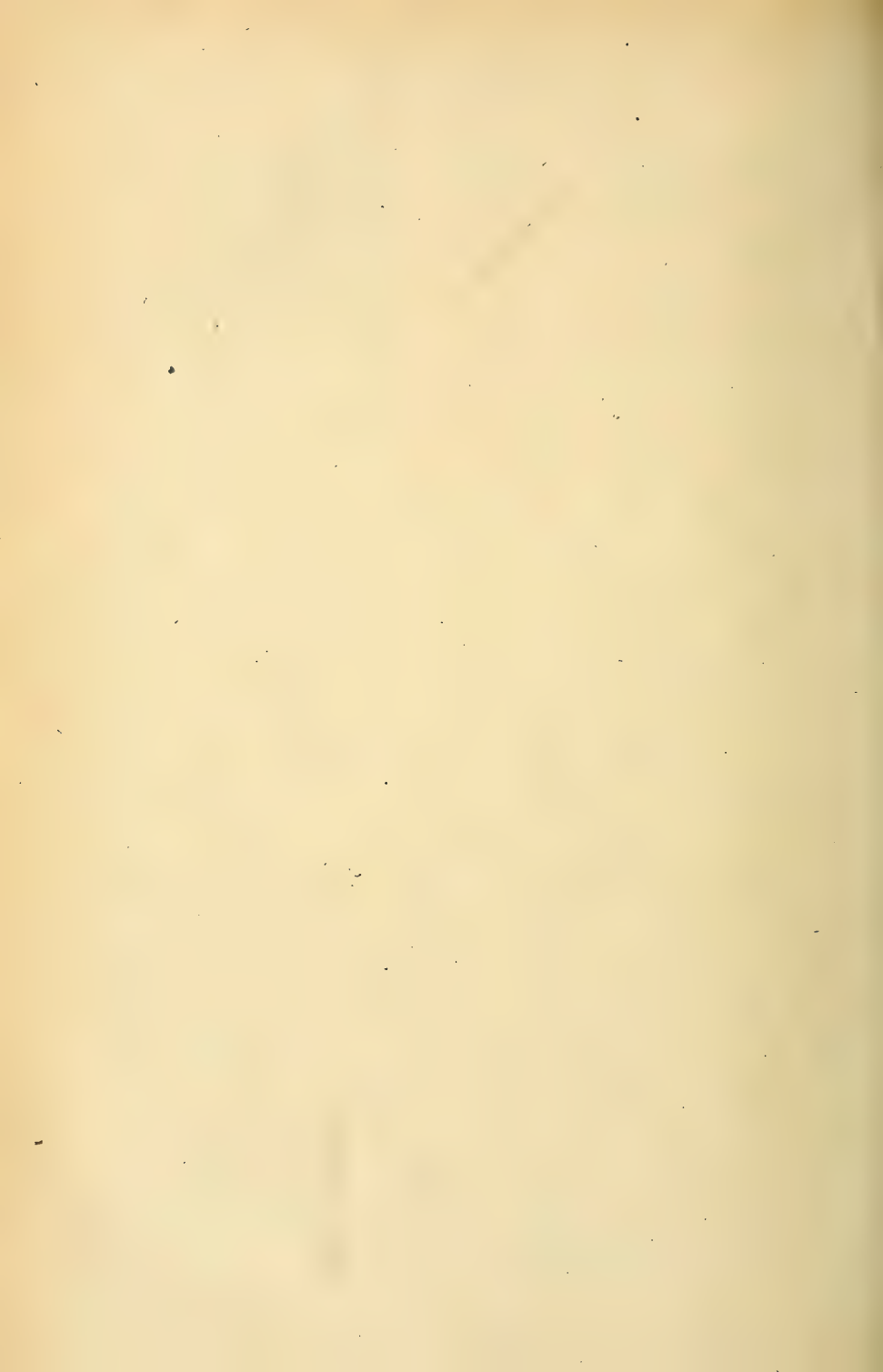
Odell Cecil  
Lloyd Sain

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I often remark that everybody in this universe was born with an innate ability to strive for the higher values of life and for service to others. When this ability is given a chance of its fullest development by applying it to any career one may become a perfect man whose achievements rank the highest and leave nothing to be desired in his conscience.

Therefore I have two sayings which sum up my revolutionary philosophy of life: "The purpose of our living is to improve and enrich the living of mankind." "The significance of our life lies in its creative contribution to the continuity of the life of the universe."

If we could fully understand the meaning of this revolutionary philosophy we should all devote entirely to its realization in adherence to the dictates of our conscience and never falter in our efforts until we die. By so doing we may also attain eternal life and win the admiration of posterity in the world as Jesus Christ did.—Chiang Kai-Shek.



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# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 24, 1944

No. 25

JUN 24 1944

## OUR AIM

When the rifles cease to rattle  
And the cannon cease to roar;  
When is passed the noise of battle,  
And the death lists are no more;  
With a yet undreamed of beauty,  
As a nation we shall rise,  
And the love of right and duty  
Shall be gleaming in our eyes,  
As a nation tried by sorrow,  
With a heritage of worth,  
We shall stand on God's tomorrow  
With the leaders of the earth.

—Selected

PUBLISHED BY  
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND  
INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## A PRAYER

O God our Father, as thou dost look upon our broken and bleeding world, have mercy upon us and forgive our sins. Have mercy upon the nations of the earth and lead them out of darkness into light; out of hatred and conflict into understanding, cooperation and peace. May the nations come to know Thee and put their trust in Thee, and seek to build a new world in righteousness and truth.

Grant that Thy children, who have seen Thy face in Jesus Christ, of whatever race or name, may recognize their oneness in Christ, and grant that this fellowship around the whole wide world, may become a mighty force in drawing the nations together in justice and good will. May we see our citizenship in the Kingdom of God as broader than that of any nation or race. As one fellowship binding all mankind.

And may we, who name the name of Christ in America, give ourselves more unitedly and more fully to bringing the children and youth of this nation to know him, who is the foundation of our hopes for every great thing, everything that is worthy to abide in our national life.

Help us of all the churches that we may fulfill the great commission that has been given to us, and that the knowledge of Thy love and Thy salvation may spread abroad in this nation and in all the nations of the earth, through Jesus Christ, Thy Son. Amen.—Southern Christian Advocate.

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Mr. J. W. Hines took up his work as principal of the school department here on June 5th. Mr Hines comes to the work with excellent recommendations and also with a background of experience both as a classroom teacher and as a principal. For the last four years he has taught the 7th grade in the Bessemer public schools at Greensboro. Of his work there his principal makes the following comment:

“Mr. Hines has many excellent qualities as a teacher. He stands for good order and has gotten it in his classes here. He believes in scholarship first and has been able to get it. The

most important thing is that he gets the good will and cooperation of his students. He has had a wonderful moral influence with his group this year.

"I feel that if you are looking for a strong person who will put duty to his school work first, you will make no mistake in selecting Mr. Hines as principal of your school."

Mr. Hines is a graduate of High Point College and has done graduate work at Duke University towards a master's degree.

During the brief time he has been connected with the school he has entered into the work with great earnestness and a sincere desire to meet all the qualities of a strong principal. It seems that he is unwilling to let anything whatsoever interfere with his duties in connections with the school. He has made an excellent start as a classroom teacher by making thorough and careful preparation. He enters into the playing activities of the playground, and works with groups of boys in basketball in the gymnasium in the evenings. He has made some new plans for the school which have been presented to the teachers in the form of a teacher's handbook, with many helpful suggestions. He is very eager to work towards the standardization of the school department here in terms of the standards for accredited schools.

The School wishes for Mr. Hines the very best of success in this enterprise which is new to him. We believe he will be most successful in the months ahead.

\* \* \* \* \*

### FINE WEATHER FOR SWIMMING

We are experiencing an unprecedented hot wave. The hot weather has been terrific, and the concensus of opinion is that never before has such intense heat been felt in this section during the month of June. In public gatherings, on the streets and elsewhere the weather is discussed, but to quote a nationally known humorist, "there is nothing one can do about it." As a means of escaping the intense heat, people from every walk of life are finding their way to some nearby lake so as to take a plunge into the cooling waters. We were **informed** that all places for such recreation were uncomfortably crowded. We cannot help but feel that some of these places, when not properly treated to prevent the spread of disease, are dangerous.

However, we have a strong feeling, having faith in His tender manner, that the Lord takes care of fools and children. When we hear of a lake with a very small capacity being crowded by more than five hundred persons, we know that certain classes of people "rush in where angels fear to tread."

The officials of the Jackson Training School are not the least apprehensive when our boys go into the Cone Swimming Pool. The conditions in this unit of fine recreation measures up to all requirements necessary to eliminate any insidious germ harmful to the human body. Neither time nor money were spared to make this pool attain the highest standard of perfection. The youngsters are enjoy the swimming periods immensely during the extremely hot weather this month. This pool was a wonderful contribution to the joy and to the health of the boys of the Jackson Training School. Many of the lads coming from remote corners of the state, who never so much as had a swimming hole, take to the water like ducks, and soon become good swimmers.

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

At this particular time, when it seems that the freedom of France is in process of restoration by the Allied Forces, it is pertinent that our minds should dwell upon the friendship between America and France in the past. As a symbol of this friendship we naturally think of the Statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island, in New York Harbor, and how the United States came into possession of this colossal statue.

This work of art in bronze was executed by Frederic A. Bartholdi. Its cost was about \$250,000. It is the largest statue ever made. The brass used in it weighs eighty-eight tons. The statue itself is 151 feet in height, and from the foundation of the pedestal on which it stands, it measures 305 feet to the top of the torch. There are 100 tons of bronze contained in the figure, and the total weight is 450,000 pounds.

The statue represents a proud woman, clad in a loose graceful robe which falls in generous folds from her shoulder to her feet. The right arm holds aloft a great torch. The left hand grasps a tablet on which the date of the Declaration of Independence is inscribed.

The head will hold forty persons while there is room for twelve people inside the torch.

This work of art was intended to symbolize the historic friendship between the two republics, and to typify the idea of freedom and brotherhood which underlies a republican form of government. This famous gift of the people of France was received in the United States, June 19, 1885.

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### “ONE WORLD”

Mr. Wendell Willkie has written a book which he calls “One World”. In it he gives an account of what he saw and heard as he flew around the world. He calls it “One World” and yet from his own account it is not one world but a lot of shattered pieces and even the pieces are now being bombed and strafed. Soon another generation will have to remove the debris, gather up the fragments and try to piece the one world together again. We have heard a great deal about juvenile delinquency recently. We heard the question asked the other day, “Why are the young people so bent on going to the devil?” Another answered, “Because they like to stay with the old people.” There is no doubt but that the older generation has destroyed the unity of the world and are drafting young people to finish the job.

This war with all of its devastations is no accident. It is no more an accident than there is after uniting two atoms of hydrogen and one atom of oxygen and getting water. That is, war is the inevitable effect of definite causes. Mix two atoms of hydrogen and one one atom of oxygen and the result is water; mix hatred, national selfishness, a feeling that one is not one’s brother’s keeper, race prejudice and envy in a world as small as the one Mr. Willkie flew around, the war is the product.

Many groups are thinking and mapping out the course that must be followed in the after-war world if peace is to remain. Peace will follow as result of the things that are the very opposite of those which precipitated war. Into a world of lasting peace must go unselfishness, sympathy, a recognition of the rights of others and an acceptance of the fact that one is his brother’s keeper. Envy, hatred national strife, and isolation must be discarded. The practice of the

golden rule in every sphere of life must be established and maintained.

The rebuilding of the world must begin with the individual and then practiced by the local churches. We do not see how one world can be maintained without Jesus Christ and his principles, active in the lives of the people. What is loosely thought of as the Christianity of today can not do it. The Christianity of today is not willing to pay the price of absolute surrender to the will of Jesus and the complete following in his footsteps. There is too much of self at the present time but maybe the fires of war will burn the dross of selfishness out of the Christian people so that they can lead a bleeding and battered world to accept the principles practiced by Jesus, which will inevitably result in peace on earth and good wil toward men.—(Charity & Children).

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### TODAY IS THE DAY

Man is prone to worry about what tomorrow holds in store for him, and while so doing, remains indifferent to the opportunities of today. Today is quite sufficient for the burdens we must bear. It is ours—to live, to love and reach out a helping hand to our brother who is staggering under a load of care. Yesterday is gone. Its memories are all that we have to remind us of a day that was. Tomorrow may never come to us, therefore, today is all of time we have to build upon. It is the tomorrow we were worrying about yesterday, while tomorrow is still as far away as it then seemed. The only thing for us to do is to put our shoulders to the wheel and bend every effort in an attempt to make today a day of accomplishment. Opportunity is knocking now. Let us be up and doing in order that at the rising of tomorrow's sun we shall not have to face the responsibility of completing a task left undone today.

# FIFTY YEARS OF GOVERNORS

(The State)

Do you recall that Elias Carr of Edgecombe was the last farmer Governor of our State; that his administration leased the North Carolina Railroad to the Southern for ninety-nine years—an act sharply criticised at the time, but which has proven the best investment the State ever made.

That Daniel L. Russell, of New Hanover, was our last Republican Governor; that his administration was marked by a series of scandals in several State departments (not involving the executive personally) and that there was widespread disorders over the entire eastern section, culminating in the Wilmington race riots.

That the election of Charles B. Aycock, of Wayne, brought to the State not only a new century, but a "new birth of freedom"; for he took the Negro out of politics; he put the children into the public schools and translated into actuality his great program of "a school for every child and every child in a school."

That the administration of Robert B. Glenn of Forsyth, the "prohibition Governor" was marked by a series of serious clashes between the State and Federal judiciary; and that the Governor threatened to use the military power of the State to carry out the legislative act providing for lower freight and passenger rates by common carriers.

That in the days of Populism, Governor William Walton Kitchin, of Guilford, was the only Democratic Congressman; that he was the brother of Congressman Claude Kitchin, peerless, orator, chairman of the Ways and

Means Committee and majority leader in the House; that in later years he made a campaign for the United States Senate against Senator Furnifold M. Simmons and Chief Justice Walter Clark.

That Lock Craig, "Little Giant of the West," of Buncombe, challenged Republican leader Senator Jeter C. Pritchard to a joint canvass of the State; which, when held, was reminiscent of the day when Vance and Settle made their historic joint canvass. Pritchard held his own.

That the silver-tongued and golden hearted Thomas Walter Bickett, of Franklin, was commander-in-chief and organized our State for defense during the First World War; but soon after the end of his administration he "went West" to join his buddies far beyond the sunset's crimson glow. Read his great valedictory, personally delivered before the General Assembly.

That Cameron Morrison, of Mecklenburg, Democratic leader during the "Red Shirt campaign" at the turn of the century, was the father of our present system of hard surfaced highways, and that under his leadership the basic highway act of 1921 was enacted providing for connecting every courthouse with every other courthouse with a hard surfaced highway.

That Angus Wilton McLean of Robeson introduced the "Budget System" into the financial system of the State; and that he established the office of "Executive Counsel," fore-runner of the present office of Parole Commissioner.

That Oliver Max Gardner, of Cleveland, was the father of the Greater University and that he was an ardent advocate of the theorem that we should produce right here in Carolina practically everything that we consume.

That John Christopher Blucher Ehringhaus, of Pasquotank, combatted and defied six thousand embattled and irate farmers in his historic speech at Riddick stadium; and that time has fully justified the position then taken by him with such high courage; that he restored the credit of the State and balanced the budget.

That Clyde Roark Hoey, of Cleve-

land boldly and bravely announced that there would be no sit-down strikes in Carolina during his administration; and that our State passed through one of the most critical periods in its history with no serious clashes between labor and capital. The permanent Revenue Act was the fruit of his hands.

That J. Melville Broughton of Wake, booster of Carolina and boomer of business, competently commanded our people during the first phases of the Second World War and gallantly rallied our people to the support of every phase of the effort.

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Between two evils, choose neither; between two goods, choose both.—Tryon Edwards.

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## GOVERNOR TAYLOR'S DREAM

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

Bob Taylor's dream of heaven is beautiful in the superlative degree. It is one of the gems of the English tongue. Amid the mad and headlong rush of this busy age we might do well to stop and listen again to the singing sentences of this eloquent East Tennessean. Hear him:

"What heaven is like I do not know, but I have dreamed of its purple hills and fields of light, blossoming with immortal beauty; of its brooks and laughter and its rivers of song and its palaces of eternal love. I long have dreamed that every bird with its life here may sing for ever there in the tree of life, and every consecrated

soul that suffers here may rest among its flowers and live and love for forever. I long have dreamed of opal towers and burnished golden domes, but what care I for gates of pearl or streets of gold if I can meet the loved ones who have blessed me here and see the glorified faces of father and mother and the boy brother who died among the bursting buds of hope, and take again in my arms my baby who fell asleep when her little tongue had learned to lisp, 'Our Father who art in heaven?' What care I for crowns of stars or of gold if I can love and laugh and sing with them forever in the smile of my Saviour and my God?"

# FATHER'S DAY GROWS IN ITS POPULARITY

By Mrs. J. A. Yarbrough

This is Father's Day, the one day in the year when fathers are supposed to receive their full share of attention for the privilege of being a father.

It is encouraging to observe that each year there is a bit more of an impetus toward making Father's Day a really notable event. The third Sunday in June, which is set apart for the observance of Father's Day, while no little Philadelphia school teacher like Anne Jarvis suggested it as in the origin of Mother's Day, is every year becoming more popular, and suitable recognition of the head of the house is steadily increasing.

The setting apart of a day on which to honor fathers by special services in the churches and in other ways originated independently in different parts of the country in different years. And different days were chosen prior to 1934 when there came to be general agreement on the third Sunday in June.

The credit for making the first suggestion probably belongs to Mrs. John Bruce Dodd of Spokane, Washington. The idea occurred to Mrs. Dodd in 1909 as a suitable tribute to her own father who had successfully reared a family of children after the death of their mother. She wrote to the Reverend Conrad Bluhm, president of the Spokane Ministerial Association proposing that the third Sunday in June be designated as a day for honoring fathers. The As-

sociation approved the proposal when it was submitted to its membership and the first celebration was held in Spokane, in June 1910. Sons and daughters were asked to wear a red rose in honor of a living father and a white rose if the father were dead.

While the celebration was successful, knowledge of it evidently did not spread far for in 1911 the observance of Father's Day was discussed in Chicago as though it were something new. Miss Jane Addams of Hull House expressed her approval in these words, "Poor father has been left out in the cold. He doesn't get much recognition. But regardless of his bread-earning proclivities it would be a good thing if he had a day that would mean recognition of him."

A dispatch from Vancouver, Washington, in the Portland Oregonian of May 18, 1913, gives the impression that the people of Vancouver believed that the celebration of Father's Day originated there. The dispatch states that a suggestion made in the Oregonian by the Reverend J. H. Barringer, pastor of the Irvington Methodist Church, that the fathers be honored, was followed by special services in his church thus establishing a custom which might "become a national one."

The Chicago discussion in 1911 produced no general observance of the day. In 1920 Harry C. Meek, of Chicago, was able to bring about the observance of a day in honor



of fathers on the third Sunday in October and in 1924 President Calvin Coolidge wrote Mr. Meek, "As I have indicated heretofore the widespread observance of this day is calculated to establish more intimate relations between fathers and their sons and also to impress upon fathers the full measure of their obligations."

President Wilson had antedated President Coolidge in recognizing Father's Day for he pressed a button in Washington unfurling a flag on the platform at the first known public celebration of the day which occurred in Spokane, Washington, in 1910.

Before there was any wide spread observance of the day, Mrs. Charlotte Kirkbride and Mrs. D. Carrie Sternberg of Philadelphia induced J. Hampton Moore, a representative in Congress from that city, to introduce a resolution in the House of Representatives designating the first Sunday in June as Father's Day. This resolution did not pass, neither did a similar resolution later introduced by representative Bertrand H. Sorrell of New York.

A Father's Day of a different kind was observed on November 24, 1918, when at the suggestion of The Stars and Stripes, the official newspaper of the American Expeditionary Forces in France, the fathers at home wrote to their sons in the field and the sons in the field wrote home. Arrangements were made for the delivery of the letters without delay. The war was over then and delivery was possible without risk.

While the rose is regarded as the appropriate flower for the day, a white lilac with a green leaf was worn at the first cele-

bration in Vancouver, Washington. The members of the Martin W. Callener Bible class, of Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania, selected the dandelion in 1924 for the typical flower as "the more it is trampled on the more it grows" but its use did not become general.

Deep devotion to children is usually attributed to mothers but if we could look into the hearts of the fathers of the nation we would find just as many men as women whose lives are bound up in their children.

The moment a father beholds that miniature red, squirming edition of himself, perhaps bearing his name, an indescribable feeling sweeps through his whole being. There is no other sensation like it. Usually he wants to cry, but it isn't manly to weep. The mist in his eyes and the vain effort to swallow the lump in his throat show how near he is to it.

No matter how that boy may disappoint him in years to come, nothing can take away from the ecstasy of that moment. His mind leaps forward to the time when the boy may perhaps be associated in business with him or to the day when he may take up the same career and far surpass him in success. All through his childhood, boyhood and young manhood, his father's affection is just as deep and strong as the mother's though naturally less emotional. When the boy gets too large to climb into his lap and kiss him, his heart aches for that visible show of affection. Bless the boy who continues to kiss his father just as he does his mother! That is as it should be.

No one ever knows of the sleepless nights when fathers lie and

plan ways to give their children the best possible chance in life. He denies himself clothes, trips, membership in organizations, if necessary, to furnish means for education and the many obligations young people fall heir to that they may not suffer embarrassment among their friends.

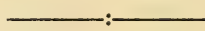
When the neighbors hear a boy has been called into the army, their hearts throb for the mother. The father suffers just as keenly, but his anguish must be silently borne for he must console and comfort the mother.

The commercializing of Mother's and Father's Days has been frowned upon by certain people. "Why neglect them all the year and then give them presents on just one day?" they contend. But the truth is that the majority of children who remember their parents on these special days remember them all throughout the year. With them it is not the purchase of candy, flowers, books, neckties, handkerchiefs, etc., for just that day, then forgetfulness until the day rolls around again. And the mothers and fathers love these days.

They would be robbed of much joy should the custom be discontinued, even those who hear from their children only on that particular date.

The idea that fathers do not like presents is wrong in most cases. He may be a little shy about it, but that little gift on Father's Day has great compensations. What you get him need never be the source of worry. It may be tobacco, a book, or something to wear. No man in the history of the world, fathers especially, ever had too many socks. Expense is no barrier. You can get him a much needed and appreciated gift from 50 cents up. If you want to show off a bit you can get him an inexpensive but really gorgeous looking robe or pajamas that will make him feel like Tyrone Power.

But the moral is that no matter how much or how little you spend you will make him feel like a millionaire. He may not say much about it but he will feel it. It's a day dedicated to the thesis that fathers are real people. Let him know you think so!



One of our exchanges recently raised this question: If it is true that a man is known by the company he keeps, then tell man bad because he keeps company with the bad man, or is the bad man good because he keeps company with the good man? Oh, hum. We wouldn't know.

# TRUTHS AND TRADITIONS

By Jenny Wrenn

If there are those who think that Father's Day, which is becoming a tradition with American people, should be set aside for the duration, they may have another thought coming if they will ponder the message sent last June from Australia by Douglas MacArthur as he accepted the designated honor accorded him as Number one Father of the year. We quote the message:

"Nothing has touched me more deeply than the act of the National Father's Day committee. By profession I am a soldier and take pride in that fact, but I am prouder, infinitely prouder, to be a father. A soldier destroys in order to build; the father only builds, never destroys. The one has the potentialities of death; the other embodies creation and life. And while the hordes of death are mightily the battalions of life are mightier still. It is my hope that my son, when I am gone will remember me not from the battle but in the home repeating with him our simple daily prayer—'Our Father Who Art in Heaven.'"

It is a serious thing to stop and wonder just how your child will remember you; what unforgettable impression you have made upon him. It is an awesome thing to be a father. When a man dies the general public remembers his life as a whole, his children remember every individual act, his little personal mannerisms which are the earmarks of strength or of frailty.

My father remembered his father

as the man who punished him unmercifully for an act of which he was entirely innocent. Later when the real culprit was found there was no apology—no reparation, as far as my father was concerned the good in my grandfather was blotted out by that single deed. It colored his whole life.

When my father died I had no potrait of him. This at first caused me great concern and heartache but as the days passed and time softened my grief, I found that I had not only one but many portraits of him—I have but to close my eyes and there he is in all the vivid alertness and beauty that was so characteristic of him. I say beauty out of the advice of my own heart. My father was not a handsome man as a criterion versed in the arts and graces of masculine charm would judge.

Such a person might have even deem him mediocre, but a true artist who delves deep into the realms of beauty and jealously ferrets out each little line to set it forth in its own true nobility might have found in him a fit subject for a painting. He was so alive. The spark of God that is accorded to every human being burned within his heart with such fervor that the reflection of its glow has cast itself through the years to flame again in the hearts of his children.

My father was not rich in worldly goods. Often his pockets were empty his crops a failure, his clothing poor, but he was rich in serenity and wis-

dom and good will. There was never a day of darkness that he could not look forward to the hope of a brighter tomorrow. His was the richness of being able to enjoy the simple pleasures that came his way, sure in the knowledge that it takes the little things to make up a perfect whole.

I love to think of my father as when tired from the toil of the day he would walk wearily to the huge rock that served as a kitchen step and sit down to remove his shoes—It always lifts me to the seventh heaven to remember that we children sat with each other in washbasins and bringing him a refreshing drink. When my father died and I sat that night silent in my grief Robin removed my shoes for me and said quietly, "Jenny, you have feet exactly like your father's." I shall never forget how those words warmed my heart.

I love to remember him coming across the barn lot lifting his hat to us girls as we went about our daily chores. He was not a sissy. He was a plain hard working farmer yet he always showed his daughters a grave courtesy that was touching.

I love to think of him by the fire-side in winter warmed by the glow of a cheerful blaze and seated comfortably in a deep cane backed rocker reading aloud from some favorite book. He could never endure us children stirring around while he read and occasionally he would stop to say "children will you please sit down." There seemed never to be enough chairs to go around and I remember yet how I would feign sitting on an imaginary chair until all was well again. We had few books but father

taught us to love good literature.

One of the loveliest ways I think of my father is as he looked in his pew on Sunday mornings, the cares of weekly toil all erased from his face and the sweetness of inner peace transforming it into a kind of radiance that some how made me instinctively know that Sunday was a holy day and the house of God a temple of prayer.

I love to remember the cheerful way with which he met a new day. He walked quickly to do his morning chores, doing his work as though he loved it. It was as if he said:

"This is my work, my blessing,  
not my doom;  
Of all who live, I am the one  
by whom  
This work can best be done in the  
right way  
Then shall I cheerfully greet  
the laboring hours,  
And cheerfully turn when the  
long shadows fall  
At eventide to play and love and  
rest  
Because I know for me my work  
is best.  
So let the way wind up or  
down  
Through rough or smooth, the  
journey will be joy;  
Still seeking what I sought when  
but a boy,  
New friendship, high adventure  
and a crown.  
I shall grow old but never lose  
life's zest  
Because the road's last turn will  
be the best."

I do not think of my father as dead. His body has long since mouldered into dust but for him the "road's last turn" was his supreme hour.

I think of him as things were in my girlhood days when I slept in the little room next to the kitchen and opened my eyes to the beauty of the blue morning glories that grew so abundantly about my window. In the coolness of the morning I could hear him singing as he kindled the fire in the kitchen range. He had a rich, sweet voice and the echoes of the song he sang have resounded thorough the years. The

words come to me now as does the tender cadence of his tone.

"Only a dream, only a dream  
Of glory beyond the dark stream  
How peaceful the slumber  
How happy the waking  
For death is only a dream!"

I know not the beauty of his dwelling place, not the ecstasy of living in the presence of the Most High God but do know that out of the sacred promises of the King Himself, my father has entered into life eternal.

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## THE SIMPLE APPROACH

(Sunshine Magazine)

There is a story newspaperman tell of a scoop which a cub reporter scored on the veterans of half a dozen New York dailies a couple of years ago. It seems that all of the metropolitan papers were angling for a picture of the daughter of a very prominent and news-worthy person.

All the veterans of the dailies tried in various involved and devious ways to obtain the young woman's picture. The butler was bribed and the housemaid was bribed; commercial photographers, who might have made a portrait at some time in the past, were all interviewed. Distant relatives were besieged by phone and in person on the chance that they might have a picture. Still, no one turned up with the much-desired photograph.

"Why doesn't someone just ask Miss

Jones for the picture?" asked the new reporter, who just didn't know any better.

A couple of veterans, who did know all the answers, kidded the new one. "That's a splendid idea," they joshed—"why don't you call on Miss Jones personally and get the picture yourself?"

The young reporter returned an hour or so later with the picture under his arm. But he was a very much surprised young man when the city editor, a man of evil manner and with the bleak disposition bred by chronic dyspepsia, fell on his neck with loud and unprintable hallelujahs. The neophyte was considerably bewildered. He didn't know that the simple approach wouldn't work.

# THE REMEMBERED LAUGH

(Sunshine Magazine)

The bus was rumbling and swaying down the highway to Shore Valley. Over the edge of the hill young Major Robert Dean could see the old town. It was no longer a peaceful village, but a booming defense center.

Eighteen months ago the Major had been waiting in Shore Valley for his overseas orders. He had wandered about the quiet streets, watching the blue-shadowed hills recede in the gathering mists. He was now returning on a leave of absence, wearing a couple of medals, and recuperating from a shattered knee. He was coming back to find one whose laughter he had remembered in the fox holes of Guadalcanal.

Closing his eyes as the bus swung low through the valley, Major Dean could again see the tearoom, and the girl, as if it had been but yesterday. A strange loneliness and fear came over him. What if everything was changed! He only saw that face once. He had stepped into the little Mexican tearoom and saw her seated behind a large desk, her swift fingers hand-coloring pretty menu cards. She had a proud little head on her, and she wore a gay little ribbon around a soft, long bob.

The Major remembered that he had stared until he realized his rudeness. He had felt instantly attracted to her. She didn't look as if she had a care in the world, and he found himself listening for her laughter. He had folded his napkin absent-mindedly, and looking up, had caught the girl's direct glance. And she had smiled! It was a smile with a queer, friendly some-

thing, as if to say, "Isn't life grand, soldier? And here's good luck!" He had risen. It had been his desire to speak, but as he neared the desk, others who knew her had crowded around and he had turned abruptly away.

The bus was now entering the town. The streets looked strangely unfamiliar. The main street was no longer quiet, but a bustling, noisy, thoroughfare. The Major felt weak and afraid. Beads of perspiration were on his forehead. He alighted and sought lodgment. He found himself in a quiet home, with a garden just beneath his window. He breathed the fragrance of the flowers, and sought among them the face and the laughter that was ever before him.

"Lady Perkins," he said impulsively to the landlady, "is there a Mexican tearoom here? I had lunch there eighteen months ago, and—I liked it!"

She laughed. "I'm afraid you'll not recognize it; it's changed hands.

The Major had built up a picture of walking right back into the tearoom and meeting the laughing brown eyes. He found the place, but it was now a tavern. He continued his search until he was exhausted.

At dusk he sought the quiet of the garden. Suddenly a voice said, "You seem to be somewhat lost." It was Lady Perkins

The Major smiled a little. "Yes," he said, without looking up, "I'm lost in a dream. I feel as if it were important that I find her—before I go away again."

"Find who?" the landlady asked

curiously, yet sympathetically. "Can I help?"

"She's got dark hair—and eyes—and a wonderful, oh, wonderful laugh!" the Major exclaimed.

"That's not too exacting a description," commented the lady; "tall or small?"

"I don't know—she was seated behind a big desk. She had a beautiful laugh—strange and lovely—and her face was radiant!"

The warm, drowsy days moved languidly on. The Major had abandoned hope of ever finding his dream. But one evening he saw her in a parked car. He looked again, and again, and again. It must be she—a little older, perhaps, but there were the same indefinable qualities. He looked for someone he knew. He wondered if he would dare speak. Then another girl came along and called, "Sorry, Fran; be with you in a minute." She came back, got into the car, and drove away. And he heard "Fran's" laughter die away!

The Major confided his find in Lady Perkins. "I know two girls named Frances, but neither answers your description." She frowned a thought. "She must be visiting here."

Impatiently the Major walked the streets that night. Before him shone the lights of a small building. It was the library. Perhaps he could find peace in a book. He entered the quiet room. At first he did not see the girl almost hidden behind a pile of books.

"Good evening." The voice was soft and lilting, and when the Major wheeled around, he was staring down into the face for which he had searched so long.

"You!" he exclaimed. Quickly his voice softened. "Oh, I beg your par-

don! You see, it's startling to stumble onto you—after taking you all over Guadalcanal!"

"Me!"

The Major studied her face—there were lines of pain. He had seen the look too often in the faces of the boys not to recognize the signs.

"I'm afraid I don't understand!" she was saying.

"No, of course not. I saw you, and heard you laugh once—before I went overseas. Your laugh stayed with me through everything—and helped me when I felt I could not stand any more!" It was almost a shout. The lines in the girl's face deepened. Then his voice quieted. "I hope you don't mind!"

She was smiling now. "I'm glad—" The voice was so low, and rich, and simple. "I'm glad, if anything I did gave you a lift!"

The Major was about to say more, when a group of girls entered. One said, "Not closed yet, are you?"

"Just about," the girl smiled, glancing at the Major.

"Good—we'll take you home."

And all the Major could say was, "Good night!"

"It was unbelievable!" jubilantly exclaimed the Major to Lady Perkins. "I found her! I found her at the library!"

The lady looked askance. "Oh, I never thought of Francine Moore." She was about to say more, but desisted. Then a thought came to her. "I'll see that you have a real chance to meet her—I'll invite you both to dinner—tomorrow."

The Major was elated. The morrow seemed much too distant. But when he arrived at the dinner hour, Francine was already there, seated quietly in

a big wing chair. She was smiling, and there was a warm glow on her cheeks.

"Francine, Major Dean wants to meet you," Lady Perkins said. "And I'll let you two get acquainted while I put the last-minute things on."

"I've got to make up for lost time," the Major told Francine, "I'll be going out again." A shadow fell over his face as he added, "If I get well enough." And then he said, appealingly, "I would like to know the secret of your philosophy. You look and laugh as if the world were full of joy. I don't find it that way." It was obvious that the Major had a severely injured knee, for his walk was difficult.

Before Francine could answer, Lady Perkins announced dinner. The Major arose from his seat with some pain. He saw Francine rise, and as she started to walk across the floor to

his side, his heart froze within him. One foot was dragging in an ungainly twist. The Major was stunned. It was unfair! He wanted to cry. But he smiled kindly. He wanted to erase some terrible thing from his mind.

Lady Perkins was talking and laughing, as if nothing had happened. Francine was unperturbed, and laughed one of her gay laughs up at the Major. He wanted to weep for her. But he quickly banished the thought. No one need weep for Francine. She may have lost the grace of her feet, but her spirit laughed. For a moment all the brave company of wounded boys in his command—armless, legless—moved before his eyes. And then he knew why it had been so important that he find her—Francine. He must go back to them all now and say, "You are not beaten, men! You are never beaten! Laugh, men! Laugh!"

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Rats have been getting into the news lately. Hitler's personal organ, Voelkischer Beobachter, recently took note of the large rat population of Greater Germany, setting their number at 80,000,000 which is a near approach to the human population. Britain has been generous in food subsidies for its cat population as a protective measure against the rising rat population caused by the conditions of war; but the continued rat increase necessitated sterner measures. Recently a poison campaign was begun against the rodents that infest the 3,000 miles of sewer running underneath the twenty-eight boroughs of London. As a result of two different attempts the authorities disposed of more than 1,000,000 rats. The success of the methods used is encouraging other communities to stage campaigns of their own. Britain acknowledges a population of 60,000,000 black and brown rats, and they are not easily discouraged.—Selected.



# PRAYER FOR POWER

(The Baptist Courier)

It is in human nature to admire and desire great power and to despise and be ashamed of weakness. The world today is discovering and employing as never before the marvelous forces in nature. This is the age of miracles in the material life of the race. The scientists and inventors are the miracle workers astonishing the world by the products of their brains and hands, the machines of power for the destruction or for the construction of a better material civilization. The greater is the need of the world for the discovery and employment of spiritual powers sufficient to control and direct all the forces put into the hands of men.

There are such powers available to men, the limitless resources of the power of God. for that reason the apostle could confidently pray: "That he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might be his spirit in the inner man." The apostle is thinking of the greatness of the Christian's life and work, of God's will and purpose of great things for them and the accessibility to all the grace and power of God by them.

Above all things the world needs strong men, men of strength of character and spiritual life, mighty men of courage to maintain righteousness and truth in the world and cause them to prevail. Men of that sort, Paul thought, the gospel, the church in every community, ought to be producing and offering to the world's service. Such strength of character is the natural and normal product of

Christianity, the Christianity that is itself the product of the grace of God: for it is the response of the greatness of goodness in men to the greatness of the goodness of the grace of God bestowed on men.

None of us need to be reminded of our need of spiritual power. We are conscious of our weaknesses and are ashamed of them. We do need to be reminded of the unlimited resources of power available to us and that we also have access to the throne of grace for every time of need.

These resources of spiritual power are available and sufficient for self-control; for the control of impulse and emotion and desire by intelligence, by conscience, by the moral and spiritual forces of the soul. Spiritual power is first needed and first expressed in the moral character, in the soundness and strength and nobility of character of the individual. For that we pray.

These resources of spiritual power are available and sufficient for the temptations which lie in wait. To stand, to resist, to overcome. For that we pray.

For courage to take our stand and do our part in the war and in the battle for truth and righteousness against all the forces of evil and oppression; for the rights and privileges of a better life for our fellowmen in a better world. For this we pray.

For the strength of patience to stand up under the burdens of the responsibilities of life, to endure and persevere in its hard tasks, to do our

duty, to bear our responsibilities, to be true to our obligations. For that we pray.

For the faith and the will to see

and to undertake to fulfill God's great purpose for us and for our church at home and to the ends of the earth.

For that we pray.

---

Every noble life leaves the fibre of it interwoven in the work of the world.—Ruskin.

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## NORTH CAROLINA SHOWS HOW TO SOLVE COUNTRY CHURCH PROBLEM

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

Sixty-eight students of the Duke Divinity School will this summer spend ten weeks assisting rural pastors of Methodist churches in North Carolina. This is not a new movement. For fifteen years the Duke Endowment has carried on the work. Besides these things the Endowment has aided over 500 rural churches in their building program.

While Methodist leaders in other parts of the nation have been discussing the problems of the rural church frequently bemoaning the impossibility of doing much about it, the Methodists of North Carolina have already solved the problem. The rural churches are now the chief factors of Methodist evangelism in North Carolina. And it may be insisted once more that from these country churches there flow steady streams of young vigorous life to enlarge and strengthen the town and city churches of this

and other states. Just here is the hope of our land.

Let Methodists in other states, both north and south, get to work on the job like the Methodists of the Tar Heel state are doing. And let the young preachers who are waiting and planning and perhaps scheming to get a big city church, go to work building big country churches and congregations and thereby bring in the kingdom of God. There is no country church problem in North Carolina expect to find enough men to supply the growing demand for pastors.

There is a cry just now that the jurisdictional conferences be given a larger place in our economy. Why not take up the problem of the rural church and solve it? Those interested should visit the Old North State and get an object lesson that would prove profitable to them!

## SIMPLICITY AND GREATNESS

Simplicity is usually an accompaniment of greatness. Big men are content in performances that make for greatness and have little time or inclination for gestures born of conceit or vanity.

Down in the cemetery at Aberdeen, N. C., is a little plot, neatly cared for, which contains the remains of the late Walter Hines Page, American Ambassador to the Court of St. James, the most coveted and responsible diplomatic post in the world. Mr. Page served his country in this capacity during a period when every misstep carried augment fatality and every awkward performance was a great danger. Mr. Page, through the genius of his calling and common sense of extraordinary variety, was a tower of strength to the best interests of a troubled world.

Yet a simple granite tomb, with just his name and birth and death dates for inscription, marks his resting place. This is the elegance of simplicity; dignity of the most impressive kind.

When one thinks of the eminent nobodies, many of whom are paid princely salaries for inconsequentialities, with their names flooding the pages of the newspaper and cluttering up billboards, and contrasts their work with that of such big men as Walter Hines Page, it is to wonder about the eternal fitness of things.

Of course one is doing good work when in any way he serves the world. Those who merely amuse have their places, as do the more serious performers on the stage of life. The person who can relieve the care of another, can for a moment lift care and give respite to troubled minds, is a server of his kind. Often the seemingly trivial is far from being trivial. But it is not in the ranks of the those doing this kind of work to which we must look for the eminent nobody.

There is something about the doing of serviceable work that creates in the performer the sense of its usefulness, and much of his satisfaction and happiness comes as a direct product. The people who travel self-importantly with noise and do, apparently have a sneaking inner feeling that they do not amount to so much, with the results that an inferiority complex prompts them to extravagant claims.

An eminent nobody would likely have left precise instructions for carrying out the illusions of grandeur. Not so a truly great man like Mr. Page. The prospect of cheap methods of perpetuating his memory would have nauseated him. Those two simple lines on the tomb which contain his name and the dates of birth and death say more to discerning people, than high-sounding phrases and claims.—Selected.

# DROPPING LIFEBOATS BY PARACHUTE

By Jasper B. Sinclair

Necessity has recently introduced a new use for the parachute as a life-saving device. This time it is in use to rescue crew members who have already bailed out or had their planes forced down at sea.

Secretly used for more than a year before the idea was given any publicity at all, it consists of dropping lifeboats by parachute to airplanes crews forced down at sea, either in the English Channel or in other waters adjacent to the British Isles.

Most of the airmen forced down at sea in the Channel or elsewhere near the coasts of Britain have been rescued in any case, of course. But the use of these lifeboats released by parachute has made their rescue that much surer and has saved them many discomforting hours in the cold waters of the Channel and North Sea.

One of the duties of the planes in the Patrol and Coastal Command is to keep an alert lookout for airmen forced down at sea and to radio this

news to the small boats ashore. These planes are now equipped with collapsible rubber lifeboats which can be dropped by parachute—they call them “paraboats”—to the stranded airmen.

The rubber lifeboats are equipped with an anchor and dropped so that they will drift in the direction of the airmen in the water. Special waterproof lockers in the boats contain food rations, fresh drinking water, medical supplies, signal flags and flares—the latter to be used just in case the boats sent to the rescue them miss them in the darkness.

No one will probably ever know how many airmen have been rescued through the use of these paraboats, that might not have been rescued had the lifeboats not been available. But if they have been instrumental in saving the crew members of just one United Nations' plane they have proved their real worth.

---

The tolling of the Liberty Bell, which heralded this nation's independence to the throng gathered in Philadelphia, July 8, 1776, has again spoken. It was most appropriate that it should be heard on the day of the invasion of Europe. As the mayor of Philadelphia quoted its inscription, “Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof,” he commented, “Let it indeed proclaim liberty throughout the land and the return of liberty throughout the world.”

# TRAITS OF EDUCATED MEN

(The Builders)

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler sets forth six traits which, in his judgment, distinguish an educated man from an uneducated one.

The first is correctness and precision in the use of the mother tongue, "gained only," according to Dr. Butler, by association with good English." W. Shakespeare and J. Bunyan were uneducated yet they wrote wonderful English. It is not known that Shakespeare ever associated with good English or, in fact, with anything that was good. Yet all that he wrote was correct and precise.

The second trait, says Dr. Butler, is noted by those refined and gentle manners which are the expression of fixed habits of thought and conduct. Dr. Samuel Johnson was a highly educated man, yet he was notorious for the boorishness of his manners. Thomas Carlyle was thoroughly educated yet he was an awful crank.

Sound standards of feeling and appreciation come third in Dr. Butler's list. Oscar Wilde was an educated man and landed in jail. Francis Bacon was an educated man, and when he was convicted of bribery confessed "that there had been a great deal of corruption and neglect for which he was heartily and penitently sorry." He confessed it in correct and precise English.

No. 4 of Dr. Butler's traits is in the power of reflection. Even according to the standard of his day,

Abraham Lincoln was not an educated man. Yet he was a grand reflecter. And John D. Rockefeller, whose education left much to be desired, probably has done more reflecting in his lifetime than a whole class of university graduates combined.

The power of growth is the fifth trait. This may mean any one of a number of things. Growth in general, however, is rarely the result of education. It comes from inward force, profound conviction, energy, enthusiasm, etc., qualities which education is more apt to crush than develop. The world's great leaders and doers were rarely educated men, in the modern sense of the word.

The sixth trait in Dr. Butler's category is the ability "to do efficiently as nervous agitation would, as a rule be a bar to efficiency, it is difficult to understand what this trait has to do with education. The world's pioneers, its captains of industry, its great surgeons, inventors, fighters, were efficient without being nervous and yet but a handful of them would be called educated.

Dr. Butler's list is a good list, as lists go only it is not comprehensive or conclusive or accurate.

Education is a polishing process. You can polish a diamond and you can polish a cobblestone. But the diamond will always be a diamond and the cobblestone will always be a cobblestone.

# TO DO A GOOD JOB BETTER

(Concord Daily Tribune)

Tucked away in two congressional committees is a bill which, we believe, merits early consideration of our convention-minded legislators. It is a bill appropriating \$10,000,000 to the United States Public Health Service for investigation and control of tuberculosis.

This country has done a good job on tuberculosis, but it could do better. Through research and treatment, and through state-built sanatoriums and the yearly purchase of Christmas seals by millions of Americans, tuberculosis mortality has been reduced by more than half in the past 30 years.

Meanwhile, however, the Public Health Service has been able to do little. It has never been able to afford a separate tuberculosis control division, and it is only since the war began that its tuberculosis budget has been raised from \$150,000 to \$250,000 a year.

This is obviously insufficient to help check the spread of a prevalent disease which generally strikes those least able to pay for treatment. It is much more prevalent in wartime.

Thus far, fortunately, there has been no notable rise among civilians except in three industrial states. But as the war continues it is likely the

rise may come, through the long hours of heavy work that millions of Americans are doing even though our nutritional level remains high.

Even with its limited budget, the Public Health Service has X-rayed about three-quarters of a million war workers in the past year. It was found that 1.3 per cent of them had tuberculosis. Of that 1.3 per cent, 60 per cent had minimal cases, 30 per cent were moderately advanced, and 7 per cent were far advanced.

Before these tests were taken, only 10 percent of patients presenting themselves at sanatoriums had minimal cases. The rest were advanced. The contrast clearly shows that there is much tuberculosis that can be detected and cured, of facilities for diagnosis and treatment are available.

Such facilities can save many lives forestall untold anxiety, and prevent an economic loss of millions of dollars. The bill now before Congress would be a long step in that direction. Even at a time of political absorption, it should be given a hearing and a favorable vote before the strain of war work begins to undo the splendid antituberculosis work so valiantly begun.

---

The best way to keep good acts in memory is to refresh them with new.—Cato.

## INSTITUTION NOTES

The various roads and driveways about the School grounds were scrapped one day last week. This work was done by men from the State Highway Department. Some of the roads had been badly washed by rains, but since the completion of the recent work, are now in excellent condition.

—:—

Horse-shoe pitching is becoming quite popular among the boys, and during the play periods at noontime and after the supper hour, we see many of them trying to throw "ringers." We also noticed quite a few of the staff members taking part in this pastime.

—:—

"Springtime in the Rockies," in technicolor, produced by Twentieth-Century-Fox, was the feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night. A comedy, "The Alley Cat," was shown at the same time. The latter is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production.

—:—

We learned last Wednesday that Jack Sparks, who was a student here several years, is now in Hollywood and has appeared in two or three pictures. For quite a while after leaving us, Jack traveled about the country with a show troupe. He was a pretty good singer, impersonator and guitar player.

We gathered the information concerning Jack's present location from Mrs. Myrtle Sparks Honeycutt, of Lexington, who was visiting her son, Robert Bruce Honeycutt, a member of the Cottage No. 7 group. Mrs. Honeycutt, who is Jack Spark's sister, in-

formed us that since being in Hollywood, Jack had appeared in "Hands Across the Border" and "The Man From Thunder Mountain." She also told that his stage name is "Jack Kirk."

—:—

Marvin King, nineteen years old, formerly of Cottage No. 14, called on friends at the School last Wednesday afternoon. After staying at the institution several years, Marvin was permitted to return to his home in Gastonia, June 22, 1942. He obtained employment in a cotton mill in that city, remaining there about nine months. On November 15, 1943, Marvin enlisted in the United States Navy. After completing his basic training at Bainbridge, Maryland, he went to Norfolk, Virginia, where he received instruction in handling a 20 mm. gun. He is now a member of the crew of the "USS Spangenberg," and has taken part in maneuvers in the Pacific. While his ship was in port in Philadelphia, Marvin took advantage of an opportunity to visit relatives and friends in North Carolina.

—:—

Homer L. Bass, a former member of the Cottage No. 10 group, wrote Superintendent Hawfield a few days ago. Homer, who enlisted in the United States Navy, going directly from the campus, is now in training at Camp Peary, Williamsburg, Virginia. His letter, dated June, 18th, reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Hawfield: Just a few lines to let you know that I haven't forgotten you. I certainly appreciate all you have done for me. I like the Navy very much and am trying my

best to make good. I was lucky to get into your Sunday school class, and feel that it did me a lot of good. Please send me a copy of The Uplift when you can, for I miss the news of the school a lot. Will be down to see you when I get a leave, so good-by and good luck until then. Your friend, Homer L. Bass."

—:—

A. B. Woodard, formerly of Cottage No. 10 and a member of the bakery force, who was allowed to return to his home in Henderson last month, recently wrote Superintendent Hawfield as follows:

"Dear Mr. Hawfield: Since I was thinking of you all down at the school, I decided to write you a few lines. Am getting along just fine, and hope everybody down there is doing the same. The day I left the school, the bus broke down and I had to stay in Concord about an hour.

"When the time came for me to leave the school I was not as happy as I had thought I would be. It was just like leaving home, and I want to thank you and all the officers who helped me while there. I am not a bit sorry that I had to go to the school, and hold nobody responsible but myself. It is a fine place for boys—a lot better than most people think it is. Staying there did me a lot of good and I am proud of it.

"I have a job in a bakery, working six days a week, and make forty cents per hour, eight hours a day. The work is a lot harder than what I used to have to do at the school. Since I can't think of any more to say, will close for this time. Remember me to all the folks down there, and please let me hear from you soon. Yours truly, A. B. Woodard."

The entire Sunday School hour on June 18 was devoted to the theme of Father's Day. The program was so planned as to offer suitable tribute not only to the fathers of the boys here at the School but to fathers everywhere. The following program was presented:

Song—"Faith of Our Fathers"  
 Scripture Reading and Prayer—  
 Mr. J. W. Hines  
 Poem—"My Daddy"—  
 J. C. Rhodes  
 Song—"This Is My Father's  
 World"—Boys' Choir  
 Poem—"Only a Dad"—  
 Harold McKinney  
 Song—"Jesus Loves Me"—  
 Thirty boys  
 Song—"Precious Jewels"—  
 Robert Gaylor  
 Poem—"A Pair Worthwhile"—  
 Gerald Johnson  
 Song—"Silver-haired Daddy  
 of Mine"—Billy Poteat  
 Address—Supt. S. G. Hawfield  
 Song—"Praise Him, Praise Him"  
 Poem—"To Our Dads"—  
 James Allen Hammonds  
 Song—"Follow the Gleam"  
 Closing Prayer—Billy Poteat

Mrs. C. E. Thomas had arranged the program and trained the boys for their various parts. The success of the program was almost entirely due to her efforts, and she deserves most of the credit for this profitable and inspirational occasion. Her fine services to the School are always most beneficial.

Mr. Liske and the boys of Cottage No. 10 prepared and placed on the stage two beautiful bouquets of flowers, and these added greatly to the pleasant occasion.

—:—

Donald McFee, who was a member of our printing class several years ago, and has been in the United States



Army Air Corps for some time, recently wrote us from Italy. "Mac" is now a sergeant and a member of the crew of one of Uncle Sam's big bombing planes. His letter, dated June 12th, reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Hope you are well these bright sunny days. Everything is fine in this neck of the woods. As you probably know, I am spending the summer in Italy, and might even spend the winter here. The food here is great even with a little dust on it. If the flies and mosquitoes don't carry me away, I might make it back to the States all right.

"I am with the Fifteenth Air Force in Italy. If in reading your newspaper you will keep your eyes on what that outfit is doing, you will have an idea of what I'm doing.

"We are living in tents, which are nice and cozy. We have built a few things for it, such as tables, clothes racks, flooring to go under our bunks, cabinets, writing desks, and have a small stove on which we cook eggs obtained in town, and a few other odds and ends. We are really fixed up pretty good, and it's a wonderful place in which to live.

"The Italian town's aren't too bad. Nothing like the States, but they are towns, nevertheless. About the greatest trouble I have is catching on to the Italian lingo, but I'm grasping it gradually. It isn't hard once you get started on it. One doesn't need to know so many words to get along.

"The days and nights are very much like we have back in the States. Nice sunny days and beautiful nights, but you don't have much time to enjoy them. We have fairly good times when we are off duty—listening to Italian bands, a movie, special serv-

ices, eating cherries and almonds, also a little ice cream at the Red Cross center. After all, we don't have such a bad time here.

"I must wind this up, for you are probably getting bored with all this idle chatter. Take care of yourself, and throw a line this way sometime. Your old friend, Mac."

—:—

On Sunday, June 18, Rev. Lethco C. Bumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, brought the regular afternoon message to the boys at the Training School. As a basis for his sermon he used a portion of the 18th chapter of II Samuel, and his text was taken from the 29th verse, as follows: "Is the young man, Absalom, safe?"

Mr. Bumgarner's message was very appropriate to the occasion of Father's Day. He took this event in the life of David, who was king of Israel and whose son, Absalom led a revolt even against his own father. Absalom had gathered together a group of rebels, all of whom were bent on having their own way, heedless of the advice of even the king.

Mr. Baumgarner reminded his listeners that today many of the youth still have the feeling that they should be allowed to do as they please and many of them also have a feeling that their parents are old-fashioned and out of touch with the trends of the time.

In the midst of this uprising Joab was the leader of David's army and a fierce battle was fought between the rebels and the king's army. At the end of the battle when David saw his military leader he did not inquire as to the outcome of the battle, but rather he asked whether or not the young

man Absalom was safe. In this we may think David was soft-hearted or sentimental, but we should think rather that he was only showing the natural interest of a father in his son. Just so today, many, many fathers throughout the world are asking the same question, for they are anxious about the welfare of their own sons, many of whom are in the danger zones of the battlefields throughout the world.

Mr. Baumgarner then told of an incident in which a ship was lost somewhere on the Atlantic coast recently. A father and a mother living in Missouri, whose son was known to be on this ship, left their home and went to the coast to search for their boy. They searched among the wounded, the dead, and those who had been unharmed. They were anxious to find their own son and to know about his welfare. They were very happy, of course, when they found him safe. One may wonder why parents do this so much, but if one can only understand how much children mean to parents, even though they may at times be wayward children, then it can easily be understood. It happens many times that children bring anxious moments to their parents, not always maliciously so but because of thoughtlessness. It was explained that every baby that comes into the world brings with it many new cares. As babies or small children they are tucked in bed at night and their parents know where they are, but when they grow up into young men and young women they go out into the big wide world and parents generally have a feeling that they may not be fully

prepared for all the dangers which may confront them.

In this connection Mr. Baumgarner emphasized the great responsibility that rests upon parents and communities and nations, to stand firm in their purpose to build in the youth of the land a foundation upon which they can withstand the problems of life. This was described as a delicate and difficult task, for always parents must keep in mind that they must not destroy or frustrate the personalities of their children. They must seek to have them always be able to adjust to whatever new situations may arise. In too many instances, said the speaker, the emphasis on training and education has been along material lines, but it was explained that parents are really failing when they always point youth to the material things as the way of success. This always breeds greed and dishonesty.

The American boys today have the greatest assets of those of any nation. Generally they are ambitious, courageous and energetic, but even these qualities may represent great dangers unless we build right foundations. The American youth was described by the speaker as being the finest in the world—young men of whom we can well be proud and who are willing to fight against the forces of barbarism for freedom and liberty everywhere. They are young men who have gone out from Christian homes inspired by Christian parents to meet the challenge of a deadly foe, and we look to the time when they will return to become leaders in their homes and in their communities.

## THE HUNS

The paper-hanger thought he knew  
The war game through and through,  
But recently he has been shown  
Some startling tactics new;  
Which prove Allies' block-busting bombs,  
No longer fall astray,  
And in due time he'll be convinced  
The Huns have had their day.

Demoniacal Hitlerites,  
Like Sodomites of old,  
Are getting fiery brimstone now,  
As has been long foretold;  
For wicked men, the Bible says,  
Shall reap what they have sown,  
So Hitler and his Hunnish hordes  
Now gnash their teeth and moan.

Gomorrhahites and Sodomites,  
Of whom we've oft been told,  
Were saints compared to Hitlerites  
Sired by the Huns of old;  
So most big cities in the Reich  
Must crumble into dust,  
To make atonement in small part  
For fiendishness and lust.

Their final day of reckoning  
Is drawing very near,  
And guilty of such ghastly crimes  
Well may they quake with fear;  
And when Gomorrhah's fate is theirs  
And battle flags are furled,  
The Reich won't get another chance  
To devastate the world.

With mighty ships, planes, tanks and guns  
Allies will crush the foe,  
And nevermore permit the Huns  
To scatter death and woe;  
And till they have redeemed themselves  
World-outcasts they shall be,  
And peace shall reign throughout the world—  
All nations shall be free!—Selected.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 18, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

James Benton  
 Charles Blakemore  
 William Burnett  
 Ralph Cranford  
 Chauncey Gore  
 William Hilliard  
 Fred Jones  
 Louis Kerns  
 James Perkins  
 David Prevatte  
 James Stamper  
 Harry Wilson

## COTTAGE NO. 1

John Allen  
 Ralph Bailey  
 Richard Billings  
 James Buckaloo  
 Walter Byrd  
 George Cox  
 Donald Carland  
 Jack Gray  
 Howard Hall  
 John Love  
 Rufus Massingill  
 Amos Myers  
 William Poteat  
 Carlton Pate  
 Thomas Ruff  
 Harry Thompson  
 Donald Redwine  
 Liston Grice  
 Marshall Sessoms  
 William Lerschell  
 Harold McKinney

## COTTAGE NO. 2

Charles Byrd  
 Arthur Beal  
 Gerald Johnson  
 Delmas Jerrell  
 J. T. Jacobs  
 John McLean  
 James Norton  
 Hayes Powell  
 James Sneed  
 Roy Womack

## COTTAGE NO. 3

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE NO. 4

William Brooks  
 Clyde Brown  
 Charles Carter  
 Burley Edmondson  
 John Fine  
 James Graham  
 Jeter Green  
 Robert Hogan  
 James Hill  
 Roy Miller  
 Lewis Sawyer  
 Clifton Shull  
 Edward VanHoy  
 Lawrence Walker

## COTTAGE NO. 5

Charles Allen  
 Thomas Barnes  
 Curtis Butcher  
 William Duncan  
 Thomas Sessions  
 Robert Wilkins  
 Patrick Ford

## COTTAGE NO. 6

Arthur Brooks  
 J. C. Cayton  
 Rufus Driggers  
 Vernon Foster  
 Keith Futch  
 Jack Hensley  
 Stanford McLean  
 J. W. Smith  
 James Swinson

## COTTAGE NO. 7

David Brooks  
 Max Brown  
 Carlton Cox  
 Wallace Foster  
 Donald Grimstead  
 Robert Helms  
 Ned Metcalf  
 Eugene Murphy  
 Ray Naylor  
 Jack Phillips  
 Marion Todd

## COTTAGE NO. 8

(Cottage Closed)

**COTTAGE NO. 9**

Jack Oliver

**COTTAGE NO. 10**

Ernest Bullard  
 Jack Clifton  
 Robert Holbert  
 Alfred Lamb  
 Leonard McAdams  
 W. C. Mills

**COTTAGE NO. 11**

Odean Bland  
 Craven Callahan  
 William Guffey  
 Alvin Hilton  
 Leon Rose  
 William Walker  
 Robert Yow

**COTTAGE NO. 12**

(Cottage Closed)

**COTTAGE NO. 13**

William Andrews  
 Fred Bostian  
 Ernest Davis  
 J. B. Gallion  
 Dexter Goard  
 Vernon Harding  
 Paul Painter  
 Vernon Rinehart  
 Charles Shearin

**COTTAGE NO. 14**

Everett Bowden  
 Edward Britt  
 Hugh Cornwell  
 L. C. Gearing

Edward Haynes  
 Lawrence Littlejohn  
 Roy Monoley  
 Troy Morris  
 Melbert Rice  
 Grover Shuler  
 Lester Williams

**COTTAGE NO. 15**

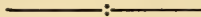
Frank Bass  
 Thomas Baumgarner  
 Jack Benfield  
 Robert Bluester  
 George Brown  
 James Cantrell  
 William Holder  
 Lee Hollifield  
 R. H. Hutchinson  
 James Knight  
 Charles Ledford  
 David Lewis  
 Robert Myers  
 Hilton Reed  
 Dewey Smith  
 Jack Willis  
 Olin Wishon

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

Jack Bailey  
 Peter Chavis  
 Alton Hammond  
 Marshall Hunt

**INFIRMARY**

Raymond Byrd  
 Odell Cecil  
 Robert E. Lee  
 William McNeill  
 Lloyd Sain



“Let us remember that each one of us has lifted the heart and bowed the knee in humble adoration of the Almighty. Any nation that forgets God is on the road to ruin and destruction. And that nation which remembers that there is a Divine Providence, that has the will to follow Divine guidance, will ultimately survive and lead the world into the dawn of a new day of peace and good will among men.”—John W. Bricker.



JUL 1 1944

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., JULY 1, 1944

No. 26

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## PATRIOTISM

He serves his country best  
 Who lives pure life and doeth righteous deed,  
 And walks straight paths however others  
     stray,  
 And leaves his sons, as uttermost bequest,  
 A stainless record which all men may read;  
 This is the better way.

No drop but serves the slowly lifting tide;  
 No dew but has an errand to some flower;  
 No smallest star but sheds some helpful ray,  
 And man by man, each helping all the rest.  
 Make the firm bulwark of the country's power;  
     er;  
 There is no better way.

—Susan Coolidge.

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## VICTORY

We lift our hearts to Thee,  
O God, who made us free,  
And pray for victory!

Where'er men are oppressed,  
Where warm tears flow  
From hearts that know  
The galling bonds of slavery,  
Let Freedom's voice  
Sing loud and clear  
A song of hope and victory!

The arching dome shall hear,  
The whispering winds give ear,  
And men enthralled shall rise  
As through the rending skies,  
Sweet Freedom's voice  
Sings loud and clear  
Her song of hope and victory!

We lift our hearts to Thee,  
O God, who made us free,  
And pray for victory!

—Ethel Parton Rainey.

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## GIVING HEED TO SPIRITUAL NEEDS

Recently a group of boys here at the Training School had the privilege of being baptized and becoming members of the First Baptist Church, Concord. Apparently, these boys have entered into this experience with great earnestness and in the proper spirit. For most

of the boys, this represented their first opportunity to have someone profoundly interested in their religious lives.

Throughout the years, here at the School we have been having Sunday school and preaching services, but with very little opportunity ever for a boy to indicate whether or not he had been impressed or had developed a feeling of wanting to become a Christian. To the officials here, it seems that this is somewhat of a routine, superficial way to handle this serious problem. Consequently, it was decided to make an effort to see to what extent the boys would enter into the religious experiences and assume the obligations of church members. So far, it is felt that what has been done has been very helpful to the boys and that this type of religious work should be developed further into the future.

A number of friends of the institution have expressed their commendation of this undertaking at the School, and we are quoting below from two letters which have been received recently. They are from Dr. Ralph A. Herring, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Winston-Salem, and Mr. Reeford Chaney, Boys' Commissioner of the City of Greensboro:

Dear Brother Hawfield:

I have received this morning a marked copy of "The Uplift" and wish to thank you for it. It certainly was true to its name so far as I am concerned for I got a real "lift" from hearing about those boys who followed through in their profession of faith in Christ and have been received by baptism into the church.

In my way of thinking this is one of the finest things that could have taken place and I rejoice in it. I rejoice also in the encouragement which you and other members of your staff are giving. These boys who have come into life under such handicaps surely are entitled to every benefit and privilege which may be found in having an active church home.

Thanks again for mailing me this copy, and with best wishes always, I am

Ever cordially yours,

Ralph A. Herring.

Dear Mr. Hawfield:

I noticed with a great deal of interest the recent account in

the June 10th issue of "The Uplift" of forty boys accepting Christ and joining the church as a result of the evangelistic efforts of Pastor E. S. Summers. In my opinion, this is the kind of religious work that will net practical results in the lives of the boys. We have made our young people think too many times that about all there is to religion is just going to church and "listening to the preacher."

Let me commend you and Mr. Summers on making this venture in the religious training of our boys. One of our own Greensboro boys, James McMahan, who was paroled last week, was in this group. We are hoping to get him well established in one of our local churches.

Very truly yours,

Reeford Chaney  
Boys' Commissioner

\* \* \* \* \*

### GOOD PREVAILS

A story that reveals the after-effects of an interest in a person, young or old, is worthy of passing on because it proves there is some one who really cares for the indigent, especially the neglected child. The first page of the story in mind was written back near the close of the nineteenth century. The exact date is not clear, but we believe it was about the year 1888 or 1889.

It was at this era of history that a young boy, thirteen years old, fell into the clutches of the law. This child had never had the loving care of parents, but was placed in the home of a kinsman. The advantages there were meager, and his place in the household was practically that of a servant. He chopped the wood and performed all other duties that are peculiar to a tenant's child.

In some way while this youngster was left all alone to watch and care for the premises, he, child-like, began to ramble and search in trunks, bureau drawers and other places where money and small trinkets were kept. Something less than a dollar was found. This was big money to one who never had even a nickel to spend. No sooner than the family returned home after attending church one hot Sunday afternoon, the petty theft of the boy was discovered.

"'Tis true, and pity 'tis true" this young child was arrested and placed in jail to await trial. To make a long story short, we will

briefly state that the judge found the young boy guilty, and he was sentenced to the chain-gang.

The revolting picture of one of God's little ones, dressed in stripes, with chain and block, walking side by side with a Negro criminal was more than the editor of the Concord Standard could take without some expression. He wrote the story in full and incorporated in same a recommendation for a reform school for boys. Later, Governor Fowle was approached by the editor, who requested that in his next message to the Legislature he recommend an appropriation for such a school. We have always understood that the request was responded to by the governor. Following the recommendation of Governor Fowle, the editor of the Standard never lost an opportunity to attend the Legislature. He constatly lobbied for a training school for neglected, or presumably bad boys, for many years.

In 1902 this project attracted the attention of the North Carolina Branch of the King's Daughters, and during the second administration of Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn, of Raleigh, as president, these women accepted the suggested institution as their common interest, and worked diligently for same.

Years passed. There have been all kinds of ups and downs for the character in this story, but he never failed to ask after the editor who befriended him when in the depths of his childhood trouble. This interest was reciprocated. "Every cloud has its silver lining." We, too, have had a common interest in this personage, and have kept in touch with the boy, now a grown man. The last report concerning him filled our hearts with joy. Just a short time ago, a message came to us over the telephone, saying, "I have good news for you. You have been asking me about a certain man off and on for a long time. I heard last Sunday that he made a public confession of his sins, and asked for the prayers of the church, saying he realized that he had not been living right, and requested baptism and reception into a Christian church." In the soul of this person there has always been something good and the tender interest received when a child and the close attention given him throughout the years has had its effect in a manner that is most pleasing and satisfactory.

This, to our way of thinking, is practical religion in action. It has been generally accepted by all who knew this fellow in boyhood and in manhood that he possessed manly qualities. The fight for a bet-

ter life was long and hard, but in the end he finally emerged out of the struggle victorious.

\* \* \* \* \*

## INDEPENDENCE

The lapse of more than a century and a half since a new nation proudly proclaimed its separate existence in America has displaced every feeling but the kindest for all the world's people. The Declaration of Independence was the essential step to established freedom and progress.

Historically it meant a daring adventure to build a nation uncontrolled by another nation. Conditions apparently justified the adventure. Succeeding events have proved that those courageous pioneers builded better than they knew. Practically it meant an adjustment of relations, a difference of attitudes; a recognized, cultivated, safeguarded dependence followed close on the day of independence. There can be no absolute independence. Nations, like persons, must depend on one another, by mutual agreement.

We have and are glad to have the cooperation of other nations in commerce and trade, in education and culture. We exchange what we have for what others have. We give and we get; we get and we give.

There are national blunders and our country is not free from them. There are at least a few flaws. Independence and liberty have not produced entire agreement. The ideal has not been attained. We are not free from "man's inhumanity to man." But there is much to glory in. God does well by us and we should thank Him. His government is greater than any nation's. Of Him we dare not be independent. To declare independence of Him would be disastrous.

—The Lutheran.

\* \* \* \* \*

The man who is an optimist is usually a success, for his mind is never worrying about the reasons why a thing cannot be done. He just doesn't think that way.



## WITH THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES



If any of our readers know of former Training School boys who are now in any branch of service, and can furnish definite information as to their present location, please notify the editor of THE UPLIFT, P. O. Box 32, Concord, N. C. We shall appreciate your co-operation.

of the United States. It will be seen that four employees went into the service directly from the School campus. The others listed have, in some cases, been away from the institution for quite a number of years, joining the fighting forces several years after severing their connection with the School.

In checking over the list of our old boys, we find that practically one hundred per cent voluntarily enlisted in "Uncle Sam's" service, rather than wait to be called by the selective service system. It is also interesting to note that many of these fellows had been in their country's service several years prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

The following list includes the names, as they have come to this office, of members of the staff, former staff members, and former students of Stonewall Jackson Training School, who are now serving as members of the armed forces

### Staff Members

Brausa, Ralph J.	(Navy)	Patterson, James L.	(Army)
(d) Carriker, J. L.	(Army)	Query, James L.	(Army)
Liner, James H.	(Army)		

### Former Staff Members

(d) Adams, J. E., Jr.	(Navy)	(d) Poole, William E.	(Army)
Barrier, Major George L.	(Army)	Watson, Lt. (jg) James E.	(Navy)
Cleaver, James A.	(Navy)	Wingate, Lt. W. J.	(Army Air Corps)
Hollingsworth, Jesse G.	(Navy)	Webb, James H.	(Navy)
Parker, Lt.-Col. Samuel I.	(Army)		

### Former Students

Abernethy, Paul	(Navy)	Andrews, Julian	(Marine Corps)
Adams, Clyde	(Navy)	Andrews, Lewis	(Marine Corps)
Adams, Felix	(Army)	Anderson, Raymond	(Army)
Alexander, J. Mack	(Army)	Ashley, Arthur	(Army)
Alexander, Robert	(Army)	Ashley, Cecil	(Navy)
Almond, Odell H.	(Navy)	Atkins, Richard	(Army)
Allen, Burl	(Navy)	Atkinson, Hiram	(Navy)
Allen, Julian Herschel	(Navy)	Atwell, Robert	(Navy)
Allen, Grady C.	(Navy)	Atwood, Earl	(Army)
Allen, Wayne	(Navy)		
Allred, James R.	(Army Air Corps)	Bailiff, Wilson	(Navy)
Amos, Gerald	(Navy)	Baker, John B.	(Navy)

Ballew, Edward J.	(Navy)	Causey, Floyd	(Army)
Barber, Winfred V.	(Army)	(†) Causey, James D.	(Army)
Bargesser, James	(Navy)	Chapman, Charles	(Army)
Barker, Jewell	(Army Air Corps)	Chapman, Edward	(Army)
Barkley, Joel	(Army)	Chattin, Ben	(Army)
Barnes, Norton	(Army)	Cherry, Herman	(Army)
Barrett, Allen	(Army)	Cherry, William	(Navy)
Barrier, Carl	(Marine Corps)	Christine, Joseph	(Navy)
Barrier, William T.	(Navy)	Cline, Wade	(Army)
Bass, Homer	(Navy)	Coats, Clinton	(Army)
Batson, Jack	(Navy)	Cobb, Frank E.	(Army)
Bishop, Garrett W.	(Army Air Corps)	Coffer, Robert	(Army)
Branch, Glatley	(Army)	Coggins, Mack	(Navy)
Baynes, Howard	(Army Air Corps)	Collins, Glenn L.	(Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)		Connell, Harry	(Army)
(†) Beach, Ernest L.	(Army)	Connell, James	(Navy)
Beaver, Albert	(Army)	Cook, William	(Navy)
Beaver, Grover	(Navy)	Cooke, George C.	(Army)
(d) Beaver, Walter	(Army)	Cooper, Lake	(Army)
Bell, James	(Navy)	Cooper, Dewell J.	(Navy)
Bell, William Clarence	(Navy)	Cooper, Walter	(Army)
Bell, William G.	(Navy)	Cowan, Henry W.	(Army)
Beheler, Reid	(Navy)	Cox, Howard	(Navy)
Benson, John	(Navy)	Cox, J. C.	(Marine Corps)
Blackman, William	(Army)	Craft, Arthur	(Army)
Bolton, James C.	(Army)	Crawford, Jack	(Navy)
Bordeaux, Junior	(Army)	(d) Crawford, Louis	(Army)
Bowman, Charles	(Army)	Crawford, Wiley	(Army)
Branch, Horace	(Army)	Crumpler, John	(Marine Corps)
Brantley, Elmond A.	(Marine Corps)	Cunningham, David C.	(Army)
Bray, Relons Odell	(Army)	Cunningham, Jesse S.	(Navy)
Briggs, Paul	(Marine Corps)	Dalton, James	(Army)
Britt, Jennings	(Navy)	Daubenmyer, Nelson	(Army)
Broadwell, William	(Navy)	Davis, Duke	(Army)
Brogden, Norman	(Navy)	Davis, Hubert	(Navy)
Broome, Jack	(Army)	Davis, James	(Army)
Broome, Paul	(Marine Corps)	Deal, Paul	(Navy)
Broome, Shannon	(Army Air Corps)	Deese, Horace R.	(Navy)
Brothers, William	(Naval Air Corps)	Detherage, James	(Army)
Brown Aldene	(Army)	Dočl, Carroll	(Army)
Brown, Elbert M.	(Navy)	Donaldson, Harold	(Marine Corps)
Brown, Harold	(Army)	Dorsey, W. Wilson	(Army)
Bunn, Dewey	(Navy)	Downes, George	(Army)
Bunn, Homer	(Army)	Downes, William H.	(Army)
Burke, Ensign William H.	(Navy)	Driver, Malcom	(Army Air Corps)
Burkhead, Dermont	(Navy)	Drumm, Glenn	(Army)
Burleson, Lacy C.	(Navy)	Dyson, Fred	(Navy)
Burrow, John B.	(Navy)	Eaker, Arnold Max	(Army)
Butler, Femmous	(Army)	Earnhardt, Donald P.	(Navy)
Butner, Roy	(Marine Corps)	Edmondson, Arthur	(Army)
Cable, Nathan	(Army Air Corps)	Edwards, Eugene	(Navy)
Capps, John T.	(Army Air Corps)	Elders, James R.	(Marine Corps)
Carter, Adrian L.	(Navy)	Elliott, John	(Navy)
Carter, Douglas	(Army)	Elmore, A. C.	(Marine Corps)
Carter, Fred	(Army)	Ennis, James C.	(Navy)
Carver, Gardner	(Army)	Ennis, Henry	(Marine Corps)

Ennis, Noah	(Navy)	Harris, Edgar	(Army)
Ennis, Samuel	(Army)	Harris, Ralph	(Navy)
Eury, James	(Army Air Corps)	Hawkins, Bruce	(Navy)
Evans, John H.	(Army)	Hawkins, William T.	(Navy)
Evans, Mack	(Army)	Head, Elbert	(Army)
Everett, Carl	(Army)	Heath, Beamon	(Navy)
Everidge, Samuel	(Navy)	Hefner, Charles	(Army)
Faggart, John	(Marine Corps)	Hefner, Eugene	(Navy)
(Enlisted 1929. Made Warrant Officer by Act of Congress, 1941.)		Hensley, David	(Army)
Farthing, Audie	(Navy)	Hensley, J. B.	(Navy)
Faschnat, Mose	(Navy)	Hendren, Isaac	(Navy)
Fausnet, Bernard L.	(Army)	Hendrix, John	(Army)
(†) Ferris, Russell	(Army)	Henry, Charlton	(Navy)
Fisher, Edward	(Army)	Hicks, Garland	(Army)
Fisher, John H.	(Army)	Hildreth, John	(Army)
Flannery, John	(Army)	Hill, Doyce	(Army)
(d) Freeman, Richard	(Army)	Hill, William	(Army)
French, Ian	(Army)	Hodge, David	(Army)
Furches, William	(Marine Corps)	Hodge, Dallas	(Army Air Corps)
Gaddy, William	(Navy)	Hogan, Gilbert	(Army)
Gaines, Robert	(Navy)	Hogsed, John R.	(Army)
Gardner, Horace T.	(Army)	Hoke, Bernice	(Navy)
Gardner, John	(Navy)	Holland, Burman	(Army)
Gatlin, Britt C.	(Army)	Holland, Donald	(Army)
Gentry, William	(Navy)	Hollars, Ralph	(Army)
Gibson, Merritt	(Army)	Holloway, Hubert	(Army)
Glasgow, Mumford	(Army)	Holmes, John	(Army)
Glasgow, Norwood	(Navy)	Honeycutt, Richard	(Navy)
Glasgow, Ramsey	(Army Air Corps)	Hooks, Hubert	(Army)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1929-1933. Mem- ber China Expeditionary Force, '29-'32.)		Honeycutt, Nathaniel	(Army)
Glover, Henry	(Marine Corps)	Howard, Jack	(Navy)
Godfrey, Warren	(Army)	Hudson, Hoyette	(Army Air Corps)
Godwin, John T.	(Navy)	Hulan, Norman	(Navy)
Godwin, Paul D.	(Army Air Corps)	(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)	
Goodman, Albert	(Army)	Ingram, John E.	(Navy)
Goodman, George	(Army)	Irwin, Raymond	(Army Air Corps)
Gray, Delma C.	(Navy)	Jackson, Edgar	(Marine Corps)
Green, Eugene	(Army)	Jackson, William	(Navy)
Greene, Giles E.	(Army)	Jenkins, Fred	(Navy)
Gregory, Charles J.	(Army)	Johnson, Clawson	(Army)
Gregory, Roy	(Army)	Johnson, Coley	(Navy)
Griffin, Charles	(Army)	Johnson, Edward	(Navy)
Griffin, James H.	(Marine Corps)	Johnson, Hugh	(Navy)
Grooms, J. B.	(Army Air Corps)	Jolly, James D.	(Navy)
Guffey, Lawrence	(Army)	Jones, Mark Twain	(Navy)
Hackler, Raymond	(Army)	Jones, S. E.	(Marine Corps)
Hall, Frank	(Army)	Jordan, James E.	(Army)
Hall, Joseph	(Army)	Journigan, Horace	(Navy)
Hames, Albert	(Navy)	Keen, Clinton	(Army)
Hames, William R.	(Army)	Keith, Monroe	(Army)
Hamilton, Leo	(Navy)	Keith, Robert	(Navy)
Hampton, Robert	(Navy)	Kelly, Grady	(Army Air Corps)
Haney, Jack	(Marine Corps)	Kelly, Jesse	(Army)
Hardin, Wilbur	(Navy)	King, Cleo	(Army Air Corps)



King, Frank L.	(Army)	Murray, Edward J.	(Army)
King, Jesse	(Navy)	Muse, Robert	(Navy)
King, Marvin	(Navy)	McBride, Irvin	(Army Air Corps)
King, Thomas	(Army Air Corps)	McBride, J. Lee	(Navy)
Kinley, Robert	(Marine Corps)	McCain, Edward G.	(Navy)
Kirksey, Samuel	(Navy)	McCain, Edward G.	(Navy)
(d) Kivett, Clyde A.	(Army)	McColl, Vollie O.	(Navy)
Knight, Thomas	(Army Air Corps)	McCoy, Hubert	(Army)
Knight, Thurman	(Army)	McEntire, Forrest	(Marine Corps)
Koontz, J. Milton	(Army)	McFee, Donald M.	(Army Air Corps)
Kye, George	(Army)	McGee, Norman	(Army)
Kye, James	(Army)	McHone, Arnold	(Navy)
(‡) Lamar, A. C., Jr.	(Army)	McKay, John C.	(Marine Corps)
Land, Reuben	(Army)	McKee, Thomas R.	(Army)
Land, Wiffred	(Marine Corps)	(Enlisted 1937)	
Landrum, Luther H.	(Army)	McNeely, Robert	(Army)
Lane, Floyd C.	(Marine Air Corps)	(Enlisted 1933)	
Langford, Olin	(Army)	McNeill, Preston	(Army Air Corps)
Langley, William	(Army)	McPherson, Arthur	(Navy)
Laramore, Ray	(Army)	McRorie, J. W.	(Navy)
Lawrence, Robert	(Marine Corps)	Nelson, Larry	(Navy)
Leagon, Harry	(Army)	Newton, Willard M.	(Army)
Ledford, Harvey L.	(Army)	(‡) Odom, David	(Army)
Ledford, James	(Marine Corps)	Owen, Fred, Jr.	(Marine Corps)
Lemly, Jack	(Army)	Owens, Leroy	(Army)
Lee, Valton	(Army)	Oxendine, Earl	(Navy)
Lett, Frank	(Army)	Padrick, William	(Navy)
Lewallan, Paul R.	(Army)	Page, James	(Army)
Link, Bruce	(Navy)	Pate, Hansel	(Army)
Long, Loyce	(Army)	Patterson, James	(Navy)
Long, Stacey L.	(Army)	Patterson, Joseph	(Navy)
Martin, Willie H.	(Army Air Corps)	Patton, Richard	(Navy)
Mathis, D. B. (Jack)	(Marine Corps)	Payne, Joy	(Army)
(* Matthews, Douglas	(Army)	Peake, Harry	(Marine Corps)
Mathews, Harley P	(Navy)	Pearson, Flay	(Army)
Mattox, Walter	(Army)	Pennington, Grady	(Army)
May, Fred	(Navy)	Pickett, Claudius	(Army)
May, George O.	(Army)	Pittman, Hoyle	(Navy)
Mayberry, Douglas J.	(Army)	(d) Pittman, Ted	(Marine Corps)
Medlin, Clarence	(Army)	Pittman, Walter	(Army)
Medlin, Ervin J.	(Army)	Plemmons, Hubert	(Army)
Medlin, Wade	(Navy)	Pope, H. C.	(Army)
(‡) Medlin, Wilson	(Army)	Porter, Frank J.	(Army)
Merritt, Edgar	(Army)	Potter, Linwood	(Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)		Presnell, Robert	(Army)
Merritt, Julian	(Army)	Pyatt, Jack	(Marine Corps)
Miller, Latha	(Navy)	Quick, James	(Navy)
Montford, James B.	(Army)	Quick, Robert	(Army)
Montgomery, Samuel	(Navy)	Quick, Simon	(Navy)
Moose, Claude L.	(Marine Corps)	Ramsey, Amos	(Army)
Morris, Everett	(Navy)	(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)	
Morrow, Chas. W.	(Army Air Corps)	Reep, John	(Navy)
Morrozoff, Ivan	(Army Air Corps)	Revels, Grover	(Navy)
Morgan, William S.	(Navy)	Riggs, Walter	(Navy)
Murphy, Lemuel	(Army)		
Murphy, Norvelle	(Navy)		

Rivenbark William W.	(Army)	Uptegrove, John W. C.	(Army)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1933-1938.)			
Rhodes, Paul	(Army)	Waldrop, Ned	(Army)
Robbins, John	(Navy)	Walker, Glenn	(Army)
Rogers, Hoyt W.	(Army Air Corps)	Walker, Oakley	(Army)
Roberts, Lonnie	(Navy)	Walker, Robert	(Army)
Robertson, John C.	(Army)	Walsh, Harold	(Army)
Robinson, Perry	(Army Air Corps)	Walters, Melvin	(Army)
Rochester, Nicholas	(Navy)	Ward, Eldridge	(Army)
Routh, Walter	(Army Air Corps)	Ward, Robert	(Army)
Russ, James P.	(Army)	(Enlisted 1928)	
Sands, Thomas	(Navy)	Ware, Dewey	(Army)
Scism, Arlee	(Navy)	Ware, Torrence	(Navy)
Seibert, Fred	(Army)	Watkins, Floyd A.	(Army)
(*) Sexton, Walter B.	(Army)	Watkins, Lee	(Army)
Seymore, Malcom E.	(Navy)	Watson, Lieut. Lemuel	(Army)
Scott, Archie	(Army)	Watts, Everett	(Navy)
Shannon, William L.	(Navy)	Watts, James	(Navy)
Shaver, George H.	(Navy)	Watts, Boyce	(Army)
Shropshire, Hassell	(Army)	Weaden, Clarence	(Army)
Sides, George D.	(Navy)	Weathers, Alexander, Jr.	(Army)
Simmons, Horace K.	(Navy)	Webb, Charles R.	(Army)
Sistar, Walter B.	(Army)	Webster, John D.	(Army)
Sloan, Lonnie	(Army)	Whitaker, John H.	(Navy)
Sluder, Wayne	(Army)	(*) Whitaker, William E.	(Army)
Small, Clyde E.	(Army)	White, Marshall	(Coast Artillery)
Smith, Jesse	(Navy)	Whitener, Richard M.	(Army)
Smith, Julius D.	(Navy)	Whitley, John P.	(Navy)
Smith, Ventry	(Navy)	Whitlock, Winfred	(Army)
Snider, Samuel	(Navy)	Widener, Charles	(Navy)
Snuggs, Charles L.	(Navy)	Wilhite, Claude	(Army)
Spears, James	(Navy)	Wilhite, George	(Army)
Springer, Jack	(Army)	Wilhite, James	(Army)
Stack, Porter	(Army)	Wilhite, Porter	(Army)
Stallings, William	(Navy)	Williams, Everett L.	(Army)
Stanley, Brown	(Coast Artillery)	Williams, Samuel R.	(Navy)
Stepp, James H.	(Navy)	Williams, William R.	(Navy)
Stines, Loy	(Navy)	Williamson, Everett	(Navy)
Strickland, Robert W.	(Army)	Wiles, Fred	(Army)
Stubbs, Ben	(Army)	(Enlisted 1927)	
Sullivan, Richard	(Army)	Wilson, John C.	(Army)
Sutherland, Jack	(Navy)	Wilson, Thomas	(Navy)
Sutton, J. P.	(Army)	Wilson, W. J.	(Army)
Talbert, Morris	(Navy)	Winn, J. Harvard	(Navy)
(x) Taylor, Daniel	(Army)	Wood, James L.	(Army)
Tessneer, Calvin C.	(Navy)	Wood, William T.	(Navy)
Teeter, Robert E.	(Army)	Wooten, Charles	(Navy)
Thomas, Harold	(Navy)	Wrenn, Lloyd	(Army)
Thomas, Richard	(Army)	(†) Wright, George	(Army)
Threatt, Sidi	(Army Air Corps)		
Tipton, Kenneth	(Navy)	Yarborough, Preston	(Army)
Tobar, William	(Army)	York, John R.	(Army)
Troy, Robert	(Army)	Young, Brooks	(Army)
Tucker, Joseph	(Army)	Young, R. L.	(Marine Corps)
Turner, Lee V.	(Navy)	Young, William R.	(Army)
Tyson, William E.	(Navy)	Ziegler, Henry F.	(Navy)

## Former Students in Merchant Marine Service

Efrd, Nathaniel A.  
 Hill, Caleb  
 Hillard, Clyde  
 Lambert, Jay

Smith, Glenn W.  
 Stutts, Edward  
 Williams, Horace

- ( † ) Prisoner of war.  
 ( § ) Missing in action.  
 ( \* ) Killed in action.  
 ( d ) Discharged from active service.  
 ( x ) Died while being held prisoner.

## GOD BLESS OUR BOYS

God bless our boys in air, on land and sea  
 Full well we know how dear they are to thee.  
 Where'er they go, whatever they may dare,  
 God ever keep them in thy gracious care.

God guard our boys by night as well as day,  
 For we at home for them will ever pray  
 That war and strife and enmity may cease  
 And thou will send them everlasting peace.

God guard our boys, and though just now they roam,  
 Grant us our prayers and bring them safely home.  
 God bless our foes, and cause their eyes to see  
 That peace alone can only come from thee.

—Selected.

## PAUL REVERE'S OWN STORY

Sunshine Magazine—adapted from Kenneth P. Wood in *Fact Digest*

It seems strange that an event so vividly pictured, one so unusually portrayed in verse, and now so generally known as Paul Revere's Ride, should remain unheralded for almost fourscore years. It remained for the genius of Henry W. Longfellow to rescue from threatening obscurity the story of the famous midnight ride that had such a vital effect upon the results of the momentous event, the battle of Lexington.

Only a few immediate friends of the Revere family knew anything about Paul's ride at the time it occurred. Indeed, one of the last survivors of the period, and for many years a neighbor and friend of Paul Revere, Rebecca Lash, made the very astonishing statement just before her death, that not until she had grown old in years had she heard anything of Revere's dash in freedom's cause. Possibly the event would have been little known in history had not a manuscript in Revere's own handwriting been discovered among his effects, and subsequently preserved in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society. This extremely interesting document doubtless inspired the poet to the dashing, galloping lines that tell of the ride. And appreciating the liberties permitted by poetic license, Longfellow wavered slightly from the actual story in an effort to augment its dramatic interest. Revere's story, as told by the manuscript in his own handwriting, must necessarily be accepted as the only positively veracious account of the incident. It is given here with a few inconsequential deletions.

In the year 1773 I was employed by the selectmen of the town of Boston, to carry the account of the destruction of the tea to New York, and afterward, in 1774, to carry their dispatches to New York and Philadelphia for calling a Congress, and then to Congress several times.

In the fall of 1774 and winter of 1775, I was one of upward of thirty, chiefly mechanics, who formed themselves into a committee for the purpose of watching the movements of the British soldiers, and gaining every intelligence of the movements of the Tories. We held our meetings at the Green Dragon. We were so careful that our meetings should be kept secret that, every time we met, every person swore upon the Bible that he would not disclose any of our transactions but to Messrs. Hancock and

Adams, Drs. Warren and Church, and one or two more.

We frequently took turns to watch the soldiers by patrolling the streets all night. The Saturday night preceding the 19th of April, about twelve o'clock the boats belonging to the transports were all launched and carried under the sterns of the men-of-war. They had been previously hauled up and repaired. We likewise found that the grenadiers and light infantry were all taken off duty.

From the movements, we expected something serious was to be transacted. On Tuesday night, the 18th, it was observed that a number of soldiers were marching toward the bottom of the Common. About ten o'clock Dr. Warren sent in great haste for me, and begged that I would immediately set off for Lexington, where

where Messrs. Hancock and Adams, were, and acquaint them of the movement.

The Sunday before, by desire of Dr. Warren, I had been to Lexington, and returned that night through Charlestown. There I had agreed with Colonel Conant and some other gentlemen that if the British went out by water, we would show two lanterns in the North Church steeple, and if by land we would show one, as a signal; for we were apprehensive it would be hard to cross the Charles River, or get over Boston Neck.

I left Dr. Warren, called upon a friend, and desired him to make the signals. I then went home, took my boots and surtout, and went to the north part of the town, where I kept a boat. Two friends rowed me across Charles River, a little to the eastward, where the Somerset, man-of-war lay. It was then young flood, the ship was winding, and the moon was rising. They landed men on the Charlestown side.

When I got into town I met Colonel Conant and several others. They said they had seen our signals. I told them what was acting, and went to get me a horse from Deacon Larkin. It was a very good horse.

It was then about eleven o'clock, and very pleasant. After I had passed Charlestown Neck, and got nearly opposite where Mark was hung in chains, I saw two men on horseback under a tree. When I got near them, I found they were British officers. One tried to get ahead of me, and the other to take me. I turned my horse very quick and galloped toward Charlestown Neck, and then pushed for the Medford Road. The one who chased me, endeavoring to cut me off, got in-

to a clay pond. I got clear of him and went through Medford, over the bridge and up to Menotomy.

In Medford I awakened the captain of the minute-men, and after that I alarmed almost every house till I got to Lexington. I found Messrs. Hancock and Adams at the Rev. Mr. Clark's. I told them my story of the two officers. Just then Mr. Dawes came, whom I knew Dr. Warren had sent as an express to Lexington.

After we had refreshed ourselves, we set off for Concord to secure the stores, etc., there. We were overtaken by young Dr. Prescott, whom we found to be a high Son of Liberty. We decided to alarm all the inhabitants on the way to Concord, for the people in that section knew Dr. Prescott, and would give more credit to the alarm.

About halfway to Concord, Mr. Dawes and the doctor stopped to alarm the people of a house. I was about one hundred yards ahead when I saw two men under a tree. I called for Mr. Dawes and the doctor to come up. In an instant I was surrounded by four men. They had placed themselves in a straight road that inclined each way, and had taken down a pair of bars on the north side of the road. The doctor being foremost, came up, and we tried to get past the men, but they forced us into the pasture. The doctor jumped his horse over a low stonewall, and got to Concord.

I observed a wood at a small distance, and made for that. When I got there, out started six officers on horseback and ordered me to dismount. One of them examined me, asked where I came from, and what my name was. I told him. He asked me if I was an express. I answered in the

affirmative. He demanded what time I left Boston. I told him, and added that their troops had caught aground in passing the river, and that there would be five hundred Americans there in a short time, for I had alarmed the countryside all the way up. This man, whom I afterward found to be a Major Mitchell of the Fifth Regiment, clapped a pistol to my head, called me by name, and told me he was going to ask me some questions, and if I did not give him true answers he would blow my brains out. He then asked me similar questions to those I had already answered.

The officer then ordered me to mount my horse, and when we got to the road they turned down toward Lexington. As we neared Lexington meeting-house, the militia fired a volley. This greatly alarmed my captors, and they hastily inquired of me how far it was to Cambridge, and if there was a private road. After some consultation one of the men, who had been riding a small horse, took my horse, and all dashed away.

I walked across the Lexington burying-grounds and went to the Rev. Mr. Clark's house. There I found Messrs. Hancock and Adams and Lowell (clerk for Mr. Hancock), and told them of my experience. We decided to go to the Green Dragon to see what was going on, when we met a man on a full gallop, who told us the British troops were coming up the rocks. Mr. Lowell and I went to Mr. Hancock's office to get a trunk of papers.

While we were getting the trunk, we saw the British coming very near upon a full march. We hurried toward Mr. Clark's house, and on our way we passed through the militia. There were about fifty. And as we neared the meeting-house, the British troops appeared on both sides of the house. In their front was an officer on horseback. They made a short halt, and then I heard a pistol shot. Immediately there came a continual roar of musketry.

We made off with the trunk.

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A recent biography tells about Ralph Waldo Emerson and a boy trying to get a stubborn calf into a barn, the boy tugging on a rope around the animal's neck and the New England sage applying his shoulder to the calf's rump. They made no progress, despite their strenuous exertions. An Irish maidservant laughed hilariously at their discomfiture, then calmly dipping her fingers into a pail of milk and putting it into the calf's mouth, easily led the animal into the building. Emerson walked away wiping perspiration from his face and thinking deeply. As the result of his experience he later wrote in his journal: "I love people who can do things."—B. E. Barnes.

# CHALLENGE TO FIGHT

By Adelia Taylor

Leaning back in his chair by the window, Ronnie closed his eyes and tried not to hear the conversation from the next room. They probably thought he was asleep, as indeed he had been until some noise, perhaps a truck rumbling by, had wakened him. It must be nearly time for father to be starting, he thought wearily. He'd be in any time now to say good-by, and Ronnie must brace himself to seem bright and cheerful. "Send them off with a smile!" That was the slogan. Well, Ronnie could do it.

The voices came back to him, louder now. He couldn't shut them out, and if he stumped away on his crutches, they would know he had heard.

"You have one consolation, Jen," his father was saying. "If anything happens to me, you'll always have Ronnie. He'll never be called upon to fight."

"I think, Sam," Mrs. Alton replied gently, "that Ronnie will be called upon to fight. Here at home, wherever he is, always, he'll have to fight."

"You're right, Jen. He will. And if I know Ronnie, he'll do it, too."

The confident ring in his father's voice roused Ronnie's sleeping will. What was he doing, sitting here waiting for his father to come to him? He seized the unfamiliar crutches, straightened the new long trousers that hid his injured leg, and swung himself into the next room where his parents were sitting.

"Hi, you two," he greeted gaily. "Weren't planning to slip out on me, were you? I'm going along to the

train with dad."

"Now Ronnie, are you sure—? his mother began, her brow puckered with anxiety.

"Of course, he is," Mr. Alton replied heartily. "Start along, son. I'll catch up. I'll say good-by to your mother here, but I'll need a man to see me off at the station."

His father was like that, Ronnie thought, as he wobbled unevenly out of the yard and onto the pavement. He'd pretend a walk to the station were nothing at all, when he knew quite well that Ronnie had never once since his accident been out of the yard. His father was the most understanding man in the world.

They didn't talk much on the way nor at the station either. When the train came, Ronnie held out his hand. "I'll be rooting for you, dad," he said.

His father pressed his hand firmly and answered, "And I'll be rooting for you, too, son." That was all. Ronnie stood with the others on the platform and waved until the train was out of sight. Then he turned toward home.

Something told him not to hurry. His mother might not want him around just yet. He mustn't stay away too long, though. She'd be worried.

He was swinging along quite sturdily now. It was wonderful what a little practice would do. Practice! Exercise! Suddenly an idea struck him. He was passing the prim picket fence that surrounded Dr. Paul's big yard, and abruptly he turned in

and maneuvered himself up to the door. As he pressed the bell, he began to tremble. He'd better go back. What if the doctor told him—? The door swung open, and there was the doctor himself.

"Come in, Ronnie," he boomed cheerily. "Glad you stopped in this morning."

Ten minutes later, Ronnie stood at the door again, ready to leave. His question had been answered. There was a chance, just a chance, that he might be able to walk again. It would mean exercise and patience, and forcing himself to do things that hurt. And it was just a chance.

"I wouldn't mention it at home, Ronnie," the doctor was saying "not just yet, anyway. If we shouldn't succeed they'd be disappointed, and anyway, it's your fight."

"Yes," Ronnie replied, "it's my fight, all right."

"By the way, I hear the Scouts are going hiking tomorrow. Why don't you go along?"

"They wouldn't want me—now."

"How do you know? Haven't tried, have you? Go along. Make them want you. That's your fight, too."

"I'll think about it."

"Don't think. Go And back to school with you on Monday morning. You've loafed long enough."

"Yes, sir."

Ronnie worked his way sideways down the steps and swung out onto the pavement. He didn't hurry. He wanted to think. Exercise, even painful? That was all right. School? He'd handle that, too. But tag along after the fellows, slow them down,

watch them be careful of him? That he wouldn't do.

He was swinging along easily now, with an even rhythm, and his mind kept time to it, in a sort of refrain, "That's your— fight, too. That's your—fight, too."

At last he stood still, and facing back the way he had come, let the wind blow on his upturned face.

"Okay, Doc," he said aloud. "You win."

The fellows gathering for the hike were surprised when Ronnie appeared, his knapsack on his back—surprised and somewhat disturbed. They all liked Ronnie, of course, but—

"Going a ways with us?" Philip asked.

"All the way, I hope. Where're we going?"

"Up Prospect. It's steep and the rocks are slippery."

"You climb the rocks. I'll take the steps."

"Can you?" Philip sounded doubtful.

"Sure. Like this." Ronnie demonstrated on the courthouse steps.

"You try it," he said, handing over his crutches. Philip tried.

"It's fun," he announced.

The other fellows tried. It was fun.

"We won't go fast," Dan promised.

"Take a step and measure it," Ronnie ordered. "Now, see. My step is four times as long." He demonstrated again. They measured. It was.

"Come on," said the captain. "Let's go."

Ronnie reached Flat Rock at the same time the other fellows did. He



sat down with his back to a boulder and hoped they did not notice that his breathe came in gasps and that his face was twisted with pain. If they did, they didn't mention it, and after a while he felt better.

"Come on, fellows. We're going up the tower," the captain called.

Philip looked doubtfully at Ronnie. "If—" he began.

"What's for supper?" interposed Ronnie.

"Fish. No points."

"Okay. It'll be ready when you get back."

The boys' faces showed relief as they headed for the steep staircase. When they came back, the cocoa was steaming, and on two flat rocks strips of fish were sizzling.

"Built a fire over the rocks," Ronnie explained. Dad taught me how long ago."

"What do you know?" Dan exclaimed in admiration. "Say, fellows, Ron's saved us from starvation. I just remembered. I left the frying pan at home."

So Ronnie won his first fight. From that day on he was one of the gang again. He umpired baseball games, and managed the slagball team. Every day, in the late afternoon, however, he went to the Y alone, borrowed a key at the desk, and disappeared. He showed up again promptly at supertime, hung the key on a hook and went home. In that hour, between afternoon and evening classes, in the empty gym Ronnie put himself through the exercises Dr. Paul had planned for him. At first he grew worse instead of better, but he kept on and after a while he began to improve. Then

came a period of standstill and he lost courage and quit.

For over a week Ronnie did not once for the key. He avoided the gang, too, and spent his time alone in his room, looking sadly out of the window. Nothing really mattered any more.

On Saturday had come a v-mail letter from his father, a jolly, joking letter, not a word about hardships or fighting. As Ronnie swung rhythmically down the street, the letter in his pocket, he seemed to hear again the chant, "It's your—fight, too." So he went at it again, and after awhile he began to improve once more.

Later Ronnie hung the gym key on its nail, and started off at a great rate down the street. He whistled as he swung along, a shrill, excited whistle. In just about ten minutes he'd reach home. Maybe he could make it in eight. That afternoon the doctor had told him the great news. It wasn't just a chance any more; it was a sure thing. In a burst of enthusiasm, Ronnie had walked the whole the whole length of the gym floor. Now he could tell his mother. Now he could write his father about it. Now he could proclaim the news to the whole wide world. Would he never get home to where his mother was waiting? Just four houses more! Two! One! Here he was at last! Wait till I tell—"

Then he saw her face. She was trying to smile at him, but just with worried.

her mouth. Her eyes were sad and "What is it, Mum?" Ronnie asked.

Silently she handed him the letter. He read it twice.

"Why it's all right, Mum. Dad's coming home."

"I'm afraid he's been wounded."

"It doesn't say so. Probably it's just for a rest. He'll be here Sunday—next Sunday. Why, that's Father's Day. Won't we have a celebration!"

"What were you going to tell me, Ronnie?" his mother asked.

"Oh, yes! Say! Wait till you hear—" he began. Then he stopped abruptly. "Oh, it wasn't anything," he muttered. "I had an idea for Father's Day, but I've got a better one now."

That was it. He'd keep the secret a few days longer. Then, Sunday afternoon, when they were just sitting around, he'd get up and casually walk across the floor. What a whale of a present that would be!

"What's for supper, Mum?" he asked. "I'm hungry."

Never had a week seemed so long, but at last it was Saturday night. Only a few more hours to wait. Ronnie swung down the street toward home, his crutches beating out a new rhythm. "A few—more. A few—more hours."

"Hi, Ron," Philip shouted from across the street. "Your dad's home."

"You're kidding. He's coming tomorrow."

"He's here all right. I saw him get off the train. He's—" Suddenly Philip blushed and stammered. "He's— Yes, he's home."

Ronnie was off on the jump. Tonight—this very night—he'd show them. But, no. He'd wait. Tomorrow was Father's Day. Yes, he'd wait.

Up the step, along the piazza, through the hall—now! He flung open the door. "Hi there, Dad!"

Then he stopped. His father sat in the big chair by the window, and lean-

ing against the windowsill were two long, slim crutches.

"Dad," Ronnie repeated hoarsely, and went over and took his father's hand. Sitting down beside him, he began to talk, jerkily, disconnectedly. His mother came in, and they all talked together.

As soon as he could get away, Ronnie stumbled into his room and closed the door tight. He hurled himself on the bed and clenched his fists and stared unseeing at the ceiling. His father on crutches! And now the beautiful secret could not be told. Ronnie couldn't just get up and walk about, now. He couldn't hurt his father like that. He knew how his father felt. He ought to know. No, he couldn't strut about proudly before him. After a while Ronnie got up and went quietly back to the living room.

Sunday was warm for June. In the late afternoon the Altons took their chairs out on the piazza and sat watching the haze settle over the mountains. After a while, Mrs. Alton went in to make some lemonade, coming back with a tray and some glasses, she tripped on the doorsill. For a moment she swayed and then started to pitch forward. With a leap, Ronnie was on his feet and had cleared the space between them. He caught her and steadied her to chair where she sat looking ruefully at the broken glasses and the lemonade trickling away. Suddenly she looked up, startled, her face very white.

"Why Ronnie," she gasped. "You walked!"

Ronnie stumbled back to his chair and sinking down in it, buried his face in his hands. After a while, he raised his head and looked pleadingly at his father.

"I didn't mean to do it, Dad." he mumbled. "I never meant to hurt you. I was keeping it for a Father's Day present, and then when I saw—when I saw—when—"

"Why, son," his father's voice rang out joyfully. "You've given me the

best present in the world. I'd just completely given up hope. But now—What you've done, perhaps I can do. That's my fight now."

"Yes Dad," Ronnie's voice was husky with relief. "It's your fight now. And, say Dad, I'll be rooting for you."

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### THE MEMORY OF 1776

The sacred memory of the Fourth of July, 1776, should be more to us than just another holiday. It should bring from the recesses of our mind a vista of the sacrifice, suffering and toil that the men and women of the Revolutionary period experienced to secure freedom of thought, freedom of speech, and freedom of action.

These pioneers accomplished their purpose, and for more than a century and a half their posterity has been enjoying a realization of their dreams with the privileges won from the sacrifice of their blood and from the sweat of their brow.

The highest tribute we can pay to our forebears is to maintain the standards of liberty they established. We cannot do it by reckless spending; we cannot do it by idling our time; we cannot do it by exploiting our neighbor; we cannot do it by flouting the Constitution they established; but we can do it in a common purpose to strengthen the bulwarks of our Republic, so that the ideals of our forefathers and our own freedom will endure unto the end of time.

As we honor the memory on this July 4th of our departed heroes, whose lives were sacrificed to win and to maintain this freedom, we should resolve in our hearts to be better, truer Americans, and to make the spirit of 1776 the spirit of 1944, when the issues of freedom are again brought with greatest significance before the people.

—W. F. Westermann in United Effort.

# DOMINION DAY

By N. Willison

On the first day of July, 1867, the Dominion of Canada was officially declared to have been born. It was not a birth in full maturity like that of the Greek Athena, for the "Dominion" of that day was but a small part of Canadian nation of the present time. It was, however, a natural and vigorous birth and no Caesarean operation. No military revolution brought it about. It was no celebration of deliverance from political oppression. It was an evolution of life under the guidance of farseeing statesmanship.

The Canada of 1867 was a confederation of four British Colonies enjoying a large measure of autonomous government. It was given a constitution, but that constitution was not radically different from the autonomous government. It was given a constitution, but that constitution was not radically different from the bases of government in the colonies. It was developed from them and adapted to the new situation of Confederation. It had federal and provincial parts, all carefully defined with unforeseen contingencies referred to federal authority. Supreme power still rested with the British parliament and the governor-general, who represented the King, was chosen by the British Government.

The population in 1867 was about three and a half millions. Made up of the populations of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. In area Ontario and Quebec were much smaller than at present. Ontario, for example, at that time embraced 222,000 square miles as compared with

407,262 square miles at present. In 1870 Manitoba, the "postage stamp" province, entered Confederation with an area of 13,000 square miles. The area now is 251,832 square miles. British Columbia became a province in 1871, Prince Edward Island in 1873, and Saskatchewan and Alberta were added in 1905. Thus the Dominion now comprises nine autonomous provinces and a vast unorganized Arctic area administered by the Federal Government.

Canada has grown in area, in population and in freedom. For many years Great Britain maintained military garrisons in Canada. There are none here now. Canada was expected to rely for naval protection on the British fleet. Now she has her own. Until 1931 the British Government had the power to veto over Canadian legislation and appointed our governor-general. Now the Canadian people have supreme control over their laws and our government selects the governor-general and suggests his appointment directly to the King. We are in no respect subject to British rule. We are a sister nation of equal political rank with Great Britain our only connection being that Britain's King is ours.

Our status is often misunderstood. We are regarded as a part of the British Empire and therefore subject to some form of "imperialistic" oppression from which it were for our good to be freed. If the word "imperialism" applies to the situation, the word has radically changed its meaning. Practically we are a co-operating member

of a group of nations. We like the company and try to play the good neighbor part. We are under no political constraint. Sometimes it is convenient to say "British Empire" rather than the "British commonwealth of Nations The Dominions by free choice are associated as a league of nations with Great Britain.

Mr. Churchill's blunt statement that he had not accepted the post of First Minister that he might preside over the liquidation of the British Empire seems to have shocked some people. What else could he say? It would be as arbitrary on his part to force the dissolution of this league of nations at it would be to attempt to hold it together by military might. Someone has said: "For the best part of a century the British Empire has been abolishing itself . . . evolving into a partnership of equals." If the time should come that Canada should want a King who is not also King of Great Britain she would be free to make the change but at the present time she would deplore any attempt from the outside, even though it were suggested by Mr. Churchill himself, to exclude her from what she now conveniently calls the "British Empire"—more correctly, the British Commonwealth of Nations."

In every British crisis Canada has sped to the support of Great Britain. She is helping Britain now. But in helping Britain she is also protecting herself and giving aid to other nations. She rejoices over comradeship in a common cause with the United States. With the United States she has diplomatic relations enjoyed only by independent nations. We are sisters. In Vancouver, British Columbia, is a monument commemorating the visit to Canada of President Harding. It consists of two beautiful young women, representing Canada and the United States, each with a hand on her own shield, greeting each other with candor and cordiality. It is an inspiring symbol and I can see no reason why Britannia might not also be in the group—and, may God grant it! many others in the coming days of peace.

May Canada strive to carry out the prayer of Sir Leonard Tilley, one of the fathers of our Confederation when he found in Holy Writ the name that we bear: "He shall have Dominion from sea to sea and from the river to the ends of the earth"—from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the St. Lawrence River system to the North Pole.

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Some Americans need hyphens in their names, because only part of them has come over; but when the whole man has come over, heart and thought and all, the hyphen drops of its own weight out of his name.—Woodrow Wilson.

## “THE KING OF KINGS”

By Gretta Palmer, in *Christian Herald*

The motion picture with the greatest audience on Easter Day this year was probably a 17-year-old film, “The King of Kings,” which portrays the life of Christ. It is still shown some 1500 times every year in the United States, and hundreds of 16-millimeter prints are used by missionaries throughout the world. Since 1927 there has never been a week when “The King of Kings” was not played somewhere; in all, 600,000,000 persons have seen it. No other film has had half as many spectators.

The “King of Kings” was a record-maker from the start. For its production, in 1926, director Cecil B. Mille built the biggest stage Hollywood had ever seen. His \$2,400,000 budget and cast of 6,000 broke all records.

The script was written by De Mille, from the Four Gospels and the Apocrypha. Thorns were brought from the Holy Land for the crown worn by H.B. Warner who played the part of Christ. On the lot a prayer began each day's work. Smoking was banned, and the principals were bound by written agreement to keep away from parties and night clubs during production. H. B. Warner wore a veil on his way to the set from his dressing room, where his meals were served to him alone.

A law in England against repre-

sentation of Christ in a theatre threatened to ban the picture there. However, De Mille's agents held a special showing for six Bishops of the church of England and the London County Council and the film was approved. Later the photoplay's titles were translated into 27 languages—a record to this day—including Chinese, Turkish, Arabic, Hindustani.

In our southern mountains the Paulist Fathers have shown “The King of Kings” to audiences who have seen no other picture. Three missionaries in India still replace their old prints every three years one of them reports having shown the picture to 125,000 persons. A theatre owner in Bombay recently asked permission to synchronize the picture with Indian music. Missionaries have taken the prints, in canoes, up the Ganges and the Congo. Last year the picture was shown to our soldiers in the Aleutians, North Africa, Iran, New Guinea, in the 62 army camps in the United States and in one Jap concentration camp.

When the photoplay opened in New York City in 1927, the late Alexander Woolcott wrote: “It is my guess that “The King of Kings” will girdle the globe, and that the multitude will still be flocking to see it in 1947.” Woolcott probably was right.

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A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man; it is what he wants and must have to be good for anything. Hardship and opposition are the native soil of manhood and self-reliance.—John Neal.

## INSTITUTION NOTES

We are happy to report that at the present time there are but six patients in the infirmary. None of these are very ill, and it is expected they will return to their respective cottages in a few days.

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Dwight Murphy, who was taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, for treatment for a fractured toe, is now back at the School. He is recuperating in our infirmary, and is reported to be getting along fine.

—:—

New quarterlies will be issued to the boys at the session of the Sunday school tomorrow morning. This is an important part of the boys' training, and it is quite interesting to make the rounds of the cottages each Friday night and see them studying the lesson for the following Sunday.

—:—

It was with sadness that we learned of the death of Mr. John W. Morris, wellknown farmer of Cabarrus County, last week. The deceased was the father of Mr. W. Frank Morris, officer in charge of Cottage No. 13. To Mr. Morris and the other members of the family we tender our deepest sympathy in their hour of bereavement.

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The entire School personnel thoroughly enjoyed one of those famous Southern fried chicken dinners last Sunday. This fine meal was made possible through the efforts of Mr. W. M. White and the boys who assist him in the poultry yards. Frankly, there is but one thing we like better than fried chicken, and that is—more fried

chicken, and we don't care how soon a similar meal is served.

—:—

According to the latest report coming from those in charge of our farm, the prospects for a good crop of watermelons and cantaloupes are very good at the present. Should the dry weather continue, however, we might have to report a different story later. The boys were denied those fine watermelon feasts last year because of adverse weather conditions, and we are hopeful that history will not repeat itself in this instance.

—:—

A. B. Woodard, of Henderson, formerly of Cottage No. 10, who was allowed to return to his home a few weeks ago, recently wrote us as follows: "Am very sorry that I have not written you sooner, for the day I left, I promised to let you know how I was getting along. Well, I'm getting along just fine. Have a job in the bakery here and like it very much. I really think of the School a lot and sometimes wish I were back there. Please send me a copy of The Uplift, and let me know how much a subscription would cost. I want to start taking it as soon as possible. Yours truly, A. B. Woodard."

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We recently learned that Horace Journigan, a former student at the School, had been in the United States Navy for some time. Horace entered the institution, July 15, 1936 and was permitted to return to his home, July 8, 1940. He will be nineteen years old next September. During his stay with us he spent most of the time working as house boy at the Administration

Building. We remember him as a very pleasant little fellow who always greeted us with one of those million-dollar smiles, and feel sure this friendly spirit will enable him to get along well among the sailors in Uncle Sam's Navy.

—:—

The report came to this office that George Bristow, of Winston-Salem, was calling on old friends at the School the other day. He has been living in that city for several years, and for the past few months has been driving a large transfer truck for the Roadway Express Company. George was a member of our printing class several years ago. Due to the fact that we were away from the School at the time of his visit, we missed seeing him, but from recent letters from his brother, Clyde, who lives just across the street from him and is employed by the same company, we have learned that he and his family are getting along well.

—:—

Ivan A. (Tiny) Morrozoff, a former member of our printing class, now a member of the United States Army, continues to write us at frequent intervals. Tiny has been in India for several months. His latest letter, dated June 14th, was received here on June 2'th, and reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Bet you have been thinking I have forgotten you but this short letter will verify that I haven't. Even though I have neglected to write often, I often think of you and have wished a thousand times that I was back there taking up printing again.

"The old sun is still blazing down here in India, and seems to be getting hotter and hotter. Perhaps it is be-

cause the monsoon season is nearly here. From the talk heard around here, the monsoon season is like a nightmare, and I have already been through a few samples. It is like Morton's salt—when it rains it pours—and I do mean pours. I believe in one hour it rains more than it does in a whole year in North Carolina. A funny thing about it is that the rain doesn't come straight down, but comes at an angle of about forty-five degrees. If it gets too bad I guess they will have to issue us rubber boots.

"I have received copies of The Uplift from you, but none recently. Sure would appreciate one soon. By the way, are there any other old J. T. S. boys in India. If you know of any stationed here, please send me their addresses, and I will either look them up or write them a few lines.

"It's about time to close this letter. Please tell everybody at the School 'hello' for me, and tell 'em to buy War Bonds and keep the stuff coming to us so we may all soon be back home. Good luck. Ivan."

—:—

We recently heard from John T. Capps, formerly a member of our printing class, who has been in England for more than a year as a member of the Ninth Army Air Corps. Johnnie, who was one of the best linotype operators we have sent out from the School, made good in that profession after leaving us. For more than two years he was a member of the staff of the Kannaoplis Daily Independent, and made many friends in that city. This young man has written us frequently since going overseas and has also sent a nice collection of pictures taken in that part of the country. For several months he has been telling us



of a fine young girl he met over there, and that they were going to be married soon.

Just a few days ago we received a package from Johnnie, containing the news that they were married June 1, 1944, a fine picture of the young man and his bride, together with several snap-shots taken near her home and at places visited on their honeymoon. Johnnie's letter reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Gdown: I received your nice letter and copies of The Uplift last week, but didn't want to answer your letter until after the wedding. Everything was fine for the wedding except the weather. It rained when we left my wife's home to go to the church and didn't stop until we came back. When the minister pronounced us man and wife, there was the loudest clap of thunder I've ever heard. The ceremony lasted about fifteen minutes. You may not believe it, but I wasn't the least bit nervous, but I must say that I think my wife was just a little shaky. After the wedding we returned to her home, where we met many of her people. I now have quite a few aunts and uncles by marriage. We then cut the wedding cake and had a fine time. We then went to London and vicinity for four wonderful days. We had a lovely time there but I did not get a chance to take many pictures because the weather was bad. Several pictures were taken right after the wedding, but it was so cloudy and dark that none of them turned out good.

"While in London we went to a couple of good shows, visited the zoo, and spent some time in a very famous garden. We had a fairly good time, considering there was a war going on not so far away.

"I am sending you a picture of my wife and me, taken about the first of May. Hope you approve of her. We both read your write-up in The Uplift. I want to thank you for it, and the "Mrs." said she thought it was very good.

"Many thanks for the picture you sent. It is just fine. Looks just like you did when I was at the School. Please remember me to all the folks who happen to remember me. Be sure to keep copies of The Uplift coming over here, for I enjoy reading them very much. Best of luck to you. Your pal, Johnnie."

Among the pictures Johnnie sent to add to our collection were scenes near Eton College, Windsor Castle, the ruins of an old abbey dating back to 1121, one of his wife taken near her home, Braintree, Essex, England, and several of himself in uniform snapped at various places in rural England.

In the large photograph of Johnnie and his bride, we can see that he looks like the same old lad whom we knew here in the shop, and we must say that for a wife he certainly selected a very charming looking young lady, and when this war is ended we hope to have the privilege of seeing them both.

Along with the pictures, Johnnie sent us a newspaper clipping, giving an account of the wedding, which we reproduce as follows:

Capps — Clark. On June 1st, 1944, at Saint Michael's Parish Church, Braintree, by the Rev. Hartley Brook, vicar. P. F. C. John T. Capps, Jr., U. S. A. A. F., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Capps, of Wilmington, North Carolina, U. S. A., and Leslie May, the only daughter of E. W. J. Clark, C. E. R. A., Royal Navy, and Mrs. Clark, of 35 Clock-House Way, Braintree, Essex.

Our friend, Johnnie, was popular as a youngster with both the officials and the boys of the School, and he and his bride have the best wishes of us all for a long and happy married life.

—:—

Rev. Clyde Yates, pastor of Allen Street Baptist Church, Charlotte, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read II Peter 1-10, and the subject of his inspiring message to the boys was "Building Character."

Character building is something we should all think about, said the speaker, and is something that every boy present can do. There is not a boy who cannot build a strong, noble, beautiful and worthwhile character. He added that in this building, a number of things are necessary, as follows:

(1) Right Kind of Foundation. Before anything can be erected that will stand, a good foundation is necessary. There is no other foundation for building character than Jesus Christ. The teachings of the Master give us the basis for all worthwhile living.

(2) A Worthy Plan. If one is going to put up a building in which to live, he must have plans and specifications. If we want to build a life that will stand four-square against all the forces of evil, we must be sure to have the right kind of plan. We should not be content to try for any second prize, but should always try for first prize.

(3) Right Kind of Material. When building character we do not use brick, mortar or stones. In the words of the text we add virtue to faith, and then we add knowledge, godliness, brotherly kindness and charity.

Rev. Mr. Yates then stated that faith in Jesus is the foundation on

which to build, and commented briefly on the following materials necessary in the building:

We must have courage to stand for the right and against the wrong. Today the challenge comes to men to be courageous.

Virtue or purity means power. We must be sure that our hearts are pure, and they can only be made so through Christ.

Knowledge is necessary, for in this way we learn the great facts of life. All school studies are very important, but we must, above all, learn about the Bible. It is the guide-book by which our course is charted on the voyage of life.

Temperance is an important addition to the building of character. Temperance is total abstinence from every bad thing and the proper use of every good thing. Food is good for us when taken in proper proportions, but eating too much is harmful. We must cultivate self-control.

Power is necessary in character building. Many people are like engines, and have the power to move forward, while others are like box-cars, which would just remain stationary until they rot if not pulled along by engines.

Patience is something that we cannot do without. We must remember that other people have to put up with us, and we should in turn be patient with them.

Godliness is another thing that goes to make good character. There could be no better compliment than to have some one say, "He's a good man." We should strive to be as near like Jesus as possible.

Our character building needs kindness. We should speak kind words,

think kind thoughts, and act kindly toward all men.

Love is the one thing we need if we are to build strong characters. If we do not have love, it matters not what else we have, we are just about worthless. Love is the one supreme thing that we must put into the building of character.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Yates told the boys that at the very moment they were building character—either good or bad—and urged them to strive to make it as good as they possibly could. He reminded them that they were building their own house of life, and could not trade it for one that someone else had builded better.

This was Rev. Mr. Yates' first visit to the School, and both boys and officials were impressed by the manner in which he brought his message to the boys.

—:—

In the only game played in League Number One last Saturday afternoon, the Receiving Cottage boys defeated Cottage No. 1 by the score of 12 to 0. In this game, Chauncey Gore poled out the longest home run ever seen at the new ball field. In League Number Two, Cottage No. 9

won its first game of the season, beating the boys from Cottage No. 14 by the score of 21 to 2. The scores of the games were as follows:

League Number One—Receiving Cottage 12 First Cottage 0.

League Number Two—Ninth Cottage 21 Fourteenth Cottage 2; Eleventh Cottage 6 Tenth Cottage 5; Fifteenth Cottage 11 Thirteenth Cottage 2.

CLUB STANDINGS

League Number One

	W	L	Pct.
Receiving Cottage	5	0	1.000
Fifth Cottage	2	2	.500
First Cottage	2	3	.400
Second Cottage	1	3	.250
Fourth Cottage	1	3	.250

League Number Two

	W	L	Pct.
Tenth Cottage	5	1	.833
Thirteenth Cottage	4	2	.667
Fifteenth Cottage	4	2	.667
Eleventh Cottage	3	3	.500
Ninth Cottage	1	5	.167
Fourteenth Cottage	1	5	.167

—————:—————

We have always heard that swimming was recommended as an exercise that would develop poise and grace—but did you ever take a good look at a duck?

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 25, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

James Benton  
 Charles Blakemore  
 William Burnett  
 Ralph Crawford  
 Chauncey Gore  
 William Hilliard  
 Kenneth Hawkins  
 Fred Jones  
 Lewis Kearns  
 David Perkins  
 David Prevatte  
 James Stamper  
 Harry Wilson

## COTTAGE NO. 1

John Allen  
 Ralph Bailey  
 Richard Billings  
 Eugene Bowers  
 James Buckaloo  
 George Cox  
 Marion Cox  
 Donald Carland  
 Jack Gray  
 Liston Grice  
 Howard Hall  
 John Love  
 Rufus Massingill  
 Harold McKinney  
 Amos Myers  
 William Poteat  
 Carlton Pate  
 Thomas Ruff  
 Harry Thompson  
 Floyd Puckett  
 Harlan Warren  
 Donald Redwine  
 Marshall Sessoms  
 William Lerschell

## COTTAGE NO. 2

Charles Byrd  
 Gerald Johnson  
 J. T. Jacobs  
 Hayes Powell  
 James Sneed  
 Ezzel Stansbury  
 Roy Womack

## COTTAGE NO. 3

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE NO. 4

William Brooks  
 Robert Blackwelder  
 Charles Carter  
 Jeter Green  
 Robert Hogan  
 Cecil Kinion  
 Ray Miller  
 Garnett Quessinberry  
 Clifford Shull  
 Walter Thomas  
 Edward VanHoy  
 Lawrence Walker  
 Robert Walters

## COTTAGE NO. 5

Charles Allen  
 Thomas Barnes  
 Jerome Duncan  
 Patrick Ford  
 Robert Wilkins

## COTTAGE NO. 6

Arthur Brooks  
 Rufus Driggers  
 Vernon Foster  
 Keith Futch  
 Earl Gilmore  
 William Hawkins  
 Stanford McLean  
 Robert Peavy  
 J. W. Smith  
 Leroy Wilkins

## COTTAGE NO. 7

Hubert Black  
 David Brooks  
 Max Brown  
 Ray Covington  
 Horace Collins  
 Herschell Duckworth  
 Charles Edwards  
 Wallace Foster  
 Robert Helms  
 William Jenkins  
 Donald Kirk  
 Samuel Lynn  
 Jack Phillips  
 Marshall Prestwood  
 Richard Tullock

## COTTAGE NO. 8

(Cottage Closed)

**COTTAGE NO. 9**

James Jarvis  
James Lowman  
Charles McClenney  
Jack Oliver  
Charles Redmond  
Edward Renfro  
J. B. Wilson  
John Linville

**COTTAGE NO. 10**

Ernest Bullard  
Gaston Carteret  
Evans Craig  
Jack Clifton  
William Flowe  
Robert Hamm  
Robert Holbert  
Leonard McAdams  
Carlton Morrison  
Gerald McCullum  
W. C. Mills

**COTTAGE NO. 11**

Odean Bland  
Robert Buchanan  
Craven Callahan  
William Guffey  
Fred Holland  
Raymond Hunsucker  
James Ray  
Leon Rose  
William Walker  
J. C. Wilcox  
Robert Yow

**COTTAGE NO. 12**

(Cottage Closed)

**COTTAGE NO. 13**

William Andrews  
Ernest Davis  
Erwin Ewing  
J. B. Gallion  
Paul Painter  
Vernon Rinehardt  
Charles Shearin

**COTTAGE NO. 14**

Edward Britt  
Hugh Cornwell  
L. C. Gearing  
Edward Haynes  
Lawrence Littlejohn  
Roy Monoley  
Troy Morris  
Melbert Rice  
Grover Shuler  
Milton Talley  
Lester Williams

**COTTAGE NO. 15**

Thomas Baumgarner

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

Jack Bailey  
James Chavis  
Peter Chavis  
R. C. Hoyle  
Marshall Hunt  
Lacy Jacobs

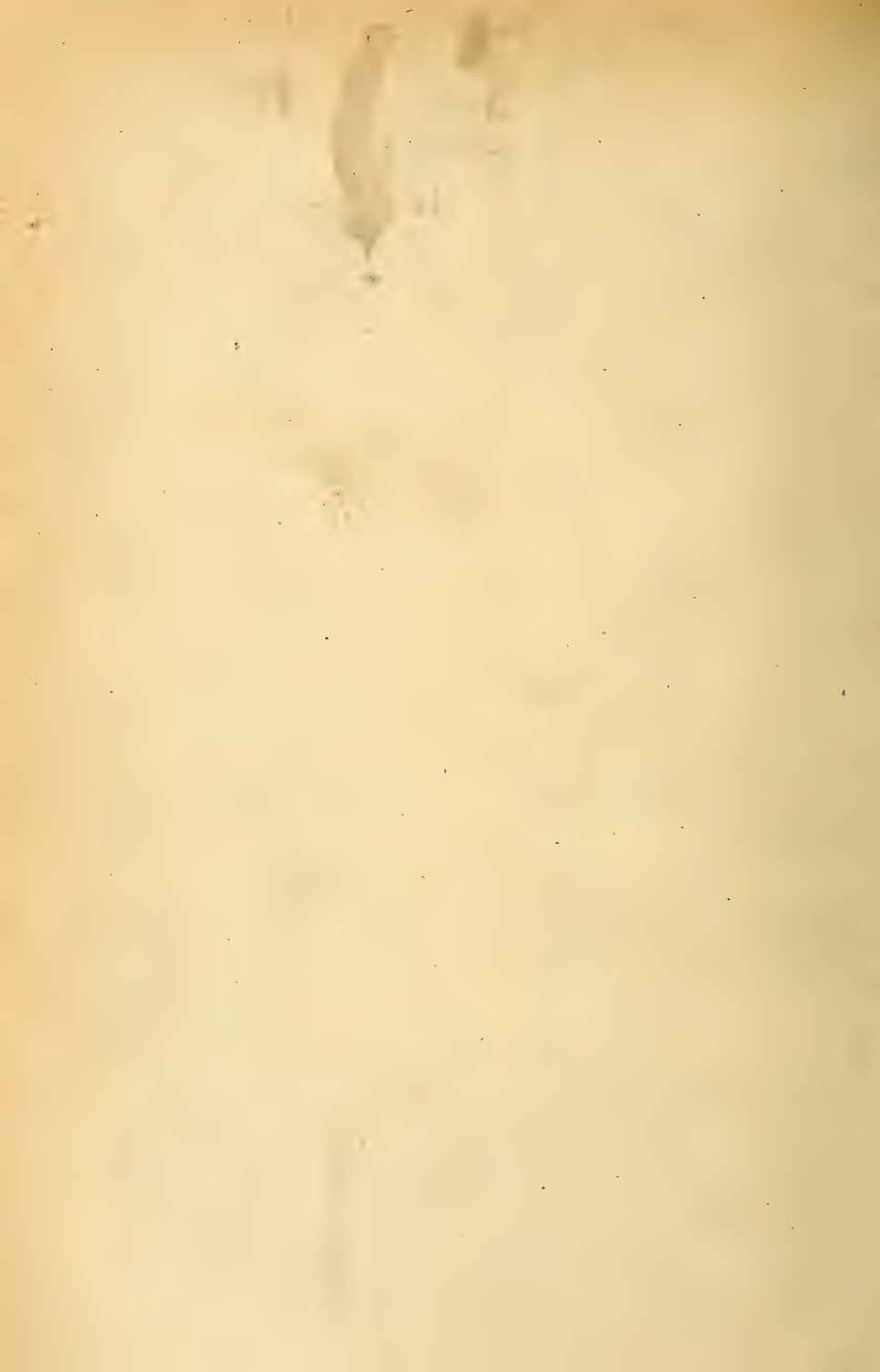
**INFIRMARY**

Odell Cecil  
Raymond Byrd  
Robert Lee  
William McNeill  
Lloyd Sain

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**HOW TO PRAY FOR SERVICE MEN**

How shall we pray for our friends in the Navy, Army, or Air Forces? They in their best moments do not put safety first. Our first prayer must be that God will keep them brave and steadfast, loyal to Him, to country, and to comrades. If that loyalty means death, we would not have them kept from death at the cost of disloyalty. In life and in death we are in our Father's keeping, and nothing in life or death is really bad except selfishness which comes out as cruelty in peace or as cowardice in war.—Archbishop of Canterbury.



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# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., JULY 8, 1944

No. 27

(c) Carolina Collection  
U. N. C. Library

## I THOUGHT

I had an angry thought one day.  
It made just everything look gray.  
In everything I did and said,  
Up popped its ugly little head.

Next day I turned my thought dial round  
Until a happy thought I found.  
I tuned it in, and lo, behold!  
All gray things quickly turned to gold!

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY  
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND  
INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## BUILDING CHARACTER

On human hearts the teacher works;  
'Tis not by clever tricks or quirks  
That education's task is done—  
The rich rewards of teaching won.

Who has the center of the stage?  
Not teacher or the printed page,  
But boys and girls—some dull, some bright,  
Who need to learn life's lessons right.

Get wisdom—'tis a precious thing;  
Wide knowledge to the class-room bring.  
But use the wealth of mind and skill,  
For what is more important still—

To teach young hearts and eager minds  
That virtue is the chain that binds  
Man to man; that high mountains, rights acts  
Are more important than cold facts;

That true success lies not in gain;  
That selfishness leaves e'er its stain;  
That each must do whate'er he can  
To aid the Brotherhood of Man.

So be the subject what it may  
In quiet, unobtrusive way  
Teach one lesson by word and deed—  
That character is life's deep need.

—Selected.

---

## HUMAN RADIOS

Since we live in an age when that marvelous instrument, the radio, is known practically all over the world, suppose we consider ourselves human radios. The kind of people we are today and the kind

of people we will be tomorrow depends entirely upon what we tune in on in life.

If we tune in on thoughts of failure, illness, discouragement, despair and hatred, the charts of our lives will take a decidedly sharp downward course. If we tune in on thoughts of victory, love, hope, and faith, our lives will become larger, finer, more worthwhile.

If we select the surface things in this tuning-in process, getting only the empty things that break like bubbles and leave us nothing, our lives will be shallow and empty. If we tune in on the deeper things, the eternal principle of plain living and high thinking, the riches which men have put into immortal literature, art and music, then our entire personalities will grow and expand.

If we permit ourselves to become selfish and cold toward others, the springs of love and sentiment will dry up, leaving us but the husks of life. If, on the other hand, we are kind and thoughtful and considerate of those around us; if we strive always to pluck a thorn and plant a flower wherever we think a flower will grow, riches far more valuable than much fine gold will be our reward.

Saint and sinner, prince and pauper, the things men tune in on become a part of them and make them what they are.

\* \* \* \* \*

### THESE THINGS COME NOT BACK

There is an old proverb taken from the Persian: "Four things come not back—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life and the neglected opportunity."

"The Spoken Word." It is not the fine things we have said that come back to us. What haunts us is the careless word, the critical speech, the unconscious cruelty. The times we misunderstood or misinterpreted our neighbor's action, the hasty generalization, the rumor repeated as though it were fact, the unkind gossip, are what we remember. If we are sincere in our endeavors to do right, these things plague us. These are the words that hurt us.

"The Sped Arrow." This is the barb of unkindness that went straight to the heart of our neighbor, the wise-crack that stung, the indifference to our brother's needs, the cold withdrawal from the common life. The sharp trick, the self-interest we displayed, the

spurning of the outstretched hand, are among the things that torment us.

“The Past Life.” Not only do we recall those things that we did individually, but our national mistakes, for which we as citizens are responsible. We neglected the developing brotherly relations between Americans of good faith. We assumed an isolationist attitude toward the problems of the world. We allowed the sores of other nations to fester and flare up until the plague threatened us with its virus of hatred.

“The Neglected Opportunity.” Here again we suffer from both our individual and national errors—the friendships we did not make the help to the downtrodden we did not give, the responsibility we shirked. We created out of the wilderness a great nation. We founded a democracy—but how have we lived up to it.

—Ruth Taylor, in *The Lutheran*.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is nothing in the world that radiates like a sweet spirit. It warms one's soul, as does the glow of a log fire in an open fireplace on a day when the temperature drops to the freezing point. We have been closely drawn to a six-year-old boy who can ask questions faster than possible to answer them, but despite the fact that at times he is irritating, he never resents the impatience shown toward him. He will snuggle up closer to you in a manner that is really a chastisement. This small boy, while leading a little terrier pup, said, “Howdy, Mrs. ———, I want to tell you something.” We obeyed orders and stopped to hear his story. The story, just as was expected, was about a dog. In a sober and serious manner, he said, “Mrs. So-and-So lost her little dog, Biddie; she died.” We were not the least concerned or sympathetic, and said, “We think that is good riddance.” The fine little fellow, in the most sympathetic way, replied, “Oh, I'm not glad. I'm awfully sorry, for Biddie left three little pups.” This small boy spoke from the depths of his heart. The reprimand went straight to the spot. We felt keenly the words, and recalled the adage, “a little child shall lead them.” This small boy is a darling. He is kind to animals, gentle with little children, in fact, nice to everybody, and will always give one a howdy-do if

within speaking distance. When in his presence his gentleness is really felt.

We may encounter all kinds of misfortunes, but if we possess a spirit similar to that of this little fellow, they will not be such a hindrance.

\* \* \* \* \*

### IS FRIDAY UNLUCKY?

For many years, in this and other countries, the superstition has prevailed that Friday is an unlucky day. People, both young and old, have consistently maintained that a certain amount of bad luck is associated with this particular day of the week. One of our exchanges, the Sunshine Magazine, points out that this cannot be said of America's Fridays, and lists several important events in the history of this country occurring on Friday, as follows:

It was on Friday, August 3, 1492 that Columbus sailed for this country. He discovered it on Friday, October 12, 1492. He landed here the second time on Friday, November 22, 1493.

South America was discovered on Friday, June 12, 1492. On Friday, September 7, 1565, St. Augustine, Florida, the oldest city in the United States, was founded. The Pilgrim Fathers landed in Provincetown Harbor, Massachusetts, on Friday, November 10, 1620. On Friday, February 22, 1732, George Washington was born. Burgoyne surrendered at Saratoga on Friday, October 17, 1777, and on Friday, October 19, 1781, Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown.

There is every reason to believe that many other successful ventures in this country may have been carried out on Friday, but the ones listed above are enough to convince most anyone that Friday is no more unlucky than any other day of the week.

\* \* \* \* \*

We read in The Lutheran, one of our leading exchanges, how a "spook" nearly made its way into London's war records recently. While it shows the love of an artist for a musical instrument, it also portrays the indomitable English spirit, which cannot be defeated by "rocket bombs" or other destructive "secret weapons" sent against it by ruthless Hitlerites. The story reads thus:

Following an air raid on London, an A. R. P. warden, who was estimating the damage caused, heard organ music pouring out of a church that had been hit and was still smouldering. No sign of life was visible as the warden groped through the debris, until, behind a tangle of roof and a cloud of dust, while water spouted down from above he perceived the church's organist playing as though inspired. The organist explained that the only way he had to save the organ was to play it and thus work the water out of the pipes. He was playing Handel's "Water Music," a purely subconscious reaction on his part, he said.

\* \* \* \* \*

Just a few weeks ago we learned through the newspaper that once again food floated down upon the desert of Sinai. It was not manna this time; but perhaps the recipients were better satisfied with what came down, since it was the kind of food they were accustomed to eating. A train was stranded on the desert by a severe sand-storm, one of the worst that particular part of the desert had known. Sand-banks more than three feet high hemmed in the train on all sides. Food was dropped to the passengers by the Royal Air Force. And here was another difference—there was no twenty-four-hour limit on the wholesomeness of the food supplied; the rations were intended to last at least forty-eight hours.



# KNOWN ONLY IN ETERNITY

By Louis T. Moore, in The State

Three words, "Known in Eternity," deeply inscribed on a handsome tombstone, is the only remaining record of the life of a talented stranger who came to Wilmington about a century ago and who lived and died there without revealing his identity.

Although nearly one hundred years have passed since this unknown man arrived in Wilmington, no clues has ever turned up which would serve to reveal his true identity. The only material evidence that such a man ever lived is the full-length table-stone that covers a grave in a beautiful grove near Wrightsville Sound in New Hanover County.

The lack of clues led to much speculation among the citizenry of Wilmington concerning the stranger. Many believed that he was a member of some royal family forced to flee because of political changes or antagonisms. The stranger had revealed that he was a native of France and some thought that he had been involved in some political difficulty in that country. Others imagined him to be a marked figure in public life, who found it necessary to flee his homeland and assume a new name in a new country. Still others thought he had probably been involved in some family difficulty, had been disowned and had come to America to begin a new life. For many months after his arrival in Wilmington he continued to be a topic of conversation. People were still wondering about the handsome and talented stranger.

According to tradition, Richard Bradley, a prominent and wealthy

citizen of Wilmington, was in need of a capable tutor for his children. In those days public school had been established but were in the experimental stage. Those families who could afford to do so engaged tutors to educate their children.

Hearing of a highly educated stranger who had recently come to Wilmington, Mr. Bradley invited him out to his home for an interview. Mr. Bradley lived for a part of each year on his extensive country estate near Wrightsville Sound, facing a beautiful creek which leads toward the present Inland Waterways. The stream since the days of his ownership has been known as Bradley's Creek.

The visitor arrived for the interview one morning shortly after the invitation was extended and was ushered into Mr. Bradley's study. Immediately Mr. Bradley was impressed with the stranger's evident refinement, culture and well-mannered behavior. However, during the course of the conversation he revealed that the name by which he was known was an assumed one. He frankly told Mr. Bradley that he had decided never to reveal to anyone his true name and birthplace other than to say that he had no objection to its being known that his country was France. Until this day that is the only clue that is actually known as to the mystery of who the young man was and from where he came.

During the interview he is said to have shown Mr. Bradley several diplomas from educational institutions of the highest and most selective

type, located in different parts of Europe. All of these credentials were signed by the proper collegiate authorities and indicated that the owner had finished the prescribed courses of study with credit and honor to himself. However, the name of the outstanding scholar had been carefully erased from every one of the documents. This was only another of the many steps the stranger had taken to leave no trace of his identity.

The Frenchman gave Mr. Bradley a clear outline of his attitude toward life, as regarded morals, religion, influence for good, etc. He also proved that his educational advantages in the leading institutions abroad had splendidly fitted him along cultural lines to teach others. The attractive and appealing personality of the unknown man so impressed Mr. Bradley that he immediately offered to employ him as a tutor. The stranger accepted but only on the condition that he be permitted to retain his anonymity for reasons that were satisfactory to himself but which he did not care to reveal. This reservation was entirely agreeable to Mr. Bradley and thereupon the stranger became a member of the Bradley family circle and home.

One day, however, he became desperately ill. After examination by the family physician, Mr. Bradley was told that the unknown man at best would live only a few more days.

After finding out how seriously ill

the beloved tutor was, Mr. Bradley thought it his duty to advise him of the imminence of death. Indicating that it was not curiosity but interest and friendship that prompted his questioning, Mr. Bradley asked the stranger if he did not now wish to reveal his identity so that his family in France might be notified of his death and assure them that everything possible had been done for his comfort. This friendly and sympathetic approach, however, availed nothing.

With thanks to Mr. Bradley for his many kindness, the stranger reiterated and reaffirmed his desire and intention never to reveal his identity to anyone. He said definitely that he preferred to die as he had lived, known only to himself, based upon reasons that were known and satisfactory to himself.

Quietly and peacefully death came. Within a day or two the stranger was reverently interred with all proper rites of the Christian service. Burial was made in a beautiful grove where Mr. Bradley and his guest often went to discuss topics of varied nature. Shortly after the funeral Mr. Bradley decided to place a full-length table-stone over the grave. In recognition of and respect to the stranger's desire for anonymity, it was appropriately decided for an inscription to use only the three word—

“Known in Eternity”

---

A survey of our coal fields reveals that enough fuel still remains underground to keep us in coal strikes for 160 years.

—Sunshine Magazine.

# FAITH HOPE AND CHARITY

By John E. Zahn

Faith is the true prophet of the soul and ever beholds a spiritual life, spiritual relations, labors and joys. Its office is to teach man that he is a spiritual being, that he has an inward life enshrined in this material casement, an immortal gem set now in an earthly casket. It assures man that he lives not for this life alone, but for another superior to this, more glorious and real. It dignifies humanity with immortality. It dwells ever upon an unseen world announcing always that unseen realities are eternal. Virtue, knowledge, wisdom, mercy, love, righteousness and worship are among its immortal unseen realities. Lofty dignified, transcendently glorious are its teachings, and equally so are its moral influences. It is a faculty of the human soul too much neglected. The things of time and sense—earth and sin—waste its energies and dim its sight. We are too carnal, too earthly; we cultivate not enough our spiritual senses. Let us be wise and not fail to invigorate our spiritual parts. Life will smile in gladness, and eternity rejoice in glory, if we are faithful to this duty.

Hope is the angel within, which whispers of triumph over evil or the success of good, of the victory of truth, of the achievement of right. "It hopeth all things." It is a strong ingredient of courage. It is the prophet of "a good time coming." It is full of glorious anticipations. It points on the sandy wilderness a picture of tranquil beauty and a picture that we feel assured is no fading mirage to vanish at our approach. It promises to veneration a time when all nations shall feel

their dependence on the Giver of all Good, and in the light of His love shall rejoice in the unsullied purity of immortal youth—a time when that which is evil shall be banished forever, when The right with might and truth shall be,

And come what there may to stand in the way,

That day the world shall see.

It breathes everywhere the idea of victory. Such are its religious sentiments. Its morality is equality inspiring, rich and beneficent. It encourages all things good, great, noble. It whispers liberty to the slave, freedom to the captive, health to the sick, home to the wanderer, friends to the forsaken, peace to the troubled, supplies to the needy, bread to the hungry, strength to the weak rest to the weary life to the dying. It has sunshine in its eye, encouragement in its tongue and inspiration in its hand. Rich and glorious is hope and faithfully should it be cultivated. Let its inspiring influence ever dwell in our hearts. It will give strength and courage. Let its cheerful words fall from the tongue and its bright smile play ever on the countenance. Cultivate this ever shining flower of the spirit. It is the evergreen of life in the soul's garden.

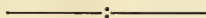
The first day on which a child opens its unconscious eyes and raises its feeble wailing cry in this world of trial, it is generally the object of trusting hope to some anxious parents or some affectionate friends, and when the aged Christian is carried out to his rest, we consign dust to dust, and ashes to ashes, in a certain exalted "hope."



Hope is the moving spring of action, without which the throbbing pulse of enterprise would soon be numbed and powerless.

Charity is that which seeketh the good of others—that which would pour out from the treasures of its munificence gifts of good things upon all. It is that feeling which blesses, and curses not. It is the Good Samaritan of the heart. It is that which thinketh no evil and is kind; which hopeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things.. It is the Angel of Mercy which forgives seventy and seven times, and still is rich in the treasures of pardon. It visits the sick, smoothes the pillow of the dying, drops a tear with the mourner, buries the dead, and educates the orphan. It sets free the captive, unburdens the slave, instructs the ignorant, relieves the distressed, and preached good tidings to the poor. Its looks is like the face of an angel its words are more precious than rubies, its voice is sweeter than honey, its hand is softer than down, its step is gentle as love. But charity needs no encomium, it is its own praise, it works its own plaudits. Whoever

would be respected, who ever would be beloved, whoever would be useful, whoever would be remembered with pleasure when life is over must cherish this glorious feeling. Whoever would be truly happy, would feel the real charms of goodness, must cultivate this affection. It is a glorious affection because of the number and extent of its objects. It is as wide as the world of suffering, deep as the heart of sorrow, extensive as the wants of creation and as boundless as the kingdom of need. It is the messenger of peace holding out to wrangling mortals the white flag of truce. It is needed everywhere, in all times and places, in all trades, professions or callings which men can pursue with profit or pleasure. The world has too little of it. It has been neglected. It requires to be cultivated. The peace, the happiness, the prosperity of mankind depend greatly upon it. Who can properly tell the power and sweetness of beneficence and charity? Be kind, be generous, always. Let your words, your looks, your acts, breath the spirit of charity.



## HOPE

And as, in sparkling majesty, a star  
 Gilds the bright summit of some gloomy cloud,  
 Brightening the half-veiled face of heaven afar;  
 So, when dark thoughts my boding spirit shroud,  
 Sweet Hope, celestial influence round me shed,  
 Waving thy silver pinions o'er my head.

—John Keats.

# REBECCA BOONE: PIONEER WIFE

By Lou Rogers, in *We The People*

"There are pioneer souls that  
blaze their paths

Where highways never ran—  
(they know) there are brook-  
gladdened meadows ahead  
And mountains of wearisome  
height;

That the road passes on through  
the long afternoon  
And stretches away to the night."

If ever a woman lived courageously through long years of trials and dangers, disappointments and griefs, it was Rebecca Boone, and yet, to the end of her useful life, Rebecca never lost her sense of humor, her affection for the "trail-blazer," her faith in his ability, or her trust in the rightness of things. Rebecca was the daughter of a pioneer and she possessed the qualities necessary to live happily in the wilderness.

Rebecca Bryan was the granddaughter of Morgan and Martha Strode Bryan who moved to North Carolina in the first half of the eighteenth century. When Morgan Bryan did anything he did it in a big way. With him he brought his eight grown children. They were the founders of "Bryan's Settlement" on the Yadkin River in that part of Rowan County which is now Davidson County. His eldest son, Joseph, and Joseph's wife, Alee, had several children. Two of his daughters, Rebecca and Martha, were destined to help make Kentucky history. Old Morgan had a bachelor son, William, who was to start the ball rolling.

One day Uncle William came in and announced that Squire Boone and

his family from Pennsylvania, had moved into Rowan County and had settled on the Yadkin. There was quite a large family of Boones and Uncle William found it convenient to have business at the Boone settlement often enough to woo Mary Boone. His niece, Rebecca, was curious about the Boone family, particularly Mary's brother, Daniel, who seemed to care for nothing except hunting. One night this Daniel was hunting near her father's cabin, Mary was in the forest close by. Daniel thinking she was a deer, drew his gun on her. Just in time, Mary jumped through the bushes and ran home. She told her father that a panther was after her. Daniel's curiosity was aroused over this girl with such shining eyes and he began thinking about a wife. It was not until sometime later that Daniel met the shining eyes again, or that Rebecca found out the nature of the panther.

After a time Mary Boone and William Bryan were married. Squire Boone, justic of the peace, performed the ceremony in Quaker style. This wedding proved to be quite an event for Rebecca, and for Daniel too. The lass of fifteen and the lad of twenty met for the first time, and the result was love at first sight. The tall, well built, black-haired, black-eyed Irish girl was a perfect match for the tall, lithe, leathery-shinned Quaker. They went home to dream about each other and to meet again with a group of young people in a cherry orchard. It was a holiday occasion and the young girls were dressed in their best. Rebecca was wearing a white cambric

apron, finery in pioneer days, and it enhanced her dark beauty. Daniel was charmed. In his heart he knew that this was the girl he was going to marry but being a cautious Quaker he wondered if she would be too high-strung for a frontiers-man's wife. He proceeded to try out her temper. They were sitting on the green grass beneath a cherry tree. Drawing his hunting knife from its sheath, Daniel pretended to play with it and to cut absent-mindedly at the grass. Horrors! He had cut a great gash in Rebecca's precious apron. Would he get the expected fireworks? Rebecca was very sweet about the whole thing, so sweet that perhaps she was clever enough to see through Daniel's little scheme. At any rate their troth was plighted.

It was a pioneer custom for the suitor who had announced his marriage intentions, to kill a deer, transport it to his sweetheart's cabin, and cut it up in her presence. This was proof of his ability as a provider. A group of Rebecca's young friends had gathered to watch Daniel dress the deer. These young ladies always got a kick out of teasing Daniel. They made many comments on the amount of grease and blood that he was getting on his hunting shirt. The young hunter was apparently indifferent to their remarks but he was only biding his time. When they sat down to supper which the girls had helped to prepare, he glanced into his wooden bowl of milk and remarked to it, "You, like my hunting shirt have missed many a good washing." The girls gasped and sank into silence, but the story made its rounds and there was many a backwoods chuckle over corn-cob pipes at the way young Daniel had made the "gals shut their traps."

Daniel was a fighter as well as a hunter and when a volunteer North Carolina contingent went to fight the French and Indians, Daniel was right there. Rebecca got her first taste of waiting for Daniel to return, but return he did, and Rebecca became his bride two years after the cut dress episode.

The wedding of Rebecca Bryan and Daniel Boone, August 4, 1756, was typical of pioneer affairs. The bride rode to the Quaker Meeting House on a pillion behind her father's saddle. After the simple ceremony, the pillion was strapped on behind the bridegroom's saddle and the bride rode off behind her husband to begin their honeymoon. A queer one it was too. The couple were to live in a crude cabin on Squire Boone's land until a new cabin could be built. The wedding guests were full of jokes and fun. On the way over pranksters had felled the trees to block the roads and had tied vines together so that the young men could "show off" how capable they were in helping their girls over logs and out of vines. Some would pretend to be wild Indians and frighten the girls into clinging close to their lovers. There was a great wedding feast of beef, pork, fowls, venison, turkey and bear, with potatoes, cabbage and cornbread. After the feast there were square dances and reels to the tune of squeaking fiddles. In the midst of the excitement the girls slipped the bride up the ladder to the loft and put her to bed. Then the men did the same for the bridegroom. Later in the night, the guests gradually left.

These first years were perhaps the happiest years that Rebecca was to see. Daniel was not satisfied to stay on his father's land. He had a tract

a few miles away nearer the mountains. He set to work at once to cut and trim the logs for a house for Rebecca. Then his neighbors came with their womenfolk. The men brought horses and axes and "raised" the cabin. Meanwhile, in the maple grove, Rebecca and the women had fires going and pots boiling for the outside feast. After the feast came the inevitable fiddlers and dancing. When the neighbors left, the couple had their own cabin, barn and crib.

Rebecca, because of her kind and cheerful disposition was a favorite in the settlement. There were quilting parties, husking bees, and log rollings. In her home Rebecca was never idle. There was cooking to do in the fireplace, dishes to wash on the hearth, milk and cream to be cared for, cheese and butter to be made, clothes to be rubbed clean in the branch, maple sugar to be made, soap and candles to be made, geese to be plucked for feather beds and pillows, fruit and meat to be prepared for drying and storing in holes in the ground, cornmeal to be ground by a mortar hung to a limb which had to be worked up and down to crush the corn. Then there was the wool to be washed, carded, spun, colored and woven, just as much work on the flax before the towels and linens could be had. Later, when the children came, she was nurse, doctor and teacher. Rebecca sang at her work for was she not proud of her lot? Where was there another man like Daniel or children like Daniel's two young sons?

This happiness was not to last. Word was hurriedly passed that Indians were on the warpath. Already they had scalped white settlers on their way and burned their cabins.

Daniel and Rebecca quickly mounted their horses, and taking their sons, dashed to Fort Dobbs. Already the fort was so crowded that no more refugees could be taken in. There was nothing to do but to hasten on into the more thickly settled communities of Virginia.

In Virginia, Daniel got a job as a wagoner for a tobacco planter. Here he hauled the tobacco to the market at Fairfax.

Not for long was Rebecca to enjoy this peace. Word came that the Indians had gone back into the wilderness, and that the other settlers were returning. Six months had passed since their flight and Daniel was "itching" for the Yadkin. Back they went. They found their cabin in ashes but Daniel wanted to push further west anyway. He bought 650 acres of land from his father and built a new cabin. For the first time, perhaps, Rebecca became conscious of Daniel's restlessness and the urge within him to explore new country. More and more he went on hunting and exploring trips that kept him away for days at the time. He did return though with enough skins to provide money for her needs. In 1765 he went with a party of hunters into Georgia and Florida. Back he came after four months, empty-handed, but with tall stories of fierce alligators, dismal swamps, and friendly Indians. He had traded his skins for a house at a trading post called Pensacola. How soon could Rebecca start on the journey? For once, Rebecca put her foot down so hard that the clever hunter never again mentioned the Florida move to her. For this show of "spunk," all of us owe Rebecca a debt of gratitude. Had she bent her will to his at this time, the

history of our nation might have been quite different from what it is today.

Daniel's "itching" feet kept him wandering in to the West. Rebecca kept the home fires burning, with the help of her growing family, and anxiously waited the return of her husband. That they were devoted to each other, history gives ample proof. Young Daniel was doubly shrewd when he picked out a wife who could understand his nature.

Other trappers and hunters constantly sought out Daniel and fired his imagination with tales of the West. One of these men was John Finley whom Daniel had known many years before. Right in Rebecca's cabin, the discussion of a Kentucky settlement took place. This time Rebecca listened and approved. She sent the six pioneers off with her blessing. It was no longer just the mountains calling, "Come on over." Rebecca understood his feeling that he had a divine calling to settle the wilderness and open the West to civilization.

Daniel and his comrades set out with high hopes but danger and death awaited them. Only Daniel returned from that expedition. In those two years though, Daniel's brother tracked him down and brought word to Rebecca that her husband was alive and would bring proof, when he came, of what settlers might expect in Kentucky. A juicy bit of gossip would be the story that Rebecca had an affair with Daniel's brother in her husband's absence and that an illegitimate son would greet his return, but the old tale does not bear out dated history. Daniel Morgan was born December 23, 1769, and John, or Jesse, was born May 1773. At that latter date, Daniel had been home two years or-

ganizing his party for settlement of Kentucky where he had been for only the two preceding years.

In the summer of 1773, Daniel Boone, his family and five other families started out for Kentucky. There were no covered wagons, only horses. The men and women, boys and girls, rode horseback. The infants were carried in the arms of their mothers. The children too large for this, and too small to ride a horse, were packed in among the bedding, pots and pans, on pack horses. The Boone family led the caravan. Well they might with their eight children—James 16, Israel 14, Susannah 13, Jemima 11, Lavinia 7, Rebecca 5, Daniel Morgan 4, and the infant son.

The party made camp at a gap in the mountains to await the arrival of forty men, going without their families, who were to meet them here. Daniel sent James with two other men to notify his friend, Russell, and to get flour and farming tools. He was returning with Russell's son and five other men. They evidently missed their way because they made camp only about three miles from their party. They were fired upon by Indians. Only two of the little group escaped. Boone heard the firing but was too late. Russell's son, James and two other men were scalped and mutilated. Boone and the other men in his party buried them there where they fell. Rebecca's heart was torn with grief. The other families lost their courage and turned back. Part of them settled in the Clinch Valley near where they had stopped. Boone's family found an old cabin nearby and moved in.

It was nearly two years before Boone could get others to come out

and settle the new country. In 1774 the Government of Virginia engaged Daniel to conduct a party of surveyors to the falls of the Ohio, 800 miles away. This road that he made became the famous Wilderness Road. After his return he built Boonesborough and was given command of the garrison. He returned for his family. Rebecca and her daughters were the first white women to make their home in Kentucky. Life was not easy for them for they shared the hardships of the men already stationed there. Rebecca's son William was, perhaps, the first white child born in Kentucky. However, William did not live beyond his infancy. Soon other families followed and life might have been much pleasanter if there had not been so many visits from unfriendly Indians. Several times Daniel was captured but managed to escape. Often there was violent death at the hands of savages.

One Sunday afternoon, Jemima now 14, and her friends, Betsy and Frances Calloway, decided to canoe on the cool stream nearby. Two fierce looking Indians sprang out of the woods, seized their boat and then snatched the girls. The girls screamed but three more Indians appeared. You know the story, how they left signs, and how they were rescued by Boone and his men, but do you know the anxiety that Mrs. Boone and Mrs. Calloway must have felt for their daughters in those long days before they saw them again.

Finally Boone was captured by the Indians. Would they torture him to death as they had other white men? Rebecca knew that he was captured and realized that there was no need to hope for his escape. She waited about four months, then bravely set

out with her younger children on the weary journey back to her own people. She left behind only Jemima, who had become the wife of Flanders Callaway, her sweetheart who had helped rescue her from the Indians.

All this time Daniel was held a prisoner of the Indians. After putting him through the tribal tests, Chief Blackfish became so fond of him that he adopted him as his son. However, he had no idea of allowing him to leave, so he was carefully guarded. Another story-teller would have us believe that Daniel stayed with Blackfish because he gave his pale-face son a squaw who kept him contented. This is a very unlikely tale as Blackfish knew about Rebecca and wanted her and her children to become part of the tribe. He was planning to let Daniel go in due time after them. In the meantime Daniel found out the tribe's plan to fall upon Boonesborough and massacre the settlers. Daniel made his escape and turned up at Boonesborough at about the same time that Rebecca turned in at her father's cabin. Daniel was anxious to go after Rebecca but he had to stay by the fort. He knew that the Indians would call off that particular attack, knowing that he would reach his people and warn them. He knew also, that they had only postponed the evil day and that his duty was at the fort, and so he stayed. The enemy did come but the pioneers were ready for the Redskins.

When all was again "quite on the western front," Daniel set out for North Carolina and his family. Rebecca gladly packed up and moved again into the new country with her beloved husband. Soon after, there was another fight with the Indians

and Rebecca lost her son, Israel.

A few years and Kentucky began to fill up rapidly. There were claim jumpers and dishonest rogues. Daniel had never gotten legal titles to his lands and so this man who had the first right to Kentucky land found himself without any. This did not seem to worry either him or Rebecca too much. They moved on and staked out claims somewhere else. Daniel and Rebecca lived in over a half dozen places in Kentucky and made and lost almost as many fortunes.

When they were living in the settlement at Fayette, Kentucky, the settlers elected Daniel to the Virginia Assembly. Rebecca was proud of her husband. In 1781, while he was at the assembly, Rebecca bore him their last son. Two of her married daughters were living nearby and had sons at about the same time. When the new father and grandfather returned he was presented the three babies in a row and challenged to identify his own son. The old Indian fighter picked his own son, Nathan, without much ado. This domestic prank proves that Rebecca's sense of humor remained with her through the years in spite of all her "ups and downs."

By 1788 Rebecca had the richest husband in Kentucky. Many political honor had been showered upon him. Ten years later, jealously, greed, selfishness and meanness of many of the newcomers, and some of the old settlers, caused him to lose everything again. Not one foot of land did he have to leave his children. Rebecca, now nearly fifty, was "tendin' store." The old trapper felt that his life did not count for much.

There was richer land beyond the Mississippi. In the 1799 young Daniel

Morgan announced that he was going. Rebecca saw the gleam in her husband's eyes and knew that nothing could hold him. Silently she began packing for the journey. Word got out that the Boones, some of the Bryans, and some of the Callaways were "pushing off." There was a farewell barbecue and the whole settlement turned out to watch the party depart. This time they went on flatboats down the river.

Boone's party received a royal welcome from the Spanish authorities when they finally landed in Missouri. They gave him 840 acres in St. Charles County. Rebecca's old age seemed to be provided for in comfort. They soon became wealthy again and Daniel made a trip back to Kentucky and paid off all his debts.

Nations have a way of upsetting human lives and Daniel and Rebecca were victims of destiny. This French territory which had lately come into the hands of the Spanish was shortly to change hands again. In 1804 the Spanish allowed it to go back to the French. The next day the famous Louisiana purchase was made and Missouri became a part of the United States. It was the irony of fate that the land which had made a country rich, should rob one of its greatest men of his last bit of earth. Boone's land became government property.

Rebecca and Daniel went to live with Jemima and Flanders Callaway who had managed to keep their land. One of Boone's friends set about having the government restore Boone's acres to him but it takes a long time to get things through Congress and Rebecca could not remain to see her home returned. For a month she had been in camp making sugar. Then she

became ill, but for only one week. On March 18, 1813, it was Rebecca who left the cabin on a trip into the great unknown. Daniel was overcome with grief. He laid her to rest in a grave on a little knoll overlooking a stream.

Daniel had land now but no longer cared for it. He lived among the families of his three children who had come to Missouri, hunting, trapping, unafraid, awaiting the day when he should go beyond the mountains to find Rebecca. He was ninety years old before that day came.

After twenty-five years, Kentucky wanted its trail-blazer back and Missouri consented. As one writer put it, "Kentucky would no longer take his land away from him so it took it his body away from his last bit of land." This time Daniel and Rebecca returned to Kentucky side by side, and

after a great ceremony amid much splendor, were laid to rest at Frankfort, Ky., where a beautiful monument now marks their last resting place. But the pioneer souls of Daniel and Rebecca are not in Kentucky, nor in Missouri, nor yet in North Carolina, but over beyond that last great mountain range.

For every Daniel who has blazed the trail to new frontiers in the American way of life, there has been a Rebecca, the silent partner and unsung heroine.

"These have gone down in unremembered time,

Unknown, unseen, unshared, a silent host;

But marchin close to man's immortal soul,

They have their life in him, they are not lost."

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### COME CLOUDS, COME STORM

I don't remember just when I found out,  
That some people know it and others ones doubt,  
And some people have it, and others would give  
All of their gold to know how to live.

I knew when I was a youngster that life  
Could be filled with either joy or strife,  
And as for me, I would always maintain  
The thrill of living and its ultimate aim.  
No matter what happens or what you endure  
If you have that spark there's always a cure—  
If you feel that flame of joy in just living,  
A thrill of adventure and pleasure in giving,  
A strange soothing in the sunset's glow,  
Whispering of centuries in the ocean's flow,  
A feeling of hope in the bird's morning call,  
The beauty of color in the rose on the wall—  
Then you have the sparkle I'm talking about,  
Come clouds, come storm, you'll always win out.

—Lila B. Butler.



# NORTH CAROLINA'S WAR RECORD

(The North Carolina Historical Commission)

Today our state is in the midst of the greatest war in history. It is a war that touches every citizen of the state and it cannot be won unless every citizen does his full part

While we are fighting this war—and winning it—the record of what is happening around us and of what we are doing is fresh in our minds. But in years to come many things that happen today will be forgotten unless we take pains to preserve the record of them.

In order to preserve the story of North Carolina and its people in the current war, therefore, the North Carolina Historical Commission is cooperating with the State Office of Civilian Defense in a program of collecting all possible records concerning our part in the war

The story of what North Carolina is doing in the war is told in the records of the state and local government, of defense agencies, and of the war activities of permanent organizations within the state. Pamphlets, posters, bulletins, information leaflets, news releases, and all similar materials help tell the story, as well as letters and diaries of men and women both in the armed forces and at home. All of these records the Historical Commission is attempting to collect, and the cooperation of every citizen of the state is needed

in order to make the collection complete.

The libraries of the state are preserving the books, magazines, and newspapers.

A War Records Manual, giving information and directions as to what to collect and how to collect it, has been prepared and distributed to local collectors. Copies are available for all persons interested in the program.

All organizations in the state are urged to contribute regularly copies of all bulletins, information leaflets, reports and similar materials to the Historical Commission for preservation as part of the war records collection. Non-current records of these organizations are also wanted. Personal diaries, journals, and letters from soldiers and defense workers are of particular value.

Other states are making similar collections on their war history, and Ohio, Pennsylvania, Minnesota, Iowa and Wisconsin have already gone far in this work. North Carolina's war record collection must be the best in the nation. Help us make it so!

All materials should be mailed to the Collector of Records, North Carolina Historical Commission, Box 1881, Raleigh, N. C. Further information and advice on the subject can also be obtained from the same address.

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The biggest soul on earth today is he who can look with love on the meanest enemy of Christian civilization, and say—with that person in mind; "I am my brother's keeper."

# THE CHRISTIAN AND HIS COUNTRY

(Digest of an address by Governor J. Melville Broughton, of North Carolina, before the Southern Baptist Convention, Atlanta, Georgia.)

Historically and traditionally this is a Christian nation. On Roanoke Island, North Carolina, the first settlement, at Jamestown, the first permanent colony, and at Plymouth Rock, the first act of the landing colonists was to offer prayers for their safety and their future. Altars preceded even fortifications.

From George Washington to Franklin Roosevelt every President of the United States has taken the oath of office with his hand upon the Bible, not only to give sanctity to the oath but in recognition of the Christian character of our nation. Governors, judges, and other public officials have from the beginning followed a similar course. Great events in our national history have likewise been symbolized by public recognition of Divine guidance.

The course of our nation has been Christian. The first duty of the Christian is to keep it so. The task will not be easy. Forces of evil are constantly seeking to destroy the achievements and purposes of Christianity. Greedy and mercenary groups and individuals have already encroached dangerously upon Sabbath day observance; lax divorce laws and loose proceedings which have frequently made a mockery of our courts are imperilling the sanctity of the home and threatening social disintegration. Freedom of worship may become only a cynical phrase if the incentive to worship be lost.

The task of keeping America Christian cannot be achieved by legislation alone though it has its essential place.

The greatest—and severest—moral law of all times, the Ten Commandments had become only a superficial and formal thing until the Gospel of the Galilean taught us that Christianity is a thing of the spirit, and not to be measured or limited by laws. Protection against indecency, licentiousness and offensive conduct must be safeguarded by adequate laws properly enforced; but this nation cannot be kept Christian by laws alone. This result can only be achieved by an ever-growing Christian sentiment arising from the hearts and minds of an ever-increasing number of Christian citizens.

But Christianity is not merely a matter of conduct; it is a liberal social gospel. "I came that ye might have life, and have it more abundantly" was the first message of hope to a socially and economically disordered world. Ignorance, superstition, poverty and privilege have gradually been giving way to that all-inclusive Christian formula. "The laborer is worthy of his hire," is still with all its implications, the ultimate and only solution of labor relations. Likewise are to be found in this Gospel the ideas and ideals which have given to women and children their greatest hope of freedom from oppression and their fullest assurance of opportunity.

The Christian, therefore, must be tremendously concerned with keeping his country a liberal land of opportunity for all its people. He must, if true to his faith, be the inveterate foe of oppression and reaction within the nation.

Pacifism is not a tenet of Christianity. The Prince of Peace by his teaching and example demonstrated that honor and decency and liberty and righteousness are things worth fighting for. He, Himself drew the lash when the occasion required. He recognized that peace can only be had when conditions essential for true and lasting peace are obtained. He also perceived that the struggle for these convictions might mean battle and bloodshed. Was not this in His mind when he said "I come not to bring peace, but a sword?" Privilege, oppression, greed and intolerance have never been willing to surrender without a struggle.

Accordingly, the Christian in this present hour, may and in all good conscience should give every aid and support to his country in this war. If ever in all history there was a war in which the Christians could wholeheartedly participate, this is it. Forces of evil—Nazi, Fascist and pagan—are seeking to destroy the last vestige of human freedom on this earth. They have flouted decency, democracy and even Christianity itself. The place for the Christian in America is to be in this war with all his heart and all his capacity.

Isolation has no place in the Christian philosophy. The injunction, "Go ye into all the world," is not merely a missionary mandate; it proclaims the

universality of the Christian religion. deeper than this, there is the implication that without world freedom there can be no world peace; that oppression anywhere threatens liberty everywhere; that freedom of religion cannot be limited by international boundary lines. Any peace formula that does not comprehend these eternal truths will be but an interlude to war.

The Christian who fights for his country in the war, whether with body brain or hand, fights not alone for military victory. As a patriot he struggles and sacrifices for victory; but even as the martyred Edith Cavell said in the first world war, "Patriotism is not enough." Military victory alone cannot justify the slaughter of ten million men or the unspeakable anguish of world motherhood. There must be the triumph of a cause. Beyond the cross of war there must be for all mankind the glory of a new day, the peace of a better world, and the freedom of the human spirit.

Diplomats, militarists and power politicians have for centuries fixed the conditions of so-called peace; and for centuries we have had recurring wars. Is it too much to hope that in the coming peace negotiations consideration will be given to the divine edict: "Not by might nor by power, but by My spirit, saith the Lord?"

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Always vote for a principle, though you vote alone; then you may cherish the sweet reflection that your vote is never lost.

—John Quincy Adams.

# ANCIENT SAFE IS REAL CURIO

(The State)

Mrs. J. E. Smith, of Windsor, has in her possession an iron safe which is one of the first to be manufactured in this country.

It is approximately 30 inches in height. A handle at the top. There's a similar handle at the bottom. (Both handles fold back.) When necessary to move it, the safe is turned on its side, one man grabs it by one handle, a second man grabs it by the other. and in this maner they can move it without difficulty.

The key is in front. It fits into a trick lock. Mrs. Smith admits that she, herself, has never been able to open the safe, but her son has learned the knack of turning the key and can open the door without any difficulty whatsoever. When the key is pulled out, the key-hole is covered by a sliding piece of metal. If you don't know the exact location of it, you'd have trouble in locating it.

At the bottom of the inside are two drawers, made of mahogany. On top of these is a large empty space for the storing of valuables.

Mrs. Smith purchased the safe from a colored man who operates a filling station in Bertie County. It was given to him by a merchant, named Bazemore. Mr. Bazemore said that it was brought to Bertie by the first doctor to settle there. It went through two fires without being damaged in any way. The doctor purchased a larger safe in the course of time and either sold or gave away this one.

Incidentally, you might be interested in knowing that Mrs. Smith has refused an offer of \$500 for the safe.

Chances are that she could sell it for more than that, but she isn't particularly interested in disposing of it.

There's an inscription inside the door which reads:

**JESSE DELANO (Patentee)  
& SONS**

**Manufacturers of  
Fire Proof Wrought Iron  
Merchants Banks and Safes  
Iron Chests, Etc.  
97 Water Street, New York  
Corner of Gouverneur's Lane.**

That name—Delano—suggests a tie-up with the Roosevelt family. Mrs. Smith found out that a descendant of Jesse is still living, so she wrote him about the safe. Here is the letter which she received from him about it:

Dear Mrs. Smith: The safe you speak of is an interesting possession and I will have something about the Delano Iron Safe Company in my book when it is published.

They were the first manufacturers of iron safes in America, and you have not only the first one brought to Bertie County, and probably the State of North Carolina, but one of the first safes made in the United States. I am sorry that I haven't available at this moment my notes on that portion of the book, but the Delano Family History makes reference to the Delano Iron Safe Company of New York.

I do not know whether the Delano History is in any of the libraries in North Carolina, but copies are in

the Congressional Library in Washington and also in the City Library in New York as well as in the D. A. R. Library in Washington

Sometime, if you feel like disposing of it, I am sure that the North Carolina Historical Commission, or the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, would be pleased to have it.

The manufacturer was one of the President's ancestors.

Then again, the safe would make an interesting item to place in the Franklin Delano Roosevelt Library at Hyde Park, New York. Not knowing the size of the safe, it is possible that its handling may prove cumbersome to you in arranging its presentation to some museum. However, I would strongly urge that care be displayed, because you have one of the few such safes in existence, if not the only one. It is the only I have learned about in my travels. I am

sorry that I am not acquainted with any value it might possess in a monetary sense, but its historical value is very great indeed.

Again I thank you for your letter, Mrs. Smith.

Sincerely yours,

Daniel W. Delano.

Mrs. Smith doesn't think much of the idea of sending the safe up to Hyde Park or Washington, but she may send it to the Historical Commission in Raleigh for safe-keeping. (No pun intended.) However, she hasn't made up her mind about that as yet.

It unquestionably is one of the most interesting antiques in North Carolina. Not only that but it is the only one of its kind in the state, so far as Mrs. Smith has been able to find out.

---

While Knute Rockne was coaching at Notre Dame University there began to appear in a South Bend paper every Friday morning a sports column signed by one "Bearskin," and it was a dandy. No one knew who "Bearskin" was and many a Notre Dame football player would have given a lot to get his hands on him, because once a week Bearskin wrote the meanest, nastiest, most ornery football column ever seen on a sports page.

First he would berate the team as a whole and then crisp various players. He seemed to have astonishing inside dope. He knew the lazy ones, the ones who kept scrapbooks and who read their clippings, the training breakers, the ladies' men. He called each spade a spade.

A player would come on the field for practice with a Bearskin clipping in his fingers, roaring mad. Rockne would always sympathize with the boy, and say, "Tsk, tsk, tsk! A fellow oughtn't to be allowed to write things like that. Go on out there and show him it isn't true."

Rockne, of course, was Bearskin. His column was an invaluable antidote for too much publicity, and was continued after his tragic death.—Creative Thought.

# WHAT IS GASOLINE?

By Grace DeValley

It is as essential to our lives as food yet as you pass the many colored pumps that supply it commercially, have you ever thought of the immense industry that is behind every gallon, or just what this gasoline is that we use so confidently and are so dismayed when we cannot obtain it?

It is the chief product of petroleum, and petroleum is a product of nature, just as coal is. It is a liquid mixture of numerous hydrocarbons of which paraffin is the chief. It is found in many parts of the world, but our own United States produces about 70 per cent of the world's supply. It is found in Arkansas, California, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Kentucky, Michigan, Nebraska, New Mexico, Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, Texas, Wyoming, and Alaska. In 1941 the wells of the United States produced 1,402,228,000 barrels of crude oil, against a total of 2,056,900,000 for the entire world.

Oil and petroleum exist in porous rock formations and like the coal fields have probably been millions of years forming. The earth in its inner convulsions to its present form moved this liquid formation about until it came to rest in natural hollows or wells where it lay until discovered by man.

Colonel Drake is credited with drilling, 1859, the oil well that started the petroleum industry.

At first the search for oil was haphazard. The divining-rod was mostly used, but soon this method proved unsatisfactory and geologists were called upon for more accurate methods. As the search went on and the most easily found sections were exhausted,

it became more difficult to find oil and many tools were invented: the seismograph, which makes use of sound waves, the gravity meter, and the core drill. But these tools, efficient as they are, do not find oil directly; they only find the condition or area that is favorable to the accumulation of oil, and many wells are sunk that do not produce. When a strike is made sometimes it is fairly near the surface but with others great depths have to be dug before oil is struck. Drake's first well was only 69 feet deep. A well producing in California today is 15,000 feet deep.

When the core first strikes oil, the oil is usually under gas or water pressure and a gusher results. When the well ceases flowing of its own accord, it is pumped.

The crude oil or petroleum is shipped to the refineries where it is subjected to fractional distillation, which means each fraction is separately distilled or separated from the substances which it holds. By this method the crude oil is made to yield various grades of gasoline, lubricating oils, naphtha, benzine, and all the by-products. Gasoline is the fraction intermediate between petroleum ether and naphtha. In 1931 from 100 barrels of 42 gallons each of crude oil, 5 to 7 barrels of commercial gasoline were obtained, but the petroleum industry is continually improving its methods.

Chemists also are continually working to perfect methods of extracting gasoline from other substances than natural oil, and many formulas have been discovered. This is called syn-

thetic gasoline. The procedure is costly and the yield small. Coal so far has been the main source but it takes 5 tons of coal to make one ton of gasoline.

It is rather thrilling to realize that to speed over the ground in our auto-

mobiles, or speed through the air in our aeroplanes, we first had to tap the resources of Mother Earth. She provides many wonders for us if we just take the time to look into the origin of many things we use daily and simply take for granted.

---

### REWARD

You should not be impatient;  
 The world awaits your day  
 When you shall hold its vintage  
 Beneath your hand and sway.  
 Your armaments are building.  
 Your charted life takes form;  
 Though there are many ventures,  
 And there's no lack of storm.

Good Nature never hurries  
 To offer bud or bloom.  
 She bides her time till ready  
 To give her fruitage room.  
 She needs no force to quicken  
 Her measured course of growth.  
 All hasty strife and labors  
 Receive rebuke in truth.

You buy your place of service,  
 The ground on which you stand,  
 By what you are and what you do  
 In hours at your command.  
 A day is waiting for you  
 When you shall have in view  
 A crown of life uplifted  
 That's made alone for you.

Reward awaits your bidding,  
 A prize to honor you,  
 If daily you consider  
 What course is wise and true.  
 And, with all, remember  
 The wealth for your control  
 Is not in gold or silver,  
 But treasures of the soul.

—Andrew J. Howell.

## INSTITUTION NOTES

Although the weather has been extremely dry for quite some time, our gardens are furnishing a good supply of tomatoes for the various cottage kitchens.

—:—

There was an unusually large number of visitors present last Wednesday, the regular day on which the boys are permitted to entertain visitors from home.

—:—

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys are laying the foundation for a storage shed in the rear of the Swink-Benson Trades Building. This building will be used for storing lumber and for housing some machinery.

—:—

Most of the Sunday school hour was taken up last Sunday morning by the re-assignment of classes. The boys are placed in these classes according to their grade level in school, promotions in school grades and the admission of new boys make this re-classification necessary every six months.

—:—

Charles Willard Alleger, who hails from Flemington, New Jersey, was a visitor at the School last week-end Bill, a husky, red-haired lad of nineteen years, has been in the United States Army for more than a year, and is now stationed at Fort Jackson, South Carolina. He is a member of an infantry company and has attained the rank of first-class private. We were very glad to see Cousin Bill and trust he may be able to visit us again while stationed in South Carolina.

—:—

Marvin Lipscomb, formerly a house boy in Cottage No. 6, visited the

School a few days ago. This lad was permitted to return to his home in Goldsboro about six months ago. He secured employment in a cotton mill remaining there about three months. For the past two months he has been working for the Atlas Supply Company, manufacturers of wooden boxes and cases. Marvin stated that he liked his present place of employment and was getting along very nicely. He stated that his brother, John, who was a house boy in Cottage No. 5, and was allowed to go back home several months ago, had been attending school regularly, and had been promoted to the fifth grade. Before and after school, and all day during the vacation period, John works in a grocery store, and is doing very well.

—:—

The Fourth of July was observed at the School by giving the boys a half-holiday. There was a baseball game at two-thirty in the afternoon between an all-star team selected from the local League Number One, managed by Mr. T. R. Adams, and one from League Number Two, under the direction of Mr. Frank Liske, the latter winning a hard-fought contest by the score of 7 to 6.

Following the game, the boys enjoyed a swim in the pool, and at 8 P. M., they assembled in the auditorium to see a motion picture, "The Powers Girls," a Warner Brothers production.

It was a fine afternoon and evening of real enjoyment and from the reports coming to this office, we are sure all the boys had a very good time.

The baseball game was a seven-inning affair, by agreement. Marion



Cox, of Cottage No. 1, started on the mound for the boys of League Number One and Chauncey Gore, of the Receiving Cottage, did the catching. Cox was relieved by Harry Wilson, of the Receiving Cottage, in the second inning. These two hurlers held the League Number Two boys to six hits. Ernest Bullard attended to the pitching duties for the League Number Two lads, and held his opponents to six hits.

The League Number Two boys scored two runs in the last half of the first inning, three more in the third and two in the sixth. The lads of League Number One chalked up three tallies in the second frame, two in the third and one in the fifth.

Harry Wilson led the hitters for League Number One, getting a single and two doubles, while Burnett got a single and double. The leading hitter for League Number Two was Ernest Bullard, who cracked out a triple, double and single and scored three runs. Bill Flowe hit a triple and a single. The score:

League No. 1	0320010—661
League No. 2	203002x—761

Two-base hits—Wilson 2, Burnett, Hunsucker, Bullard, Benfield. Three-base hits— Jones, Bullard. Losing pitcher: Wilson. Umpires: Godown and Hawfield.

—:—

Superintendent Hawfield recently received a letter from Malcom E. Seymore who is now in the United States Navy, stationed at the U. S. N. A. S., Fort Lauderdale, Florida. Malcom entered the School, December 15, 1941; was conditionally released, September 18 1942; re-admitted May

5, 1943, and an February 4, 1944 was granted an honorable discharge. He enlisted in the Navy, going directly to a training station from the School campus. His letter, dated July 2, 1944, reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Hawfield: Have intended to write you before now but just kept putting it off. At present I am just fine and hope you and your staff workers at J. T. S. are getting along well.

"As you know, I left the School on the 4th of February, this year. After leaving Mr. Fisher in Charlotte, I went on a train with several other fellows to Raleigh, and from there to Jacksonville, Florida, for 'boots'—and it wasn't heaven, either. After finishing basic training I was given a short leave which I spent with my mother. From Jacksonville I came to Fort Lauderdale, the vacation land. I like it here very much. We are only a couple of miles from the city and about three and one-half from the beach, where I go about every day off.

"I am in the Aviation Training Department Line Operations. On duty every fourth night and have every eighth day off. Have three out of four nights liberty, too. I check out a 'Mae West' parachute and ear-phones and go up for a hop (plane ride) every once in a while. Have made two night flights during the past week. I like it. The night flights are more dangerous than those made during the day.

"One of my brothers seems to like flying, too—if you don't mind me saying a word about him—because I'm proud of him and always will be. He visited me both times I was up there with you, and made some pictures of the School the first time. I don't believe I'll be seeing him for some time. He was a chief engineer on a B-17

Flying Fortress, stationed in England. He had made sixteen raids on German territory, and on the seventeenth trip was shot down. He is now a prisoner of war in Germany.

"Guess I'll have to say the same thing to the boys at the School as many others have said after leaving. That is, just make the best of it while you are there and when you leave you will realize what the officers have tried to do for you. I really appreciate what was done for me, and in a way, I'm glad I was sent to the School and will be proud to tell anyone so.

"Here's hoping you will continue to give fellows like me a chance to make good on the outside. Please remember me to all the folks up there, and don't forget that I would appreciate a letter from you. Yours truly, M. E. Seymore."

—:—

Rev. A. C. Swafford, pastor of the, Forest Hill Methodist Church, Concord conductor the service at the Training School on Sunday, July 2nd. He was accompanied by Rev. R. Hoy Whitlow, who is pastor of the Harmony Methodist Church, Concord and who also frequently has charge of the devotional programs over WEGO. This was Mr. Whitlow's first visit to the School, and we wish to extend to him a cordial invitation to visit us frequently. As usual, the boys were delighted to have Rev. Mr. Swafford speak to them.

Rev. Mr. Swafford read a few verses from the 14th chapter of the book of Deuteronomy, and used as a text the second verse of this chapter, with special emphasis on these words, "The Lord hath chosen thee to be a peculiar people unto Himself, above all the nations that are upon the earth." By

comparison, it was pointed out that evidently God hath chosen America to be a peculiar people, especially since not only the Israelites but so many other nations have rejected the Lord by their actions.

Emphasis was placed on the fact that July 4, 1776 is celebrated in America as the great day of independence, a day when a great nation was born. The speaker stated that everyone, a child or an adult, should be proud to be in America. Our forefathers endured extreme hardships in order that we might have this nation. They endured hard fighting, when they were clothed in rags on the battlefield and were bleeding from their wounds, all for this land of ours, fighting that we might have freedom. Because of their sacrifices we owe them a great debt of gratitude. The speaker declared that, in his opinion, every person in America, when he remembers the sacrifices of his ancestors, should want to be the best American possible. It should be remembered that the best blood of this nation—the blood of the finest citizens of the land—was poured out on the battlefields to win the independence of this country from Great Britain.

Today, the speaker stated, God is calling on this nation first of all to be a sober nation, and also to be honest, clean, and truthful. In too many instances we see, throughout the land, places of drinking, beer joints and other places of iniquity, which constitute as great a danger to this country as do the Nazis and Fascists. It was pointed out that men today are still dying for our country and our flag, and in view of their sacrifices we on the homefront, if we are to be

worthy, must be willing to make our sacrifices also.

The major emphasis was upon the need for temperance and sobriety, and the minister told a sad story of how a drunken man murdered an innocent member of his own family because he had been rebuked for excessive drinking. As the result of this disaster, the man's own life was wrecked and the lives of his children were blotted and blasted. For them it was an endless story of shame and remorse, all because the father was not a Christian and could not practice self-control and strength of character. The speaker declared that, after seeing this picture of a blotted home, he had resolved that forever thereafter he would preach to men and to boys the dangers of drinking intoxicating beverages.

The speaker paid a special tribute to the Great Commoner, William Jennings Bryan, who in his time promoted and sponsored temperance and prohibition. As a boy, he went to college where he wore shoddy clothing in order to equip himself for his life's work, and later he became a great lawyer, editor, lecturer, and statesman largely because he had strong convictions for the right.

Today, God is calling on us in America to be a peculiar people, set apart as leaders for the other nations of the world, nations that are torn by strife and hatred and suffering of all kinds.

—:—

The baseball games played in both leagues last Saturday afternoon were

definitely one-sided affairs. The boys on the winning teams seemed to have gone on batting sprees. This slugging coupled with ragged fielding by the losing clubs, resulted in top-heavy scores. The results of the various contests were as follows:

League Number One—Receiving Cottage 13 Fifth Cottage 0; First Cottage 12 Second Cottage 2; Fourth Cottage 17 Third Cottage 5.

League Number Two—Tenth Cottage 9 Ninth Cottage 1; Fourteenth Cottage 22 Thirteenth Cottage 5; Fifteenth Cottage 10 Eleventh Cottage 7.

CLUB STANDINGS

League Number One

	W	L	Pct.
Receiving Cottage	6	0	1.000
First Cottage	3	3	.500
Fourth Cottage	2	3	.400
Fifth Cottage	2	3	.400
Second Cottage	1	4	.200
Third Cottage	0	1	.000

League Number Two

	W	L	Pct.
Tenth Cottage	6	1	.857
Fifteenth Cottage	5	2	.714
Thirteenth Cottage	4	3	.571
Eleventh Cottage	3	4	.429
Fourteenth Cottage	2	5	.285
Ninth Cottage	1	.6	.143

Skepticism is like the measles—very dangerous if it is driven in; comparatively harmless if it is allowed to come out.

—Lyman Abbott.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending July 2, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

Chauncey Gore  
Fred Jones  
Harry Wilson

## COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Bailey  
Eugene Bowers  
James Buckaloo  
Marion Cox  
Donald Carland  
Jack Gray  
Liston Grice  
Howard Hall  
William Lerschell  
Rufus Massingill  
Harold McKinney  
Amos Myers  
Marshall Sessoms  
Harry Thompson  
Harlan Warren

## COTTAGE NO. 2

Charles Byrd  
J. T. Jacobs  
Chester Lee  
John McLean  
Hayes Powell  
William Peterson  
James Sneed  
Roy Womack

## COTTAGE NO. 3

(No Honor Roll)

## COTTAGE NO. 4

Everett Benfield  
William Brooks  
Clyde Brown  
Robert Blackwelder  
Charles Carter  
Jeter Green  
Robert Hogan  
George Hawk  
Cecil Kinion  
Lewis Sawyer  
J. R. Smith  
Edward VanHoy  
Lawrence Walker

## COTTAGE NO. 5

Randolph Ammons  
Charles Allen  
Curtis Butcher  
Jerome Duncan  
Patrick Ford  
Lawrence Hopson  
Herbert Key  
Raymond Pruitt  
Thomas Sessions  
Robert Wilkins

## COTTAGE NO. 6

Arthur Brooks  
J. C. Cayton  
Vernon Foster  
Keith Futch  
Everett Gallion  
Stanford McLean  
Robert Mason  
J. W. Smith  
Leroy Wilkins

## COTTAGE NO. 7

Herbert Black  
Carlton Cox  
Horace Collins  
Charles Edwards  
Wallace Foster  
Donald Kirk  
Ned Metcalf  
Ray Naylor  
Jack Phillips  
Marion Todd

## COTTAGE NO. 8

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE NO. 9

Ray Edwards

## COTTAGE NO. 10

Ernest Bullard  
Evan Craig  
Jack Clifton  
Robert Helms  
Robert Holbert  
John Lee  
Gerald McCullum  
Leonard McAdams  
Charles Rhodes

**COTTAGE NO. 11**

Craven Callahan  
 William Guffey  
 Alvin Hilton  
 Fred Holland  
 Raymond Hunsucker  
 Arlow McClain  
 James Phillips  
 James Ray  
 Leon Rose  
 J. C. Wilcox  
 Robert Yow

**COTTAGE NO. 12**

(Cottage Closed)

**COTTAGE NO. 13**

William Andrews  
 Fred Bostian  
 Eugene Frazier  
 Vernon Harding  
 Ralph Putnam  
 Vernon Rinehardt  
 Charles Shearin

**COTTAGE NO. 14**

Everett Bowden  
 Edward Britt  
 Hugh Cornwell  
 Lawrence Littlejohn  
 Roy Manoley  
 Troy Morris  
 Samuel Pritchett  
 Bruce Sawyer  
 Grover Shuler

Milton Talley  
 Lester Williams

**COTTAGE NO. 15**

Edgar Blanchard  
 Jack Benfield  
 Thomas Baumgarner  
 Robert Bluester  
 James Cantrell  
 Lee Hollifield  
 James Knight  
 David Lewis  
 Harvey Leonard  
 Samuel Linebarrier  
 Hilton Reed  
 Claude Shook  
 Olin Wishon

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

Jack Bailey  
 James Chavis  
 Peter Chavis  
 Frank Chavis  
 Harold Duckworth  
 Alton Hammond  
 Marshall Hunt  
 R. C. Hoyle  
 Clyde Lochlear  
 Leroy Lowery  
 W. C. McManus

**INFIRMARY**

William McNeill  
 Raymond Byrd

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CHARACTER

The crown and glory of life is character. It is the noblest possession of a man, constituting a rank in itself, and an estate in the general good-will; dignifying every station and exalting every position in society. It exercises a greater power than wealth, and secures all the honor without jealousies of fame. It carries with it an influence which always tells; for it is the result of proud honor, rectitude and consistency—qualities which perhaps, more than any other command the general confidence and respect of mankind.—Selected.



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JUL 11 1944

U. N. C.  
CAROLINA ROOM

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., JULY 15, 1944

No. 28

(c) Carolina Collection  
U. N. C. Library

## FEELIN' FINE

They ain't no use in kickin', friend,  
 If things don't come your way;  
 It does no good to holler 'round, an'  
 Grumble night an' day.  
 The thing to do's to curb your grief,  
 Cut out your little whine;  
 An' when they ask you how you are,  
 Jest say, "I'm feelin' fine."

—Edgar A. Guest.

PUBLISHED BY  
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND  
INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## SO LET ME LIVE

Oh, let me live so when I rest  
They'll say of me, "He did his best.  
He helped the needy and the poor  
And welcomed all that sought his door.  
Nor did he seek, for his chief ends,  
A hoard of gold at cost of friends.  
The simple life he loved to live,  
Slow to provoke, quick to forgive."

Oh, let me live so when I go  
Each lovely flower will softer blow  
Above the grass that decks my tomb  
Sweet with eternal breath of June,  
Because of some past tender care  
Bestowed on their sisters fair.  
Oh, let of me then be said,  
"He loved the roses, pink and red."

Oh, let me live so when they lay  
My silent form in peace away,  
That every songbird of the spring  
Will soar above the ground and sing,  
Sing for the form they used to know,  
Whose heart in gladness loved them so.  
Oh, let it of me then be heard,  
"He never harmed a little bird."

So let me live that when I die  
The humblest dog, in passing by,  
Will miss the smile, the well-known tread,  
The hand that oft caressed his head,  
And in his noble heart will know  
No memory of a needless blow.  
No finer epitaph could be  
Than "He was kind to brutes like me."

Be merciful to man and beast,  
For if you show it in the least  
You'll find the Saviour's words are true,  
That mercy will be shown to you.

So let me live that when I go  
 All those who knew me here below  
 Will drop a little tender sigh  
 When by my grave they hurry by.

—Captain John S. Madden

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### CHIEF ANDERSON WRITES INTERESTING LETTER

Recently a group of boys here at the Jackson Training School, having expressed a desire to be baptised and also to become church members, were not only permitted but were encouraged by the Training School officials to accept the opportunity. They were received into full membership of First Baptist Church in Concord. It was a solemn and sacred occasion when the forty boys filed in, one by one, to be baptised, and to those present the boys seemed to realize fully the seriousness of the obligations which they were taking upon themselves.

Later, on July 2, the boys were privileged to go to their church in Concord to participate in the communion services which had been arranged especially to suit their convenience. This was a very gracious thing for this fine church to do for these boys. At the services the boys sang several of their favorite songs for the congregation, and Robert Gaylor sang a solo, "Precious Jewels".

Many friends of the boys throughout the state have given their hearty endorsement to this religious adventure in behalf of the boys. The letter from Walter Anderson, Chief of Police, Charlotte, which is quoted below, was very significant and carries its own message with it.

My dear Mr. Hawfield:

I have just read in the "Uplift" an account of forty boys accepting the Lord Jesus Christ as their personal Savior and witnessing for Him by becoming members of the Church.

Many fine things are being done for the boys to help them get hold of themselves, but to my mind this is the finest and most lasting work you can do.

I congratulate you, your fine group of assistants, and the ministers who are helping to lead these boys to a personal knowledge of their own soul salvation. May God's richest blessings

be upon all of you and may many more of the boys accept Christ as their personal Savior.

Sincerely yours,

Walter F. Anderson  
Chief of Police

\* \* \* \* \*

### ANNIVERSARIES OF THE WEEK

Elias Howe, who invented the first practical sewing machine, was born in Spencer, Massachusetts, July 9, 1819. His invention revolutionized the dressmaking industry, and has greatly lightened the burdens of women throughout the world. As a youth, Howe worked as a mechanic in a machine shop in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and it was there that he conceived the idea of a machine that would take the place of labor in sewing. After receiving a loan of \$500 from an old school friend, this young man succeeded in completing a model of his machine in 1845. He secured a patent the following year. He did not gain any substantial reward for his ingenuity and perseverance until after going through a long period of poverty and discouragement.

Due to much opposition to the new machine in America, Howe went to England in 1847, hoping to secure financial assistance from capitalists in that country. He was disappointed in this, and sold the English rights to his invention for \$1,000 and returned to America. Upon coming back to his native land he found that several manufacturers had infringed upon his patent rights and had placed a number of sewing machines upon the market. In an effort to protect his invention and establish his patent, Howe spent several years in wearisome lawsuits, but finally won out. Eventually he earned a great fortune by manufacturing sewing machines and through royalties from other manufacturers.

Howe was a member of the Connecticut volunteers during the Civil War. Prior to his death, in 1867, he received the gold medal and the cross of the Legion of Honor at the Paris Exposition.

John Calvin, one of the foremost leaders in the history of Christianity, was born at Noyon in Picardy, France, July 10, 1509. Early in life, Calvin distinguished himself by his industry and remarkable

intellectual power. Becoming dissatisfied with the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church, he allied himself with the cause of the Reformation in 1532. For a number of years thereafter he made many important contributions to Christian literature. In 1561, the followers of Calvin separated from the Lutherans, thus forming the first great division in the Protestant church. The principles of his theology are embodied in the creeds of the Presbyterian and reformed Protestant churches. He died in 1564.

Sir William Blackstone, distinguished English judge and writer on law, was born, July 10, 1723. His most famous work, "Commentaries on the Laws of England," has had a wider influence than any other treatise on law in the English language. He won great fame as a lecturer, and was appointed a professor at Oxford University. In 1770, he was knighted and appointed justice of the court of common pleas. Until his death, in 1780, Blackstone was occupied with his duties as judge and as an enthusiastic advocate of prison reform.

John Quincy Adams, son of John Adams, second President of the United States, was born, July 11, 1767, at Quincy, Massachusetts. In early life he spent several years in Europe, where he received his primary education, but was graduated from Harvard in 1788. He was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one, and soon thereafter was appointed by Washington to serve as minister to The Hague. Later he was sent on business to Portugal and to Berlin.

In 1803, Adams was elected to the United States Senate from Massachusetts, and in 1809 he went as ambassador to Russia. Under President Monroe he served as Secretary of State and helped to frame the famous Monroe Doctrine. After President Monroe's double term of office, Adams succeeded him as sixth President of the United States on the National-Republican ticket—those who favored protection and internal improvements. During his term of office no important events took place, and because his service failed to please both political parties, he was not re-elected. In 1830 he returned to Congress where he continued to represent his state until his death, which occurred in Washington, D. C., February 23, 1848. He was the only ex-President to serve in Congress.

## FRIENDSHIP

There is one important feature of our existence about which many people are very careless—the preservation of friendship down through the ages. As we note the loneliness of some among our acquaintances who are facing life's sunset, we should consider it a warning not to neglect this rich source of happiness. True friendship is composed of such homely simple and easily-obtained qualities that we wonder why any of us should let it die. True friends are man's most valuable possessions. It requires such a small amount of unselfish consideration for others and a never-ending delight in the daily activities of one another, there is positively no excuse for failure in these simple ventures. Old friends will enrich the years of old age as nothing else will. It is very selfish, though, to think only of our gains along this line. To be an honored friend requires character that will enrich another. We should ever be mindful of the fact that real joy can be found only by adding happiness to another's life.

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Some of the accomplishments of modern surgeons have been classed by many as nothing short of miracles, and the members of the medical profession are being highly commended daily through the press and in radio broadcasts. The following item, clipped from a recent newspaper, tells its own story: "Joyce Kilmer's well-known, 'Trees', never had more meaning than it did the day William Furber, of San Diego, California, blind for thirty years, said, 'I looked up and there was a tree—the most beautiful thing in the world'. An operation, described by Furber as a miracle, gave him his long-awaited sight."



## A PIECE OF STRING

By Clara Bell Thurston

Things were not going too well with Jerry. In fact, everything he planned seemed to go wrong. Sitting at his desk that warm afternoon, he tried to figure out the why of it all. For instance, when he was trying to do his very best, why did life have to be such a tangle of mistakes?

Sunk deep in his chair, and still deeper in gloom, Jerry looked idly from the window. Suddenly his vacant gaze was caught by the odd behavior of a bird as it passed and re-passed his window; and leaning forward for a closer glimpse, he saw the reason for its erratic movements.

At one edge of the steps to the side door there was a large wagon wheel, put there not only to provide an artistic touch, but also to serve a useful purpose on a rainy or slippery day. To this wheel one of the children had tied a long piece of white string, and it was this bit of string that Mr. Robin wanted for his nest. Yet each time he took it in his bill and flew upward, he would find himself abruptly halted when he reached the length of the string. Again and again he tried, only to meet with fresh failure. Would he give up, Jerry wondered? If not, what would his next move be?

Eagerly Jerry leaned forward, his own problems forgotten, as he waited anxiously to see how that determined little bird would solve his! Once more he seized the string and flew upward, only to be pulled to a sudden stop, as before

For a moment he seemed discouraged, then dropping the string, he flew

to a near-by twig, and putting his head back, burst into a cheery song.

Amazed, Jerry watched to see what would happen next. But when the song was finished, down flew Mr. Robin, taking the string once more in his yellow bill. Up he went, only to be stopped in the same abrupt manner. Again and again he tried, yet each time the string checked his flight he returned to the twig and there poured out more song.

At last he seemed to realize that his strength was not sufficient for the task. For a moment he stood quietly by the string, his head cocked on one side as if he were listening for a voice. Jerry wondered if he did not hear one. Then suddenly the bird did a most surprising thing. Instead of again trying to drag the string upward, he began pecking vigorously at the string until he had a bill full of the soft white fluff. Then up he flew to entwine it in with the grasses and twigs of his nest.

Back and forth he went with that soft white filling. Once he stopped on the twig to give vent to a vociferous song, and then he resumed his task until most of the string was carried away.

Jerry watched the robin as though he was a human—a human who had met an obstacle and had overcome it. The thing he had wanted, and really needed, had not come to pass as he had planned, although he had tried again and again and again. He had not given up in despair, or flown away in disgust. Instead he had sung himself into an inspiration.

Jerry looked at his crop of current problems in a new way, and he was able to deal with them satisfactorily. In the future, whenever any difficulties arose Jerry would always remember the robin and the piece of string. And he remembered, too, that he got it!

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PASSIN' BY

When the evenin' fire is burnin'  
 An' the lights are way down low,  
 An' the old dream come a-crowdin'  
 From the days of long ago,  
 There comes a sort o' longin'  
 In the heart of ev'ry guy,  
 To make the burden lighter  
 O' the feller passin' by.

It ain't so much the money,  
 An' it ain't so much the style,  
 But just the way o' givin'  
 Makes the other feller smile—  
 An' when we sort o' chuckle,  
 An' get to wond'rin' why  
 We feel so gosh darn happy  
 Helpin' the fellers passin' by.

It ain't so much religion  
 Keeps the old world turnin' 'round,  
 But just the liftin' up o' folks  
 Who fall upon the ground;  
 An' sometimes in the darkness  
 To hear an humble cry  
 An' give the hand o' fellowship  
 To the feller passin' by.

So beside the evenin' fireside,  
 When the lights are way down low  
 An' the old dreams come a-crowdin'  
 From the days of long ago,  
 There comes a sort o' fancy  
 That some day you and I  
 May be the feller passin'  
 The feller passin' by.

# BLUE RIBBON

By Newlin B. Wildes in *The Training School Echo*

He was glad, big Peter Carlin was, that there was no plane service to the remote spot where he was going, no train that could get him there on time. Glad because it meant that he could have this eight hour drive alone; and today, of all days, he wanted to be alone. He wanted to think, undisturbed; and as the car hummed its way into the first of the three hundred miles, his thoughts went back and back, to the very beginning, to the real reason why was making this trip and what it meant to him. Back to the day, twenty years ago, when he had been only nine years old and Mary Callender had come to take him home. To her home.

A small boy he had been then, on that late-spring morning, small but straight of back and shoulder, wiry in his slender arms and legs, his blue overalls washed and re-washed to a faded blue that was lighter even than his eyes—eyes that had been redrimmed on that morning, red-rimmed because he had dug at them all the night with grimy little paws that no one had ever made him wash. He wouldn't cry. Big boys of nine didn't cry, not even when they fell off hayricks or had their faces switched sharply by cows' ropy tails at milking time.

His father had told him that—never to cry. And he wouldn't. But it wasn't easy, sitting there in Mrs. Sylvester's rocking-chair parlor, hearing the voices through the kitchen door, wondering what is going to happen and feeling so bewildered and frightened, so very alone.

"It's a shame, that's what it is," Mrs.

Sylvester was saying. "First his mother, four years ago, and now his father. And so sudden, too. Just a cold, it started out to be. And now the poor little fellow with no home and no relations that anybody heard tell of. I'd take him myself, if there was room."

And then Mary Callender's voice very strong and deep, but very gentle. He had always liked Mary Callender. "But I want to take him I do really. He'll be company for me, and a help, too, running the place. He knows already how things should be done. Where is he now?"

And he had stood up quickly, pretending to be looking at the geraniums in their tin coffee cans on the window ledge, trying to keep his upper lip steady as Mary Callender came in.

"Good morning, Peter," she had said, as if he were her own age. "How would you like to slide up to my place for a while and give me a hand with things? There's lots of hay to get down, and I can use another man on the hayrake and driving the loader team." Things that she knew he liked to do, working with horses.

She understood. Mary Callender did. There wasn't many things that she did not understand. Older than his father, she was, with iron-grey hair and eyes that were blue, too, like Peter's, only deep-set under heavy eyebrows and with friendly little lines at their corners because she liked to smile.

Her mouth was friendly, too, but strong: her skin rich-colored from



the sun and weather, but still soft; her hands rough-knotted from work she had known for many years. Life hadn't been easy for Mary Callender but it hadn't left her hard. There was a gentleness, a tenderness, that small Peter could only sense, that drew him to her, a haven, a home.

He didn't speak, not quite trusting that, but he nodded, and she understood.

"Fine," she said heartily. "I've got a team outside. Why don't you just throw your gear into the back seat and we'll get off?" Adding, with a quick gleam to her clear eyes: "I've got a suprise for you, too, down at the barn."

And when his suitcase, packed and he had said good by to Mrs. Sylvester, Mary Callender said casually, "Guess you'd better handle 'em, Peter: they are a mite skittish this morning," offering him the reins as he braced one small foot against the whip socket, the way his father had done, and swung the team of bays out into the road. That was the first time then that moment, that he had forgotten, if only for a moment, those last four days. There was a slight stir of interest, even, in his mind for what this new suprise might be.

It was five miles up to Mary Callender's hill farm, to the four hundred acres that she owned and ran, five miles uphill through fields where the billowing hay caught at the wheel-spokes, and the team of bays nipped out for hasty mouthfuls. Peter had been there before, of course, and he liked the old grey-shingled house, white-trimmed, with the bell on the roof and the kittens always playing around the dooryard under the giant

leafy rustling maples. It was all so comfortable, so secure, with the red barns just over the brow of the hill, and the brook below. The best farm in the country, maybe in the state, his father had always said; the best run, too, even if a woman did run it.

His room was to be just over the kitchen, with its scrubbed white floor, its stone sink and separator rings drying over the wood range. It'll be nice and warm up there in the winter," Mary Callender had said, and when he unpacked his things he came down and waited shyly.

"Doughnut pail's in the pantry," Mary Callender told him. "You get a fresh one and then I want you to come down to the barn. Something there I think you'll like. And munching on a bit of feathery crispness, he followed her down and into the horse barn, his step quickened by the wonder of what could be waiting there.

Cattle were Mary Callender's business, milk for the city three hundred miles away her livelihood, and she had eighty Jerseys, soft-eyed, sleek and quick as deer, rich milkers, purebreds all. But horses were her love, her real love, the pride and joy that had made the work, the struggle and worry of running her farm worth while over the years.

Horses she knew, through and through, fetlock to forelock, and they knew her, too, understood her and trusted her. They would do things for her hand, light on the reins, and her voice, kindly but firm, that others could not get out of them.

Not always the best of horses, for that meant money, money which Mary Callender did not have. Even

the stock she had, kept her poor—bleakly poor at times, although she never spoke of it; but there was always a sparkling light span for the red wheeled gig in the summer and sleigh in the winter, and usually five or six horses, fat and sleek and powerful. But sometimes there was a horse like Gray Lady, before whose box stall Mary Callender stopped now with small Peter. Purebred, the gray Lady was, every inch of her. Pure bred Arabian, with the sharp ears the forehead slightly concave, the wide, sensitive nostrils and the tail that was a flowing plume. Dapple grey and flamingly alive, perfect except for one thing: She was blind—stone blind.

Her owner had imported her, and then, when her eyes had suddenly failed, he had come to Mary Callender. "Take her," he said. "She'll have good care with you, and perhaps she can have a good sound colt. Maybe crossed with a thoroughbred stallion."

Mary had taken her gladly, never thinking of extra feed bills, extra care, content only to sit for hours when she could, watching the effortless grace, the easy rhythm of the gray mare as she circled the paddock that she grew to know by instinct. At first it had clutched at Mary Callender's heart, seeing the animal blunder blindly into the padded fenceposts, but soon the horse had learned the boundaries, sensing the final second when she must stop her flight.

And now in the box stall beside the Gray Lady, was her first colt, sound of eye and body, with the same gray dapplings, long and leggy with a mop brush for a tail and a colt's

soft woolly fur. Three months old it was on that day when small Peter had first seen it, holding out his hand for a soft, warm nuzzle from the velvety, inquisitive nose.

"Isn't he a beauty?" Mary Callender said as the two hung over the low stall door, and Peter nodded, saying nothing, his eyes only for the straight-legged little animal before him, silent until Mary Callender turned slightly and watched him for a minute.

"You like him, don't you?" she said at last, and Peter nodded again, but with a quick smile, a quick look that brought one of Mary Callender's arms about his shoulder, sensing as she did the love that he had for these creatures, a love as great as her own.

Then, after a long pause, she spoke again. "And he likes you, too, Peter." Slowly: "You're new here, both of you, but you're going to be happy, too, I hope. Would you like"—so very wisely—"would you like to have this colt for your own? To train and ride and handle, to care for?"

And small Peter's eyes, wide now, and not quite believing, went quickly up to hers. "You mean—you mean that he'd be mine? All mine?" And Mary Callender nodded. "Gee"—the whisper from his heart—"Gee, would I!" The dullness, the loneliness gone suddenly from his face, not to return till late that evening when he was in bed and thoughts began to come back. Thoughts that brought stifled sobs and finally Mary Callender to soothe them away, her arms around him so comforting, so reassuring, as it might have been with her own son.

He remembered all that, big Peter Carlin did now, remembered it as if

it were yesterday, driving home again along the road that he knew well, his lean, brown hands tightening on the wheel as the memories flooded back.

They had grown up together through those next two years, the gray colt and the boy, grown up together closely, side by side, until they knew each other, better, almost, than two people even could. "Gray Boy, I think I'll call him," Peter had said, "if that's all right," and Mary Callender thought it was all right.

She loved to watch them together, the colt tall and long barreled now, deep of shoulder, with a crinkly forelock over its eyes, following Peter everywhere about the farm, whinnying eagerly at the barnyard gate when Peter had been away. A cleanlimbed animal the young horse was, powerful but quick-wheeling, graceful as a barn swallow.

First with a blanket thrown loosely over its back. Next, a girth strap, and finally, just two years from the time that he had come to Mary's, Peter put on a saddle. An old army saddle that had been in the attic storeroom for years, scarred and dusty, its box stirrups warped and cracked, all far beyond the aid of the oil, the saddle soap, that he rubbed in so painstakingly, so hopefully.

Mary had held the Gray Boy firmly by the bridle the first time that Peter had swung up onto its back. But there had been no need. The horse quivered slightly for just a second. Then its fine head came around, its keen eyes peering up and back at Peter as if questioning the reason for all of this. Then, satisfied, ears sharply pricked, mane flowing, they were off across the meadow and along the brook, swing-

ing back finally to a stop at Mary's side.

"He's wonderful," Peter said, face flushed with pride. "Just like a rocking chair, and smooth as flying."

And Mary nodded. "He's beautiful to watch," she said, thinking that they both were, together. "In a little while you can teach him gaits."

That was the beginning, that first day, the beginning of a new bond between them, the gray horse with the rickety saddle and small boy in blue overalls, soon familiar sights for miles around, cantering the dusty roads, cutting across the meadowland. It was not until fall that Peter discovered that the horse loved to jump, and after that they never looked for gates or bridges, taking small brooks, stone walls and fallen trees with an easy grace, sure-footed and feathery of landing, with Peter close up and light on the gray's shoulders.

"He jumps better'n some of them horses they got down around Templetown." One of the farm hands had said that spring when Peter was twelve and Gray Boy over three. "you'd ought to take him down to the show they put on there in July," and Peter said nothing.

But he remembered the remark, and the next time he went to town for supplies he read the poster of the horse show in a store window, and stood pondering it for minutes. Templetown was becoming the summer resort for the riding crowd from the city. They were buying up old farms, bringing their horses with them because the country was so perfect, the roads soft dirt, the weather not too hot. Beautiful horses they were too. Peter had seen them some-

times, tall and rangy hunters, sleek-coated and long-necked, their manes clipped short, bits and chains gleaming. Wonderful saddles they wore, flat and broad, dull-polished. Not much like the one he had, the old army saddle, although that didn't matter really. He had the Gray Boy and that was enough.

But there were money prizes, the poster said, twenty-five and even fifty dollars for some events, and the price of milk had dropped another cent recently. Peter had seen the smile fade from Mary Callender's face when she had opened that notice. He had understood when she had told him that there could be no new saddle that summer.

The thought of appearing before a crowd of strangers, a huge crowd to him, was terrifying as he drove slowly homeward, but then he remembered that he would not be alone, that the Gray Boy would be there too. And if somehow they should manage together to take home twenty-five or fifty dollars, sums almost beyond his comprehension, it would help Mary. And she would be proud of them. That thought was enough to make him forget his fear.

Days before the show, he had made his plans. He was, he told Mary, going to take an all-day ride, back into the hills with his rifle, looking for small game. He might not even be back for chores if—dubiously—if that were all right. And Mary Callender, smiling quietly, said that it would be all right.

And so, at four o'clock on the morning of the big day, young Peter was in the barn, grooming and brushing the Gray Boy until the dappled coat shone, trying vainly to

polish the stained snaffle bit, Soap ing the cracked reins and the scarred saddle. By six-thirty, the sun's warmth just beginning to be felt, they were off by the back road to the show grounds at Templetown, ten miles away.

The events were to begin at ten, the poster had said, but Peter waited over an hour, the Gray Boy cropping grass in the shade, before anyone appeared around the white-fenced show ring. Then, at last, a shiny young gig, red-wheeled, drove up and two men got down. One of them, tall and very tanned, in breeches that flared above boots that gleamed brightly, came toward him leisurely.

"Good morning," he greeted Peter, his smile friendly welcoming. "You are early, aren't you?" And Peter nodded.

"I wanted time to rest my horse before—before the show started," he said gravely, and the tall man's eyes shifted to the horse, went over him appraisingly, lighting suddenly with interest.

"That's a beautiful horse," he said. "Is he yours," And Peter again nodded.

"He's part Arabian," he said proudly "and part thoroughbred. I—we want to be in the show, he and I do. If we can," hopefully.

The tall man considered this gravely. "I don't know," he said at last. "This show's for hunters. Is your horse a hunter?"

"Oh, yes," Peter told him eagerly. "I hunt with him. Foxes sometimes, and rabbits. I can shoot from his back and he won't move. He can follow game, too, almost like a dog, if I just guide him with my knees."

The tall man's eyes twinkled. "I

see," he said. "Foxes I believe you mentioned. Well, that's what we're supposed to hunt. In a little different manner, perhaps, but I guess it's all the same. Probably your way was first at that. What classes do you want to enter?" his eyes taking in the overalls, the stubby, square-toed boots, the faded blue shirt.

"I—I don't know," Peter stammered. "I——" but the tall man broke in.

"I'll tell you," he said quickly, understandingly. "You just leave all that to me. I'll be sort of your manager, if that's all right with you. But"—anxiously—"your horse can jump, can't he?"

"Oh, yes," Peter assured him.

Still the tall man hesitated; then, "You wouldn't mind showing me, would you? Just once around before the crowd gets here. So that—so that I'd know better where to enter you." And Peter nodded willingly, throwing the reins up over the Gray Boy's head guiding him into the enclosure.

It was a strange place, new and with unfamiliar smells for the young horse, but Peter was on his back, reassuring him, and the jumps ahead were only jumps even if they were odd shaped, queer looking. Jumps were fun, and they took the first log hurdle easily, then the stone wall and finally the brush, cantering back to the tall man who watched them smiling quietly.

"That was fine," he told young Peter, his voice relieved. "Now come over here and give me your name and I'll give you a badge." And Peter watched him fill out a blank, wondering vaguely why he wrote "paid" in the space that said "Entry Fee," but forgetting that in the pride of the badge, large and white, with red

lettering that spelled "Competitor." Not quite so large, perhaps, as the one his tall friend was wearing and that said "Chairman," but a fine badge nevertheless.

"We'll enter you in the novice-hunter and the touch-and-out classes," his new friend said. "Now you go over there and watch things from the shade till I come for you." And Peter led the Gray Boy back, not quite so nervous now, until the crowds began to arrive.

It was only a small show really, local and informal, but to small Peter it was terrifyingly grand, magnificent, with the perfectly dressed men and women arriving, laughing and casual, in their varnished carriages, their spanking teams. Some of them, a few, stopped for a second to look at the gray horse under the maple tree, but most of the on-lookers were occupied with big hunters being led about by grooms or by their owners, sleek, sinewy animals with their wonderful trappings, showy and expensive.

There was one person, though, who seemed to care more for the gray horse than all the others, a small, persistent shadow of which Peter was most acutely if not obviously aware. So much aware that finally, from a safe haven under the Gray Boy's shoulder, he stole a quick glance, and then, in spite of himself, another. She was a little girl, younger, Peter was quite sure, than himself even, a little girl with long golden curls in ringlets to her waist almost, and a miraculous, minute riding habit cut and swirled just like the older women's, and black riding boots, tiny and highly polished. A very perfect little horsewoman.

He busied himself needlessly with the Gray Boy's bridle, until at last a high and tinkling voice, a very respectful voice, inquired, "Is he—is he yours?" And Peter nodded shortly, the bridle requiring extra attention.

"He's a very lovely horse, isn't he?" the voice continued. "What's his name?"

"Gray Boy," Peter informed his small questioner from over his shoulder.

Still the voice persisted. "And—and are you going to ride him in the show?"

"Sure I am," Peter apprised her loftily. "We're in two—two classes."

Slowly and reluctantly, the small shadow drew away until Peter could safely steal another glance. They were very wonderful, those boots and that divided skirt. The curls were nice, but kind of silly.

Then, finally, the events started, and Peter climbed on the Gray Boy's back to see better, his heart pounding louder and louder, his hand moist as the time approached when he must go out before all that throng sitting in the rough stands and in their carriages drawn up around the ring-side. He wanted terribly to ease the Gray Boy away and back into the familiar hills. But he didn't. He stayed, thinking of Mary Callender and that he couldn't run away.

And, at last, his tall friend sought him out. "All right, Peter," he smiled reassuringly, "you're next. Just hang this number over your shoulders and don't be frightened. You'll be all right," leading the way over to the ring entrance.

He was too intent, Peter was, his eyes too blurred to notice the smiles that came his way, the rustled mur-

mur that swept the onlookers as his turn came, the Gray Boy headed into the ring. He didn't realize, then, that they were with him, all the crowd, with the small boy in the faded overalls, the old-fashioned saddle and the beautiful horse. All he thought of was quieting the Gray Boy, who was tense between his knees, panicky almost, but head up, tail flowing, ears pricked.

And then they were at the first jump, taking it cleanly, with the horse well in hand, over the second and the third, and then the turn.

That was where it happened, at the turn, just as they swung for the fourth jump, someone cranked a car, a shiny red automobile, and the Gray Boy did not know about automobiles. They were new, the sudden roar terrifying, and he reared, swinging sideways at the jump, throwing small Peter to the ground, into the thick dust of the ring.

Then there were people running to him, to Peter, but he got up himself, dazed, bewildered, but unhurt, looking for his horse, his horse that had failed him for the first time. And he saw the Gray Boy run across the ring and then stop, quivering and uncertain, back hunched, legs gathered, not knowing where to turn. And Peter whistled to him, making his lips pucker, forcing the familiar sound, and the Gray Boy heard and wheeled around, back to his master, back to safety, trotting head up, nostrils wide, to Peter's side.

And then the crowd roared and clapped, but Peter scarcely heard. The shame was too great as, the Gray Boy's bridle in his hand, he trudged slowly back to the entrance his tall friend at the side.

"It's all right, boy," the tall man was saying. "Don't feel too badly. It was the first time in a ring, probably his first automobile too. You come along and have some lunch with me, and then, later on, you will have another chance to show them."

And Peter followed him, with only one large and unbidden tear furrowing the dust beneath his eyes, followed him over to the coach and four where there were other people, friendly and sympathetic, who fed him sandwiches and lemonade, bolstered his courage with kind words, watched smilingly as he excused himself to give Gray Boy the oats that he had brought in the knotted sack.

The Gray Boy nuzzled his shoulder here in the shade of the maples, and small Peter stayed there beside him, talking to him, until again the tall man sought them out.

"All ready once more, Peter," he smiled. "This time you'll show them. It's an old story for you now, and for the Gray Boy. This is the touch-and-out-class, the big event. All you have to do is keep him jumping until you hit the bar. When you hit the bar, you're through. But you won't hit any.

And it wasn't bad this time; he knew people now, they were friendly. Even the Gray Boy seemed to sense that, to be eager to atone for his fault. This time they went around all seven jumps, not ticking one, landing cleanly, cantering back to the judges. But another horse made a perfect score too, and they were off again, this time the bars raised higher. And still the Gray Boy jumped in hand, loving it now, whistling the breath through his nostrils.

But once more the other horse, the

bay, went around in order, the crowd roaring. For the third time they took the ring, the bars up now so that the Gray Boy grunted as he cleared, but cleared every one. And this time the bay horse faltered at the second bar, crashing it to the ground, his rider swinging him away, disconsolate, but waving at the small Peter.

That would be all, Peter thought, he could go now; but the tall man took his arm. "You've won it, Peter," he said jubilantly. "As nice a bit of riding as I've ever seen. You're fine, boy"—hugging his shoulder—"and now lead your horse out into the ring and get your prize.

There were people standing up in their carriages, in the stands, as Peter led the Gray Boy out, clapping and roaring their applause, with someone pinning a blue ribbon on the Gray Boy's bridle, and giving Peter an envelope that crackled in his hand. That, he thought, must be the money, and he wanted to open it right then and there, but he didn't, stuffing it into a pocket of his overalls, leading the Gray Boy out, smiling through the dust that caked his face.

At the gate he caught a quick glance, awe-inspiring and admiring, from the little girl in the riding habit, the little girl with the long golden curls, and his shoulders straightened back a shade farther, unconsciously, almost imperceptibly.

And then people crowded around him, smiling, laughing, saying, nice things, until, finally small Peter said, "I—I'll have to be getting home now," and turned the Gray Boy back toward the hills and Mary Callender. It was not until he was two miles away that he opened the envelope, and there were five ten-dollar bills in it.

That, big Peter Carlin thought now guiding his car along the cement ribbon of road, had been the proudest moment of his life. That moment when he came into the dooryard and Mary Callender had come out from the kitchen door, seeing the blue ribbon on the Gray Boy's bridle as the horse stretched his head toward her.

"Why, Peter," she said, "why—what——" and he handed her the envelope, wrinkled and dirty, from his pocket.

"I—we brought you this, the Gray Boy and I," he said getting down quickly and starting to the watering trough, not looking back, too proud to have her see.

But she ran after him, Mary Callender had, gathering him in her arms, her voice strangely choked, holding him close, and saying only, "Oh, Peter, Peter, I'm so proud of you." until he had freed himself and gone marching off with the Gray Boy, to spend an hour sponging him, bedding him with fresh straw, talking gruffly to him, an arm over his neck.

The blue ribbon had been tacked beside the Gray Boy's stall, because Peter said, it was his ribbon. He had won it and the people came from the countryside to admire and be told about it. Peter never tired of having them come, in the week that followed; was glad to have them—although he would not, of course, admit it.

Glad until that morning when the red automobile drove into the yard, the first car almost that had ever been to the farm, and a man had gotten out stiffly because ten miles was quite a drive in those days. A man who was not Peter's tall friend from

the show, as he noted disappointedly, but who was nice looking and who had a little girl with him. A little girl, smaller than Peter, with long golden curls and, today a crisp ironed dress that flared straight out above bare legs, tanned and scratched here and there. The same little girl that had stood beside him, there outside the show ring.

The two hired men, Jake and Martin, had come out to gape at the car, and Mary Callender walked down to greet the visitors, with Peter following at a distance, trying to appear disinterested, as if such things as cars and little girls with blond curls were far beneath him. But drawn nevertheless.

"Good morning"—the tall man had bowed to Mary—"my name is Holden, and this is my daughter Sally. She, and I, too, wanted to come out and see the gray horse that your boy had at the Templeton show. This is the place isn't it?"

And Mary Callender smiled, "Yes," she said, "this is the place. Bring the Gray Boy out, will you, Peter, so that we can see him." And Peter had gone stiffly into the barn, pausing to run a quick brush over the gray horse, and then had led him out into the sunlight.

They stood back, the two visitors, admiringly, with Peter, very busy at the halter rope and pretending that the Gray Boy was very hard to hold. While Mary told about raising the horse and how Peter trained it.

"He's a beautiful animal," the tall man said finally. "I don't suppose"—glancing quickly at Peter and then at Mary Callender—"that you would ever want to sell him?" And Peter's eyes shot at Mary's face, startled,



struck with terror at the sudden overwhelming thought, but quickly reassured as Mary shook her head.

"Oh no," she smiled, quietly "we'd never sell the Gray Boy, would we, Peter? You see he's Peter's horse, not mine," and the man nodded understandingly.

"I thought that would be the case," he said, "but Sally here was so taken with the horse that she's been after me ever since the show. She rides quite well herself and I'm looking for something for her. But I understand," and Peter led the Gray Boy back to the stable, hastily, fearfully, lest only by looking they take his horse away.

He stayed there beside the Gray Boy in the stall until he heard the red car roar away, and then he went up to the house, filling the wood box silently, wanting to speak but not quite bringing himself to it, Mary busy at the stove, said, "Imagine their thinking that we'd let the Gray Boy go! Why, I'd almost sooner have you go yourself, Peter," and then the weight was lifted and he could smile again.

"He's no horse for a girl, anyway," he said scornfully. "He's a man's horse," and went on out and down to the barn, whistling cheerfully.

Jake and Martin were working in the cow stable, and he could hear them talking as he approached silently over the hay-strewn floor, stopping suddenly as his mind grasped their words.

"Five hundred dollars," Jake was saying. "That's what he said he would pay if they ever want to sell. Said the Gray Boy was worth that much. Criminally, five hundred dollars for a horse—an' a saddle horse at that!

What five hundred dollars wouldn't do on this farm right now, what with the price of milk droppin' another cent this morin'. Blamed if I can see how Mary'll get through the winter, what with grain goin' up an' all. Have to sell some stock, I reckon."

"Better to sell the horse," Martin opined. "Caows is business—a horse like that's a extravagance."

"She won't never sell the horse," Jake decided, "not with Peter so crazy over him," and Peter turned, tiptoeing out of the barn and down the wood lane, sudden, sinking fear gripping at his heart, panicking him, paralyzing his thoughts.

Five hundred dollars. But he couldn't let the Gray Boy go. He couldn't. Never. He'd rather die, much rather. But five hundred dollars. He tried to think. Money he had never known much about. He never had any himself—never needed it. And Mary couldn't really need it either. Not with all this land, all the farm and the stock. It wasn't possible, he tried to tell himself. Jake and Martin must be wrong. They must be mistaken. That was it—they just didn't know.

But still the fear lay heavy; crowding out all else.

That evening after supper he sat beneath the oil lamp. Thumbing the pages of the mail-order catalog, not even seeing the pictures of the saddles, the bridles, that fascinated him ordinarily, while Mary, glasses on, worked over papers at her desk in the corner. Finally, he spoke.

"I betcha," he said, grammar forgotten, "I betcha that grain for all our stock costs an awful lot every, winter. I betcha it costs even pretty

near fifty dollars, just for grain," waiting expectantly, hopefully, as Mary turned, smiling wearily, glasses pushed up on her forehead.

"I wish it did cost fifty dollars, Peter," she said, "but nearer ten times that, I'm afraid. Much nearer."

And he stared at her wide-eyed, uncomprehending. Five hundred dollars just for grain! But, with one faint hope, "Humph," he said disdadinfully, "but I betcha we get more than that every week just for our milk, don't we!" And again Mary Callender smiled, her face tired.

"Well, no, Peter, not quite that. Not in a whole summer with prices what they are. But"—cheerfully—"we'll get along. We always have," turning back to her papers, while Peter sat, sensing, somehow, the droop to the straight shoulders in the gingham dress. Five hundred dollars.

For two days he had wrestled with his problem, lying awake at night in his room over the kitchen, working mechanically, automatically, in the fields. And then, on the third day, he made up his mind.

Mary was away that day, visiting, and at nine o'clock young Peter led the Gray Boy out, cleaning him carefully, saddling him without a word and heading toward the Holden estate, eight miles away. He went through the woods and across fields for one last jump over brooks and stone walls, his face expressionless stolid all the way and up to the broad lawn and pillared house where the Holdens lived.

Mr. Holden was in a deep chair on the piazza, and he got up as Sally came eagerly through the door. Peter halted Gray Boy at the steps.

"I've brought you my horse," he

said. "May I have the money please?"

And Sally cried delightedly as her father, taken aback, stammered, "Why—why—but I thought——" then stopping suddenly as he saw the boy's face, understanding in a quick second. "Yes, of course," he said quietly, "I'll get it for you right away," vanishing into the house as Peter stood at the Gray Boy's head, looking anywhere from the girl, shaking his head at the eager questions.

Could he singlefoot? Did he shy ever? Did you have to tether him? And finally, doubtfully, "But—but if you're very, very fond of him, Peter, I wouldn't want to take him from you."

That had broken him almost, those last words, shaken his firm resolution, but then, mercifully, the check was in his hands and he made himself speak. "He—he likes carrots," he said, "at night," and this time he did not look back.

"But don't you want the saddle and the bridle?" Mr. Holden called and Peter only shook his head, running, almost over the long velvety lawn and into the woods, stopping his ears as the Gray Boy whinnied shrilly.

He could remember now, to this day, the spot a mile from the Holden's the spot among the white birches where the grass was high and where he had lain his face buried to the sod until the sun had set and the shadows were long. Then he had gone home.

A person less wise, less fine and understanding than Mary Callender would have done the wrong thing when the boy came home that night. Would have cried over him and tried to make him take the Gray Boy back

again. But Mary didn't. She knew that life for Peter would be hard and full of bitter disappointments, self-denials, and she realized, most important, why he had done what he had done. She only took his hand firmly, shaking it as if he were a man.

"You've helped me, Peter," she said quietly, "helped me out when I did not know which way to turn. And I appreciate it. You're my partner now, really."

And that, those words, had done more to square the small shoulders, to lighten the empty misery in the boy's heart than anything else could have done. He had helped her and she understood.

But it wasn't that easy, all of it. He stuck it out for a week, young Peter did, and then he gave in. He had to see his horse. And so, one evening after chores, he slipped away, walking the eight miles across country to the Holden place, circling the stall where the Gray Boy was waiting, ears pricked, feet pawing as he heard the familiar step. For two hours they were together, there in the dark stall, and then the long walk home alone for Peter, creaking up the back stairs to his room at last.

Every night, almost for the next two weeks he made that trip, made it on foot after the long day's work, thinking that no one knew. But Mary Callender had known, saying nothing.

And then there came that time when he was so tired that he went to sleep in the thick straw beside the Gray Boy's head, sleeping soundly, exhaustedly, until the morning, when Mr. Holden, coming down early for a ride with his small daughter found him there. He drove him home in

the red automobile, and for half an hour he and Mary Callender talked in her little office room. Then they called Peter.

"Peter," said Mr. Holden, "we've been wondering what to do with the Gray Boy in the winter, for eight months that we are not up here. We can't very well keep him in the city, and we wondered, Sally and I, if you would mind taking care of him for us. Just to help us out."

And Peter nodded dumbly, too thankful for words, too overjoyed.

And so the Gray Boy had come back, back for a part of the time at least, the greater part. And it had meant, he told himself now, big Peter Carlin did, driving along alone, that life had been full throughout the years that followed. Full and very happy, really, with new things, the state college, new friends, but always, the old things that were best and closest to his heart and would always be.

It had been hard, in that first year after college, to leave the hill country, to leave the Gray Boy and to leave Mary Callender. But she urged it for him.

"I want you to go, Peter," she had said. "You must. There's—there's nothing in a hill farm any more; nothing but a home for you to come back to when you can. It will make me prouder of you, Peter, prouder almost than anything else ever could, to see you going ahead, doing the things that you are fit to do. And"—smiling—"I'll be here, Peter, here where I belong, for many years, I hope. And you'll come back often, Peter, in the summer and the week ends. Come back to me and the Gray Boy. We'll be here together,

waiting for you. Only"—her gray hair close to his cheek—"only come back often, Peter. Please."

And he had come back, back from the work found through the kindly offered help of Mr. Holden, back, as the years went by, and not so many years, to ride the old familiar trails again. Not so fast or so far as in the days when the Gray Boy had been younger, not so gallantly perhaps, but with the same quiet pleasure, the gray horse still striving to be keen, head up, ears pricked for Peter's voice.

Sometimes, on those rides, there had been little Sally Holden beside him. Sometimes really there herself, astride another horse, but not often, because he would not let himself ask her for that. It wasn't, he told himself, the thing for him to do, see her often. It wasn't fair to her. He had his life, his way to make and, she had hers already made.

But always through the years and at his work, successful now, there was her image in his mind, the image, crystal clear and lasting, of the little girl at Templeton, the little girl of golden curls and the miraculous riding habit. An image changing now, as she had changed, to one that laughed and was gay and slender, lithe, her eyes a lighter blue almost, her hair more golden. Those thoughts he put away as best he could.

The Gray Boy was at home now always, at home on the hill farm, his days of work that had been fun all over, past. Only a few short months it had been, that he, that Peter Carlin, had gone down to see him, down through the shadowy barns and to the box stall bedded soft, knee deep in straw, where the Gray Boy stood.

Feeble and stiff he was now, coat rough, eyes failing, but still alert for the familiar footsteps, soft muzzle stretching over the low barrier.

And they had stood there silently, tall Peter Carlin and Mary Callender, his hand through the stringy mane, and then he turned away. "I hate to see him that way," he had said, his voice low. "I want to think of him always alive and keen and eager, the way—the way he was that day at Templeton. The day he won his blue ribbon."

And Mary Callender had said, "I know. But he isn't suffering, Peter. It isn't that. I wouldn't let that happen. He's only old. Some morning he—he just won't get up, that's all."

"I hope I'll be here then," he had said. "You'll let me know, won't you?"

But he had not been there on that morning. This morning now, this dull gray day. At six o'clock he had received the telegram, just five words nothing more—"He didn't get up, Peter"—signed "Mary." And he had dressed to make this drive alone.

He was almost there now, through Templeton and up the long, familiar hill, the maples bare, the leaves swirling on the ground. The gray-shingled house straw-packed for the winter, the barns below, with Mary, in the same old long tweed coat, coming out the door of the horse ell.

"Is he——" Peter forced the words, and she shook her head, her smile gentle and strong, but very tender, understanding.

"Not yet, Peter, not yet."

And then he was there, tall Peter Carlin, on his knees on the thick straw, head down to that old gray one, tired and heavy, worn-out now.

And Mary Callender turned away to let them have what was theirs and could be only theirs.

And as she turned, half groping, a car had toppled the hill, coming fast, then swinging to a stop, with Sally, little Sally Holden, hesitating, not quite sure.

"I heard," she said, "I heard and

had to come. Do you suppose—oh Mary, do you think he'll mind if I—"

—" and Mary Callender's smile was quiet, but happy almost now, contented, as she said, "No, Sally, he won't mind, I think," standing aside to let the girl go through, the big door closing slowly.

THE END

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### DOWN ON THE FARM.

Down on the farm, 'bout half-past four  
 I slip on my pants and sneak out of the door;  
 Out of the yard I run like the dickens  
 To milk ten cows and feed the chickens,  
 Clean out the barn, curry Nancy and Jiggs,  
 Separate the cream and slop the pigs,  
 Work two hours, and eat like a Turk,  
 And, by heck, I'm ready for a full day's work!

Then I grease the wagon and put on the rack,  
 Throw a jug of water in an old grain sack,  
 Hitch up the horses, hustle down the lane—  
 Must get the hay in, for it looks like rain.  
 Look over yonder! Sure as I'm born,  
 Cattle on the rampage and the cows in the corn!  
 Start across the medder, run a mile or two,  
 Heaving like I'm wind-broke, get wet clear through.  
 Get back to the horses, then for recompense,  
 Nancy gets a-straddle the barbed-wire fence  
 Joints all a-aching and muscles in jerk,

I'm fit as a fiddle for full day's work!  
 Work all summer till winter is nigh,  
 Then figger up the books and heave a big sigh.  
 Worked all year, didn't make a thing,  
 Got less cash now than I had last spring,  
 Now, some people tell us that there ain't no hell,  
 But they never farmed, so how can they tell?  
 When spring rolls 'round, I take another chance,  
 While the frings grows longer on my old gray pants.  
 Give my s'spenders a hitch, my belt another jerk,  
 And, by heck, I'm ready for a full year's work!

—Selected.

# YANKEE SOLDIER'S DIARY

By John Peele, in *We The People*

If the diary of a Yankee soldier can be taken as gospel, our brothers of the North during the War Between the States were vastly more interested in atmospherical conditions than in a chance prowling "Reb."

A personal account of the North's final campaign during the year 1864-65, as the common soldier saw and lived it, is given in a shabby, imitation leather-bound diary, found by Francis Chappel of Elizabeth City in an old city lot.

A thorough and fluent account of prevailing weather conditions is given space priority and opens every one of some 200 entries with the exceptions of the first, which was written just 79 years ago.

It is dated Thursday, September 1, 1864, and reads: "Left home to volunteer, a fair day; train one hour late; enlisted same evening." This is one of the shortest entries.

Spelling, in many instances, would have sent Webster for a tumble, but is probably accounted for by its relative antiquity. The first part of the book is written in lead pencil and is smudged a great deal. The latter section, however, is written in brown ink which has retained all the qualities of fine penmanship. It is a spidery hand and dressed with all the curliques that were a part of education then. Most of the entries follow a set pattern with news from home seemingly an afterthought.

It is significant that the soldier seems to bear no malice at all toward the "Rebs" as the Southerners are referred to, and mentions victories by

both sides with seeming indifference. The soldier's work consisted mainly of being "to work at the blockhouse" and rebuilding installations shelled by the Rebs. The camp appeared to be in Alexandria, Virginia.

A typical entry reads: "Monday, 16th, 1865: A beautiful day; a beautiful day; moderate in the afternoon; it clouded over; we got through at the fort with our job and went on the other side to work at a blockhouse; I send a letter home; 17 Rebs were brought in by part of the Eighth Cavalry and were shipped to Washington; the Rebs fired on the train near Springfield; on way coming up the Colonel and 74 of his Cavalry went out on a hunt of the Rebs but came back without any; a new set of teamsters came here today, and the darkies left for another place."

Frequent sentences like the last indicate that the camp was part of the vast system of the Underground Railway, established by would-be emancipators to smuggle slaves to the North.

The unreasonably cold winters, added greatly to the hardships of the soldiers. According to some of the final entries in the diary, bitter cold and drifting snow kept the men in the company isolated from supplies, with all communications cut off for days. Only means of securing supplies was by double horse teams; all railway lines had evidently been shattered by continued firing by the Southerners. Only in a few places is Sherman's march to the sea referred to. The firing of Charleston and the capture of the Wilmington area are mentioned.

General Sheridan's "great victory at Winchester" seemed the news of the winter.

In the later part of the book the soldier relates that Rebs, sometimes in scores, come into the camp to surrender. Deserters from both armies appear to have been numerous, and court martial and subsequent death for this offense was almost a daily occurrence.

In the flyleaf of the diary the soldier enumerated the articles of clothing he had drawn from the U. S. upon his enlistment. They included: "1 woolen blanket, 1 blouse, a pair of pants, 1 pair of stockings, a knapsack, canteen, haversack, 2 shirts, overcoat, 1 pair of drawers, 2 pair of socks," which all amounted to \$34.09.

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### THE UPWARD TREND

I've pondered much about the way  
Men treat their fellow men today,  
And have concluded that if we  
Will try we cannot fail to see  
The world is on an upward trend  
And crime is hastening to its end.

Some men there be—but they are few  
Compared with those who're just and true—  
That frown and scowl and criticize  
And every generous act despise,  
But there's a vast and grand array  
Of men in this good world today  
Who gladly lend a helping hand  
To him who's sinking in the sand.

The time was, not so long ago,  
The only answer heard was NO!  
To all appeals sent forth by men  
Who'd sunk beneath their load of sin.  
But now, for every man that falls,  
A thousand hear his anxious calls.  
Cheer up, O pessimistic friend  
The world is on an upward trend.

—Good Words.

## INSTITUTION NOTES

A representative of the Cabarrus County Health Department recently inspected our swimming-pool. He approved the pool and reported it as being in excellent condition.

—:—

Superintendent and Mrs. S. G. Hawfield left Wednesday morning for New York City, where they attended the Wedding of their son, Dr. Harold Hawfield. They are expected to return to the School tomorrow night.

—:—

During the past two weeks abundant showers have been reported in various neighboring communities. To date none of these showers have reached this vicinity. As the result of an extended period of dry weather, all of our crops are suffering considerably.

—:—

"Pilot Number Five" was the chief attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium, last Thursday night. A comedy, "Barney Bear's Victory Garden," was shown at the same time. Both are Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions.

—:—

The members of the Training School Boy Scout Troup, under the supervision of Mr. J. D. Corliss, scoutmaster, are spending a week at Camp Cabarrus. According to reports received at this office, the lads are having a fine time at the camp.

—:—

The sum of \$27.00 was recently raised among the employees at the Training School for the Concord Canteen. Those in charge of the canteen are doing a fine piece of work, and we were glad to have an oppor-

tunity to make this small contribution toward the welfare of visiting service men and women.

—:—

The boys in the printing department have been quite busy during the past week. Several large orders were turned out. They consisted of printing, numbering, perforating and padding the large vouchers, in triplicate; printing, numbering and padding requisitions, in quintuplicate; and printing the large school report blanks. These jobs, together with some smaller orders and the publication of our weekly magazine made a pretty busy week for the youthful printers.

—:—

We learned from a recent progress report that Noah Jefferson Greene, a former student here, had enlisted in the United States Navy. Jeff entered the School, March 16, 1940 and was conditionally released, April 4, 1941. While here Jeff was helper in the Receiving Cottage for about six months and was then transferred to Cottage No. 4. He was employed in our textile plant for about six months. He was in the Seventh grade during his stay with us, and made a very good record both in school and in his cottage. After returning to his home in Asheboro, this lad continued his fine record, and was given an honorable discharge, May 21, 1942.

—:—

Delma (Red) Gray, a former member of our printing class, sent us a V-Mail letter the other day. Red has been in the United States Navy about one year, and is now a member of the crew of a warship "somewhere at sea."



His letter, dated June 26th, reads in part, as follows: "I am feeling very happy and am in the best of health, and hope you and all the folks at the School are the same. Though it has been quite a while since I wrote you, I've been thinking of you many times. I bought a new Argus camera since coming over here and am sure proud of it. Haven't been able to get films lately, but when I do will send you some pictures. Give my regards to all the fellows in the old print shop, and please send me a copy of The Uplift. Don't forget—I'll be looking for a letter from you soon. Your old friend, Red."

—:—

In a recent issue of The Salisbury Post we noticed a photograph of Lewis Paul Whitley, a former student at the School, who is now in the United States Navy. Paul was allowed to return to his home, in Salisbury, more than a year ago, where he attended school prior to his enlistment in the Navy. During his stay with us he was a house boy at the Receiving Cottage. He was a very nice boy and had many friends among both the boys and officials of the institution.

The following news item accompanied the picture: "L. P. Whitley, first class, USN, just spent two days with his mother, Mrs. L. P. Whitley, at 321 South Long Street. His father, L. P. Whitley, is in the Army Air Corps, stationed at New Orleans, Louisiana. Before entering the service in August, 1943, he attended A. T. Allen School. He took his "boot" training at Bainbridge, Maryland, and entered LST training at Norfolk, Virginia. Seaman Whitley is now on his way to San Francisco, California, for further LST training.

Just a few days ago The Charlotte News carried an interesting item about Master Sergeant Joseph B. Grooms, formerly of Cottage No. 10. J. B. is now twenty-four years old. He left the School, January 21, 1936, returning to his home in Charlotte, where he was employed for some time by the Western Union and in a radio repair shop.

This young man has made an outstanding record with Uncle Sam's fighting forces. In February, 1943, the newspapers carried an item with reference to his having received special commendation from his commanding officer for the highly efficient part he played in the bombardment of the Japanese-held Wake Island. That J. B. has been keeping up the good work is evidenced by this most recent news item, from The Charlotte News, issue of July 6, 1944, which reads as follows: "M-Sgt. Joseph B. Grooms, of the Army Air Corps, serving in the South Pacific area, has been commended by his commanding officer for 'complete devotion to duty during personal hardships which have been of greater magnitude than ever before encountered by your organization'."

—:—

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the fifteenth chapter of Luke, and his message to the boys was based on the three parables contained therein.

The speaker began by telling the boys that in these parables—the lost sheep, the lost coin and the lost boy—each was lost, but in a different way. In commenting on the story of the

lost sheep, he said that a sheep does not intend to get lost. It just keeps nibbling on grass, not paying any attention to the direction in which it is going, and strays from the others of the flock. Unlike most other animals, a sheep doesn't have much sense of direction. When one becomes lost, the shepherd either has to attract it by calling or going out and looking for it. In the parable, the shepherd was very happy because he had found the lost sheep. So it is with God. When one person quits a life of sin and decides to live right, God is very happy over his repentance.

In speaking of the lost coin, Rev. Mr. Summers told the boys how the woman in the parable had ten pieces of silver, and carelessly dropped one. She looked for it a long time, and finally found it. The coin, said he, was not like the sheep. It did not stray, but simply dropped out of sight. Some people, continued the speaker, do not seem to have much better judgment than a piece of money would have. They have been told the right way to live, but somehow they just drop into the habit of doing wrong, and before they are aware of it, they are so deeply imbedded in sin that they cannot get out of their own accord. There is no help for them save God.

Rev. Mr. Summers then told the story of the lost boy—the prodigal son. The father had two sons. The younger one decided to ask his father for his share of his goods that would come to him after the parent's death. He was not satisfied with home life. He wanted to go out into the world. The father granted his request, and the son left home. He did not stray, like the sheep, nor was he dropped by someone else. He left deliberately.

For a time thereafter, the boy had what he thought was a good time. He spent his money in riotous living. He lived in a way that any boy should be ashamed to live. This was done purposely. The lad knew better. Because of his evil way of living, even for a short time, he was caused to suffer. This boy did not suffer immediately. He had found a number of so-called friends who helped him to spend his money. When his money was gone, they forsook him.

In a little while, this boy who had once known all the joys of a fine home, with plenty of everything, found himself destitute. His money was gone. Those whom he had thought were friends, were gone, also. There was no place for him to stay. Finally, in desperation, he hired out to a man as a servant, and his employer gave him the job of feeding hogs. What a distasteful occupation that must have been for a Jewish boy, who had always been taught that hogs were unclean. In fact, according to the Hebrew religion, the people were forbidden to eat these animals. The boy became so hungry that he had to eat the husks of what he was feeding the hogs.

After a while he realized his position. He said: "What a fool I have been. My father's servants fare better than I. I'll go back to my father and ask him to make me as one of his servants." He went back home, and his father welcomed him joyfully when he learned that he had really repented of his sins. That boy knew he had disappointed his father; that he had been untrue to him and to God, and made up his mind right there to be a really worthwhile boy.

Even as the lost boy's father for-

gave him, said the speaker, God will do the same for us. If we truly and earnestly repent, it will be our happy privilege to enjoy all the glory of heaven. The lad in this story wanted to have what boys of today call a "big time," and only by coming to the point of starvation and hardships did he realize what a worthless thing a big time was. It was then he decided to return to his father. He learned in a hard way that he had used the worst kind of judgment when he decided to leave his home and his father just to enjoy things of the outside world.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Summers urged the boys to try to realize the importance of learning how to make an honest living, adding that if they did do, there would be nothing that would be able to keep them from making good. He wanted to impress upon them the fact that of the three things that were lost the only one who could come back was the boy. We, too, can go to our Heavenly Father's house, if we will only repent of all past sins and determine to live the right kind of lives.

—:—

A complete schedule of six games were played in the two local baseball leagues last Saturday afternoon. The majority of these games were closely contested. In League Number One,

Cottages Nos. 1 and 4 staged a close battle, the former winning by the score of 3 to 2. In League Number Two, all three games were decided by a one-run margin. The scores:

League Number One—Receiving Cottage 17 Second Cottage 6; Fifth Cottage 8 Third Cottage 2; First Cottage 3 Fourth Cottage 2.

League Number Two—Ninth Cottage 9 Thirteenth Cottage 8; Tenth Cottage 3 Fifteenth Cottage 2; Fourteenth Cottage 6 Eleventh Cottage 5.

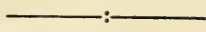
CLUB STANDINGS

League Number One

	W	L	Pct.
Receiving Cottage	7	0	1.000
First Cottage	4	3	.571
Fifth Cottage	3	3	.500
Fourth Cottage	2	4	.333
Second Cottage	1	5	.167
Third Cottage	0	2	.000

League Number Two

	W	L	Pct.
Tenth Cottage	7	1	.875
Fifteenth Cottage	5	3	.625
Thirteenth Cottage	4	4	.500
Eleventh Cottage	3	5	.375
Fourteenth Cottage	3	5	.375
Ninth Cottage	2	6	.250



A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty and affliction, convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.—Addison.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending July 9, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

Charles Blakemore  
William Burnett  
Ralph Cranford  
Chauncey Gore  
Kenneth Hankins  
Fred Jones  
Lewis Kerns  
James Perkins  
David Prevatte  
James Stamper  
Harry Wilson

## COTTAGE NO. 1

John Allen  
Ralph Bailey  
James Buckaloo  
Howard Hall  
William Lerschell  
Rufus Massingill  
Harold McKinney  
Marshall Sessoms

## COTTAGE NO. 2

Charles Byrd  
Arthur Beal  
Delmas Jerrell  
J. T. Jacobs  
John McLean  
James Norton  
William Phillips  
James Sneed  
Ezzell Stansbury  
Roy Womack

## COTTAGE NO. 3

William Brooks  
Craven Callahan  
Leonard Dawn  
William Doss  
Charles Earp  
James Graham  
Robert Lee  
Jack Oliver  
Robert Peavy  
Charles Roland  
Donald Redwine  
Luther Shermer  
Richard Tullock

## COTTAGE NO. 4

Everett Benfield

Robert Blackwelder  
Charles Carter  
Burley Edmondson  
Jeter Green  
William Hawks  
George Hawks  
Paul Matthews  
Garnett Quessinberry  
Lewis Sawyer  
Roy Swink  
Clifford Schull  
John R. Smith  
Edward VanHoy  
Lawrence Walker

## COTTAGE NO. 5

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE NO. 6

J. C. Cayton  
Rufus Driggers  
Vernon Foster  
Keith Futch  
Everett Gallion  
George Marr  
Stanford McLean  
Robert Mason  
James Swinson  
Leroy Wilkins  
Ralph Gibson

## COTTAGE NO. 7

Hubert Black  
David Brooks  
Max Brown  
Horace Collins  
Wallace Foster  
Donald Grimstead  
Ned Metcalf  
Marion Todd

## COTTAGE NO. 8

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE NO. 9

Leonard Church  
Sebarn Garmon  
Thomas Ingram  
James Lowman  
Charles Redmond  
Edward Renfro  
R. C. Combs  
Ray Edwards

**COTTAGE NO. 10**

Ernest Bullard  
 Donald Clodfelter  
 Jack Clifton  
 William Flowe  
 Robert Holbert  
 John Lee  
 Carlton Morrison  
 Gerald McCullum  
 Leonard McAdams  
 Charles Rhodes  
 B. H. Thomas  
 Thomas Ware

**COTTAGE NO. 11**

William Guffey  
 George Guyton  
 Earl Harris  
 Alvin Hilton  
 James Ray

**COTTAGE NO. 12**

(Cottage Closed)

**COTTAGE NO. 13**

Fred Bostian  
 Ervin Ewing  
 Dexter Goard  
 Vernon Harding  
 Charles Shearin

**COTTAGE NO. 14**

Hugh Cornwell  
 William Ferguson

Edward Haynes  
 Lawrence Littlejohn  
 Roy Manoley  
 Troy Morris  
 Samuel Pritchett  
 Bruce Sawyer  
 Hubert Smith  
 Lester Williams

**COTTAGE NO. 15**

Edgar Blanchard  
 Thomas Baumgarner  
 Jack Benfield  
 Robert Bluester  
 James Cantrell  
 William Holder  
 James Knight  
 Harvey Leonard  
 Sam Linebarrier  
 Clyde Shook  
 Dewey Smith  
 Olin Wishon

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

Jack Bailey  
 R. C. Hoyle  
 Marshall Hunt

**INFIRMARY**

William McNeill  
 Raymond Byrd  
 Odell Cecil  
 Lloyd Sain



Soft-hearted parents rear soft-hearted children. They hurt them for life because they are afraid of hurting them when they are young. Coddle your children, and they will turn out noodles. You may sugar a child until everybody is sick of it. Boys' jackets need a little dusting now and then and girls' dresses are all the better for occasional trimming. Children without chastisement are fields without plowing. The very best colts want breaking in. Not that we like severity. Cruel parents are not parents, and those who are always flogging and fault-finding ought to be flogged themselves. There is reason in all things, as the madman said when he cut off his nose.

—Spurgeon.



# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., JULY 22, 1944

No. 29

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## WHAT COUNTS

It isn't the bad that you did down here,  
When your time of life is through;  
That will hurt you so much in the other  
    sphere  
As the good that you didn't do.

Oh, the times you slipped and the times you  
    fell  
Won't show when your race is run;  
But it's going to hurt when you're forced to  
    tell  
Of the good you could have done.

—Selected.

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.  
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.  
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## COMPLETE CONSECRATION

When the soldiers of Napoleon's army were invading Russia, they came to a village from which all the inhabitants had fled except one man. He was a Russian peasant, a woodsman, and still carried his axe in his leather belt. When the French captain saw him he ordered him to be shot immediately. The soldiers fell in and levelled their guns, but the man did not seem afraid, looking fearlessly down the gun barrels. The French captain noticed this, and before the soldiers could pull their triggers, ordered them to lower their guns. He then ordered that the peasant's life should be spared. "But," said he, "we will put a mark on him—we will brand him." So the branding iron was brought out and placed in the fire. Then it was placed upon the Russian's hand. The man saw his own flesh burn and quiver, but he did not flinch or cry out. After the iron was removed the peasant saw the letter "N" branded on his palm. "What is that?" he asked. "That is the letter 'N' and it stands for Napoleon; you belong to Napoleon now," replied the captain. For a moment the poor man did not know what to do or say. His pain was intense. Then an idea occurred to him. He had always been a loyal and patriotic Russian. Now was the time to show it, even in the presence of his enemies. At once he placed his burned hand upon something solid. The French soldiers looked on, laughing and jeering at him. The brave man took the axe out of his belt, and swinging it high brought it down with such might that he severed his own hand. "There," he said to the soldiers, "the hand may belong to Napoleon, but I am a Russian. If I must die, I will die a Russian."

This is the spirit needed in the church today, both among ministers and members.—The Presbyterian.

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## HEALTH PROGRAM FOR TRAINING SCHOOL BOYS

It has been an amazing revelation to the people of the United States that approximately five million young men of draft age have had to be rejected by the armed forces because of physical defects. This is especially startling when it is considered that we now have approximately seven million boys in the armed services. Of course, boys have been rejected for various other reasons, but by far the largest number have been rejected because of physical ailments of

one sort or another. When this information becomes common knowledge to the people of America it should definitely arouse their interest for a more dynamic public health program. In this connection one should be mindful of the fact that a good many of the boys rejected were suffering from ravages of mental disease, and there is great need for more emphasis on the problems of mental hygiene among the youth of the land.

At the Jackson Training School a determined effort has been made to vitalize and improve the entire health program and to see that it functions in the life of every boy in the institution. In this connection, it should be remembered that while there are certain things that tend to build good health for boys in groups, there is likewise a definite need to determine each boy's own individual physical and mental ailments and needs. In order to build healthy bodies for all the boys there are certain basic principles that are followed from day to day, as follows:

1. Recreational activities for all the boys, involving competition in sports and games.
2. An adequate amount of rest and sleep every night in clean and comfortable quarters.
3. An adequate supply of wholesome food, including vegetables, milk, bread, meats, etc.
4. The promotion of personal cleanliness, with numerous opportunities for bathing and swimming.
5. Operation of different clinics, such as dental and tonsil clinics, and the vaccination against typhoid fever.

In addition to all the above items of the program, each boy who needs hospital care or the care of a physician is carefully examined and treated from day to day. Any boy who has an ailment of any sort and needs to have special treatment is confined to the hospital until he is dismissed by the school physician.

A great effort will be made throughout the future months to study the mental needs of each individual boy. It is planned to have someone on the staff who can give full time thought to the individual problems that cause boys to be unhappy and unsuccessful in their various activities. This will call for a specialized type of training, but it is felt that it is greatly needed.

At the present time in North Carolina there is a state-wide epidemic of poliomyelitis, and the officials of the Training School na-

turally are concerned about this and are eager to cooperate with all the activities of the state health program. In Cabarrus County the following recommendations by the Board of Health are timely and will be adhered to here at the School. They are regarded, at present, as recommendations rather than requirements. The Training School officials would like to take this opportunity to caution all welfare officials throughout the state to be very careful in committing boys to the Training School from areas infested with this epidemic. No boy should be sent to the School until an effort has been made to determine whether or not the boy has been exposed to this disease.

Recommendations of the Board of Health of Cabarrus County:

1. Parents exercise reasonable care of children and reduce contact with others, especially sick children, to the minimum.

2. Firm supervision of food, milk and water supplies. Check sewage disposal methods. Urge fly control.

3. Publish list of approved swimming pools and urge public to swim in these places only.

4. Keep public daily informed to prevent undue alarm.

5. Rigid enforcement of regulations pertaining to Poliomyelitis.

6. Schools to open on schedule. Public assembly open to all who wish to attend.

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE IMPORTANCE OF A TRADE

The program of training at the Jackson Training School has as one of its basic factors the training of boys in various work experiences. It is regarded as a fundamental part of the total training program, for no matter how much else may be done for a boy in the way of academic school work, health and recreation and other areas of living, after all, unless a boy is able to do practical work and make a living for himself and others for whom he may be responsible, he can never be a real success in life as an individual, nor can he make his own contribution to the work of the world. Here at the Training School it is planned so that every boy receives training in one or more work experiences. In this process, however, it is not considered that boy will become a highly trained expert but that there would be two things he would learn. First, he would learn that it is honorable to work; second, he has explored the different work experiences so that he is better able to discover for himself what he finds most

interesting to him. One of the most important functions of the staff members of the Training School is to direct, guide and train the boys in the various activities. It is not always possible to permit a boy to do what he wants to do, because just as with adults in everyday life everyone finds situations where he must, for his own good, do numerous things which he dislikes or prefers not to do, but he does them because he feels the necessity to fulfill his obligation in this respect.

In recent weeks in the school department the boys have been writing short discussions about their work experiences, in which they tell of the various things that are done in their own departments. In this way, the school work is motivated, and the boys learn to be more observant about things that are done and more appreciative of the purposes involved. Most of these papers from the boys have been very interesting and have indicated a profound understanding on their part of the things they have been doing. As an illustration, there is presented below one of these reports from our boys. Others may be found elsewhere in this issue.

### THE LAUNDRY

By J. W. Smith, 4th Grade

I am in the laundry. I work under Mr. Russell. This is the type of work we do: We wash clothes and dry them and take them to the cottages. We run the towels through the mangle, which presses and dries them. We run the sheets through the mangle also. We do not press the dresses in the mangle. The press boys press the dresses on the presser. My special work is to run in the towels and fold them. Sometimes I fold sheets.

In spare time we help Mr. Russell in his garden. In his garden he has corn, beans, tomatoes, peanuts, and peppers. We water the corn and tomatoes. Sometimes he plows his garden. I enjoy this work very much and I know it will help me to become a better worker and a stronger boy.

\* \* \* \* \*

### BIRTHDAY OF OUR NATION'S CAPITAL

Last Sunday marked the anniversary of the establishment of the District of Columbia, for it was on July 16, 1790, that Congress voted to accept this tract of land on the Potomac River as a permanent home for the government of the United States of America. The first Continental Congress had met in Philadelphia, then New York be-

came the seat of government, and it was jokingly remarked by a prominent man of that time that since Congress had no permanent seat, it might be a good idea to have a "Congress on wheels, in order that it might be moved from place to place."

It was decided, however, to select a site for the governmental home. For this purpose the state of Maryland ceded 69.25 square miles and the state of Virginia 30.75 square miles. George Washington, then President, was authorized to select the site for the Capitol, anywhere between the mouths of the Conogocheague and the eastern branch of the Potomac rivers. Commissioners were appointed in 1781, and Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant, a French engineer, was employed to draw up plans for the capital city. He did this on such a far-seeing scale that Washington is today one of most beautiful cities in the entire world. The commissioners named the Federal District the "Territory of Columbia" and the capital the "City of Washington." The district was divided into two counties—Washington (Md.) and Alexandria (Va.). Later the name was changed to the District of Columbia.

Thomas Jefferson was the first President to be inaugurated in Washington, the ceremony taking place in 1801. Mr. Jefferson was very democratic, and it is recorded of him that on the day of his inauguration he rode unattended to Washington, tied his horse to the fence of logs and entered the Senate chamber alone to take the oath of office.

Great buildings for conducting affairs of the government were erected, but a wave of dissatisfaction swept over the district. These new buildings were all on the Maryland side of the Potomac, and the people of Virginia voiced their disapproval. They asked that the tract of land they had donated be returned to them, which was done in 1846. In 1895 the city of Georgetown became a part of the greater city of Washington, and since that time this city has been coextensive with the District.

There have been great jumps in the population of our nation's capital. In 1800 it was 14,000; in 1910 it was 331,069; in 1920 it was 437,571; in 1930 it was 486,869. At present, with the greatest war in all history going on, government workers have flocked to Washington by the hundreds of thousands, and the population at present may be close to two millions.

# A LETTER FROM A BEACHHEAD

(Stanly News & Press)

The letter which appears below was written by Captain Staton Pickens, son of Rev. and Mrs. C. M. Pickens, of Charlotte, to Rev. C. Alfred Cole, rector of St. Martin's Episcopal Church in that city. At present Captain Pickens is the supply officer for the 38th Evacuation Hospital, whose staff is made up principally of Charlotte physicians, surgeons and nurses. The article by Bernard Bell to which the writer refers, appeared earlier in the year in Time magazine. The observations of the captain on the church and the part which it must play in the post-war world should be of particular interest to church leaders, both ministers and laymen.

Dear Al:

Your letter of March 14th only reached me a few days ago because we seem never to be static. Being the son of a Methodist minister has stood me in good stead in the army because I am used to moving at regular intervals. In spite of the fact that the Italian front seems to the general public to be standing still, there is considerable movement going on and plenty of hard fighting.

The article by the Reverend Bernard Bell which you wrote about was most thought provoking. Although I am not a member of St. Martin's I want to reply because I can claim at least pseudo relationship since my good wife is a loyal member. What might apply at St. Martin's would be the same in any church. I am tired of too much denominational feeling. It appears that we waste time quibbling about minor creeds. But I must not get into that now. It is so easy to throw rocks at the church for one reason or the other. I had the feeling that Dr. Bell was doing that without offering too much of a plan in answer. Self criticism is always healthy if it is backed by a personal reformation. But I get a little weary of the constant calling of wolf when the danger is not too real. There is no great change apparent from my

point of view in the men in the armed services unless it is for the better. Anyone who says that men in foxholes don't get nearer God, without begging, is totally misinformed. The author of your article seems to back the contention of some chaplains who intimate that we beg for life when the going gets rough. That may be true to some extent but I vouchsafe that the majority of our supplications ask for the strength to face whatever is before us, and strength alone. We fight for the dignity and sanctity of the individual and we ask no quarter. Our strength must come from Above, where else can we turn?

I write now from a hole dug six feet underground and almost daily we are subjected to air raids and artillery fire, the nights are a continuous nightmare. We never know where the next shell or bomb will land. The hospitals appear to be no exception in this war. We are afraid, yes, I am afraid but I don't think we beg God for life alone. In spite of our fear I don't think we are groveling or crawling. The faith of our fathers is truly living still.

I disagree further with the assertion of the writer that whatever we were before coming into the army is the way we will come out, just exaggerated. I have seen men who were selfish and self-centered learn with in-

timate living and mutual hardships to give and share. That is the rule rather than the exception. Further, in spite of the that chaplains, so far as my experience has been, have not been too profound and too inspiring. The interest in religion as exemplified by interest in religious services has been on the increase. This has been true in my own unit and I have heard it discussed in others. Last night at our Sunday evening service a most interesting example of this occurred. We had teased our Chaplain about not having any 'terminal facilities.' His services sometimes stretched out a little long as all ministers are prone to do. He had announced that this was to be a very short service because of the hazard of having too many people congregated in one spot. After an unusually good song fest and he was about to conclude he asked if some of the group (there were well over 100) would stand up and recite their favorite verse from the Bible. Without a moment's delay they started, soldiers from the front who were back a few miles for a few days rest, long bearded men who man the nearby anti-aircraft guns, ambulance drivers who would be off in a few minutes to bring back more wounded, patients who were able to walk or whose buddies carried them to the services, our own personnel. It went like a forest fire and it was thirty minutes later before the Chaplain could give his benediction. There was no indication of interest in religion dying. On the other hand it appeared to be a thirsty crowd getting their fill of an abiding substance.

The reading material outside of our army newspaper and a few of the weekly magazines from home is interesting to observe. In nearly every

every dugout you can find an "Upper Room" or "Forward" or one of the many church publications. 'The Robe,' that most interesting novel about the cloak which Christ wore at the crucifixion has prompted no end of discussion. I have had two or three of my friends, to whom I had loaned my copy, come and talk about it with me and to a man they said the arguments in favor of 'the faith' were most convincing. I don't know of any book which has provoked as much interest as that one since I have been overseas. Sholen Asch's 'The Apostle' has been a widely read sequel. I saw it first on the desk of a corporal in the finance section of the army, then my father sent me a copy. That story of Paul and his own struggle and the struggle of the early church has made a profound dent on our thinking. We have had many discussions on it and it has helped us to answer the question of 'From whence cometh this help?' Cronin's 'Keys of the Kingdom' has also made the rounds. More soldiers have read these books than you would imagine. Is that a trend away from religion?

This brings me to what we may want upon return. I am not interested in returning to the camp meeting days of 25 years ago, although there was plenty of religion felt and seen in those gatherings. We do want an inspiration for our leadership. I would like to come back too in a mighty surge, a reaffirmation of faith, a rededication all moving so strong and swift that no small eddy would stop the current. I am frank to say that the spark must come from the pulpit. We must be led, we must be taught, we must be inspired. Dependency on Clark's Commentaries and correct

form as taught in the seminaries might be the means but not the end. I want sermons like my father preached, like Bishop Gribbin preached at St. Phillips, like Bishop Mouzon gave in his day. When you heard them you welled up inside and went outside knowing you had been nearer God. You had heard his disciple speak and you wanted to follow his teachings, knowing that you had found the truth.

In our religious education, to me there has always been something lacking. It has never seemed natural. There was a stiltiness about it, we have always been dressed up too much. Why should it be any different from our secular schools? There seems to be a hush-hush about it that is not healthy. It's moldy. It's always been too churchy. I don't know whether I get my idea across or not. It's too routine. I wish I were able to write some of the texts or guides for study. In any case, I think more laymen should be used in preparing these studies in order to get a new point of view. The study of the Bible is one of the most interesting in all literature but the average layman from the early ages on up to maturity does it with an apologetic tone. I know that is true because of my own shyness in discussing it with my friends even here in the army when inhibitions are at a premium. I sometimes think it would be best to study the life of Jesus purely from the historical angle as we would the life of Napoleon or Lee or Benjamin Franklin or Pasteur or Leonardo de Vince. Then let the power of the story grow, see the effect one man's life has left in the world over the centuries. The question of faith or the things that are

sometimes beyond the minds of the average person would not be necessarily argued. The facts would sell the truth. Then we could go beyond and see the value of a Christian soul.

Just before coming into the army I taught a small Sunday school class. My tenure of office was short but I remember one day asking this question of my associates: What difference would it have made if Jesus had been able to use the radio? After some weeks of discussion on this subject, I threw at them the same question using Paul. What would Paul have done with his personality, sincerity and logic, had he been able to broadcast to his fast growing following? Those sort of ideas might be foolish but I thought they brought the questions up to date. Of course, we had to go back and find out what each of these men propounded. We studied in a cursory sort of way, but I think we learned something and without the old bugaboo. Call it unorthodox if you like, but it created interest and the results were satisfactory. We need some sort of change in our approach. You and the other leaders must find it if the appeal is to be attractive. We can continue to go to Sunday school or church school because Mamma makes us, but that is not the answer when the control is gone. I don't know the answer, but there is one.

I hope I haven't tired you with much talk. I just wanted to visit a little while in answer to your gracious letter. Keep me on your mailing list, even though I am just a step-child. I will appreciate it.

With a prayer for your continued success, believe me

Sincerely yours,

Staton.



# WORDS HAVE NO STRINGS

By Ruth I. Simon

"Race you to the raft!" With a splash Jack dove into the clear blue water of Lake Huron. "Cold but great," he called back to the others who stood hesitantly on the dock.

This was the first swim of the season for the Cottage Grove bunch, and an important event. All winter they had been separated in different cities. Now their summer homes were open again, and for the vacation the "romping twelve" were together.

Jack Barton, their undisputed leader, swam easily toward the diving raft a hundred yards away. As he climbed aboard, his chum, Bill Moody, was close at hand.

"Who rented Jefferson Island?" asked Jack. They lay resting now and watching the rest of the crowd swimming closer to the shore.

"Don't know their name," Bill replied. Then his voice dropped to a confidential whisper. "There seems to be something queer about them. Mike took them over two weeks ago, and he says they haven't been to the village since. He brings them mail and groceries. There's a boy about our age, and an older man, maybe his father."

"Oh well, Mike's a guide, and he always did like a good story." Jack prepared to swim back to shore. "We must go to see that boy. Perhaps he is lonely."

"Wait a minute," said Bill. "Let me finish. Mike told me their English sounds funny, and they talk to each other in some queer language he's never heard before. Postmaster Jim says that they get the queerest mail;

nothing but big fat envelopes, terribly official looking."

"Hey, you sound scarey. What do you think they are—spies?" Jack's laugh was a bit forced.

"Could be." Cold shivers ran down Bill's spine, shivers not caused by the water.

"Let's swim back and see if the bunch knows anything more," suggested Jack.

With the whistle for assembly Jack called the swimmers to the dock. "Who's heard anything about the Jefferson Island folks?" he asked mysteriously. A dozen pairs of eyes turned to the little island about a mile toward the open lake, its white cottage glistened in the sunshine against the background of dark pines.

"They go canoeing by moonlight. Dad saw them last night." Alice Parsons was the first to speak.

"Well, don't well all?" asked Jack.

"Mike says the boy seems sad," Dick Larson added after a minute.

"I saw a big boat, one that doesn't belong anywhere around here, go to their dock last week. I watched it through the field glasses. It stayed an hour and then sped off toward the open lake," contributed Florence Anderson.

Before the swimmers again jumped into the water everyone seemed to remember something about the strangers on Jefferson Island.

"Keep your eyes and ears open," ordered Jack. "Be ready to report anything you learn next Tuesday, at two."

Early the next morning an outboard

motor chugged noisily toward Jefferson Island. In the boat Jack and Bill sat with eyes straining ahead. The fishing line which trolled from the back of the boat was only a pretense.

"Somebody's on the dock," whispered Jack, but his words were lost in the noise of the engine.

Bill did not need to be told. He had seen the forlorn figure of a boy, holding a fishing rod over the end of the dock.

"Hope he sees our flag," Jack motioned proudly to the bow of the boat.

Suddenly the drooping figure came to attention. With a friendly wave he motioned the boys to stop. But Bill, busy with the engine, pretended not to see, and Jack remembered that he must pull in the trolling line. With a whirl Bill turned the boat to circle the island. They had no intention of landing. This was only a trip of investigation from the outside.

"He looked safe enough, and mighty lonely," said Jack thoughtfully as their boat neared home. "Wish we might invite him to the big bacon roast."

"Don't want any spy there." Bill was very sure of himself. "Suppose we talk to the folks in the village. Maybe they will know something more."

It did not take the boys long to discover that the entire village was astir with the mystery. The Cottage Grove bunch had started a wave of suspicion by their suggestion that the strangers on Jefferson Island might be spies. Now some felt that the F. B. I. should be notified.

"But we haven't a tangible thing against them," said Mr. Turner, the kindly village pastor. "I shall go and call."

That night something seemed wrong with Jack's bunk. First there was too much cover and then there wasn't enough. Where had that lump in the mattress come from? It had never been there before. As he twisted and turned he kept seeing a boy of his own age sitting alone on a dock and waving a friendly greeting.

"Shucks, I might just have waved back anyway," he accused himself. "Maybe he thought I didn't see him." There was a little comfort in that.

Then Jack must have slept, for suddenly the breakfast bell was ringing loudly.

"What are your plans for today?" asked his mother as he sat playing with his cereal. "I'm going to need some perch for dinner tonight. Mike says there's a new fishing spot a few rods off the south reef. Would you and Bill like to try?"

Jack looked up quickly, but his mother was busy at the stove. Did she know that the south reef was just off Jefferson Island?

"Mess of perch coming up!" Jack hurried for his rod. Maybe he would have a chance just to wave. That surely could not be disloyal to his country, and no boy should be lonely on a glorious morning like this.

"Wind's rising," called Bill against the chug of the engine a half hour later. "Maybe we'll have a northwester before night."

It was difficult to anchor the boat at the south reef in such a wind. But the boys knew how to handle their boat and were soon busy fishing. Oddly enough neither of them had spoken about the strangers on the island. Mike had been right. The perch were biting well in spite of the rough water. Jack had just landed an especially

large one when a boy hurried to the end of the Jefferson Island dock, and filled a bucket with water. As he turned to go back to the cabin he looked shyly toward the boys, but this time there was no friendly wave.

With a jerk Jack freed the hook, then sent the flopping fish into the live net with a disgusted toss. Again he had missed his chance, again he had given no sign of welcome to a stranger.

"Say, Bill," Jack's voice was thoughtful. "How would you like to be stuck on that island without any other fellows, and nothing to do? What made us think those folks were spies, anyway?"

Bill forgot about the fish which was jerking his bobber far under the water. "You wondering about that, too? Sort of makes a fellow uncomfortable inside. But what'll we do?"

"Well," Jack spoke very slowly, "we might stop at the dock right now. You aren't afraid, are you?"

"Afraid!" Bill's laugh was a little shaky. "Well, we've got enough fish. What's keeping us?" With a heave he began to raise the anchor.

Jack was working with the engine. Again and again he whirled the starting rope, but there was no answering chug. The waves were washing the little boat toward the big rocks at the end of the island.

"Guess we're due to make a call whether we want to or not," decided Jack. "But it might be a good idea to go by way of the dock. Grab an oar, I'll take the other."

"How-do-yo-do!" The accent was foreign, but the voice had a friendly welcome. "Won't you come in by the fire? You are wet from the waves."

Neither Jack nor Bill had realized

what a soaking the waves had given them, until they were safely on the dock. Gratefully they followed their young host into the warm living room.

A tall, white-haired man rose from his chair by the fireplace. He spoke English slowly, careful of each word. "We are honored that you have come. Albert was very lonely. Please come to the fire, and I shall make hot cocoa."

The boys were soon comfortable again warmed not only by the fire, and the hot drink, but by the cordial welcome of the strangers on Jefferson Island.

Suddenly Albert's eyes grew wide with excitement, as they all caught the roar of an engine above the dash of the waves. "A speed boat. It's coming here," he cried.

"It must be the government boat," the older man spoke more quietly. "They have come at last."

Jack wished that he knew where to hide. He was just learning to know and trust these kind strangers on Jefferson Island. Surely he did not wish to see them arrested.

"Please excuse us. We shall go to greet them, for they bring important news." Albert's father bowed politely, but his son was already racing toward the dock.

"Well, I'll . . ." Bill dropped limply to the floor.

"Can't make it out, but I guess we'd better go," said Jack.

"Where? How?" asked Bill

In a moment Albert bounded in, a scrap of paper held high. "Mother, sister, granny, they are all safe! The officers, they got the news through the Red Cross." Then, seeing the surprised expression on the boys' faces he hurried on. "Of course, you did not know. You see, we got separated in

Belgium. They didn't get across the border. Father and I had to come on alone to your country, and we could get no word. Such a long, long time!"

Albert's voice shook as he dropped on the floor beside Bill. "My father works hard for your government. He is a .. what do you call it in the English? A chem—chemist. The officers have gone with him to his laboratory now."

An hour later, their little boat with its balky engine tied behind the big government boat, Jack and Bill rode in state across the bay to Cottage Grove. They listened eagerly as the government men discussed the important experiments which Albert's father had been making, and talked of their joy at being able to bring good news to the father and son.

Many of the Cottage Grove bunch were at the dock. They were curious about the big government boat, astonished to see Jack and Bill jump out and call good-by to the uniformed passengers. Quickly they assembled to hear the story.

Jack told it briefly and then gave orders. "Albert is coming to the bacon roast at the village tonight. We don't

want him to guess that any of us ever thought that he and his father were—spies." He hesitated a moment over the dreadful word and then plunged on. "Now let's all go out and pick up our words. We must tell everybody who heard the suspicion through us that it isn't true. Get busy."

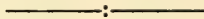
It was almost time for the roast as Jack and Bill trudged wearily home from a farm far back in the hard woods, where they had gone to tell the milk delivery man the true story.

"We can't take a chance," they had decided.

Beside the big spring they stopped to rest. "Well, now I know what grandmother meant when she used to recite a poem about kites and words," mused Jack. "I think it went something like this:

" 'Boys flying kites haul in their  
white winged birds,  
You can't do that when you're  
flying words.' "

Bill threw himself on the tall grass. "Whow! From now on I'm either going to tie strings to my words, or be sure they are true," he decided.



If there be one thing upon earth that men love and admire better than another, it is a brave man—a man who dares to look the devil in the face and tell him he is the devil.

—James A. Garfield.

# DON'T WORRY IF YOUR MAIL ARRIVES LATE

(Mooresville Enterprise)

Servicemen overseas and their families at home in the Sixth Naval District worry about each other when the mail is slow getting through, but there is really no reason for concern.

The Navy's Fleet Post Offices are operating 24 hours a day to give service to the Fleet and eventually mail will get through as often as wartime conditions permit.

The Navy's advice is to keep writing often, address mail clearly and correctly and send it on its way by sending it V-mail—which is Air Mail all the way through.

There are any number of reasons why mail addressed to men of the Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guard and Merchant Marine may be delayed even with a vast Navy mail organization carefully routing it, according to its Navy Postal Service.

But when mail is lost, or undeliverable, the blame almost inevitably can be placed at one of two sources—the serviceman or the person who wrote him—even though it is true that ships do get sunk and mail does go to the bottom with them.

Mail to the Armed Services overseas has reached the staggering total of 25,000,000 pieces a week. Nearly 3,000,000 of these are insufficiently or incorrectly addressed.

Some ideas of the tenacity and efficiency of the Army and Navy postal clerks, can be drawn from the fact that, of these millions of poorly or wrongly addressed letters, more than 97 per cent eventually reach their destinations. But the delay usually,

and understandably, runs into months.

The handling and distribution of wartime mail, the Naval Postal Service points out, even when its correctly addressed, is a complicated and intricate operation. Security necessitates codes, keys and numbers. A great percentage of naval personnel is continually on the move. Transportation is through hazardous waters and fields. The added obstacles of distance, supply, casualty and routine transfers make the Navy Mail Service much more complete than the routine pickup and delivery of a domestic postoffice.

Since the mail from home is admittedly a primary factor in morale of men overseas, the Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guard and Merchant Marine get their mail soon as possible wherever they are. There are a total of 9,125 postal clerks and thousands of assistants assigned by the Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard to sort and forward servicemen's mail. At last count there were over 1,700 Navy postoffices. The huge Fleet Post Office in San Francisco and New York cover a city block in each case and are equal in size to a building over ten stories high. Each handles over 30,000,000 outgoing letters and 5,900,000 parcels in a month.

Before the war every country in the world, with few exceptions, was represented by ships sailing the seven seas. Today Americans are scattered all over the world and only the overburdened transports of Allied nations are available to carry mail.

War has interrupted trade routes, and few ports of entry are available to which mail can be transshipped with ease. Mail to the Orient via the Pacific has ceased. Certain Atlantic and Mediterranean routes are the only ocean lanes open to mail for Americans in the Far East. Air transportation is the only service to many far flung overseas and advance bases.

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### FOR THOSE IN SERVICE

Eternal God, we humbly bow  
 Before Thy throne today,  
 Beseeching Thee to guard and keep  
 Our boys who are away.  
 Be Thou the guardian of them all  
 On land, in air, on sea;  
 Protect them by Thy mighty power  
 Wherever they may be.

Wilt Thou be with the boys in camp  
 Here in our native land?  
 Increase their Christian faith, oh God,  
 That they may ever stand  
 For Christ and all the truths He taught  
 While living here below.  
 Be their companion and their guide  
 Wherever they may go.

Almighty God, we humbly pray  
 That Thou wilt ever be  
 With those who've entered battle zones  
 In lands across the sea.  
 Be present in the midst of strife  
 Upon the battlefield;  
 When dangers lurk on every hand  
 Be their defense and shield.

Oh, Prince of Peace, we humbly pray  
 That if it be Thy will,  
 Thou wilt stretch forth Thy mighty hand  
 Commanding, "Peace; be still!"  
 And when the noise of strife has ceased  
 And peace has come again,  
 Wilt Thou bring safely home to us  
 All those who serve our land?

—Nannie Sigmon

# THE QUARREL

(Sunshine Magazine)

Pedro and Peter had been good friends for a long time. Every morning, as soon as they had finished their work, they would get together and plan what to do that day. Sometimes with their pets Chita, Pedro's white goat, and Stubby, Peter's black dog, they would go on a picnic. Sometimes they stayed at home and played in their adjoining back yards. But always they had fun.

Then one day something changed all this. Peter lost his big, red ball, and no matter how hard he and Pedro hunted, it could not be found.

After they had searched all one morning and both boys were very hot and tired, Peter said: "Ill bet Chita ate my ball. Goats are like that."

"Why, Peter," replied Pedro in a hurt voice, "you know Chita wouldn't eat your ball."

"No, I don't!" Peter's voice was cross and angry. "Didn't she try to bite it one day?"

And now there were angry tears in Pedro's eyes. "Sure, she did," he retorted, "and didn't your old Stubby chew up my new straw sombrero?"

So the quarrel went on until at last Pedro was saying: "Well, I don't like you any more." And Peter replied: "And I don't like you either."

The following days were no longer happy ones for the boys, because Peter had no one to play with but Stubby, and Pedro had no one but Chita.

On the third morning after the quarrel Peter's mother said: "What's the matter with you and Pedro? You never play together any more."

"I don't like him."

"Why not?" asked Peter's mother. "You used to be such good friends."

"He let his old goat eat my ball"

"Oh, dear," cried Mother, "surely you're not going to let the loss of a ball keep you from having a friend. I'd forget all about the ball because you can get another one of those, but you won't be able to find another friend like Pedro."

Peter thought this over but said nothing about it.

Meanwhile in Pedro's house his mother was saying: "Why do you not go out and play with Peter?"

"I don't like Peter any more," the little Mexican boy replied.

Pedro's mama stopped rolling the tortilla dough. "And why not?" she asked.

"Because he said Chita ate his red ball."

Well, maybe she did. Then did you tell him you were sorry and that you would get him a new one?"

"No! Besides his dog ruined my new sombrero."

"Now aren't you boys foolish to let a ball and a straw hat keep you from having a good time!"

Pedro thought about this, but he said nothing either.

Then the postman came to Peter's door and left him a package. When he opened it, there was a football.

"Boy, ain't it a dandy, Mother!" he cried.

"It certainly is." Then she added, "It's too bad you and Pedro aren't friends any longer, for a football is lots more fun if you have someone with whom you can play."

Peter thought this over for a moment and soon he was yelling out the back door, "Pedro! Pedro!"

And that very same day the postman came to Pedro's door and left him a letter from his aunt. It said: "Would Pedro like to visit them on their ranch?"

"Now," said Pedro's mama as she finished reading, "if you and Peter were still friends it would be nice to take him along with you."

Pedro thought this over for a moment, and soon he also was calling from the back door, "Peter! Peter!"

Both boys met where once there had been a fence separating their

yards. They stopped still and looked at one another. Then, they both burst out laughing.

"Aren't we silly?" said Peter.

"I guess we are," Pedro said between chuckles.

"You know, I don't believe Chita ate that old, red ball any way." And Peter added, "If she had it would have made her sick."

Yes, and I kinda think it might have been Chita that chewed up my sombrero. Goats are like that."

"Come, let's try out this new football," cried Peter.

"Sure!" replied Pedro.

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### TAKE CARE OF OUR WOODS

Lumbermen in the great Northwestern Territory are planting many acres with tree seedlings this year, in spite of the manpower shortage. They are shaping up a permanent forest industry in certain states and although many of the tracts are small areas of regrowing land, many of them pooled into cooperative tree farms, will find the native investment in forestry, persisting. Damage is done to our forests by storms and hurricanes, by fire and by cutting. Woods are lost through wars because trees become bullets. Rare woods from other lands go into rafts and gliders, mastheads, trucks, bearings, struts, pontoons, life boats, life preservers. The tree cinchona grown for valuable quinine, balsa for light weight wood, ceiba for kapow. In our own country the tree stands as a particular emblem of the life of the land, so reforestation is a national charge. Care can be used in logging where woods yield commercial products, but unfortunately all loggers and timbermen don't protect the forest. This is a blight on the country and it might even be a threat to our life. Such devastation takes a generation to repair. Half an hour to fell a giant and a generation to grow one. These woods stand as guardians of soil, climate and rainfall. They should not be scrawny, spindly and scrubby for a forest is a beautiful thing. Our need for shingles, clapboards, lath and lumber shouldn't deafen us to the cry of "Tim-ber" which means, "Danger, Watch Out!"

—Mooresville Enterprise



# BOYS WRITE ABOUT WORK EXPERIENCES

## MY WORK HERE AT J. T. S.

Fred Jones, 6th grade

My work here at J. T. S. is more interesting this time of year than at any other time. My supervisor, Mr. Adams has charge of the gardening here at the school and naturally we are busy with our spring planting.

In gardening one of the most important things is the preparation of the soil. It should be thoroughly torn up in order to make a good seed bed so the tiny seeds will come up quickly. The barn force does most of the rough work in the tearing up of the soil. They spread the manure, plow, and ridge the land and then we use hoes and rakes to work the top of the ridge, getting the rocks and clods out, leaving the soil fine on top. We then use a hoe handle to open a small furrow in which to plant the tiny seed. We cover the seed, loosen the soil and then wait for the April showers and sunshine to do the rest, causing the seed to grow and break through the ground. After the plants are up good we lightly break the crust and loosen the soil around the plants. Mr. Adams says this gives the roots air and keeps the weeds and grass out.

The work that we do at the plant beds is very interesting also. The plant beds are divided into sections about fifty feet long, two feet deep and about three and one half feet wide. First we pack about ten inches of manure in the bottom of the bed, wet the manure so it will go through a heat. Then we put about seven inches of dirt that we get out of the woods, on

top of the manure. This we level off, raking all leaves and trash out. Then we run little rows about eight inches apart and plant out tomato and pepper seeds. After our seeds are planted we cover the beds with glass sash. We look at the beds each day to see that they are moist enough until the seed come up. We watch more closely after them, then to see about water and diseases. On warm days we remove the glass sash so the sun can shine directly on the tiny plants. When the plants are about four inches high we transplant them into wooden beds so the plants will have more room to grow healthy. We keep these wooden beds covered with old canvas frames, to protect them from the cold at night. As soon as the plants are large enough we will set them in the field.

We also gather vegetables to deliver to the cottages. We gather greens and at present we are gathering asparagus. Asparagus is an interesting plant as you eat the young tender stalks that sprout up through the ground. We are always careful to deliever the proper amount to each cottage so that none of them will be treated unfairly.

We take in all the new boys as they come in. It is always interesting to watch the new ones that come in and to hear their stories. At first they are given regulation clothes a bath and are checked for lice, itch and any other thing that they might bring in that would be catching. They always ask lots of foolish questions and tell lots of tall stories. Most of the new boys get homesick and we

have to try to cheer them up and watch them to see that they don't run away.

At present we are helping fix the athletic fields although this is not our regular work. Lining off the fields for football and dodge ball is lots of fun, though.

At times we do other kinds of work, such as hauling gravel, working in the nursery, building fences, going to the clothes room to give new boys clothes, arranging tables to give tests, and other little jobs that come up.

I would rather be in the Receiving Cottage and do the work there, because we have something new all the time and it is not the same old thing over and over.

#### MY WORK AT J. T. S.

Bruce Sawyer, th grade

I enjoy my work at the print shop very much and I know that some time I will need to get a job and if I had not come to this institution I would never have learned a trade and I would never have accomplished anything in the world. Jackson Training School is a good place for any boy.

The linotype machine is an interesting machine and it is a good trade to learn, and you can make money. Someday I will have to keep up my father because he is getting old and is not able to work. I am now learning to run a linotype and in about 8 months I will get to go home to work for money. We print The Uplift and all kinds of reports for the institution.

I also have good officers Mr. Godown and Mr. Fisher and they teach us boys things that we shall have to know throughout life.

The big press is an interesting

machine it is a good trade to learn and you can make good money by learning that type of trade. The big press prints the Uplift. It takes about one hour to print and about two hours to fold and about hour to cut and about one hour to mail them.

The Uplift is an interesting book it tells the latest happenings at the institution. The work on the Uplift is started from a block of lead. The lead is melted and changed into a slug with letters on it, then it is put into a form and the form is put on the big press and printed. We fold, cut and mail them all over the United States. I like the work. Mr. Godown lets each one of the print shop boys mail an Uplift home.

#### HOUSE BOY

Richard Tullock, 4th grade

I am a house boy. I cook food for the boys every day. I get food from the bakery, storeroom, and ice plant.

I set the table early in the morning so I can get the food served quickly so the boys can get their jobs done before they go to school.

While they are at school I clean the food cabinets, prepare food and let it be cooking while I am doing something else.

When we get through we wait until the garbage boys come around to get the garbage, then I wash the garbage can and wash my hands to prepare food.

Then the boys come to the cottage and eat and play until the big bell rings.

I go to school a half day. I learned all about the two great rivers the Tigris and Euphrates.

I try to learn all I can until 5:15

o'clock then I go to the cottage and fix food for the boys to eat at 6:o'clock.

We go to bed early so we can get up early like the poem says. Early to bed and early to rise will make a body healthy and wise. That is what we do in the house.

### CARPENTER SHOP

Raymond Pruette, 4th grade

I am in the carpenter shop, we do many kinds of work. Today we fixed the back entrance of the cottage so it won't rot at the ground, and it saved material that is expensive.

I work with Mr. Alf Carriker. He tells us tow to do lots of things we do not know about. He teaches us to do certain things about the machines, but we are not allowed to run them without permission.

I work in the morning and go to school in the evening. I'm in the fourth grade. Mrs. Dodson teaches the ofurth grade. I learned all about the Tigris and the Euphrates rivers. We learn to write big numbers like units, tenths, thousands, ten thousands, and hundred thousands. I like to do this kind of school work.

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### THE HEROIC SPIRIT

War is a terrible thing. It leaves its awful blight upon individuals, upon homes, upon society, upon the church and the state. But this also it does. It brings out the heroic in men's souls. Young men who in times of peace would have yielded to the temptation of ease and soft raiment are enduring hardships and making sacrifices of which no one had ever believed them capable.

As we look out on the world of today, with its terrible war; as we look on to the post-war era with its crushing weight of debt, with its perilous class and race problems, we are agreed upon one thing, all of us. The only hope of the future is in the teachings and example of Jesus Christ. To bring the better day, to which he pointed, Christians can no longer be at ease in Zion. They must deny themselves and take up the cross and follow him, even to the giving of life itself, knowing that he that loseth his life for his sake shall find it.

Here is God's test of greatness. Everything that we possess will crumble and pass away. The only thing that will remain and stand the withering blast of time is what we have done for the Kingdom of God.—Stuart Nye Hutchison

# THE DAYS THAT NEVER HAPPENED

By Wilfred Brown

No matter how closely you search American and English history, you will find no record of any event that occurred between the third and fourteenth of September in the year of 1752. The reason is that those days never happened.

And if you go back into the past of Italy, Spain and Portugal you will find missing the days between October fourth and fifteenth in the year of 1582.

As recently as 1923 you will find thirteen days dropped out of history in the kingdom of Greece. Thirteen days are missing out of the year 1918 in Russia.

The story of days that never happened goes back about two thousand years to Julius Caesar, the first of the Roman emperors.

Before the time of Caesar men counted the months by moons, and knew that there were roughly twelve full moons to a year. But the system is not very accurate.

Julius Caesar decided to set up an exact system of measuring time. He summoned Sosigenes, the Great Greek astronomer and philosopher of Alexandria. Sosigenes worked out a calendar, known as Julian Calendar, that was much the same as the one we use today.

Sosigenes told the emperor that a year—the time it takes the earth to revolve around the sun—consists of 365 days, five hours, 48 minutes and—to be exact—49 and seven-tenths seconds.

The Julian Calendar established Leap Year—which falls again this year—by adding a day to every fourth

year to take up the fractions of days. The calendar gave 31 days each to January, March, May, Quintilis September and November, and 30 days each to February—on Leap Year—April, June, Sextilis, October and December. On regular years February had 29 days.

Then to commemorate his calendar, Julius Caesar changed the name of Quintilis to July, after himself.

The second Roman emperor, Augustus, apparently felt jealous of the success of the Julian Calendar, so he did a bit more tinkering. He changed the name of Sextilis to August, after himself, and took another day from February, so his month would have thirty-one days. Then, for some reason, he took one day each from September and November and gave them to October and December.

And so we have the old verse starting "Thirty days hath September, April, June and November—"

The next scene in the story of the days that never happened is the council of Nicaea, in the year 325 A. D. The council decreed that Easter should fall each year on the first Sunday following the first full moon following Spring Equinox. The council set the Spring Equinox at March 21st. There still didn't seem to be anything wrong with the Julian Calendar.

But the time left over each year, above 365 days, does not amount to a full fourth of a day, and as a result each Leap Year started too soon. The time that the Julian Calendar gained on the sun amounted to about a day every 130 years.

By the year 1582—more than 1200

years after the council of Nicaea—the sun was ten days behind the calendar. The Spring Equinox actually fell on March 11th that year.

Leading astronomers of the day found that further error could be corrected by making the year ending a century a Leap Year only if it was divisible by the number 400. Thus the year 1600 was a Leap Year. The years 1700, 1800 and 1900 were not, but 2000 will be.

The days between October fourth and fifteenth were dropped from the year 1582 in Italy, Spain, Portugal and their possessions, to let sun time

catch up with the calendar.

The Gregorian Calendar, as our calendar of today is known, was adopted throughout most of Western Europe within the next few years. England and her American colonies clung stubbornly to the Julian Calendar for nearly two centuries longer, and were eleven days ahead of the sun when Parliament adopted the Gregorian Calendar in 1752

Russia and Greece used the Julian Calendar well into the present century. Their time had gained thirteen days on the sun when they set it back..

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### SHINING IN THE NIGHT

A friend gave me a carboard cross. One side of it has been treated chemically so that it absorbs light when exposed to the sun and gives off light in the dark. I have it hanging on my bedroom wall and often my eyes turn to it when I wake during the night. I have gradually become aware of certain things about it. For example, I find that the darker the room, the brighter shines the cross. Then, too, the brighter the light rays to which the cross is exposed, the brighter and longer will it shine in the dark. Shall we ever forget that many years ago Jesus was crucified on a rude wooden cross? That cross shines now more brightly for us during the darkness of our distress and grief. It has become a symbol to the Christian world of a glory that will not dim. The rugged cross once erected on Calvary is a symbol of power that draws men to Christ, even as He said: "And I, if I be lifted up . . . will draw all men unto me."

—George C. Alborn.

# A HOME FRONT PROBLEM

By Bob Hope

One of the things the men overseas always asked us was "What's with the kids back home? How's the kid brother behaving with mom and pop gone all day at the war plant?"

And we told them, "Fine, fine!"

And maybe we were right about most of the kids, but not about all of the kids.

You looked at that fellow in the battle zone and thought, "Here's a guy that may give his life for the kids back home. So I guess that back home maybe we could give our kid's a little more attention."

Most of us aren't sociologists, but all of us know in our hearts that somehow a delinquent kid is a result of a city or town that's a bit delinquent. A town that's too busy with politics and the budget and big business and labor relations to get down to the all important business of taking that raw material called youth and producing Number-1 Americans.

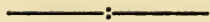
It doesn't take much to make a youngster happy. Give him a pair of roller skates and he's in a seventh

heaven ... and it wouldn't take much out of any town in the land to give all of its kids a better break.

In most cities there is a park or a playground and kids should be encouraged to get off the street and into the kind of life their brothers are fighting for.

Some of you reading this may know, from actual experience, what juvenile delinquency can lead to. You know that pickpockets get their experience stealing candy. Hoodlums start out writing silly stuff on fences. Loafers begin as kids wandering up and down the railroad tracks or hanging around pool rooms ... and vandals were once little boys who threw rocks in the windows of empty buildings. Yes, some of you fellows know how very important it is to give this youth problem some consideration now.

So while the brass hats are figuring out the international problem of the world of tomorrow, let's all of us get behind the drive to solve the problems of the delinquent kids of today—before it is too late.



In all the affairs of life, social as well as political, courtesies of a small and trivial character are the ones which strike deepest to the grateful and appreciating heart.—Henry Clay.

## INSTITUTION NOTES

Harry Wilson, of the Receiving Cottage, was conditionally released last Tuesday. He returned to his home in Salisbury, and will be employed at the railroad shops in Spencer.

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Since the recent showers the prospects for a good lespedeza crop at the School have greatly improved. We have also noticed the lawns and gardens are looking much better.

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The School recently purchased another registered Hereford bull. This animal comes from the Brown Farms, and will be a fine addition to our present beef herd, which now numbers approximately sixty head.

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Superintendent and Mrs. S. G. Hawfield returned from New York City last Monday night, after having attended the wedding of their son, Dr. Harold Hawfield, which took place in that city, on Friday night of last week.

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The entire School personnel enjoyed a fine, old-fashioned fried chicken dinner last Sunday. These chickens, the product of our own poultry yards, were of excellent quality, and it was pleasing to see how the youngsters enjoyed this delightful repast. We might add here that we did not notice any of the grown-up backing away

from the table until after consuming a generous portion of fried chicken. It was a most enjoyable occasion, and right now our vote is that it be repeated soon.

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The boys in the textile plant recently had a few hours' diversification from their usual routine duties, and cleaned up the grounds around that building. They pulled up the weeds, trimmed the shrubbery and mowed the lawns, greatly improving the appearance of that section of the campus.

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Our swimming-pool was not in use last Wednesday and Thursday, due to the fact that it was drained and given a thorough cleaning. Although we have a very fine filtering plant at the pool, the water is changed frequently, as a special precautionary measure in guarding against any possible contamination.

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According to a progress report, received last week. John Edward Batten, a former student at the School, enlisted in the United States Navy about a month ago. Edward came to us from Wilson, being admitted to the institution, July 1, 1938. He was conditionally released January 27, 1943, going to live with his mother in Wilson.

While at the School, Edward engaged in various work experiences. He was first employed on the work

line, and then worked in the shoe shop, textile plant and in the sewing room. Upon being admitted to the School, he was placed in the second grade, and was in the seventh at the time of leaving. This lad's record while with us was very good, and from the two reports received since he left, together with several letter from him, we find that he kept up his good work after returning to his home.

—:—

The boys on our farm and garden forces were busy during the past few days, planting an unusually large quantity of string beans. This was done in an effort to offset the loss of our early crop, which failed to materialize because of adverse weather conditions. We are still hoping that it will be possible to raise enough of these beans for immediate use and have plenty to can for winter consumption.

—:—

We recently received a V-Mail letter from Frank L. King, formerly of Cottage No. 2, who is now with the United States Army in France, and is a member of an armored division. Frank's letter, from "Somewhere in France," dated July 5, 1944, reads as follows:

Dear Friend: Am very sorry that I haven't written you before now, but I have been busy, and I do mean busy. When I was in England, I was busy trying to catch up on a few things which I couldn't get done in Africa, and what I'm catching up on now is a military secret. Hope you are feeling well these days. Am wondering

if you are as fat as ever. I am getting along as well as could be expected on a job like this. Haven't grown a bit—am just as small as ever.

"I received two copies of The Uplift while in England, and enjoyed reading them very much. There doesn't seem to be many boys left there whom I know."

"Do you remember my brother, Tom? He is stationed in England, and is a tail-gunner in a B-17. Those guys are plenty lucky. They go back to a good bed and a hot meal. I get two blankets and field rations. Oh, well, everything goes in war.

"Since there isn't much more I can beat my gums about, I'll close for this time. Give my regards to everybody at the School, and please answer soon. Your devoted friend, Frank L. King."

—:—

On the front page of the second section of The Charlotte Observer, issue of July 14, 1944, there appeared a picture of Staff Sergeant Garrett W. Bishop, of that city, of the United States Army Air Corps. He is stationed at an Eighth Air Force Liberator Station in England. According to the report, as stated in the paper, Garrett is a nose gunner on a B-24 Liberator bomber, and had been awarded an Oak Leaf Cluster to the Air Medal for meritorious achievement while flying on bomber combat missions over France and Germany. This young man has flown on fourteen missions over the European Continent, participating in the destruction of various important military targets. Most of his missions were made in support of the European invasion.



Under the date of November 13, 1943, The Charlotte News carried an item about Bishop having completed training in an aviation mechanics school of the army air force at Sheppard Field, Texas. At that time he had been spending a nine-day furlough with his parents in Charlotte, and had returned to Sheppard Field for further assignment.

Walter entered the School, September 2, 1936 and remained here until July 6, 1938. He went to live with a brother in New York City, where he was employed in a machine shop. During his stay with us he was a member of the Cottage No. 4 group and worked on the barn force. At the time of leaving the institution he was in the seventh school grade.

It would seem that this young man is winning considerable distinction in this great global war, and his many friends at the School are delighted to learn of the fine record he is making.

—:—

Last Monday morning's mail brought us a nice letter from Sgt. Donald M. McFee, a former member of our printing class, who is now in Italy with the United States Army Air Corps. He is a member of a bomber crew and apparently is seeing quite some action. Although occupied with the arduous duties of aerial warfare, "Mac" has not forgotten our weakness for collecting pictures, for accompanying his letter was a package of picture post cards, showing some splendid views of the section of Italy in which he is stationed. These pictures are greatly appreciated, and are now reposing in our huge scrap-book, along with those received from other former students

located in various parts of the world. "Mac's" letter, dated July 9th, reads as follows:

"Hello Mr. Godown: How is everything going along for you these days? Hope you are in good health and have things running smoothly. This isn't going to be much of a letter. Just thought I would write a little so you would know that I'm still alive and kicking.

"Things are running very smoothly here. I have been on several missions as tail-gunner on a B-24. Believe me, those trips are not picnics. Plenty of flack on every one of them. Fighters are around quite frequently, but they aren't too bad. You can't do anything about the flack. It's just something that's going to come, no matter what happens, so why worry. Had a German machine gun bullet miss me by about three-quarters of an inch. Pretty close, but they'll have to come closer if they want to get me.

"Today has been very nice, but a little too hot for comfort. At present there is a nice little breeze blowing through the tent. Yes, we live in tents here. Not an easy life, but it could be much worse. The only light we have is from a lantern. For a while we lived in the middle of a large wheat field. Now we have transferred to another squadron and are living in an olive grove. There are grapes on one side and plum, fig and apricot trees scattered around. Not a bad surrounding. The natives here are on the primitive side of life.

"I have visited a few towns since coming over here. They are all alike, with the exception of very large cities—which are few. All buildings are made of stone or cement, and are square or oblong, with flat roofs.

There is no such thing as a residential section. They seem to be about fifty years behind the times.

"Am sending you a few post cards just to give you an idea what things look like over here. I have five others which are much nicer, I'll send just as soon as I can get an envelope large enough. You can add them to your collection.

"Remember me to all the folks I know at the school, and don't forget to write some time. Your friend, Mac."

—:—

Rev. James W. Fowler, pastor of Kerr Street Methodist Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read I Samuel 20:30-42, and the subject of his most interesting message to the boys was "A Friend."

He first told a story of a missionary to Africa who had returned to London because he had contracted a dreadful tropical disease, known as beri-beri. His reason for going to London was that he had a brother there who was a famous physician, known throughout the world because of his successful treatment of tropical diseases. There was to be a gathering of prominent doctors and surgeons, and the physician asked his invalid brother if he would be present at the conference, as he wanted the other doctors to study his case. The patient insisted upon trying to get to the meeting by himself, although his brother wanted him to let him send an auto for him. With much effort, the next morning, he started to make the trip alone. He reached one of London's great thoroughfares and found a very heavy

traffic. Being unable to make his way across the street, he stood helpless. As the throng surged past, a man accidentally knocked one of his crutches aside, and he collapsed. A nearby policeman, seeing his plight, blew his whistle, stopping all traffic, and then helped the man to his feet and escorted him across the street, after which he blew the whistle for the traffic to proceed. That policeman, said the speaker, was indeed a true friend to the crippled man. He was a shelter in a time of storm.

That is just what we need today, continued the speaker. All over the world people are surrounded by the troubles of life. There is but one who can lead them to safety, and that one is Jesus Christ. He will be our friend if we will only let him.

Rev. Mr. Fowler then asked the question, "What is a friend?" and gave this answer: A friend is one who comes in when everybody else goes out; one who knows all about you and still likes you. Sometimes, said the speaker, because some fellow has a certain characteristic which we do not like, our eyes become dimmed to his many good qualities, and we make up our minds that we should not count him among our friends. That is definitely wrong. We should be friendly toward all with whom we come in contact.

The speaker then told the boys this story: Two Greek friends were traveling together. They landed upon a strange island. The king ruling the island was a most vicious person, and had ordered that all strangers be killed and offered as sacrifices to one of their pagan gods. A slave girl was the executioner. She was a Greek, and, upon learning that the prisoners were Greeks, she wanted to do some-

thing for them. She finally persuaded the king to use but one of them as a sacrifice. The king agreed, and told the two captives to decide which one should be killed—the other to be sent back to Greece as a messenger. The men refused to make the decision. They thought so much of each other that each one, when questioned by the king, begged that he be killed and the other be allowed to go back to his native land. The slave girl, who had been captured and taken to the island as a child, then learned that one of the men was her brother. Together, the three made plans to escape and return to their home country, and they succeeded in getting away. The

king was so impressed by these two men's devotion to each other that he had two huge temples built and named for them. The temples, dedicated to these two friends, are still standing today.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Fowler told his listeners that Jesus once said: "I call you not servants, but call you friends," and pointed out what a fine thing it was for any man to be so chosen. He told the boys to decide during their stay at the School to be good friends to each other, and then to broaden out and go all through life, trying to be a friend to all men. The most important thing, said he, is to first let the Master be our friend.

---

## HOME

Although the day is dark and drear,  
 I ever sing a little song;  
 Although the way is harshly rough,  
 I never find the journey long,  
 For, when the dusk comes stealing down  
 To whisper to the lilac tree,  
 I know that I shall find my dreams  
 Where happiness is waiting me.

Although men heap me with their scorn,  
 Because I hearken to the Lord;  
 Although they cause my heart to bleed  
 With words more cruel than a sword,  
 I sing and mock the fears that start,  
 I laugh at grief and black despair,  
 For dusk soon comes to lead me home,  
 And love is ever waiting there.

—Edgar Daniel Kramer.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending July 16, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

James Benton  
Charles Blakemore  
Ralph Cranford  
Chauncey Gore  
Bill Hilliard  
George Hill  
Fred Jones  
Lewis Kerns  
James Perkins  
David Prevatte  
James Stamper  
Harry Wilson

## COTTAGE NO. 1

Johnny Allen  
Walter Byrd  
James Buckaloo  
Rufus Messingill  
Harry McKinney  
Amos Myers  
Carlton Pate  
Tommy Ruff

## COTTAGE NO. 2

Charles Byrd  
Arthur Beal  
Earl Hoyle  
Delmas Jerrel  
J. T. Jacobs  
Chester Lee  
John McLean  
James Norton  
Hayes Powell  
Jack Ray  
Ezzell Stansberry  
Kermit Wright  
Roy Lee Womack  
William Wall

## COTTAGE NO. 3

Billy Brooks  
William Doss  
Charles Earp  
Jack Hensley  
Rudy Hardy  
Cecil Kinion  
Jack Oliver  
Robert Peavy  
Charles Roland  
Luther Shermer  
Richard Tullock

Theodore Young  
Earl Brigman  
Clyde Billings

## COTTAGE NO. 4

Everrett Benfield  
Robert Blackwelder  
Charles Carter  
Jeter Green  
Burley Edmondson  
Robert Hagan  
Bill Hawks  
Paul Matthews  
Roy Miller  
L. B. Sawyer  
Roy Swink  
Clifford Shull  
John Ray Smith  
Edward VanHoy  
Lawrence Walker  
Thomas Barnes  
Robert Wilkins

## COTTAGE NO. 5

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE NO. 6

Tommy Everhart  
Vernon Foster  
Keith Futch  
Ralph Gibson  
Clyde Hoffman  
Billy Hawkins  
George Marr  
Stanford McLean  
J. W. Smith  
James Swinson  
Leroy Wilkins

## COTTAGE NO. 7

Charles Cox  
Horace Collins  
Wallace Foster  
Roy Naylor  
Jack Phillips  
Marshall Prestwood

## COTTAGE NO. 8

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE NO. 9

Leonard Church

R. C. Combs  
Conrad Cox  
Sebarn Garmon  
Edward Guffey  
Thomas Ingram  
John Linnville  
Troy Parris  
Edwin Peterson  
Leo Saxon  
J. B. Wilson  
Ray Edwards  
William Harding  
Harold Cruise  
Curtis Butcher  
Lawrence Hopson

**COTTAGE NO. 10**

Paul Alphin  
Ernest Bullard  
Evan Craig  
Jack Clifton  
Bill Flowe  
Robert Holbert  
John Lee  
W. C. Mills  
Leonard McAdams  
Charles Rhodes  
E. C. Stamey

**COTTAGE NO. 11**

Donald Bowden  
William Guffey  
Alvin Hilton  
Fred Holland  
Raymond Hunsucker  
Bobby Jarvis  
James Phillips  
Arlan McLean  
James Ray  
Clyde Rhodes  
Leon Rose  
Maxie Shelly  
William Walker  
Robert Yow

**COTTAGE NO. 12**  
(Cottage Closed)

**COTTAGE NO. 13**

William Andrews  
Fred Bostian  
Ervin Ewing  
David Eaton  
J. B. Gallion  
Vernon Reinhardt  
Charles Shearin

**COTTAGE NO. 14**

Edward Britt  
Clyde Bussell  
Hugh Cornwell  
Lawrence Littlejohn  
Troy Morris  
Bruce Sawyer  
Grover Shuler  
Jerry Smith  
Lester Williams

**COTTAGE NO. 15**

George Brown  
Edgar Blanchard  
William Bass  
Thomas Bumgarner  
Robert Bluester  
Lee Hollifield  
Harvey Leonard  
Hilton Reed  
Olin Wishon  
Charles Stevenson  
Kenneth Hawkins

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

(No Honor Roll)

**INFIRMARY**

William McNeill  
Raymond Byrd  
Odell Cecil  
Lloyd Sain

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This world is given as a prize for the men in earnest; and that which is true of this world is truer still of the world to come.—F. W. Robertson.



# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., JULY 29, 1944

No. 30

JUL 28 1944  
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## CARRY ON

There is no use in vain regret,  
In hot remorse or bitter tears;  
There is no sense in looking back  
To stir the memory and the fears;  
You cannot make a forward step  
Burdened by fear or chained by doubt.

There is no courage in the weak,  
No strength in that regretting mood;  
Wise ones go forward though they faint  
And only weaklings sit and brood.  
So get up, dust yourself and work;  
Forget it all and carry through.

—Selected.

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## JUST FOR TODAY

Just for today I will try to live through this day only, and not tackle my whole life problems at once. I can do some things for twelve hours that would appall me if I felt I had to keep them up for a lifetime.

Just for today I will be cheerful, though it break my heart. Happiness is from within; it is not a matter of externals.

Just for today I will adjust myself to what is, and not try to adjust everything to my own desires.

Just for today I will take care of my body. I will exercise it, care for it and nourish it, and not abuse it or neglect it.

Just for today I will try to strengthen my mind. I will study. I will learn something useful. I will not be a mental loafer. I will read something that requires effort, thought and concentration.

Just for today I will exercise my soul, in three ways, to wit: (a) I will do somebody a good turn and not get found out. If I get found out, it will not count. (b) I will do at least two things that I don't want to do, just for exercise. (c) I will not show anyone that my feelings are hurt. They may be hurt, but I won't show it.

Just for today I will have a program. I may not be following it precisely, but I will have it. It will save me from two pests, Hurry and Indecision.

Just for today I will be unafraid. Especially, I will not be afraid to be happy, to enjoy what is beautiful, to love and to believe that those I love, love me.

—Dr. Frank Crane.

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## THE SCHOOL DEPARTMENT OF THE TRAINING SCHOOL

Here at the Training School the school department is rapidly being recognized as the most important activity. It is felt that it is fitting to give greatest emphasis to the school department for several reasons. In the first place, a good percentage of the boys here are fairly young boys and many of them eventually return to the class-

rooms of the public schools throughout the state. Since the age range is from ten to seventeen years of age, this means there are a considerable number of our boys who are ten, eleven, and twelve years of age. Frequently it is discovered that a boy comes to the Training School when he is eleven or twelve years old and yet has gone to school almost none. Frequently, when they have gone to school, they have proved to be mifits in the public school and for one reason or another have made poor progress in the public schools. The boys themselves are to blame in part for this, their parents are to blame some, and some of the fault lies at the doors of the public schools themselves. Regardless of whose fault it may be it becomes the responsibility of the Training School, when the boy is here to provide for him the most effective instruction possible. Just so long as the State proposes to provide a Training School for delinquent boys, it has a definite responsibility to provide for these boys the most skillful classroom instruction that it is possible to furnish. Obviously there is no point in assembling boys from over the State and setting them down in classrooms with poorly trained teachers and limited equipment or instructional supplies.

Naturally, one of the primary objectives here at the School is to improve the school situation so that it will meet not only the minimum standards of requirement for standardization as established by the State Department of Education, but even more than this. If one analyzes the situation properly, it is easy to understand that here we need the most highly trained and most skillful teachers that are to be found in the entire State, and it is the purpose of the officials here to work to that end.

It is obvious to those who work here that every boy involves a specific problem in school work. In other words, all the instruction must be so planned that it will provide intelligently and adequately for the individual needs of different boys. It is necessary for a teacher to have a thorough background of academic information, but it is just as important that she understand thoroughly the best methods of teaching, and also the principles of psychology. For instance, we have here fourteen and fifteen year old boys who have never learned even to read or to write their names. Frequently, they have no interest in reading, and hence there is no interest there is no reading readiness. The teacher's first problem becomes one of motivating the work and getting the boy interested in learning to read. In

many instances we have boys who come from homes where the parents are not educated and the children have not had stimulation such as is provided in an educated environment. The teacher must not only overcome the apparent resistance towards learning but must implant the desire and willingness to learn. Frequently, it is found to be a rather tedious and slow process, but with the right sort of instruction every boy can learn, up to a certain level, we find. For many of the boys, when they have reached the third, fourth, or fifth grade level, to them it is the equivalent of high school and college education for members of other families. We think, no matter how much else we can do for the boys in the way of good health, development of trade skills, we fail unless we also teach the boys as much as we can valuable academic facts.

With the manpower situation as it is, and the standard of pay for teachers being as low as it is, it will naturally require some time, even four or five years, to begin to develop the school to the point where it would meet adequate standards. This will involve employment of classroom teachers with the highest certificate, it will involve continued expenditure of funds for books and supplies, and it will involve, most of all, the improvement of the methods of instruction up to the standards used in the most efficient modern schools.

It is believed that excellent progress has been made in the last several months towards the development of a strong school department. The boys now have assembly programs, the school has an excellent library, the classrooms have been vastly improved and beautified, the playground work is now being directed and supervised, and the instructional program in the classrooms has been greatly improved.

Ultimately, it is planned to have the school department here become a part of the State school system in which it would have opportunity for the same supervision and direction that is provided all the public schools of the State.

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE SCHOOL'S BEEF HERD

During the last two years one of the major objectives here at the Training School has been the acquirement of a beef herd. At the outset it was necessary to "start from scratch", which meant, of course,

that it would be necessary to develop the herd gradually over a period of several years. At the present time we are delighted to say that we now have approximately sixty animals in the beef herd, and it is rapidly becoming the pride of the School.

For a number of years the School has had an excellent Holstein dairy herd, and it is anticipated that this herd will continue to be developed and improved. It has always been one of the highlights in the School's assets. The major consideration with reference to the dairy herd is the gradual introduction of registered stock.

For the beef herd we are using the Hereford, or white-faced, cattle. Experience has shown that these animals eat far less hay and other foods than do other types of beef cattle. Not only is this true, but they rapidly grow into individuals large enough to be butchered for table use.

Of the sixty odd animals in the beef herd, approximately one dozen are registered individuals. As time goes on, our purpose is to have more registered animals and expand the herd from this angle. It might be explained also that here at the School we are featuring especially the mooley-headed or polled animals. This will simplify to a large extent the question of carrying the animals through the winter months, and also of caring for the herd with the Training School boys. The Training School beef herd is now estimated to be worth around \$5,000.

The policy of developing the beef herd at the School is a part of the general program of the School to provide for the boys here a balanced diet. It had been regarded as an essential need that the boys have more meat dishes for their meals. In the present stress of the war emergency and even in peace time it is not always possible to purchase suitable beef for table use on the consumer market. Along with this is the additional fact that the Training School possesses a large farm of almost 1,000 acres which provides ample facilities for pasturage and for hay crops, and the development of a beef herd seems to be a wise way to utilize the facilities of the School.

Another factor which must be considered is that while we attempt to do a considerable amount of farm work it is realized at all times that the work which is being done by inexperienced boys can never be done as it would be with experienced adult labor. The major purpose of the farm here is to provide work experiences for the boys, and frequently they are boys who show little aptitude for skilled

trades. In this connection, it should be remembered that it is regarded as a valuable thing for every boy to learn something about farm work, even though he may never be a farmer himself. It tends to give him a broader understanding of rural life, and it affords him an opportunity to associate with animals and learn more and more about plant life. It is our purpose here to specialize more and more on doing the farm work with machinery and producing larger amounts of hay and grain crops, all of which will tie in with the development of the dairy and beef herds. When we have promoted this program we believe this will give us the best method of controlling the Johnson grass which is so prevalent on the the School's farm. Those who have had experience with Johnson grass readily realize it is practically impossible to cultivate row crops where the fields are infested with this grass, but the situation can be controled through continous pasturing.

\* \* \* \* \*

One of our exchanges carries a story of the "soft answer" given by a young man who had been discharged from military service on physical grounds, to a meddlesome inquirer who wanted to know why he was not serving his country. This young man was employed as a window decorator in a large department store, and was accosted by an over-stuffed dowager who demanded to know why he was not in uniform. The discharged soldier made this reply: "Because, madam, my heart is only slightly better than your manners."

\* \* \* \* \*

We all make mistakes. Some are more or less trivial, while others assume alarming proportions. Much of this old world's sorrow has been the result of mistakes made by both leaders and followers. Recently we visited a very successful business man's office, and a neatly-framed quotation, hanging on the wall attracted our attention. It read: "If you must make mistakes, it will be more to your credit if you make a new one each time."

# OUR FOREST RESOURCES

## (N. C. Forest Resources and Industries)

North Carolina is a state of varied resources, which affect the everyday life and well-being of most of the people. No single resource is a separate entity in the economic structure of the state, because the development and use of one inevitably affects the others. This is particularly true of the forest resource, which has a significant influence upon agriculture, industry, employment, finance, transportation, public water supplies, and electric power production.

The forest resource should be recognized as an integral part of the whole social and economic structure of the state. Because it contributes so vitally to the welfare of the people and industry of North Carolina, it is needful that both public officials and private citizens awake to the need for a more conservative and far-reaching plan of forest use. At the present rate of cutting the forest land will on the average be cut over once every 40 years. Young second growth is constantly adding to the supply of merchantable timber, but because of prevailing methods of cutting and inadequate fire control of the forest is being reduced in quantity, quality, and effective usefulness. To remedy this situation, sustained-yield forest management should be practiced on a large proportion of the forest land.

The following summary of factual data emphasizes the importance of the forest resource:

1. Forest occupy over 18 million acres, 59 percent of the total area of the state.

2. One-half of this forest land is

in farms and in 1937 it yielded 20 different forest products with a value of \$24,000,000, accounting for about 7 percent of the value of all farm production and equaling four-fifths of the value of the corn crop.

3. Forests help to protect the watersheds of over 100 hydroelectric developments and many municipal water-supply systems.

4. Nearly 3,000 industrial plants depend directly upon the forest for raw material, and the value of their production in 1938 was about \$55,000,000.

5. The wood-products industries rank next to textiles as a source of employment in manufacturing. In 1938 woods and mill employment in the primary forest-products industries amounted to 59,000 man-years and the strictly commercial forest-industrial work was enough to have kept 33,000 employees occupied full time.

6. About two-thirds of the timber areas is in pine types and one-third in hardwood types. The loblolly pine type occupies 26 percent of the forest area and nearly 60 percent of it is satisfactorily stocked.

7. Saw-timber stands occupy 53 percent of the forest land, under-sawlog-size second growth occupies 45 percents, and less than 2 per cent is clear-cut and not being restocked. About one-half of the forest land is stocked with timber less than 40 years old.

8. In 1938 the saw-timber volume was nearly 44 billion board feet, equal to about 11 per cent of the timber in the South and 3 per cent of that in the Nation. Two-thirds of it is softwood

and one-third hardwood. Sixteen billion feet, 37 percent of the total, is loblolly pine.

9. The average volume per acre of all sawlog-size stands is 4,280 board feet.

10. The total volume of all sound material in trees 5 inches d.b.h. (diameter breast high) and larger is 264 million cords, 45 per cent pine and 55 percent hardwood. Loblolly pine, shortleaf pine, and black turpelo are the most abundant species.

11. In 1938 the lumber cut was 1.4 billion board feet, placing North Carolina fourth among the states in lumber production. Average annual production for the past 35 years has been 1.2 billion feet.

12. Seven-tenths of the lumber was cut by portable mills with a rated capacity of less than 10 M board feet per day and only 6 per cent was cut by large mills, having a capacity of 40 M feet of more per day.

13. The consumption of wood for veneer has increased from 8 million board feet in 1905 to 110 million feet in 1938. North Carolina ranks after Washington and Florida in the manufacture of veneer.

14. Four pulp and paper companies operate in North Carolina. In 1938, 406,000 cords of pulpwood were used. Total plant capacity in 1941 was 1,055 tons of pulp in 24 hours.

15. Ten plants made tanning extract in 1938, using 168,000 cords of chestnut wood and 17,500 cords of hemlock and chestnut oak bark.

16. About  $5\frac{3}{4}$  million cords of fuel wood was used in 1938.

17. Three-fourth of the annual saw-timber net increment is yielded by second-growth timber and under-sawlog-size trees reaching merchant-

able dimensions. There is a dearth of large maturing trees and a disproportionate volume of young timber resulting from excessive cutting of small immature trees. Mortality from all causes was equal to 11 per cent of gross growth.

For softwoods, total net saw-timber increment for the state in 1938 was 1.66 billion board feet and commodity drain 1.69 billion. For hardwoods net increment was 637 million and commodity drain 530 million. These figures can be misleading because for smaller areas such as the Piedmont region softwood growth was 157 million board feet less than drain, while in hardwoods, growth—mostly in small sizes—exceeded drain only 49 million feet. The growing-stock situation in the piedmont unit is therefore much more unsatisfactory than for the entire state which points to the need for studying growth-drain relationships by as small areas as practicable. It must be kept in mind also that not all the growth is available for utilization because part of it occurs on scattered trees or is out of reach for other reasons.

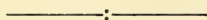
18. Further evidence of the depletion of the small soft-wood timber is the commodity drain in terms of cubic feet on all sound trees 5 inches d.b.h. and larger. This drain was 7 million cubic feet in excess of growth annually. For hardwoods the growth exceeded drain by 82 million cubic feet. But this gain is only 1 per cent of the total stand and a high proportion of the growth was on trees of small size, poor form, or low-quality species.

19. Forest stands generally are less than 50 per cent stocked. Special study of the loblolly pine type—one of the

best—shows only 30 per cent of the saw-timber area and 15 percent of the under-sawlog-size area satisfactorily stocked. Stands of the remainder are progressively poorer down to treeless areas. Since quality is definitely tied with tree size and thrift, the kind of trees making up the growing stock is pertinent. In North Carolina it is common practice to cut the larger and better trees and where trees are left they are usually small, and often of poor form or inferior species. Under present rate of drain and cutting practices it is impossible to build up growing stock of the desired quality and quantity. Even though growth exceeds drain in certain areas of the state, stand quality deterioration may be occurring with a decided loss in timber values.

The situation calls for increasing the utility of the forest resource by improving the quantity and quality of the growing stock through better forest practice; intensifying protection against fire, insects, and disease; expansion of public ownership; and increased forest research in timber land management, forest-products utilization, and marketing.

20. A program to develop these opportunities requires definite action by private landowners, forest industries, county, state, and Federal Governments. It should include public control of cutting practices on private forest land, more financial and technical assistance of private owners and operators by the public, and wider adoption of timber management practices by forest-land owners.



### GOOD LIFE, LONG LIFE

He liveth long who liveth well.  
 All else is but life flung away!  
 He liveth longest who can tell  
 Of true things truly done each day.

Then fill each hour with what will last;  
 But up the moments as they go.  
 The life above, when this is past,  
 Is the ripe fruit of the life below.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure!  
 Sow peace, and reap its harvest!  
 Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor  
 And find a harvest home of light!

—Horatius Bonar.



# THE STRENGTH OF AMERICA

(Religious Telescope)

It was more than three centuries ago that the first English settlement was made in America. We stood at the site some time ago and tried to visualize the British boats as they floated with the tide "up" the James river, some fifty miles from Chesapeake Bay, and anchored to the overhanging branches of trees that stood along the river bank. The Jamestown settlement has long ago disappeared. Only two marks are left of it, that is of the original village that once was known as Jamestown.

One of those marks is—well, you've guessed it—the cemetery. Wherever the human foot has been planted, the cemetery is there. It reminds us in silent but eloquent terms that man is mortal that he can do little more than leave his footprints here. But in a larger, spiritual sense, these footprints enter into the life of the commonwealth, and determine its character. If we have a nation to be proud of today it is because of what has been wrought into it by those who lived before us. We who are here now are helping to determine what kind of a nation those who come after us will have to enjoy or to endure.

The other mark at the Jamestown site is the little brick church the old bell tower being all that remains of the original structure. It reminds as an impressive symbol. Among the first building erected there in the American wilderness was the church, and it, to, has accompanied the makers of America in all their meanderings, supporting them in their aspirations and building itself into the great

commonwealth they established in the new world. The church is an integral part of the country. It is among the biggest things in our national life. Its influence, like a holy benediction, hangs over the land, glorifying our hills and valleys, our homes and all other institutions that have made America what it is.

All the early settlements on the Atlantic seaboard, along with the Jamestown colony, had one thing in common. In one particular the stories with but an occasional exception, are all alike. Religion was a motivating force behind them, and a dominant feature in them. The brave settlers wanted to practice their religion unhampered by adverse laws or edicts of kings. In their struggles to achieve and maintain that right they were not always as wise as they might have been, but the fact that they had conviction, that they believed that religion was the one thing that mattered most, was of utmost importance. The very foundation of our republic was laid in the Christian faith. Had there been no such faith, where or what would America be today?

When the time came in the providence of God for us to declare our independence from the mother country the motive that impelled us to that course was grounded deep in religion. Thomas Jefferson may not have been so deeply pious when he formulated the Declaration of Independence, but he embodied in that immortal document some fine orthodox sentiment which gave the Revolutionary leaders a profound respect for it. He believ-

ed that they were seeking only such ends as they were entitled to by the "laws of nature and of Nature's God," and in conclusion appealed to "Divine Providence" for protection and guidance.

In that faith the Revolution was consummated. Washington, the great leader in that movement, was a man of faith and mingled his prayers with the hardships and dangers of the great struggle. To him it was a religious war and he had full faith in the outcome, not because of the strength of his army or because of any material advantages of his country possessed, but because he believed it was in keeping with the divine purpose. Upon that basis the war for independence was fought, and again it was demonstrated that our nation was grounded in religion.

The values that have entered into our national life are predominantly spiritual values. In proportion as these values were recognized has the nation advanced in strength and prestige. Any departure from them is a mark of degeneracy and spells weakness and disintegration. Here we tolerate no titled class, no distinctions based on blood or royal favor. We hold as a "self-evident" truth that all men are created equal—equal before the law of the land and equal in the sight of God. Whatever inequalities prevail among those which grow of character and individual initiative.

All have the same incentive to seek after the highest attainments and particularly the favor of heaven.

In the early struggles of the English colonies with the mother country, one great principle was settled in advance of the Revolution. That was that government must represent the will of the people and not the mere pleasure of kings and princes and charlatans of the upper crust who sought to use the people as mere instruments to gain wealth and power.

For that principle and others of a kindred nature the common people struggled from the very beginning and have continued the struggle down to the present time. Mighty forces have always opposed those principle and political life remains largely a conflict on the battlefield of those principles and their antagonists.

That conflict continues. The spirit of the original settlers and of the Revolutionary heroes is still our main bulwark. The danger is in the indifference of the many that strengthens the self-seeking of the more favored few; the repudiation of responsibility that permits giant evils to flourish in public life; being satisfied with a mere sop by which selfish ambition purchases favor for itself. To lose sight of moral values means disaster. That is the imminent danger of America just now—a danger which we are called to combat.

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Co-operation will be the big word in Christianity from now on. "Forward together" is the idea. And if people are not together their course is backward.

# DANIEL WEBSTER

By Mrs. Charles P. Wiles

The small boy looked wistfully at the handkerchief in the village store. How he longed to possess it! But could it ever be his? Twenty-five cents was a lot of money in a household where there were twelve mouths to be fed.

But the day came when, with head held high and eyes shining, he hastened down the village street and became the proud owner of the cotton handkerchief on which was printed the new Constitution of the United States.

This was in the year 1790, and eight-year-old Daniel learned the Constitution from end to end. Little did the lad think that the day would come when he would be called the "Defender" of this same Constitution.

Born in Salisbury, New Hampshire, about fifty miles northwest of Portsmouth, January 18, 1782, Daniel Webster was the grandson of Thomas Webster who had come, a Scotch settler, to New Hampshire in 1639. Daniel was the ninth in a family of ten children.

Because he was a frail child the neighbors predicted for him a short life.

Ebenezer Webster, the boy's father had fought in the French and Indian and the Revolutionary Wars, and Daniel loved to hear him relate his adventures. He was particularly fond of hearing his father tell of being on guard in front of Washington's tent just after Arnold's treason and how the great general himself had come to Ebenezer and said, "Captain Webster, I believe I can trust you." Such stories developed in Daniel a love for his

country.

Whenever he could, Daniel went to school. He had a quick mind and a retentive memory. One day his teacher offered a jackknife to the pupil who would recite the greatest number of Bible verses. When Daniel's turn came there was no question as to the winner, for he recited so many verses the teacher had to stop him.

His bright mind was a delight to his father who had had small chance for an education. He decided that Daniel should, if it were possible, be sent to college. This would mean mortgaging the farm and, indeed, much sacrifice on the part of the whole family.

After nine months in Exeter Academy his father took him to a Doctor Wood to be tutored. Under this tutorship he was ready to enter Dartmouth College before he was sixteen.

At Dartmouth he had the reputation of being a scholar, an undeserved honor. Webster thought. He, himself said it was because he had read so much and remembered what he had read that he could talk with ease; and that, when he came to the end of what he knew he was careful to stop and let others do the talking.

But that he was eloquent none could deny. As a bashful farm boy life among the rich men's sons at Exeter was a nightmare. But he had now reached the place where he could hold his own delighted in nothing so much as holding an audience spellbound with the music of his marvelous voice.

After graduating from Dartmouth in 1801, Daniel taught school in order

to assist his brother Ezekiel to go to college.

Both young men took up the study of law. Daniel was admitted to the bar in 1805. He practiced law in Portsmouth, where he took an active part in politics. Soon he was elected to Congress and took his seat there in May, 1813.

There were a number of noted men in the House at this time, among them Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun. These men were debaters and orators and leaders of the southern states. Webster became a leader of the north.

The idea, that if the government passed any law not agreeable to a state, that state might refuse to obey or might even secede from the Union was growing in the South. This refusal was known as nullification.

It was in January of 1830 that Senator Hayne of South Carolina made his bitter attack on New England, particularly Massachusetts, and upheld the right of nullification.

Webster, now a Massachusetts senator, agreed to reply to Hayne on the next day. This gave him only one night in which to prepare what he wanted to say, but none knew the Constitution better than he, for he had been a student of it since his childhood days.

By the opening hour on the follow-

ing day the Senate Chamber was filled.

"It is a critical moment," said a friend, "and it is high time the people of this country should know what this Constitution is."

"Then," answered Webster, "by the blessing of heaven, they shall learn this day before the sun goes down what I understand it to be."

His theme was "Nationality," and his sole purpose was to strengthen the claims of the Union, to put the Union first and the state second. For four hours he held the vast throng spell-bound while he set forth the meaning of the Constitution.

Historians claim he was unquestionably the greatest orator this country has produced, and as a statesman he stood second to none. His defense of the Union in his reply to Senator Hayne has been pronounced the "most remarkable speech ever made in the American Congress." His whole life had been a preparation for it. His closing words, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable, inspired loyal Americans with a deeper devotion to the Union.

These words were put in textbooks; schoolboys used them in declarations, feeling their pride in the Union increase as they made these words of Webster their own. We, of today, owe a greater debt to Daniel Webster than we can estimate.

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Never yet did any man repent of having spoken too little,  
whereas many have been sorry that they have spoken too much.  
—Arabian Proverb.

# TWO WOMEN RUN HUGE FARM ALL BY THEMSELVES

(Beasley's Weekly)

Two lone women without a man on the place, on a 1,200-acre farm about 33 miles from Savannah, Ga., are producing this season more of what it takes to win the war than 35 men formerly did. Catherine and Rachel Meldrim, daughters of the late Lucius K. Meldrim, Sheriff of Chatham county, are cultivating 265 acres of land in Bullock county, and raising 125 top-hogs and 50 head of beef cattle for market, with literally no help at all.

The story is told in the Atlanta Journal by Wylly Folk St. John. This achievement, he says, is more astonishing when you realize, according to their own confession, that a few years ago these two girls weren't even putting on their own shoes and stockings. Their greatest exertion was going to a bridge game. Now they can drive tractors, midwife cows, and do all kinds of heavy farm work, even to cutting their own stovewood. They haven't even seen a bridge game for the last five years, and they don't care if they never see one again. They're still a little bit amazed at themselves, at what a woman can do if she puts her mind—and her back—to it, but their extreme enthusiasm for their project shines out all over them.

They don't even mind plowing nearly all night, in "breaking season," with a lantern hitched to the tractor. Indeed, Catherine who does most of the cultivating, says she likes plowing at night better than in daytime, on her "midnight express," as she calls the tractor. Its other pet name is

Johnny. Normally farmers break ground in February, but this year it was so rainy that all couldn't be done until the last of April. Catherine worked many days from 7 in the morning until around midnight. Even in less critical times she often stays out in the fields until 9:30 at night, with only about 15 minutes for lunch. It takes long hours, if one woman is to work 265 acres.

Her sister's part of the job is taking care of the livestock, and keeping house, and nursing their invalid aunt. The cows and hogs and chickens are a full-time job in themselves, and are one of the "money crops" of the farm. Corn and peanuts are the other money crops. They also have plenty of lespedeza, to help feed the livestock along with the corn and peanuts; and they have a home garden and a fine orchard, from which they canned 700 quarts of fruits and vegetables last year, as well as 200 jars of marmalade and jelly. They even canned seed peanuts that were left over, and and their surplus pecans, to keep them from getting rancid, so they would be good all summer. "The people over at the canning plant said we'd be bringing chinaberries next," Rachel said cheerfully.

This year marks Catherine's third crop, but it is the first year the two have done all the work themselves, there are seven tenant houses on the place, standing empty. When they worked a full force, 35 men were required to work the farm. Now the shipyards in Savannah send busses

around to pick up the workers, and pay them far more than farm wages. Last year right in the heart of planting season, their final tenant, a man with 13-hoeing-size children, moved away in the middle of the night, leaving everything standing in the field. Catherine was up at daybreak the next morning doing his unfinished job.

The main aim of the Meldrim sisters in all their agricultural activity is to help win the war. "This is probably the most patriotic farm in the country," they say proudly. "The chickens buy bonds, the cows buy bonds, the pigs buy bonds—everything on the place buys bonds." Ev-

ery cent of the profit—and the place does make a good profit every year—is put into bonds. The girls don't have to make their living on the farm. They do the work because they want to. They grew up in Savannah, where they took their higher education in music. Catherine plays the piano and organ, Rachel the violin. But when their parents died a few years ago, and their great aunt, Mrs. Morgan Brown, broke her hip, they decided to make the old Brown plantation their home, since the three of them were the last of their family left in this country. They have many relatives in England; and that fact adds impetus to their war efforts.

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### THE SPEED OF ANIMALS

The antelope can travel at the rate of sixty miles an hour, a record that has held good for a four-mile run. Then his pace slackens down to a mere forty-eight mile gait, with a preference for a normal speed of thirty-one miles an hour.

The greyhound holds second place with a speed of forty-nine miles an hour. The elk surpasses the greyhound for speed, but he can not hold out for any length of time. He can make fifty-two miles an hour for three miles, then his gait slows down, while the greyhound can continue his pace for a long, hard race.

The mule deer can make a record of forty-seven miles an hour for the first mile and a quarter, but then he drops to twenty-nine.

It is interesting to note that a wolf can do a little better than thirty-eight miles an hour when he pushes, but his regular speed runs around thirty-three miles an hour.

The coyote has to his record a pace of forty-five miles an hour for two and a half miles then his pace slackens to thirty. At that rate it seems he can travel all day—and when you think about it, one can cover considerable territory at thirty miles an hour in a day's time. The coyotes have the advantage of the autoist—they travel in high over any sort of road, drawing on the "gas" no heavier for a hill than for smooth trails.

—Selected.

# IN SIXTY TONGUES

(Selected)

In the tragic summer days of 1940 when France collapsed in the short span of a few weeks, a French colonial soldier fell into the hands of the enemy. When he first was questioned by his captors he gave his name as; Ammar ben Mohamed Ammar. This name was duly entered in the files with date of birth, residence and military grade. Then he was given a serial number.

The list with many thousands of names of prisoners of war was sent to Geneva, Switzerland, to be transmitted to the French government by the International Red Cross Committee Ammar ben Mohamed Ammar, together with numerous fellow prisoners, was transported to Germany. At his destination he was interrogated once more. Together with his number careful note was made of his native land, his address, his birthday and military rank. This time he gave his name as Boussetta amar Mahomed.

A few days later, in the Palais du Conseil General at Geneva, where the lists are kept of prisoners and of the French Colonial soldiers who died for their country, a riddle presented itself for solving, Is Boussett identical with Ammar? Experience has taught the workers in the Central Information Bureau for prisoners of war that many a man, unable to write, is not accurate with his personal name.

Thus the common name of Amar may appear as Amara, Amir, Homari, or it may be given as Lamour, Amora Lamouri, or even Amor. In sixty different ways has this name been written on International Red Cross

papers

There is a Babylonian confusion of languages. Persons involved in the war and seeking the aid of the International Red Cross speak about sixty different tongues. It is sometimes difficult to find Swiss citizens who can take care of certain letters and who can spare the time to do translations from families of missing French Colonial soldiers in Malagassi have been received in Arabic and three different Indo-Chinese languages which can perplex even the cleverest of translators.

The Mayor of a French village reported to Geneva that a soldier had been buried on a near-by battlefield, his name being "Hier ruhet." In this instance the Mayor did not know that these words in German meant "Here rests." He had neglected to copy the actual name from the cross marking the grave.

Occasionally Latin, as in olden times, serves well as an International medium for understanding. A German woman had not for a long time heard from her husband who was in the East. Could Turkey find out whether he was a prisoner in Russia? But how can the Turks understand her? She went to her pastor and asked him to write a letter in Latin. She copied the same and sent it to Ankara, whence it was forward to Geneva. A pastor in Czecho-Slovakia sought information about a member of his congregation who last lived in a French village. He, too, wrote his inquiry in Latin to the parish priest of that French community.

The International Red Cross does

not shirk any trouble to find translators. Inquiries reaching the Central Information Bureau for Prisoners of War at Geneva may be in Polish, Norwegian, Japanese, Arabic, Spanish, or in one of the many dialects one finds in Africa and Asia; but invariably someone is found who can translate it. The International Red Cross makes it a rule to use Swiss help and Swiss volunteers only, except in the comparatively rare cases where the services of a foreign translator have to be secured. However, at Geneva, seat of the League of Nations, expert translators are not difficult to find. Thus, a one-time employee of the International Labor Office, who today has placed his services at the disposal

of the Red Cross, is master of twenty-four different languages!

However, it happens occasionally that even the finest linguistic accomplishments do not suffice. One day a poor peasant woman of Savoy came to Geneva, to get news of her husband whose Christian name she gave as Jean. She returned five times to the Bureau with the same inquiry, only to have to go home disappointed. Finally she admitted that she had been ashamed to mention her husband's real name which happened to be Onesime. It took only two minutes to find Onesime's card and the beaming woman now could go home with her husband's address.

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“I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above,  
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love;  
That love that asks no questions, the love that stands the test,  
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;  
That love that never falters, the love that pays the price,  
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.  
“And there's another country I've heard of long ago,  
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know;  
We may not count her armies, we may not see her King;  
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering.  
And soul by soul and silently, her shining bounds increase,  
And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are peace.”

Sir Cecil Spring-Rice



# THE OLDEST METAL

By Lawrence F. Tuleen

**Metals are used in so many ways that it would be hard to imagine what we would do without them. Some are very common, while others are practically unknown outside of chemical laboratories.**

Copper, being soft and easy to shape, was perhaps the first metal ever used. In Genesis we read of Tubal-cain, who was an instructor and worker in brass, a product of copper.

But the Bible does not tell us exactly where Tubal-cain mined the copper that he used. The earliest copper mines we know of were found on the island of Cyprus. The half-savage tribes that lived on that island hammered out crude copper utensils which they used as trade goods. Long before the birth of Christ this island furnished copper for the mediterranean countries. It even gave the metal its name, cyprum, which time and spelling have changed to copper.

During Roman times copper became a metal of war. Spears and arrows were tipped with the metal, and it was also used to coat the shields and armor worn by the warriors. Cyprus could no longer supply all of the metal that was needed, so explorations had to be carried out in other places to find more copper.

New deposits were discovered in Spain. At first only the ore that lay

on the earth's surface was used. But the Roman engineers began to sink shafts into solid rock. It is hard to imagine how the Romans were able to dig down as deep as they did. Today, when a mining engineer runs into solid rock he uses dynamite and blasting powder to move it, but the Romans had neither. They had to build a fire on the rock, get it red hot, and then throw cold water on the hot rock to splinter it.

This was a very slow process and required a great deal of labor. It was therefore up to the Roman army to capture prisoners of war, make slaves of them, and send them to work in the Spanish copper mines. When Rome fell, the copper mines of Spain were practically abandoned. They remained so for nearly a thousand years.

When the Reformation under Martin Luther rekindled a desire for learning and advancement throughout Europe, copper mining and the use of copper again became important. An advancing civilization is expected to make use of all of God's gifts to man.

Today the greatest use of copper is found in conducting electric currents. What other uses are still in store for it, only the future can tell. But we do know that in each forward step civilization has made, copper has played a part.

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Many of the homes nowadays seem to be on three shifts: Father is on the night shift, mother is on the day shift, and the children shift for themselves.—Religious Telescope.

# MILK WEED GOES TO WAR

By Gladys Luller Rasmussen

"In dusty pods the milkweed  
Its hidden silk is spun."

Its hidden silk! its beautiful, soft, silky floss that fills dozens of war-time needs. From serving as kopak to filling in the rubber deficiency, milkweed is a tremendous aid to war effort.

Long considered a worthless weed, this plant has at last come into its own. Almost every one is familiar with the common milkweed. It is seen in fields and beside roadsides practically everywhere. In Northern Michigan alone, there are millions of acres of cutover land upon which grow a prolific variety of milkweed. Schools close that the pupils may pick the pods of the plants.

Milkweed is a stiff, stout perennial which sometimes grows as high as six feet, but more often three or four feet. It has large, coarse, oblong leaves from six to nine inches long. Its flowers are greenish-white or greenish-purple and are carried in a round cluster at the end of a stout stalk. They are followed by the large, often prickly seed pods. These pods are the thing! From them come the seeds—which used to scatter with the wind—and the floss, the "hidden silk."

These pods are now gathered, baled or placed in bags to be taken to a processing plant. Two hundred thousand bags of the pods were ordered by the government in 1942 from Dr. Boris Berkman, who has developed a processing plant in the environs of Chicago, and who is the discoverer of most of the possibilities of milkweed.

Each sack of milkweed pods, from

two to three bushels, will produce about one pound of floss. This one pound, if sewed into an aviation suit, will keep the wearer warmer than if it were lined with pure wool, or if it is summer, cooler than cotton. It will also sustain him on the surface of the sea for one hundred hours if he should require that of it. Warm and safe—for it floats and is a nonconductor of heat!

The seeds have a higher oil content than soy beans. Oil cakes made of the pressed milkweed seeds are being used for poultry since they have a 47 per cent protein content.

Dozens of plastics have been made from milkweed. It is a source for synthetic rubber—latex made from milkweed is very similar to latex from South American rubber trees.

According to Dr. Berkman, every part of this remarkable plant, so long condemned as a pest, can be used to make useable materials. It can be made into sleeping bags, life buoys, life belts, waistcoats, and seat covers for life boats. Perhaps the lives of many of our men in the armed forces will be saved by the common milkweed. By the addition of a little cotton, felt can be produced from this floss. And as replacer of kapok, once brought from Japan and Java (the best grade came from Java) it is perfect.

Some commercial milkweed is being grown, but according to the vast amounts of wild plant now available, it is unlikely to become a paying crop for farmers. At least, it will not be that in the near future.

So the "dustypods" of the milkweed

are no longer merely something for poets to write about, or farmers to bemoan. They are willing workers toward a quicker peace and a brighter, better world. Milkweed has indeed gone to war!

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IS IT YOU?

Someone's selfish, someone's lazy;  
Is it you?

Someone's sense of right is hazy;  
Is it you?

Some folks live a life of ease  
Doing largely what they please,  
Drifting idly with the breeze;  
Is it you?

Some one hopes success will find him;  
Is it you?

Someone looks with pride behind him;  
Is it you?

Someone's full good advice,  
Seems to think it rather nice,  
In a has-been's paradise;  
Is it you?

Someone trusts to luck for winning;  
Is it you?

Someone craves a new beginning;  
Is it you?

Someone says; "I never had  
Such a chance as Jones' lad"  
Someone else is quite a cad;  
Is it you?

Someone yet may make a killing;  
And it's you.

Someone need but to be willing,  
And it's you.

Someone'd better set his jaw,  
Cease to be a man of straw,  
Get some sand into his craw;  
And it's you.

# WINDOW WASHER EXTRAORDINARY

By Ethel M. Eaton in Christian Science Monitor

In these strange days, we never know what manner of people they are who come and go through our back doors. The recent experience of a friend is relevant.

"I could hardly believe my ears," said she. "A strange voice was asking politely over the telephone, 'Do you want someone to wash your windows, ma'am?'"

"Did I want someone to wash my windows. For weeks I had all but been on my knees to the cleaning firm and had been assured repeatedly that service was forthcoming directly. But assurances were all that came. Casually, in the course of conversation, I had mentioned my plight to a neighbor. Now, out of the blue, here was a man asking to wash my windows! On one condition only—that I would give him lunch.

"The next morning bright and early, this man appeared at the back door, equipped with all the accoutrements of his trade. He worked very steadily and expertly; and the windows sparkled once more in the sunshine. Since it was Josie's day off I, myself, prepared lunch for this gift of the gods serving it in the breakfast nook. When he had finished, he came to the living room, where I sat with my knitting. While we were talking, I noticed his gaze kept wandering to the piano.

"Do you play?" he asked politely. I admitted that I did—a little 'Is the piano in tune?' he then wanted to know. Secretly a bit amused, I replied that I believed it was. Whereupon, he wandered casually over to

the instrument and ran a practiced hand over the keyboard. Yes, it was in excellent tune. Without further words, he seated himself on the bench, and the strains of Chopin's exquisite Etude in E Major floated into the room. This was followed by the Waltz in C Sharp Minor. Surely, it was no amateur who sat at my piano! As he played, I sat completely entranced—recalling, with shame, meanwhile that I had served his luncheon on a cracked plate!

"When he had finished and I could find my voice, I asked him if he played much—I could think of nothing else to say at the moment. 'Oh, yes,' he replied easily, 'I spend an hour or two at the piano every day, to keep my fingers flexible.' And off he went to his window washing, humming an aria from 'Traviata'—apparently not wishing to be questioned any further.

"As soon as he had finished his work and left the house, I rushed to the telephone to learn from my neighbor, if possible, who this amazing person might be. To my disappointment, she did not know him at all and shared my surprise when I told her what had happened. When she had called her own window cleaner, she explained, to ask if he could come to my rescue, he had replied that he couldn't possibly take any more work, but that he knew a certain 'feller' who might do it. 'He helps me out sometimes, and I'll see if I can get him.' Get him, he did! With the consequence that my windows have never had more expert cleaning, nor have they ever been washed before—so far as I know—by such talent-

ed hands. "After all, clothes do not or threadbare coat may hide the soul make the man, and ragged overalls of a painter, a poet, a musician."

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## HASTE

By Henry Van Dyke

To be in haste is to be in anxiety and distress of mind; it is to mistrust Providence, and to doubt that the issue of all events is in wiser hands than ours; it is to disturb the course of nature, and put over much confidence in the importance of our own endeavors. For how much of the evil that is in the world comes from the plaguey habit of being in haste.

I will give you four choice rules, for the attainment of that unhastened quietude of mind whereof we did lately discourse.

First: You shall learn to desire nothing in the world so much but that you can be happy without it.

Second: You shall seek that which you desire only by such means as are fair and lawful and this will leave you with out bitterness towards men or shame before God.

Third: You shall take pleasure in the time while you are seeking even though you obtain not immediately that which you seek; for the purpose of a journey is not only to arrive at

the goal; but also to have enjoyment by the way

Fourth: When you attain that which you have desired, you shall think more of the kindness of your fortune than of the greatness of your skill. This will make you grateful and ready to share with others that which Providence hath bestowed upon you; and truly this is both reasonable and profitable, for it is but little that any of us would catch in this world were not our luck better than our deserts.

Fifth: When you smoke your pipe with a good conscience, trouble not yourself because there are men in the world who will find fault with you for at which no sour complexioned soul hath ever girded, you will wait long and go through life with a sad and anxious mind. But I think God is best pleased with us when we give little heed to scoffers, and enjoy His gifts with thankfulness and an easy heart.

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## PICNIC

Did you ever eat with you plate in your lap, and nice soft rocks for seats, while ants and bugs of species unknown dance fox-trots over the eats?

The water is mixed with leaves and twigs, pine needles are in the food; but, somehow or other, there's never a time when everything tastes so good!

## INSTITUTION NOTES

One of our outdoors forces recently unloaded a car-load of coal at the railroad siding on the School grounds.

—:—

Mr. Samuel E. Leonard, of Raleigh, State Commissioner of Correction, spent several days at the School last week.

—:—

At this writing there are six patients in our infirmary. We are glad to report that these cases are of minor nature and the boys are getting along well.

—:—

Our vineyards are now producing a considerable quantity of grapes. As they ripen, the grapes are gathered and issued to the various cottages and served to the boys. The surplus grapes are being made into grape juice, which will be stored for winter use.

—:—

A recent newspaper item tells us that Miss May D. Holmes, a native of Clinton, who has been doing social work in New Jersey for the past few years, has been appointed superintendent of the New State School for Negro Girls, located at Rocky Mount, and has assumed her duties there.

Samuel E. Leonard, State Commissioner of Correction, said Miss Holmes had been in Rocky Mount several

days, and that the school, to house about one hundred delinquent Negro girls, would be opened as soon as government inventory of the old National Youth Administration property could be completed.

—:—

Work on the new building being erected in the rear of the Swink-Benson Trades Building is progressing nicely. Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys are doing this work. The brick foundation and framework are completed, and they are now putting on the weatherboards. This building will be used as a storage place for tools and lumber.

—:—

On July 21st, the members of the State Advisory Budget Commission visited the Training School. The purpose of this visit was to make a brief inspection of the School's facilities and to discuss the proposed budget for the biennium beginning July 1, 1945. The budget of this institution had previously been presented to the executive committee of the North Carolina Board of Training and Correction and had been approved by that body.

Those visiting the School were: James H. Clark, former Senator from Bladen County, special appointee; A. S. Brower, of Duke University, special appointee; H. P. Taylor, of Anson County, Chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee, 1943; T. C. Stone, of Rockingham County, chair-

man of House Appropriations Committee, 1943; Thomas O'Berry, of Wayne County of the Senate Finance Committee, 1943; F. E. Wallace, of Lenoir County, Chairman of the Finance Committee of the House, 1943.

—:—

The Charlotte Observer, issue of July 10, 1944, carried an item stating that Private Ernest L. Beach, of Morganton, would soon return to the United States, after having been "lost" for almost ten months. This young man was captured in North Africa in February, 1943, and last September wrote to his mother from an Italian prison camp. Since then she had heard nothing from her son and the War Department seemed unable to learn of his whereabouts, until a few days ago, when the department telegraphed Mrs. Beach that Ernest had returned to active duty on June 25th. The following day she had a letter from the young man, stating that he was in Africa but would be home within a few weeks.

We carried in these columns in March, 1943, and account of Ernest's capture by the Italians. He was taken prisoner, February 14, 1943, apparently when the American boys suffered a setback in their first encounter with the Germans and Italians, at which time the enemy air power was responsible for a number of heavy losses by the invading Americans.

Ernest entered the School, March 15, 1935, and remained here until July 10, 1938, at which time he was discharged. Soon thereafter he became an enrollee in a CCC camp, where he spent quite some time. A progress report received concerning his activities since leaving us, was received June 11,

1940. It simply stated that Ernest had enlisted in the United States Army but gave no date of enlistment. He is now twenty-three years old.

During his stay with us, this lad was a member of the Cottage No. 5 group. He worked on the farm for a while and was later transferred to the carpenter shop. He was a likable youngster and made friends here, and we are delighted to learn that he has been located and will soon return to his home. We hope he may find it convenient to visit us when he gets back to North Carolina.

—:—

In a recent issue of The Newton Observer we read an account of the wedding of James L. Brewer, a former member of our printing class, who has been working on the staff of that newspaper as shop foreman for quite some time. The article reads as follows:

"Miss Beulah Mae Wagner, of Conover, became the bride of James Leonard Brewer, of High Point and Newton, in an impressive ceremony solemnized at high noon, Sunday, July 9th, in Mt. Olive Lutheran Church, Irmo, S. C.

"The bride's brother, Rev. G. A. Wagner, pastor of the church, officiated, using the double ring ceremony of the Lutheran church.

"A program of wedding music was played by Miss Olene Youngener. Mrs. G. A. Wagner sang 'The Sweetest Story Ever Told'. During the ceremony Miss Youngener played 'O perfect Love'.

"The bride wore a white wedding dress with fingertip veil held to her

hair by white gardenias and carried a white prayer book.

"Attending the ceremony from Conover were the bride's mother, and brother, Norman, of Asheboro.

"Mrs. Brewer is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Wagner, of Conover. She was educated in the Conover public school and Newton-Conover High School. Recently she has been employed at the Warlong Glove Company, of Conover.

"Mr. Brewer is shop foreman with The Newton Observer. He is a native of High Point, but has resided in Conover and Newton for several years since being employed here. The couple will make their home in Newton for the present."

It will be recalled by many of the members of the School's staff of workers that James was at the institution much longer than the average boy because of a very long period of illness. He suffered from a severe case of blood poisoning, and was the point of death several times. About the time he began to recover from the poisoning, he contracted a serious case of osteomyelitis, in which the hip bone was badly infected. He again lay at death's door several times. The lad underwent a number of operations at the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, and at the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia. In the course of the treatment at these two medical institutions, it was necessary for him to have thirty-one blood transfusions. After being confined to his bed for two and one-half years, it was almost necessary for the lad to learn to walk all over again.

During his period of convalescence, James would come over to the printing department, it being located near the

infirmary, and after a while he decided that he would like to learn to operate a linotype. He was given the opportunity, and soon developed into a good linotype operator.

James entered the School, February 1, 1938 and was conditionally released, July 14, 1942, at which time he went to live with his grandmother in High Point. He obtained a position with the Thomasville Tribune, and commuted each day between that city and High Point. Several months later his grandmother died, and the lad went to Hickory to live with some relatives, and while there worked in a job printing plant. He has been employed by the Newton Observer more than a year, and judging from reports we have received from time to time, has been getting along very nicely at that location.

James frequently sends us copies of the Observer, and several times during the past year, representatives of various printing equipment companies who have met him in Newton, have stopped to deliver messages to his friends in this department.

This young man has many friends at this institution who are glad to learn that he has been doing so well since leaving us, and we all tender he and his bride our very best wishes for many years of happy married life.

—:—

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, visited the School last Sunday afternoon, bringing with him, Rev. David B. Woodward, who for some time had been serving as supply pastor of the Tenth Avenue Presbyterian Church in that city. For the Scripture Les-



son he read part of the fourth chapter of Philippians.

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Woodward told the boys that he was born in the Philippine Islands, his parents having gone there as missionaries many years ago. He stayed in that country until he finished his second year in high school. Coming to the United States, he attended Davidson College, and after graduating from that institution, attended Princeton University.

The speaker stated that many years ago, his great-uncle, who was also a missionary to the Philippines, was placed in jail in chains by the Spaniards, whose government then owned that group of islands. His offense was giving out Bibles to the native Filipinos. He added that his mother was at the time being held in a Japanese prison camp, she having stayed in the islands while her husband came to this country on business for the missions.

Rev. Mr. Woodward said that since his parents, along with other Christian missionaries, took up their work in the Philippines, hundreds of churches had been built and more than 100,000 Filipinos converted. It is not difficult, said he, to convert the natives, once the Gospel message is brought to them. The hardest people to reach, he added, are the Americans and people of other lands, who had gone to the Philippines for commercial reasons. They thought more of how much money they could make from the rich resources of that country than they did of their soul's salvation. More than two thousand of those business men are in the same prison camp with his mother, and the speaker expressed the opinion that perhaps after all, it

was God's way of giving her the opportunity to help them to accept Christianity.

As a small boy, the speaker said he had spent considerable time with his parents in the Marshall Islands and the Gilbert Islands, where much of the fighting in the Pacific area has been going on recently. He told the following interesting story of their stay in the latter place. His father and mother had succeeded in having a mission school built and had hundreds of native children as pupils. Supplies were received only once a year, and down toward the end of the year their supply of food was getting very low. The missionaries had told the children the beautiful Christmas story, and the youngsters wanted to have their parents present at a large Christmas party. The mission workers were willing to do this, thinking it a good opportunity to impress the grown-up natives, let them see what their children were learning, and also try to make it the means of converting them to the ways of Christian living. The people were invited two weeks in advance of the party. The food supply was very low, and rainy weather set in, making fishing impossible, and they were worried as to how they might be able to feed the visitors. Those good Christian people prayed for food for the feast. A few days before the scheduled festival, they were having a chapel service down on the beach. All at once they saw a large object some distance out in the water. The tide brought it in, and when it came close enough, they saw that it was a large whale. It was still alive, but its fins had been injured and it could not swim. The tide brought the whale ashore, where it

was killed. In this miraculous manner, there had been furnished enough whale steaks for the Christmas feast, and for a long time thereafter. The fat was boiled down, and from the oil thus accumulated they made enough candles to last the mission people and their friends for the next two years, and from the bones and other parts of the large whale they were supplied with many useful things. As an evidence that this was God's way of caring for His people, and not a regular occurrence, the speaker stated that this was the first whale the Gilbert Islanders had ever seen, nor had they heard of one ever being seen in that part of the Pacific.

We are living in a day of miracles right now, continued the speaker. We see evidences of God's goodness to mankind on every side, but many people are blind to His countless deeds of kindness. God will work for every one of us if we will only let Him.

Rev. Woodward told his listeners that while the life of a missionary was filled with hardships, many people had in days past and were still devoting their lives to taking God's message to heathen in far distant places. He cited the life of Mary Reece, a Christian woman, who tramped through the jungles in the Congo district of Africa, preaching to the natives. Another message comes from a man in Western China, who writes that he is happy, although situated five day's journey from the nearest white man, because of a chance to serve God.

The speaker said that early in life he reached the decision to follow in his parents' footsteps and become a missionary. Just as soon as possible he said he was going to Western China

and try to give his entire time to the saving of wrecked lives.

To be a soldier for Jesus Christ, he added, is the most honorable calling known to man. The beloved St. Paul was a great soldier of the cross. In Philippi, he told the people to do the things they saw him do. That's the key to successful missionary work. The man must live the life of a Christian. People would rather see a sermon than to hear one. To be a good soldier of Christ, one must learn many hard disciplinary lessons. The only kind of testimony a person has to give to the heathen is what God has done for that person. The Lord is always willing to take the people who believe in him and give them the power to deal with those who are not believers. To be a Christian one must have new eyes. He cannot look at things of the world as he did before becoming a Christian. We must expect the best of others and try to teach them the right way to live.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Woodward cited the cases of Peter and Paul. Christ saw worthwhile things in them long before they became true followers. Notwithstanding their many evil acts, Jesus saw something good in them. We have a great Saviour, said the speaker. He stand at the door of our heart and knocks. We have the opportunity to receive. Life really begins when we decide to follow Christ. While it is true that a Christian's life is filled with hardships, it is also a joyous life—the only life worth living.

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The baseball teams in the two local leagues played six games last Satur-

day afternoon. With one exception, these games were hard-hitting affairs, plenty of errors and one-sided scores.

The boys are taking lots of interest in these games, and there is considerable good-natured rivalry shown each week. One thing has been outstanding throughout the season, and that is the presence of good sportsmanship among the players and the scarcity of arguments or other misbehavior on the field.. Following are the scores of last week's games:

CLUB STANDINGS

League Number One

	W	L	Pct.
Receiving Cottage	8	0	1.000
First Cottage	5	3	.625
Fourth Cottage	3	4	.429
Fifth Cottage	3	4	.429
Second Cottage	2	5	.286
Third Cottage	0	3	.000

League Number One—Receiving Cottage 6 Fourth Cottage 1; First Cottage 15 Third Cottage 2; Second Cottage 11 Fifth Cottage 10.

League Number Two—Tenth Cottage 19 Thirteenth Cottage 7; Fourteenth Cottage 10 Fifteenth Cottage 1; Eleventh Cottage 10 Ninth Cottage 6.

League Number Two

	W	L	Pct.
Tenth Cottage	8	1	.889
Fifteenth Cottage	6	4	.600
Eleventh Cottage	5	5	.500
Fourteenth Cottage	4	5	.444
Thirteenth Cottage	4	6	.400
Ninth Cottage	2	8	.200

WHAT I WOULD DO

I stood at the crossing of two streets one day,  
 Watching humanity plod along its way;  
 Just in a dream I stood there thinking  
 What I would do if I had a new beginning.

I wouldn't hesitate to do my part,  
 I'll try my best, with all my heart;  
 Time is better spent trying,  
 Tears won't help, so what's the use of crying?

I would buckle down for all I'm worth,  
 For there's no waste on this old earth;  
 I've pondered long and it is clear,  
 It's just a waste of time to shed a tear.

If I saw a job and it wasn't my care,  
 I wouldn't pass by and leave it there,  
 I'd do it joyfully—and with a meaning,  
 That's what I'd do with a new beginning.—Selected.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending July 23, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

William Burnett  
Ralph Crawford  
George Hill  
William Hilliard  
Fred Jones  
James Perkins  
James Stamper

## COTTAGE NO. 1

John Allen  
Ralph Bailey  
James Buckaloo  
Walter Byrd  
Leonard Bradley  
William Lerschell  
Rufus Massingill  
Harold McKinney  
Amos Myers  
Carlton Pate  
Thomas Ruff  
Harry Thompson

## COTTAGE NO. 2

Charles Alexander  
Charles Byrd  
Arthur Beal  
Delmas Jerrell  
Chester Lee  
James Norton  
William Phillips  
Eugene Peterson  
Vann Robinson  
Ezzell Stansberry

## COTTAGE NO. 3

William Brooks  
Craven Callahan  
William Doss  
James Graham  
Jack Hensley  
Robert Helms  
Cecil Kinion  
Jack Oliver  
Robert Peavy  
William Poteat  
Charles Roland  
Richard Tullock  
Theodore Young

## COTTAGE NO. 4

Everett Benfield

Clyde Brown  
Charles Carter  
Burlin Edmondson  
John Fine  
Eugene Grice  
James Linebarrier  
Roy Miller  
Garnet Quessinberry  
Paul Stone  
Ray Smith  
Clifford Shull  
J. R. Truitt  
Edward VanHoy  
Lawrence Walker

## COTTAGE NO. 5

Clyde Billings  
Thomas Barnes  
Patrick Ford  
James Gibson  
Lawrence Hopson  
Nolan Overcash  
Robert Wilkins

## COTTAGE NO. 6

Richard Davis  
Vernon Foster  
George Marr  
Stanford McLean  
Robert Mason  
J. W. Smith  
Charles Sellers  
James Swinson  
Leroy Wilkins

## COTTAGE NO. 7

Max Brown  
Robert Kennedy  
Charlton Cox  
Donald Kirk  
Eugene Murphy  
Ray Taylor  
Jack Phillips

## COTTAGE NO. 8

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE NO. 9

Ray Edwards  
Charles McClenney  
Charles Redmond

**COTTAGE NO. 10**

Ernest Bullard  
 Oscar Carter  
 Jack Clifton  
 Donald Clodfelter  
 Evan Craig  
 William Flowe  
 Robert Holbert  
 John Lee  
 Carlton Morrison  
 Gerald McCullum  
 Jesse Parker  
 Brice Thomas  
 Jack Williams

**COTTAGE NO. 11**

Robert Buchanan  
 Calvin Davis  
 Arlo McLane  
 James Ray  
 J. C. Rhodes  
 Max Shelley

**COTTAGE NO. 12**

(Cottage Closed)

**COTTAGE NO. 13**

William Andrews  
 Eugene Frazier  
 Walter Neagle

**COTTAGE NO. 14**

Everett Bowden  
 Edward Britt  
 Hugh Cornwell  
 William Ferguson

Roy Manoley  
 Troy Morris  
 Melbert Rice  
 Grover Shuler  
 Eugene Simmons  
 Lester Williams

**COTTAGE NO. 15**

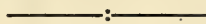
William Barr  
 George Brown  
 Thomas Baumgarner  
 Jack Benfield  
 Robert Bluester  
 James Cantrell  
 Robert Flinchum  
 Lee Hollifield  
 William Holder  
 James Knight  
 Harvey Leonard  
 Hilton Reid  
 Olin Wishon

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

Jack Bailey  
 Peter Chavis  
 Donald Hunt  
 Marshall Hunt  
 R. C. Hoyle  
 W. C. McManus

**INFIRMARY**

William McNeill  
 Raymond Byrd  
 Odell Cecil  
 Lloyd Sain



When you're tired of sighing and crying,  
 And everything round you looks blue;  
 Just think of the folks in the graveyard,  
 Who would gladly trade places with you.



### WHY NOT BE FRIENDLY?

Life is too short to be wasted in saying mean things about other people. Did you ever try to go a whole week without speaking unkindly to anybody? It isn't easy. It's astonishing the number of harsh things we say without actually meaning to make others uncomfortable.

Try to take a generous view of other people's actions; even if you can't bring yourself to think kindly, at least control your tongue. It is nearly all a matter of habit. You get in the way of making spiteful remarks without realizing how much harm it does you. Just try the scheme of refraining from unkind criticism for a week, anyway. It can't hurt you and it may do you a world of good.

—Haydn Arrowsmith.

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## BUILDING

Do you try to conquer error,  
And to live the life ordained?  
Do you banish selfish wishes,  
As in higher spheres attained?

Do you try to practice virtue  
For its own dear sake alone,  
And not set the double standard,  
But judge others by your own?

Do you try to make life brighter  
By your sunny smiles and cheers,  
And develop joy and gladness  
As you grow in light and years?

Do you square your every action  
By the square the Master used;  
And build a noble mansion  
In this body you've abused?

If you live a life of effort  
The result can never fail  
To develop power and glory  
Ere you end this earthly trail.

—Silas H. Shepherd

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## BUILDING CHARACTER

Fundamentally, the supreme function of the training school, along with its many other functions, is the building of character in the lives of boys. To some this may seem to be a rather simple and easy thing to do; it may even seem to be an achievement that requires only a brief time. To some it may even appear that character is something that, after all, is the outgrowth or product of an event which occurs on a given day. These ideas, while intriguing

in theory, are indeed very erroneous.

The character of a person is something that is very difficult to define, and it may truly be said that the character of a person is never fully comprehended. It is an intangible quality of life which motivates all of its activities. It is that something in a person's life that is greater than his occupation or his achievements; it is that which is higher than genius and more enduring than fame. It has been said that "if there is any one power in the world that will make itself felt, it is character." Character is sometimes spoken of as the poor man's capital.

When a boy enters the training school for purposes of being rehabilitated and re-directed in his life, he does so primarily because he is in need of some aid towards stabilizing his character. Over a period of months and even years, his pattern of conduct has been developing in the wrong direction. For some boys the momentum of the downward trend has reached enormous proportions, so that at the outset the major problem of the training school is not simply to direct their footsteps along paths of rectitude and right living, but rather to help to discard or break away from evils that have thwarted them.

Generally, the boys who are sent to the training schools, having become maladjusted in their home communities, are the boys whose lot it is to become the unhappy victims of a ruthless, unwholesome environment. The forces of the environment have been playing upon their lives day after day until they eventually become a great irresistible avalanche.

Then in the building or the rebuilding of character the task becomes one that is slow and tedious, one that is to be the product of a prolonged process. All of the experiences of life count in the process—the boy's school work, his work experiences, his companions, his opportunities for religious counsel and instruction, his recreation and entertainment, and, most of all, his willingness to cooperate. In most instances boys come to the training school because there has been no guidance by understanding parents. It is continually observed that the boys have done just about whatever they pleased; they have been pampered and petted, but no one was strong enough or wise enough to be firm. The parents in the well-directed home occasionally find it necessary to deal with their children rather sternly, even though it may be ever so distasteful.

Here at the training school our purpose and our goal is to provide for the boys at all times a rich and wholesome environment, filled with purposeful activities. Boys gradually rise to noble heights in their living, and finally it dawns upon them that "life can be beautiful", but the process of the weeks and months did the trick.

\* \* \* \* \*

### MODERN HEROISM

Throughout the ages the annals of history have been filled with stories of heroic deeds of mankind. Time after time, heroic men have risked their lives and spilled their blood in order to meet the most dangerous situations whenever the challenge came to them.

In history one reads of the daring exploits of the Knights of King Arthur, of the thrilling achievements of the Crusaders, and later of the glorious conquests of the men of Revolutionary fame. Never at any time has the age or period been without its heroic spirits, riding on the wings of chance to emblazon their names high on the scrolls of honor and fame.

During World War II scarcely a day passes but what some brave soldier lad goes far out on the highway of gallantry and adventure to prove to the world, if there be need of it, that heroism and bravery still flourish in the inner hearts of men. It is a common thing to read how dauntless pilots of flying fortresses and fighter planes returned their craft to their bases, even after all other members of the crews were either killed or wounded. This, no doubt, will continue to happen to the war's bitter end.

Recently the newspapers published the story of Charles Edward (Commando) Kelly, the most highly-decorated enlisted man in the United States Army, he having won the Congressional Medal of Honor and the Silver Star. According to the records, he is credited with killing 48 Germans in 20 minutes. He found himself guarding the mayor's house, in Altaville, near Naples, Italy, with its ammunition storage, all alone. Most of his buddies were dead. Then Kelly began to fight in earnest. When his Browning rifle became too hot to hold, he used a bazooka. After he had exhausted all else, he declared, "I guess I used a weapon nobody had ever used before. I pulled the pin out of a 60 mm. shell, and threw that." The result was

the Germans changed their minds about capturing the mayor's house. An officer counted the dead Germans, and there were 48.

The hero is the person who maintains poise and self-control in the face of unexpected circumstances. He is that person who does the things which no one has done before; he follows no previous plan or blue-print of strategy, but finds himself doing the impossible.

True it is that the average person has little opportunity for doing the spectacular deeds of heroism. This does not mean that he is any less heroic than those whose names are emblazoned upon the headlines of magazines and newspapers. The average person is no less a hero when through thick and thin, he stays at his post of duty, doing his job the very best that he possibly can. He may have some grievances and many heartaches, but if he sets a high standard for himself and satisfies his own conscience his rewards will not only be rich, but they will be ample. There are legions of unsung heroes at many posts of duty throughout the nation.

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE WHITE MAN'S FUTURE

The white man of the Western world is offered his last chance for equal status in a world society. If he accepts equality, he can hold a self-respecting place—maybe a leading place—in the new order. And he may continue to contribute much in science, in industry, and in political maturity.

But if the Western white man persists in trying to run the show, in exploiting the whole earth, in treating the hundreds of millions of his neighbors as inferiors, then the fresh might of the billion and a half non-white, non-Western people may in a surging rebellion smash him into nonentity.

Negroes are loyal American citizens. But it is natural for them to identify themselves with the darker people all around the globe. And colored nations have been quick to see in our treatment of Negroes the attitudes they fear we will try to keep up in world relations.

We are learning that even prejudices can no longer be kept in isolation. To fit ourselves for the new world we must practice the principles we have long professed—the Christian principle of universal brotherhood and the democratic principle of freedom and equality for all.—By Edwin R. Embree in Survey.

## ANNIVERSARIES OF THE WEEK

August 1, 1815 was the birthday of Richard Henry Dana, well known American author and lawyer. He became famous because of one book, "Two Years Before the Mast." It was written as a result of a sea voyage around Cape Horn to California. He later became a lawyer and held various important official positions. Dana died at the age of sixty-seven.

Percy Bysshe Shelley was born in Sussex, England, August 4, 1792. Educated at Eton and Oxford, he soon developed a natural literary talent which is expressed in the many poems he gave to the world. He became one of the greatest lyric poets of England, which is easily seen in the sweet melody, grace and lightness combined in such poems as "Ode to the West Wind," "The Cloud," and "Ode to a Skylark." He married a sixteen-year-old girl, but this marriage turned out most unhappily, and they separated in three years. Two years later his wife committed suicide by drowning. Shortly thereafter he married another young woman, and they went to Italy to live. Five years later, he and a friend were out in a small boat, and during a storm both were drowned. He was thirty years old at the time of his death.

Here are some other important anniversaries to be observed this week: August 1, 1502—Columbus first landed on the American Continent; August 1, 1790—First national census taken; August 1, 1876—Colorado admitted to the Union; August 2, 1610—Henry Hudson first entered Hudson Bay; August 2, 1923 President Harding died; August 3, 1804—United States vessels bombarded Tripoli; August 5, 1864—Battle of Mobile Bay.





## WITH THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES



If any of our readers know of former Training School boys who are now in any branch of service, and can furnish definite information as to their present location, please notify the editor of THE UPLIFT, P. O. Box 32, Concord, N. C. We shall appreciate your co-operation.

of the United States. It will be seen that four employees went into the service directly from the School campus. The others listed have, in some cases, been away from the institution for quite a number of years, joining the fighting forces several years after severing their connection with the School.

In checking over the list of our old boys, we find that practically one hundred per cent voluntarily enlisted in "Uncle Sam's" service, rather than wait to be called by the selective service system. It is also interesting to note that many of these fellows had been in their country's service several years prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

The following list includes the names, as they have come to this office, of members of the staff, former staff members, and former students of Stonewall Jackson Training School, who are now serving as members of the armed forces

### Staff Members

Brausa, Ralph J.	(Navy)	Patterson, James L.	(Army)
(d) Carriker, J. L.	(Army)	Query, James L.	(Army)
Liner, James H.	(Army)		

### Former Staff Members

(d) Adams, J. E., Jr.	(Navy)	(d) Poole, William E.	(Army)
Barrier, Major George L.	(Army)	Watson, Lt. (jg) James E.	(Navy)
Cleaver, James A.	(Navy)	Wingate, Lt. W. J.	(Army Air Corps)
Hollingsworth, Jesse G.	(Navy)	Webb, James H.	(Navy)
Parker, Lt.-Col. Samuel I.	(Army)		

### Former Students

Abernethy, Paul	(Navy)	Andrews, Julian	(Marine Corps)
Adams, Clyde	(Navy)	Andrews, Lewis	(Marine Corps)
Adams, Felix	(Army)	Anderson, Raymond	(Army)
Alexander, J. Mack	(Army)	Ashley, Arthur	(Army)
Alexander, Robert	(Army)	Ashley, Cecil	(Navy)
Almond, Odell H.	(Navy)	Atkins, Richard	(Army)
Allen, Burl	(Navy)	Atkinson, Hiram	(Navy)
Allen, Julian Herschel	(Navy)	Atwell, Robert	(Navy)
Allen, Grady C.	(Navy)	Atwood, Earl	(Army)
Allen, Wayne	(Navy)		
Allred, James R.	(Army Air Corps)	Bailiff, Wilson	(Navy)
Amos, Gerald	(Navy)	Baker, John B.	(Navy)

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Ballew, Edward J.	(Navy)	Carver, Gardner	(Army)
Barber, Winfred V.	(Army)	Causey, Floyd	(Army)
Bargesser, James	(Navy)	(†) Causey, James D.	(Army)
Barker, Jewell	(Army Air Corps)	Chapman, Charles	(Army)
Barkley, Joel	(Army)	Chapman, Edward	(Army)
Barnes, Norton	(Army)	Chattin, Ben	(Army)
Barrett, Allen	(Army)	Cherry, Herman	(Army)
Barrier, Carl	(Marine Corps)	Cherry, William	(Navy)
Barrier, William T.	(Navy)	Christine, Joseph	(Navy)
Bass, Homer	(Navy)	Cline, Wade	(Army)
Batson, Jack	(Navy)	Coats, Clinton	(Army)
Batten, John E.	(Navy)	Cobb, Frank E.	(Army)
Bishop, Garrett W.	(Army Air Corps)	Coffer, Robert	(Army)
Branch, Glatley	(Army)	Coggins, Mack	(Navy)
Baynes, Howard	(Army Air Corps)	Collins, Glenn L.	(Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)		Connell, Harry	(Army)
Beach, Ernest L.	(Army)	Connell, James	(Navy)
Beaver, Albert	(Army)	Cook, William	(Navy)
Beaver, Grover	(Navy)	Cooke, George C.	(Army)
(d) Beaver, Walter	(Army)	Cooper, Lake	(Army)
Bell, James	(Navy)	Cooper, Dewell J.	(Navy)
Bell, William Clarence	(Navy)	Cooper, Walter	(Army)
Bell, William G.	(Navy)	Cowan, Henry W.	(Army)
Beheler, Reid	(Navy)	Cox, Howard	(Navy)
Benson, John	(Navy)	Cox, J. C.	(Marine Corps)
Blackman, William	(Army)	Craft, Arthur	(Army)
Bolton, James C.	(Army)	Crawford, Jack	(Navy)
Bordeaux, Junior	(Army)	(d) Crawford, Louis	(Army)
Bowman, Charles	(Army)	Crawford, Wiley	(Army)
Branch, Horace	(Army)	Crumpler, John	(Marine Corps)
Brantley, Elmond A.	(Marine Corps)	Cunningham, David C.	(Army)
Bray, Relons Odell	(Army)	Cunningham, Jesse S.	(Navy)
Briggs, Paul	(Marine Corps)	Dalton, James	(Army)
Britt, Jennings	(Navy)	Daubenmyer, Nelson	(Army)
Broadwell, William	(Navy)	Davis, Duke	(Army)
Brogden, Norman	(Navy)	Davis, Hubert	(Navy)
Broome, Jack	(Army)	Davis, James	(Army)
Broome, Paul	(Marine Corps)	Deal, Paul	(Navy)
Broome, Shannon	(Army Air Corps)	Deese, Horace R.	(Navy)
Brothers, William	(Naval Air Corps)	Detherage, James	(Army)
Brown Aldene	(Army)	Doel, Carroll	(Army)
Brown, Elbert M.	(Navy)	Donaldson, Harold	(Marine Corps)
Brown, Harold	(Army)	Dorsey, W. Wilson	(Army)
Bunn, Dewey	(Navy)	Downes, George	(Army)
Bunn, Homer	(Army)	Downes, William H.	(Army)
Burke, Ensign William H.	(Navy)	Driver, Malcom	(Army Air Corps)
Burkhead, Dermont	(Navy)	Drumm, Glenn	(Army)
Burleson, Lacy C.	(Navy)	Dyson, Fred	(Navy)
Burrow, John B.	(Navy)	Eaker, Arnold Max	(Army)
Butler, Femmous	(Army)	Earnhardt, Donald P.	(Navy)
Butner, Roy	(Marine Corps)	Edmondson, Arthur	(Army)
Cable, Nathan	(Army Air Corps)	Edwards, Eugene	(Navy)
Capps, John T.	(Army Air Corps)	Elders, James R.	(Marine Corps)
Carter, Adrian L.	(Navy)	Elliott, John	(Navy)
Carter, Douglas	(Army)	Elmore, A. C.	(Marine Corps)
Carter, Fred	(Army)		

Ennis, James C.	(Navy)	Hamilton, Leo	(Navy)
Ennis, Henry	(Marine Corps)	Hampton, Robert	(Navy)
Ennis, Noah	(Navy)	Haney, Jack	(Marine Corps)
Ennis, Samuel	(Army)	Hardin, Wilbur	(Navy)
Eury, James	(Army Air Corps)	Harris, Edgar	(Army)
Evans, John H.	(Army)	Harris, Ralph	(Navy)
Evans, Mack	(Army)	Hawkins, Bruce	(Navy)
Everett, Carl	(Army)	Hawkins, William T.	(Navy)
Everidge, Samuel	(Navy)	Head, Elbert	(Army)
Fagg, Julius, Jr.	(Army)	Heath, Beamon	(Navy)
Faggart, John	(Marine Corps)	Hefner, Charles	(Army)
(Enlisted 1929. Made Warrant Officer by Act of Congress, 1941.)		Hefner, Eugene	(Navy)
Farthing, Audie	(Navy)	Hensley, David	(Army)
Faschnat, Mose	(Navy)	Hensley, J. B.	(Navy)
Fausnet, Bernard L.	(Army)	Hendren, Isaac	(Navy)
(‡) Ferris, Russell	(Army)	Hendrix, John	(Army)
Fisher, Edward	(Army)	Henry, Charlton	(Navy)
Fisher, John H.	(Army)	Hicks, Garland	(Army)
Flannery, John	(Army)	Hildreth, John	(Army)
(d) Freeman, Richard	(Army)	Hill, Doyce	(Army)
French, Ian	(Army)	Hill, William	(Army)
Furches, William	(Marine Corps)	Hodge, David	(Army)
Gaddy, William	(Navy)	Hodge, Dallas	(Army Air Corps)
Gaines, Robert	(Navy)	Hogan, Gilbert	(Army)
Gardner, Horace T.	(Army)	Hogsed, John R.	(Army)
Gardner, John	(Navy)	Hoke, Bernice	(Navy)
Gatlin, Britt C.	(Army)	Holland, Burman	(Army)
Gentry, William	(Navy)	Holland, Donald	(Army)
Gibson, Merritt	(Army)	Hollars, Ralph	(Army)
Glasgow, Mumford	(Army)	Holloway, Hubert	(Army)
Glasgow, Norwood	(Navy)	Holmes, John	(Army)
Glasgow, Ramsey	(Army Air Corps)	Honeycutt, Richard	(Navy)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1929-1933. Member China Expeditionary Force, '29-'32.)		Hooks, Hubert	(Army)
Glover, Henry	(Marine Corps)	Honeycutt, Nathaniel	(Army)
Godfrey, Warren	(Army)	Howard, Jack	(Navy)
Godwin, John T.	(Navy)	Hudson, Hoyette	(Army Air Corps)
Godwin, Paul D.	(Army Air Corps)	Hulan, Norman	(Navy)
Goodman, Albert	(Army)	(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)	
Goodman, George	(Army)	Ingram, John E.	(Navy)
Gray, Delma C.	(Navy)	Irby, Earl	(Army)
Green, Eugene	(Army)	Irwin, Raymond	(Army Air Corps)
Greene, Giles E.	(Army)	Jackson, Edgar	(Marine Corps)
Greene, Noah J.	(Navy)	Jackson, William	(Navy)
Gregory, Charles J.	(Army)	Jenkins, Fred	(Navy)
Gregory, Roy	(Army)	Johnson, Clawson	(Army)
Griffin, Charles	(Army)	Johnson, Coley	(Navy)
Griffin, James H.	(Marine Corps)	Johnson, Edward	(Navy)
Grooms, J. B.	(Army Air Corps)	Johnson, Hugh	(Navy)
Guffey, Lawrence	(Army)	Jolly, James D.	(Navy)
Hackler, Raymond	(Army)	Jones, Mark Twain	(Navy)
Hall, Frank	(Army)	Jones, S. E.	(Marine Corps)
Hall, Joseph	(Army)	Jordan, James E.	(Army)
Hames, Albert	(Navy)	Journigan, Horace	(Navy)
Hames, William R.	(Army)	Keen, Clinton	(Army)
		Keith, Monroe	(Army)



Keith, Robert	(Navy)	Morrow, Chas. W.	(Army Air Corps)
Kelly, Grady	(Army Air Corps)	Morrozoff, Ivan	(Army Air Corps)
Kelly, Jesse	(Army)	Morgan, William S.	(Navy)
King, Cleo	(Army Air Corps)	Murphy, Lemuel	(Army)
King, Frank L.	(Army)	Murphy, Norvelle	(Navy)
King, Jesse	(Navy)	Murray, Edward J.	(Army)
King, Marvin	(Navy)	Muse, Robert	(Navy)
King, Thomas	(Army Air Corps)	McBride, Irvin	(Army Air Corps)
Kinley, Robert	(Marine Corps)	McBride, J. Lee	(Navy)
Kirksey, Samuel	(Navy)	McCain, Edward G.	(Navy)
(d) Kivett, Clyde A.	(Army)	McColl, Vollie O.	(Navy)
Knight, Thomas	(Army Air Corps)	McCoy, Hubert	(Army)
Knight, Thurman	(Army)	McEntire, Forrest	(Marine Corps)
Koontz, J. Milton	(Army)	McFee, Donald M.	(Army Air Corps)
Kye, George	(Army)	McGee, Norman	(Army)
Kye, James	(Army)	McHone, Arnold	(Navy)
(‡) Lamar, A. C., Jr.	(Army)	McKay, John C.	(Marine Corps)
Land, Reuben	(Army)	McKee, Thomas R.	(Army)
Land, Wilfred	(Marine Corps)	(Enlisted 1937)	
Landrum, Luther H.	(Army)	McNeely, Robert	(Army)
Lane, Floyd C.	(Marine Air Corps)	(Enlisted 1933)	
Langford, Olin	(Army)	McNeill, Preston	(Army Air Corps)
Langley, William	(Army)	McPherson, Arthur	(Navy)
Laramore, Ray	(Army)	McRorie, J. W.	(Navy)
Lawrence, Robert	(Marine Corps)	Nelson, Larry	(Navy)
Leagon, Harry	(Army)	Newton, Willard M.	(Army)
Ledford, Harvey L.	(Army)	(‡) Odom, David	(Army)
Ledford, James	(Marine Corps)	Owen, Fred, Jr.	(Marine Corps)
Lemly, Jack	(Army)	Owens, Leroy	(Army)
Lee, Valton	(Army)	Oxendine, Earl	(Navy)
Lett, Frank	(Army)	Padrick, William	(Navy)
Lewallan, Paul R.	(Army)	Page, James	(Army)
Link, Bruce	(Navy)	Pate, Hansel	(Army)
Long, Loyce	(Army)	Patterson, James	(Navy)
Long, Stacey L.	(Army)	Patterson, Joseph	(Navy)
Martin, Willie H.	(Army Air Corps)	Patton, Richard	(Navy)
Mathis, D. B. (Jack)	(Marine Corps)	Payne, Joy	(Army)
(*) Matthews, Douglas	(Army)	Peake, Harry	(Marine Corps)
Matthews, Harley P.	(Navy)	Pearson, Flay	(Army)
Mattox, Walter	(Army)	Pennington, Grady	(Army)
May, Fred	(Navy)	Pickett, Claudius	(Army)
May, George O.	(Army)	Pittman, Hoyle	(Navy)
Mayberry, Douglas J.	(Army)	(d) Pittman, Ted	(Marine Corps)
Medlin, Clarence	(Army)	Pittman, Walter	(Army)
Medlin, Ervin J.	(Army)	Plemmons, Hubert	(Army)
Medlin, Wade	(Navy)	Pope, H. C.	(Army)
(‡) Medlin, Wilson	(Army)	Porter, Frank J.	(Army)
Merritt, Edgar	(Army)	Potter, Linwood	(Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)		Presnell, Robert	(Army)
Merritt, Julian	(Army)	Pyatt, Jack	(Marine Corps)
Miller, Latha	(Navy)	Quick, James	(Navy)
Montford, James B.	(Army)	Quick, Robert	(Army)
Montgomery, Samuel	(Navy)	Quick, Simon	(Navy)
Moose, Claude L.	(Marine Corps)		
Morris, Everett	(Navy)		

Ramsey, Amos (Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)	(Army)	Threatt, Sidi	(Army Air Corps)
Ransom, B. T.	(Navy)	Tipton, Kenneth	(Navy)
Reep, John	(Navy)	Tobar, William	(Army)
Revels, Grover	(Navy)	Troy, Robert	(Army)
Riggs, Walter	(Navy)	Tucker, Joseph	(Army)
Rivenbark William W. (Served in Marine Corps, 1933-1938.)	(Army)	Turner, Lee V.	(Navy)
Rhodes, Paul	(Army)	Tyson, William E.	(Navy)
Robbins, John	(Navy)	Uptegrove, John W. C.	(Army)
Rogers, Hoyt W.	(Army Air Corps)	Waldrop, Ned	(Army)
Roberts, Lonnie	(Navy)	Walker, Glenn	(Army)
Robertson, John C.	(Army)	Walker, Oakley	(Army)
Robinson, Perry	(Army Air Corps)	Walker, Robert	(Army)
Rochester, Nicholas	(Navy)	Walsh, Harold	(Army)
Routh, Walter	(Army Air Corps)	Walters, Melvin	(Army)
Russ, James P.	(Army)	Ward, Eldridge	(Army)
Sands, Thomas	(Navy)	Ward, Leo	(Army Air Corps)
Scism, Arlee	(Navy)	Ward, Robert	(Army)
Seibert, Fred	(Army)	(Enlisted 1928)	
(*) Sexton, Walter B.	(Army)	Ware, Dewey	(Army)
Seymore, Malcom E.	(Navy)	Ware, Torrence	(Navy)
Scott, Archie	(Army)	Watkins, Floyd A.	(Army)
Shannon, William L.	(Navy)	Watkins, Lee	(Army)
Shaver, George H.	(Navy)	Watson, Lieut. Lemuel	(Army)
Shropshire, Hassell	(Army)	Watts, Everett	(Navy)
Sides, George D.	(Navy)	Watts, James	(Navy)
Simmons, Horace K.	(Navy)	Watts, Boyce	(Army)
Sistar, Walter B.	(Army)	Weaden, Clarence	(Army)
Sloan, Lonnie	(Army)	Weathers, Alexander, Jr.	(Army)
Sluder, Wayne	(Army)	Webb, Charles R.	(Army)
Small, Clyde E.	(Army)	Webster, John D.	(Army)
Smith, Jesse	(Navy)	Whitaker, John H.	(Navy)
Smith, Julius D.	(Navy)	(*) Whitaker, William E.	(Army)
Smith, Ventry	(Navy)	White, Marshall	(Coast Artillery)
Snider, Samuel	(Navy)	Whitener, Richard M.	(Army)
Snuggs, Charles L.	(Navy)	Whitley, John P.	(Navy)
Spears, James	(Navy)	Whitlock, Winfred	(Army)
Springer, Jack	(Army)	Widener, Charles	(Navy)
Stack, Porter	(Army)	Wilhite, Claude	(Army)
Stallings, William	(Navy)	Wilhite, George	(Army)
Stanley, Brown	(Coast Artillery)	Wilhite, James	(Army)
Stepp, James H.	(Navy)	Wilhite, Porter	(Army)
Stines, Loy	(Navy)	Williams, Everett L.	(Army)
Strickland, Robert W.	(Army)	Williams, Samuel R.	(Navy)
Stubbs, Ben	(Army)	Williams, William R.	(Navy)
Sullivan, Richard	(Army)	Williamson, Everett	(Navy)
Sutherland, Jack	(Navy)	Wiles, Fred	(Army)
Sutton, J. P.	(Army)	(Enlisted 1927)	
Talbert, Morris	(Navy)	Wilson, John C.	(Army)
(x) Taylor, Daniel	(Army)	Wilson, Thomas	(Navy)
Tessneer, Calvin C.	(Navy)	Wilson, W. J.	(Army)
Teeter, Robert E.	(Army)	Winn, J. Harvard	(Navy)
Thomas, Harold	(Navy)	Wood, James L.	(Army)
Thomas, Richard	(Army)	Wood, William T.	(Navy)
		Wooten, Charles	(Navy)
		Wrenn, Lloyd	(Army)
		(†) Wright, George	(Army)

Yarborough, Preston	(Army)	Young, R. L.	(Marine Corps)
York, John R.	(Army)	Young, William R.	(Army)
Young, Brooks	(Army)	Ziegler, Henry F.	(Navy)

Former Students in Merchant Marine Service

Efird, Nathaniel A.	Smith, Glenn W.
Hill, Caleb	Stutts, Edward
Hillard, Clyde	Williams, Horace
Lambert, Jay	

- ( ‡ ) Prisoner of war.
- ( § ) Missing in action.
- ( \* ) Killed in action.
- ( d ) Discharged from active service.
- ( x ) Died while being held prisoner.

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'Tis not in the highest stars alone,  
 Nor in the cups of budding flowers,  
 Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,  
 Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,  
 But in the mud and scum of things  
 There always, always, something sings.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

## YOU AND YOUR SON

By Hon. Chas C. Sackman, Judge of Denver District Court.

I wonder if you fathers are giving to your boys the right kind of co-operation, the kind they are entitled to. Do you take an interest, an active interest, in his sports, his hobbies and his school work; do you play with him occasionally and lend a sympathetic ear to his confidences and his problems: do you let him know that you are his pal, and act the part?

That son of yours loves you and is proud of you if you are the right kind of a father, and you should be proud of him and let him know it at all times.

Are you planting the principles of right living in these impressionable youthful minds of your sons.

Keep his love, respect and confidence, and by your own example show him how to live, and you have a man in the making.

We find that in court statistics and records of our criminal institutions about 10 per cent or 15 per cent of our boys, because of wrong environment and bad companionships, broken homes, lack of proper paternal control and supervision, and in some few cases just plum viciousness, smart-alecness or mistaken heroism, have gone wrong and have to be dealt with by the authorities.

Oft times the start of this condition arises from a winking by parents at minor infractions of the law, petty

stealing and moral delinquencies.

As an instance of this, we find in practically all schools and neighborhoods a lot of petty thievery. There really is nothing smart or funny in that sort of thing. It is petty, small and yellow and only helps to develop traits of character that later lead to greater infractions of the law and in many cases to the doors of the penitentiary. Hundreds of the major crooks who inhabit our penal institutions or have been hung or suffered other forms of capital punishment, have started in this way.

If your son comes home with some article you did not buy for him, it behooves you to investigate and find the source thereof, and if it has been unlawfully obtained, see that it is returned to its rightful owner, not so much because of the value of the article involved, but to nip in the bud a habit that may lead to disastrous results.

In the last analysis grow, expand and live every day with your son, inspire his confidence and love, and be his pal, guiding and building his character by word, thought and deed to vigorous, honorable and successful manhood.

Thus may we justify our assumption of the responsibilities of parenthood and carry on the divine scheme for universal happiness.

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Anyone who thinks by the inch and talks by the yard, ought to be moved by the foot.

# THE "VICTORY GARDEN"

(Religious Telescope)

Life is a garden. It may be a "victory" garden; it may be a garden of defeat. Anyone who has tried to raise a garden will understand. He knows that raising a garden is a battle. Weeds grow without cultivation. They seem to lift up their heads in defiance at the gardener. He must stand his ground—keep himself on the offensive—or soon he will beat a retreat. Weeds must be destroyed and useful garden plants must be cultivated.

The same is true of human life. There are "weed" to be uprooted, for they grow without effort on the part of the gardener. Everyone knows too well what they are. The tender useful plants must be protected from the intruders, nourished, and cultivated. It is a battle, but one in which one may be the victor. And the victory more than pays for all the effort.

In the common garden, the sense of victory is one of the gardener's compensations. It does something to him. If everyone would cultivate the useful plants in the human garden, there would be less moral delinquency in the world. Perhaps that is why God started the human race in a garden.

A deposed king who was besought by his friends to make a fight to regain his throne, answer from his exile, "If you would come here and see the cabbage I have raised with my own hands, you would no longer talk to me of state."

The garden of human life needs careful cultivation. Keep down the pestiferous weeds, and nourish those finer things that fill the soul with joy and the world with beauty. Raise a "victory" garden.

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## AN AIRMAN'S MOTHER'S PRAYER

White clouds, fold him softly,  
 Evening star, shed your light,  
 Moonbeams, fall gently  
 Where he flies through the night.  
 Dear God, it is lonely  
 Up in the sky at night;  
 Send just one bright angel  
 To guide him in his flight,  
 To be ever around him,  
 His loving watch to keep  
 Over a little boy  
 I used to rock to sleep.

—Carrie C. Taylor

## The Explorer —

"There's no sense of going further—it's the edge of cultivation."  
So they said, and I believed it—broke my land and sowed my crop—  
Built my barns and strung my fences in the little border station  
Tucked away below the foothills where the trails run out and stop.

Till a voice, as bad as Conscience, rang interminable changes  
On one everlasting Whisper, day and night repeated—so:  
"Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the Ranges—  
Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go!"

So I went, worn out of patience; never told my nearest neighbors—  
Stole away with pack and ponies—left 'em drinking in the town;  
And the faith that moveth mountains didn't seem to help my labors,  
As I faced the sheer main-ranges, whipping up and leading down.

March by march I puzzled through 'em, turning flanks and dodging shoulders,  
Hurried on in hope of water, headed back for lack of grass;  
Till I camped above the tree-line—drifted snow and naked boulders—  
Felt free air astir to windward—knew I'd stumbled on the Pass.

'Thought to name it for the finder; but that night the Norther found me—  
Froze and killed the plains-bred ponies, so I called the camp Despair  
(It's the Railway Gap today, though). Then my Whisper waked to hound me:  
"Something lost behind the Ranges. Over yonder! Go you there!"

Then I knew, the while I doubted. Knew His hand was certain o'er me.  
Still—it might be self-delusion—scores of better men had died—  
I could reach the township living, but He knows what terror tore me—  
But I didn't . . . But I didn't. I went down the other side.

Till the snow ran out in flowers, and the flowers turned to aloes,  
And the aloes sprung to thickets and a brimming stream ran by;  
But the thickets dwined to thorn-scrub, and the water drained to shallows,  
And I dropped again on desert, blasted earth and blasted sky.

I remember lighting fires, I remember sitting by 'em;  
I remember seeing faces, hearing voices through the smoke;  
I remember they were fancy, for I threw a stone to try 'em.  
"Something lost behind the Ranges" was the only word they spoke.

I remember going crazy. I remember that I knew it,  
When I heard myself hallooing to the funny folk I saw.  
Very full of dreams—that desert, but my two legs took me through it—  
And I used to watch 'em moving, with the toes all black and raw.

## — By Rudyard Kipling

But at last the country altered. White man's country past disputing—  
Rolling grass and open timber, with a hint of hills behind—  
There I found me food and water, and I lay a week, recruiting;  
Got my strength and lost my nightmares. Then I entered on my find.

Thence I ran my first rough survey—chose my trees and blazed and ringed 'em—  
Week by week I pried and sampled. Week by week my findings grew.  
Saul, he went to look for donkeys, and by God he found a kingdom!  
But by God, who sent His Whisper, I had struck the worth of two!

Up along the hostile mountains, where the hair-poised snow-slide shivers—  
Down and through the big fat marshes that the virgin ore-bed strains,  
Till I heard the mile-wide mutterings of unimagined rivers,  
And beyond the nameless timber saw the illimitable plains!

'Plotted sites of future cities, traced the easy grade between 'em;  
Watched unharnessed rapids wasting fifty thousand head an hour;  
Counted leagues of water-frontage, through the axe-ripe woods that screen 'em—  
Saw the plant to feed a people—up and waiting for the power!

Well I know who'll take the credit—all the clever chaps that followed—  
Came a dozen men together—never knew my desert fears;  
Tracked me by the camps I'd quitted, used the water-holes I'd hollowed.  
They'll go back and do the talking. They'll be called the Pioneers!

They will find my sites of townships. Not the cities that I set there.  
They will re-discover rivers—not my rivers heard at night.  
By my own old marks and bearings they will show me how to get there;  
By the lonely cairns I builded they will guide my feet aright.

Have I named one single river? Have I claimed one single acre?  
Have I kept one single nugget—(barring samples)? No, not I!  
Because my price was paid me ten times over by my Maker.  
But you wouldn't understand it. You go up and occupy.

Ores you'll find there; wood and cattle; water-transit sure and steady.  
(That should keep the railway-rates down), coal and iron at your doors.  
God took care to hide the country till He judged His people ready.  
Then He chose me for His Whisper, and I've found it, and it's yours!

Yes, your "Never-never country"—yes, your "edge of cultivation"  
And "no sense in going further"—till I crossed the range to see.  
God forgive me! No, I didn't. It's God's present to our nation.  
Anybody might have found it, but His Whisper came to me!

## BOB SQUARES ACCOUNTS

By George M. Hill in Square and Compass

"Sure is delightful weather for the little flagboy!" muttered Bob Gibson, as he dropped from the caboose and went scurrying back with his flagging lights.

"Serves me right, though," he growled. "Why in blazes didn't I quit the blamed railroad long ago and get a real job. I can do other work."

"Must be the 'charm o' the rails' that holds me," he muttered to himself. Then with a laugh that was without mirth, he increased his speed to the rear and continued his thoughts in silence.

It was a bad snowy right in mid-winter and the wind was blowing hard and drifting the snow. His train was away late and had stopped at Whitman's Mill—generally termed by the railroad men, "the shoddy factory," to pick up several loads and place some empties. Due to the storm it was making a longer stop than usual and Bob had hustled out quite a distance. Extra 781 was somewhere up the line, he had no idea just where; they might be ahead of 22, the Night Express, although chances were against it, but Bob always believed in "Safety First" and gave a long flag when could do so.

He had not spent all his time in freight train service. He was an all 'round railroad man; could fire and run an engine, had been a conductor on one road, was a telegrapher and had worked in that capacity on several lines. But for a time he had been quite a drifter; his one great fault. It was when he hit the West End of the Tunnel Line that he settled down

to business. He was all energy and his skill and efficiency was quickly recognized by the Most High in the main office and he was gathered in.

He continued his good work there and was in line for advancement when something happened. Traffic was heavy and one busy night there was an error made. No trouble came from it, but a bad wreck was narrowly averted. Bob did not make the error, but about that time he went off duty, and some rapid but skillful juggling of the train sheet by someone made it appear that he was the guilty party. It was impossible for him to convince the superintendent, James Baxter, that he was not to blame, and so "Old Jim," as he was generally called, had promptly discharged him.

Then he seemed to play in hard luck. He could secure nothing as operator or clerk, and being determined to remain in railroad work, he went back to train service and took the best that was offered, which was to go on as freight brakeman.

Many times he had thought that he'd quit the business, but he still held on, for there had always been in his mind a sort of hunch that some day things would come his way and he'd square accounts with certain people—Old Jim in particular, although he was forced to admit that such a thing was most vague, for now he was working on a road over a hundred miles from the one of which Old Jim was superintendent. Though he sometimes felt very bitter, at heart he did not blame Old Jim so much. He had liked Superintendent Baxter,



and was certain that Baxter appreciated his work. He knew that Old Jim was honest in his belief that he was guilty but felt that he had acted rather hastily and without a sufficiently thorough investigation. Thoughts of these incidents of the past went flitting rapidly through Bob's mind as he faced the fury of the storm.

"Some day," he grumbled, again talking to himself, "things may come my way, and I'll sure square accounts with—"

His line of thought and outburst of speech was interrupted by a sensation like the ground dropping from beneath his feet, and he landed in a heap at the bottom of a snow filled culvert, the geographical location of which he had overlooked in the storm. His lanterns were not broken, but both were extinguished, and his match case was not to be found—probably dropped from his pocket when he piled into the culvert, and in that smother of snow could not be found. And at that moment he heard his recall signal. He climbed out as quickly as possible but of course some time was lost, and his progress through the snow was not any too swift.

Frank Andrews the conductor, was at the head end of the train with the rest of the crew, and in the storm no one could be certain that Bob was in. They waited what they considered to be a sufficient period of time for him, then departed, leaving him away outside the town with two useless lantern, no matches, and a troubled state of mind.

Off to the right he discerned a light shining dimly through the storm and located it as being in "Pine Cabin," as it was called by the railroad men, a small cottage in a clearing in the

pine timber. It was only a short distance from the track and Bob recalled that in pleasant weather he had noticed a little girl playing around the cabin, and sometimes a young lady—evidently her mother, would be with her.

"Someone up over there," he said to himself—"wonder if they'd be scared to death if I knocked and asked for some matches." He decided to go to the cabin and yet some matches if possible, so after placing torpedoes he waded through the drifts to the back door and knocked.

"Who is there?" asked a voice—a feminine voice, from within.

"An unfortunate representative of the railroad," replied Bob. Then quickly told of his experience and requested a few matches. "If you are afraid to open the door," he told the party within, "just raise the window slightly and pass them out. It is really quite important that I have my lights burning."

The door was opened slightly and Bob heard the rattle of a check chain. In his mind he commended the caution of the lady whom he was sure was peering out at him.

"I'm not much to look at," he said, "but by instinct and training I'm a gentleman. However, you are wise to use caution."

"You may come in and light your lanterns," said the voice, evidently re-assured, for the chain was dropped and the portal swung open.

Immediately upon entering the little cabin, Bob was certain of at least two facts. The lady of the cabin was of gentle breeding, also, she was poor. Evidences of genteel poverty were plainly discernable. The lady was youthful and had a really beautiful

face, although it was care worn stamped with anxiety.

Bob quickly lighted his lanterns, thanked the lady and was about to depart, when he heard a child cough violently and moan pitifully.

"My little girl is very ill," said the lady, "I am fearful of pneumonia. I am certain that I must have a doctor and was just wondering if I could venture to leave her alone until I hurried to the town for Doctor Jackson. I dislike to leave her but see no other way. I have no phone at present so must go to his home." She passed into the room where the child lay, and turned up the light.

Bob stepped to the door and saw at a glance that the child was seriously ill and must have medical attention at once. He was soft hearted, and suffering, especially with children, always affected him.

"Poor little kiddie," he exclaimed. "She must have the doctor; just tell me where he lives and I'll have him here in a hurry!"

"Oh!" said the mother, "that's nice of you but how could you leave your duties? I am afraid you might get into serious trouble and I do not want you to do that."

"Don't give that a thought now!" he said hurriedly. "I have torpedoes on and I'll leave a red signal, and if anything come they will have to wait until I get back. I am going to get the doctor if I tie up the whole system, so tell me where he lives; he must be in the town and not so far from the road anyway."

She quickly gave him the directions and Bob hustled away through the storm, and he was making fast time. He was certain now that Extra 781 would not be running ahead of Number

22, the Night Express, and he hoped to get the doctor and be back on the job when 22 arrived. It was likely to be late, he reasoned; anyway, he was going to start the doctor to that sick child in Pine Cabin.

Bob was soon perspiring most freely for he was exerting himself to the limit, for he was in haste to get the doctor started for the cabin. The storm was now at his back and that helped a lot as he went streaking on his way.

He located the doctor without trouble, saw him start for the cabin, then he hustled back to the railroad. 22 was slightly late and that gave him time to take up his signal and move down to the station, where he arrived as the express pulled in. He reported to engineer Walt Flagg that his train had left him and was on ahead somewhere. Walt noted his heated and exhausted appearance and was puzzled.

"What's the matter with you, Bob?" he asked, "you look like you are about all in!"

"Hurried like blazes to get down to the town so's not to stop you out there on the line," he replied.

"Didn't need to kill yourself to do it!" said Walt, "I could have picked you up all right."

"I'm going to park here by the boiler butt 'till I dry out," he said. Then he was silent and appeared in deep thought. His mind was back in the pines and he was wondering why such a young and charming mother and her child were living alone in that little cabin.

During the next few days he had several phone talks with old Doc Jackson, and learned a number of things. The most important was that the little

girl was doing well in due time would be fully recovered. He ascertained further that the lady of Pine Cabin was Mrs. Brandon, a widow. Just why she was living in that lonely place was not known. She did sewing for the people in the town, and she also made very beautiful neckties.

And right there he saw in his mind, many of the boys of that particular division wearing high grade neckties, whether they wanted to or not, for he decided he would take a hand in certain matters and get busy at once.

He felt that he had sufficient excuse for making a call to see how the little girl was getting along, so on the following Sunday he started for Pine Cabin. The crew of Number 19 wondered what Bob Gibson was doing up in that small country town on Sunday, but he was not giving out information. He just hiked out of town to the little cabin in the pines.

Mrs. Brandon did not immediately recognize in the properly dressed young man, the flagman who came for matches and sent the doctor on that stormy night not so long ago. She was evidently pleased to see him and have the opportunity to thank him for his kindness, which she did in a most courteous manner. He was taken in to see the little girl—Maribel, he learned, was her name. She was still in bed but very much better, and she remembered him at once as the man who stood in the doorway and looked at her on that night, then hurried away for the doctor. She and Bob became friends at once, and he dully presented the doll that he had spent some time in selecting.

Bob's Sunday call proved to be a pleasant affair. Little Maribel en-

joyed her doll, and Mrs. Brandon in her quiet and reserved manner, was most charming. Yet there appeared to be something quite mystifying about her living away outside the town in that little cabin 'mid the pines, and as he was taking his leave an incident occurred that deepened the mystery. He noticed upon a small mantel shelf the pictures of two men, and stepped over to look at them.

One was the photo of a young man with a good strong face and rather above the average in good looks.

"My late husband," said Mrs. Brandon, quietly. "The one on the other end is my father."

Her father! Bob almost howled in surprise—it was by an effort that he remained quiet. The other picture was the rugged, stern features of James Baxter!

Old Jim, her father! Here was mystery galore. Why was Old Jim's daughter, a young and interesting widow, living with her five-year-old daughter in a cabin in the pines? He hoped in time to learn more about it.

On his way back to the station and all the way to the city on the train, Bob was plunged in deep thought. His interest in the lady of Pine Cabin was in no way diminished by the knowledge that she was Old Jim's daughter. Perhaps the way was opening for him to square accounts.

Bob had not asked permission to call again; neither had he received an invitation to do so. But he knew he would go there again sometime, and he figured it would be reasonably soon.

The long winter months had passed away and spring was at hand. They had been quite eventful months in the lives of our friends. Early in the year Bob had been promoted to con-

ductor. He had become a frequent visitor at Pine Cabin; the check chain was never on the door, and he called the widow by her given name—Mildred.

And Mildred had been more fortunate with her work during the past months, and she was certain it was due largely to the engineering skill of Bob, although she could never tell exactly what he was doing for he was an adept in covering his tracks. It was surprising how many of the boys on the road were wearing the elegant ties she made; the craze became almost epidemic. Just how Bob managed it she did not know, he was a hustler and very resourceful.

Mildred had never mentioned her father since Bob's first call, and Bob had never referred to him in any way. He had guessed a great deal—and much of it had been confirmed.

He had adroitly questioned certain old timers who had worked on Old Jim's road. And some of the migratory ones who drifted back and forth were loaded with information and pining to part with it. He learned that James Baxter had for many years been a widower, his affections naturally centering upon his only child—Mildred. Frank Brandon had been the son of a one-time friend, but with whom he had a serious falling out and thereafter considered him an enemy, and he strenuously opposed Mildred's marriage to him. When she defied him his hard, unyielding nature caused him to practically disown her.

He did not hear of her husband's death until long after it occurred. Then he searched far and wide but failed to locate her. Mildred had been somewhat set and determined herself,

and she would send no word or go to him. She had resented his unreasonable action and remained in seclusion, making a living for herself and little Maribel as best as she could.

And recently Bob had received a letter; quite an important one to him. It had been mailed at a town in the far Southwest. In part, it read:

"... My health failed and I had to come out here. I'm going into the desert. I may never come out of it, and I want to carry a clear conscience—it may help me some.

"I was the guilty party in the affair that cost you your position I changed the entries on the sheet so that it appeared that you made the error. It was a low down trick to work on a good friend; it worried me and did not help my health. It was the only crooked thing I ever did; but I was scared, and yielded to temptation.

"Show this to superintendent Baxter; he always liked you. He was hard, but intended to be just, and we know how rigid he was on rules. It was thought that he acted somewhat hastily.

"I'm sorry, Bob. I've received punishment, and I know you'll forgive me, Bob, for you are that kind of man,  
Goodbye.

Cal McLain."

Bob had often wondered if Cal could have been the one who put up the job on him. Well, he was sorry for poor old Cal and his heart held no bitterness toward him now. He fervently hoped that repentance and the desert air would restore his health.

Easter Sunday dawned clear and beautiful, the early flowers were budding, the grass was showing green and the birds were singing in the pines around the little cabin. Number 19

had two passengers on this Sunday morning who alighted at the little town near this important dwelling. One was Bob Gibson—as usual, the other was James Baxter, or Old Jim. Bob had sent a message that he knew would not be disregarded, and had met him at the City Terminal.

On the way up he had shown McLain's letter to Old Jim. The latter admitted he had regretted his hasty action but had no idea where to find Bob. Friendship understanding were well restored between them when they reached the little up country town.

"Shall we hunt a conveyance, or walk?" Bob asked. "It's over a mile."

"We'll walk!" replied Old Jim with emphasis, "a hike in this springtime atmosphere will be great!"

Whatever he may have thought as he saw the humble cabin in the pines, his expression in no way revealed, but he hastened his pace to reach it. Little Maribel saw them coming and opened the door, her eyes wide in wonder, little suspecting that the stranger with Bob was her grandfather.

As they stepped into the house Mildred entered from the next room. She paused, speechless with amazement.

"A beautiful Easter morn! Mildred," was Bob's greeting, "and a grand time for a reconciliation!"

Old Jim held out his arms: "My dear girl!" he cried, "can you forgive your old dad!"

With a choking cry "Father!" Mildred was in those outstretched arms.

Bob quickly stepped into the kitchen and closed the door. There was a grin on his face, moisture in his eyes, and he cleared his throat violently. It was really a pathetic reunion.

When they called to him a little later he found Old Jim clasping his daughter and granddaughter to him as if he would never let them go: all the sternness had left his face, and few had ever seen the tender expression that was on it now.

"Young man!" he exclaimed, "I certainly owe you some debt of gratitude. How can I ever repay it!"

"Well," replied Bob with a smile, "I am not looking for any payment, but if you wish to you may extend your blessing to us, for later in the day there is to be a quiet ceremony down in the little church in the town, and also, you can exercise a father's right, and give the bride away."

"You rascal!" ejaculated the old man, you've got matters all arranged in great shape it seems! I'll do all that and more! I'm going to have you back on the old Tunnel Line, for I want you all near me!" And he wrung Bob's hand in a crushing grip.

And Bob felt well satisfied with the manner in which he had squared accounts.

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The truth for us to remember at all times, and especially in these times, is the truth that we hope of a nation is not in its forms of government, nor in the wisdom and equity of its executive, nor in the justice and purity of its administration, so much as in the elevation and redemption of individual character among its people.—H. C. Potter.

# WHEN THE STRIPES ARE IN THE ATTIC

(Selected)

We were thinking about a soldier named Tim the other day—but not in a sticky, sentimental sort of way. We were just thinking about the office boy who will come home a trained technician.

You see, we will owe Tim a job when he gets back. But how are we going to fit a man who has kept a Flying Fortress in fighting trim back into the minuscule responsibility of sealing letters and running errands? Obviously, we will have to figure out a wider scope for Tim, who has learned a great deal, not only about machines, but about people.

And how about the girl who has Tim's job? She is doing all right. Maybe she will get married and quit work when the war is over—but then again?

See how our thoughts were running? Two jobs to provide where only one job existed. If you run a business, or a department, you know the thing by heart. Multiply Tim by the number of employes that are in the service, or in government jobs, and add the new people that now have their old jobs, and you will see that this nation faces the greatest opportunity, in the history of the world.

If we live up to that opportunity, we will not have ten million unemployed, with their wonderful training going to waste. Instead, we will have a country humming with the released energy of its whole people, marching to greater and greater accomplishments.

training going to waste. Instead, we will have a country humming with the released energy of its whole people, marching to greater and greater accomplishments.

What are we going to about providing ten million new jobs when the uniforms are in the attic? That will be the peacetime battle. Fortunately, there is a better way to use the energy and skill of our men than putting them on ambition-killing manufactured jobs that have no particular objective.

American industry is the best outlet for personal energy and skill. Modern industry can give a job to every skilled and energetic person who wants to work. How? By extending the progress that produced so much good living for so many in the years gone by.

The purpose of industry is to get more work done in less time. The life of industry is improvement. When products are constantly improved, more and more people buy them. That makes jobs. When there is no industrial improvement, you have a country with living standards like those in China or India. When there is slow industrial improvement, you have a country like one of the Balkan states. When there is rapid industrial improvement, you have a country like the United States, with the highest living standards in the world. We haven't always understood this, and so we have had periods when there is little improvement. That caused depressions.

# SALT-WATER JOURNALISM

(The Linotype News)

Benjamin Franklin, patron saint of printers, was honored again when the U. S. S. Bonhomme Richard mighty aircraft carrier, was launched at the New York Navy Yard, Brooklyn, April 29.

The big ship, about 850 feet long and with a displacement of more than 27,000 tons, was the thirteenth carrier of its class to be launched in this country since Pearl Harbor. It will carry about eighty planes, will have a top speed in excess of thirty knots and, when completed, will have cost sixty million dollars.

Commenting on the launching, the Shipworker of the New York Navy Yard stated that the big carrier "couldn't bear a more illustrious name, honoring as it does the Continental frigate made famous by Capt. John Paul Jones. It was aboard the first Bonhomme Richard that our great naval hero scorned defeat with his immortal declaration, 'I have not yet begun to fight!' Jones had named his flagship Bonhomme Richard in honor of Benjamin Franklin, who had been instrumental in getting the ship for him. Incidentally, another carrier of the Essex class was recently named the U. S. S. Franklin in honor of the memory of Benjamin Franklin."

Among the many Liberty ships named for American journalists, launched since the United States entered World War II are the Bonhomme Richard—the Adolph S. Ochs, the M. H. de Young and the Marie M. Meloney.

Among the guests at the launching of the Adolph S. Ochs, which was named, of course for the late publisher

of the New York Times, were Mrs. P. B. Cregar, sister of the late Christy Mathewson, famous baseball player and Horace Stoneham, president of the New York Giants.

The M. H. de Young, named for the founder and for many years publisher of the San Francisco Chronicle, was christened by Mrs. George T. Cameron, eldest daughter of Mr. de Young.

The Marie M. Meloney, was named, of course, for one of America's foremost women journalists.

Mrs. Meloney started her journalistic career at sixteen by offering several political stories to the editor of the Washington Post. By the time she was eighteen she had covered two national political conventions and had won a seat in the senate press gallery as Washington correspondent for the Denver Post.

She was the first woman to serve on the general staff of the New York Sun. For six years she was editor of the Women's Magazine and for half of that period was also associate editor of Everybody's. She relinquished those posts to become editor of the Delineator. She then progressed to the editorship of a new magazine being published by the New York Herald Tribune. In 1935 that magazine became This Week and Mrs. Meloney continued as its editor until her death, in June of last year. Mrs. Meloney founded, organized and for many years conducted the Herald Tribune Forum on Current Problems.

When the C. K. McClatchy slid down the ways at Wilmington, Calif., its bow was sprayed by champagne ap-

plied by the daughter of the famous western editor and publisher, Miss Eleanor McClatchy.

Miss McClatchy is now general manager of the McClatchy Newspapers, which include the Sacramento Bee, Fresno Bee and Modesto Bee. Her father was editor of the Sacramento

Bee fifty-two years, succeeding his father, who founded the paper in 1857.

One of the many Liberty ships launched at Richmond, Calif., was christened Walter Williams in honor of the much-loved founder and first dean of the school of journalism at the University of Missouri.

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### HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS FOR EVERY DAY

We should cultivate wisdom and strength so that nothing can disturb our peace of mind sufficiently to destroy our happiness and health.

We should look at or for the beautiful and sunny side of life and work to make our desires and optimistic views and ideas come true.

We should talk happiness, health, success and prosperity on all convenient occasions, then act to bring these to pass.

We should give our loved ones and friends to know that there is something in them and for them, and cultivate mutual loyalty.

We should be just as enthusiastic about the success of others as we are about our own, sentiments and interests being mutual.

We should spend so much time for the improvement of ourselves that we will have no time to criticize or gossip about others.

We should forget the mistakes of the past (or only remember them to our benefit) and press forward to greater achievements.

We should be too brave for fear to dwell in us, too wise and strong for folly to foil our aims, ambitions and purposes.

We should be too occupied and happy to permit the presence of trouble to linger long, and should proclaim our merits in deeds, not words.

We should think the best, expect the best, do our best, and trust God for the rest.—Albert Arthur Riggs



## INSTITUTION NOTES

Those in charge of our gardens tell us that prospects for a good late bean crop are very encouraging. We hope to have plenty of these beans for immediate use and a good supply to be canned for winter use.

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Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys continue to make steady progress in the erection of the new building, located in the rear of the Swink-Benson Trades Building. They have just finished putting on the roof and weatherboards.

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The report comes from our infirm-ary this week that several boys are being treated for sore throat. We are glad to state, however, that there are no cases of a serious nature, and it is expected these lads will soon return to their respective cottages.

—:—

The boys in our textile plant are now weaving hickory shirting. This material will be used to make shirts for our boys.

Since the recent rains, the lawns in various sections of the campus have taken on new life. Some of our outdoor forces spent several days recently trimming the growth of grass and weeds along the walks and roads throughout the grounds. Some gravel has been used to repair roads and driveways which had been badly washed. This work has greatly improved the appearance of the campus.

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Last week it was decided by the school officials to try something new in the way of religious service. Plans were made to omit the regular after-

noon service last Sunday, and to have an outdoor vesper service at 7:30 p. m. Rev. Frank Jordon, pastor of Central Methodist Church, Concord, kindly consented to come out and bring a message to the boys, and we were all looking forward to this first outdoor service. However, this was not to be, for about six o'clock in the evening, dark clouds put in their appearance, and in a few minutes there was a hard shower. Although the sun reappeared shortly thereafter, an outdoor service was out of the question.

Despite the downpour, Rev. Mr. Jordon arrived at the School, and it was decided to hold the service in our auditorium, and we assembled there shortly after 7:30.

For the Scripture Lesson Rev. Mr. Jordon read part of the 20th chapter of The Acts, in which the Apostle Paul bade farewell to his followers, as he made ready for his journey to Jerusalem.

At the beginning of his remarks to the boys, the speaker called their attention to the words of one of our early leaders, when he told young people to "hitch your wagon to a star." Modern man has just about learned to do that, he added. He has learned to make all powers of the universe his servant. Mankind has become able to do most anything he chooses. We find men traveling in the depths of the ocean in submarines; on the ground he can now get various types of carriers and outrun the antelope; in the sky he is able to outfly the eagle. We have learned to do practically everything we desire.

In the great war now going on, said

Rev. Mr. Jordan, we read of hundreds of moves and counter-moves. The enemy makes a death-dealing device. We capture one, examine it, and almost immediately, our engineers make something better. No matter what sort of cunning device for killing the foe manages to put on the field or into the air, our skilled scientists, in due time, produce something far more powerful. Man is truly a genius at doing things.

To make something with which to kill the greater number of people is not our greatest problem in the world today, continued the speaker. The thing that is vexing the human family more than anything else is to learn how to be the right kind of people—how to live the right kind of life. Our problem is how to live in a modern world without going to pieces in it. We must learn to live in it successfully. Man is resourceful enough. The question is how to turn those resources into successful living. How can we keep the world from beating us back into the earth—almost to the level of beasts? We can come more nearly being beasts today than ever before in the history the world.

Rev. Mr. Jordan then told the boys their greatest problem was to learn how to be real men in the kind of world in which we are now living. The time is rapidly approaching, said he, when the world's greatest need will be men of the right calibre. This will only be accomplished when men will try to follow the example of Paul. In the Scripture Lesson just read, Paul was saying goodbye to his friends. He knew that he was going to be placed into prison or lose his life. Facing that, Paul was able to say that no matter what life had in store for

him, he could be true to Christ. He did not fear death.

There are men who attain greatness, even after having to deal with most adverse circumstances, said the speaker, but no man can make life exactly as he desires. He cannot make life give him everything he wants. The man who is going to be successful in life, begins with himself. He must make up his mind that whatever life brings to him, he will try to mold himself so that he can get the most possible out of life. We can do that if we will only recognize that behind the universe there is a friendly and loving God who will help every individual who puts his trust in Him.

We cannot make circumstances in life, said Rev. Mr. Jordan, but every man can make his response to them. This is illustrated by a letter from a young soldier to his mother. The boy was going into battle, but he told his mother not to worry. His message was: "I'm going into battle tomorrow. God will be with me. If I come out of this battle safely, it will be all right. If not, I shall be with God. Don't worry." That young man had learned the great lesson of life. Paul's message was somewhat similar. He said something like this: "I think I am about to die. There is work for me to do in the world, and I'd like to do it. But if I die, I'll go with my Lord, and that will be better."

The speaker said that the question was how could a man ever come to the place where he might be master of the business of living. The answer is rather simple, he added. Most people do not try. We can only master the great problem of living by making ourselves conscious of God daily.

There is no such thing as perpetual motion in life. Man must make his contact with that which is good each day that he lives. Jesus was the busiest man who ever lived upon earth. He was constantly doing something for someone else. Jesus kept contact with God at all times. The only way man will ever be able to beat life will be to constantly keep in touch with a stronger power, and that power can only come from God.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Jordan told the boys that if any boy wanted to become good or great, he must first gird himself with the strength of God, and keep that contact day by day. Life is not always good to us, he added, but if we will take God into partnership, we can make out of it what we wish it to be.

—:—

There were several hard-fought contests played in the two baseball leagues last Saturday afternoon. In League Number One, the Receiving Cottage boys kept their slate clean by defeating the First Cottage lads, nosing them out by the score of 5 to 4. In the game between Fourth and Fifth Cottages, the score was tied at seven runs each at the end of the allotted playing period. Since it was time for the boys to go to the swimming pool, it was decided to play this game off at a later date.

In League Number Two, the boys of Cottage No. 10 won over the lads from Cottage No. 11 by a 4-3 count. The game between Cottage No. 9 and Cot-

tage No. 14 was a nip-and-tuck affair, the No. 9 boys finally coming out on top by the score of 9 to 8. "Windy" Jones, one-armed pitcher for No. 9, hurled a good game, and banged out a couple of hits, one of them a double. Following are the scores:

League Number One—Receiving Cottage 5 First Cottage 4; Second Cottage 8 Third Cottage 3; Fourth Cottage 7 Fifth Cottage 7.

League Number Two—Tenth Cottage 4 Eleventh Cottage 3; Ninth Cottage 9 Fourteenth Cottage 8; Fifteenth Cottage 14 Thirteenth Cottage 3.

CLUB STANDINGS

League Number One

	W	L	Pct.
Receiving Cottage	9	0	1.000
First Cottage	5	4	.555
Fourth Cottage	3	4	.429
Fifth Cottage	3	4	.429
Second Cottage	3	5	.375
Third Cottage	0	4	.000

League Number Two

	W	L	Pct.
Tenth Cottage	9	1	.900
Fifteenth Cottage	7	4	.636
Eleventh Cottage	5	6	.455
Fourteenth Cottage	4	6	.400
Thirteenth Cottage	4	7	.364
Ninth Cottage	3	8	.273

—:—

An army rifle weighs 8.69 pounds. After it has been carried several miles the decimal point drops out.—Exchange.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending July 30, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

Charles Blakemore  
William Burnett  
Ralph Cranford  
Chauncey Gore  
George Hill  
William Hilliard  
Fred Jones  
David Perkins  
James Stamper

## COTTAGE NO. 1

John Allen  
Eugene Bowers  
James Buckaloo  
Walter Byrd  
Leonard Bradley  
George Cox  
Liston Grice  
Howard Hall  
William Lerschell  
Rufus Massingill  
Harold Mckinney  
Amos Myers  
Carlton Pate  
Thomas Ruff  
Harry Thompson  
Harlan Warren

## COTTAGE NO. 2

Charles Alexander  
Charles Byrd  
Arthur Beal  
Delmas Jerrell  
John McLean  
James Norton  
Hayes Powell  
William Phillips  
Eugene Peterson  
Van Robinson  
Ezzell Stansbury  
Kermit Wright  
Leroy Womack

## COTTAGE NO. 3

William Brooks  
George Bass  
Craven Callahan  
William Doss  
Charles Earp  
Earl Green  
Jack Hensley  
Robert Helms

Cecil Kinion  
Robert Lee  
Jack Oliver  
Robert Peavy  
Charles Roland  
Donald Redwine  
Richard Tullock  
Marvin Wall  
Theodore Young

## COTTAGE NO. 4

Clyde Brown  
Charles Carter  
Burley Edmondson  
John Fine  
Eugene Grice  
Jeter Green  
William Hawk  
George Hawk  
Paul Matthews  
Garnett Quessinberry,  
Paul Stone  
Lewis Sawyer  
Clifford Shull  
Edward VanHoy  
Lawrence Walker

## COTTAGE NO. 5

Randolph Ammons  
Thomas Barnes  
James Gibson  
Lawrence Hopson  
Robert Hensley  
Robert Williams  
Nolan Overcash

## COTTAGE NO. 6

Rufus Driggers  
Thomas Everhardt  
Fred Ganey  
William Hawkins  
Stanford McLean  
James Swinson  
Leroy Wilkins  
Ralph Gibson

## COTTAGE NO. 7

Max Brown  
Robert Canady  
Carlton Cox  
Horace Collins  
Charles Edwards  
Wallace Foster

Donald Kirk  
Ned Metcalf  
Ray Naylor  
Jack Phillips  
Marshall Prestwood  
Jesse Parker

**COTTAGE NO. 8**  
(Cottage Closed)

**COTTAGE NO. 9**

Leonard Church  
Conrad Cox  
James Eller  
Sebarn Garmon  
Edward Guffey  
Ray Edwards  
Thomas Ingram  
Windley Jones  
John Linville  
James Lowman  
Charles McClenney  
Edwin Peterson  
Edward Renfro  
William Ussery  
J. B. Wilson  
William Harding

**COTTAGE NO. 10**

Roger Barnes  
Earnest Bullard  
Evan Craig  
William Flowe  
Robert Holbert  
Leonard McAdams  
John Lee  
Jack Clifton  
Carlton Morrison  
E. C. Stamey  
Jack Williams

**COTTAGE NO. 11**

Odean Bland  
Robert Buchanan  
Earl Harris  
James Phillips  
Clyde Rhodes

Leon Rose  
William Walker  
Robert Yow

**COTTAGE NO. 12**  
(Cottage Closed)

**COTTAGE NO. 13**

William Andrews  
Fred Bostian  
William Dean  
Melvin Fowler  
Dwight Murphy  
Vernon Reinhardt

**COTTAGE NO. 14**

Everett Bowden  
Clyde Bustle  
Hugh Cornwell  
Troy Morris  
Sam Pritchett  
Bruce Sawyer  
Grover Shuler  
Hubert Smith  
Lester Williams

**COTTAGE NO. 15**

Edgar Blanchard  
William Bass  
Thomas Baumgarner  
James Cantrell  
Lee Hollifield  
Charles Ledford  
Hilton Reed  
Clyde Truitt  
Olin Wishon

**INFIRMARY**

William McNeal  
Odell Cecil

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

Jack Bailey  
Peter Chavis  
R. C. Hoyle  
Marshall Hunt

---

Better that we should err in action than wholly refuse to perform. The storm is so much better than the calm, as it declares the presence of a living principle. Stagnation is something worse than death. It is corruption also.—Simms.



# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 12, 1944

No. 32

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## T O D A Y

Let me today do something that shall take  
A little sadness from the world's vast store;  
And may I be so favored as to make  
Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.

Let me tonight look back across the span  
'Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience  
say,  
Because of some good act to beast or man,  
"The world is better that I lived today."

—Anonymous.

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## THREE DAYS

There are two days in the week on which and about which we never worry—two care-free days which are kept sacredly free from fear and apprehension.

One of these days is Yesterday. Yesterday, with its cares and frets, and all its pains and aches; all its faults, its mistakes and blunders, has passed forever beyond recall.

And the other day that we do not worry about is Tomorrow. Tomorrow, with all its possible adversities, its burdens, its perils, its large promise and poor performance, its failures and mistakes, is as far beyond mastery as its dead sister, Yesterday.

There is left for ourselves, then, but one day in the week—today. Anyone can fight the battles of Today. Anyone can carry the burdens of just one day. Anyone can resist the temptations of Today. It is only when we willfully add the burdens of these two awful eternities, Yesterday and Tomorrow—such burdens as only the mighty God can sustain—that we break down. It isn't the experience of today that drives men mad; it is the remorse for something that happened yesterday, and that dread of what the morrow may disclose.

—Robert J. Burdette.

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## GOVERNOR BROUGHTON DISCUSSES PRECEDENTS IN COURTS

Governor J. Melville Broughton has served the State as governor for a period of three years and seven months, and during this time he has accomplished many things which will definitely establish him as being one of the strongest governors in the history of the state. It would not be possible, in a brief article, to enumerate all of the many achievements of his administration. The fact that his name was placed before the Democratic Convention in Chicago recently indicates clearly the esteem in which he is held by the leaders of many of the southern states. Whatever else he may have accomplished or may succeed in accomplishing before his term expires, the very fact that he has been charged with leadership of the govern-

ment of this state during the war period and that he has acquitted himself so capably bespeaks for him the credit and honor of the entire state. According to the records, North Carolina has fulfilled every obligation relating to the war that has been placed on the shoulders of its people. The state has responded to every call, and a very large measure of this achievement is due to the leadership of Governor Broughton.

Recently Governor Broughton delivered a very significant address before the Virginia State Bar Association and showed his farsighted outlook in the advice that he gave to those who were present. The newspaper account of his address is presented below, as follows:

Roanoke, Va., Aug. 6. (AP)

New problems of national and international importance cannot be solved by precedent alone, Governor J. M. Broughton, of North Carolina told Virginia lawyers.

Speaking at a banquet last night which ended the annual meeting of the Virginia State Bar association, the governor said such problems must be met and solved upon sound principles; they cannot be given a legal "brush-off" by outmoded precedent.

"Deep and significant social currents are surging throughout the earth, and legislative bodies, courts, and lawyers cannot ignore them," Broughton declared. "Law is made for the people, and not people for the law; the deeper yearnings of the human heart cannot be quenched by technical precedents."

The North Carolina Chief Executive, recently a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the vice presidency, told the lawyers that their profession was wedded to precedent by training, tradition, and habit. He said lawyers always feel that there must be a backward look before the forward step, and "frequently there develops a backward look complex which all but bars that forward step. Thus lawyers may subject themselves to charges of being reactionary."

\* \* \* \* \*

### IT'S ALL IN YOUR POINT OF VIEW

We frequently meet people who would have us believe that this old world is fast becoming a most terrible place in which to live. Each succeeding generation produces "calamity howlers" who would have us believe that the world is simply going to the dogs, and that civilization is doomed. Such a person quotes facts and presents his

case in such a manner that before we know it, we are inclined to agree with him. Just as we are about to feel sorry for ourselves and the world in general, along comes another fellow who greets us with a million-dollar smile, and begins to point out the great beauties of life and tells what a wonderful world this is, and we immediately agree with him. Finally we realize that we have listened to two distinctly opposite arguments, agreeing with both, and find ourselves right back where we started. We have been running around in circles.

Then come the happy thought that what life really is, depends largely upon each individual's point of view. The fellow who thinks the world is full of good things, good people and kindly blessings is much richer than he who thinks to the contrary. Each man's imagination largely peoples the world for himself. Some live in a world peopled with princes of the royal blood; some live in a world of paupers and privations. If we look for the good things in life, we will agree with "Papa David," of radio fame, that life can be beautiful. If, on the other hand, we seek only the dark side of the picture, life indeed will be gloomy. It's all in one's point of view.

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE SCHOOL OF LIFE

Most boys and girls want it to be an easy school. They would prefer to have mostly play and little work. We all did. It was our feeling that all discipline should be eliminated. The effort to make us study hard was not to our taste. We could not see the wisdom of many of the rules by which the students were governed.

But how differently we think of the old school today! It was the discipline, the high standard that did most to make us grow and become fit to meet life's tasks later.

It is much the same in the home. The father who spares his son the disciplinary measures and tries to save him from hardship and struggle is doing that boy a lasting injury. If he wants to hurt the boy's character and so cripple him that he cannot run the race of life or fight its battles all he needs to do is to shelter and protect him when he sees hardships coming.

Now boys or girls do not like that kind of a picture painted for them. Ease and freedom and happy-go-lucky times are their choice.

It is difficult to put old heads on young shoulders. It is for that reason that rules and regulations and hard work must become a part of the order of the school. It is not a question as to their being liked but of their being necessary and beneficial.—The Lutheran.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is much truth in the old adage that "a prophet is without honor in his own country." But we frequently pick up small town newspapers and note the headlines stating the success of a native of that particular town, who had gone out to make his way in the world. How interesting it is to note that the home town boy, whom no one was willing to give credit as ever going to amount to anything, frequently leaves home and proceeds to go at once to the top. Such cases bring to our mind the hint that the appraisal of value by the folks of the old home town did not amount to much. The reason for this is that far too often the home town people base their appraisal on who the boy is rather than what he is. They don't stop to think that the lad reared on the other side of the railroad tracks, if given an equal opportunity, might be able to attain heights equal to those reached by the boys brought up in the homes in the so-called better section of the town. The old home town folks are still prone to make the mistake that the banker's son is superior to the blacksmith's son. The old home town fools itself on these things but the outside world, which doesn't know any different, bases its appraisal on true worth and what the individual is, rather than theoretical worth, and who he is. The fact remains, that no matter on which side of town from which he comes, a boy, if he has the right kind of stuff in him, can rise to great heights, if given the opportunity and proper encouragement.

\* \* \* \* \*

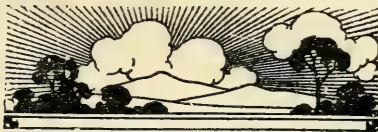
### WE ARE KNOWN FOR WHAT WE ARE

It is far better to live a good life than to talk about it. People are not easily fooled. The old adage, "actions speak louder than words," is still as true as when penned years ago. It is not necessary that we tell people how good or how bad we are—our lives speak for themselves. Lighthouses do not blow whistles or ring bells to call

attention to their shining—they just shine. So it is with men. Good deeds cannot long remain hidden from the eyes of those around us. It may be some time before they are noticed, but sooner or later they will become as vivid as the light from the lighthouse, casting its beams out over the dancing, white-capped waves, warning the seafaring men to beware of dangerous shoals.

\* \* \* \* \*

H. B. Bosworth, Area Forester for North Carolina recently sent a timely notice to the press of the state, stressing the importance of timber in our nation's war effort. The following message to owners of woodlands tells something of the urgent need of wood products: "Your wood is needed right now to carry food, munitions, weapons, blood plasma to the various battlefronts. Increased quantities of sawlogs and pulpwood will be required to make boxes, crates and cartons to back the attack in this decisive year. Much of this wood must come from farm timberland. Your forester or county agent will furnish you with marketing information and show you how to cut your timber selectively."



# TREASON IN THE AMERICAN HOME

By J. Edgar Hoover, Director Federal Bureau of Investigation

Treason is a harsh word and is the most serious crime under our laws, but our homes have seen a form of treason closely akin to giving aid and comfort to our enemies. I refer to the betrayal by parents of their trust through their failure to provide the loving guidance and devotion which are the endowment and birthright of every child. Many instances have come to my attention where mothers and fathers have actually stated they do not wish to be bothered with their children, and thousands of case histories prove that these sentiments and actions are growing more widespread.

Our nation is in throes of an appalling wave of juvenile crime which threatens to engulf the flower of American manhood. Recent years have seen vicious battles between the forces of organized crime on one side and the principles of honor, respect and decency on the other. The battleground for this war is the American home.

Reverses were suffered in this struggle during 1941; additional setbacks took place in 1942 and the calendar year, 1943, found family life on the brink of catastrophe with more young people militantly marching with vice and criminality than ever before in our nation's history.

Many theories have been advanced as to the scope and danger of the juvenile problem in America but idle talk is valueless. Immediate and affirmative action by religious and educational institutions must be forthcoming if the dignity of American life is to be preserved. Obviously, the ostrich-like tactics favored by

many are contributing to the delinquency of our youth and are paving the way for years of remorse and tribulation.

Our country supports over six million persons with criminalistic tendencies. To the ranks of these who have forsaken the teachings of God, new recruits are added daily. This is not merely conjecture. The fingerprint arrest records submitted to the F. B. I. from over 12,000 law enforcement agencies bear mute testimony to maleficence in hitherto unknown degrees.

Unfortunately, the fault must be placed squarely on the shoulders of my generation. Youth as a whole cannot and should not be indicted. Our family life cannot bear searching inquiry for we are failing in our greatest responsibility—our duty to youth.

Recently a New York school girl after reading a dissertation on juvenile delinquency advised her teacher that she intended to prevail upon her mother to abandon her intention of seeking employment and devote herself to the management of the home for the sake of her little brothers and sisters. The home is shattered when mothers must be reminded of their maternal duties by tots. A dread disease is gnawing at the basic structure of American existence, the home, and the moral breakdown has already reached an acute stage. Lack of family responsibility breeds crime, and crime breeds arrogance, intolerance, distrust and disaster. It is these unpropitious omens we now face.

Arrest figures among youth portend only despair and the trend is alarming.

Arrests of females under twenty-one years of age have increased 130.4 percent since 1941. Male arrests declined slightly during 1943 but are still above normal because the drop was from a very high level. During 1943 arrests of boys under eighteen years increased 23.4 percent, and in this age group arrests for rape increased 39.8 percent; for robbery, 39 percent; for burglary 27.7 percent; and for auto theft, 23.4 percent. These figures based on reports from police departments throughout the country show only a portion of the picture, for it must be remembered that in a number of instances delinquents, because of their tender years, are not fingerprinted but are referred to local homes or citizens for guidance.

Arrests of females under twenty-one years of age during the calendar year, 1943, increased 30.1 percent for crimes against property and 56.9 percent for sex and other crimes against public decency.

Amidst this degradation and shame there is one ray of hope, the beckoning finger of God who long ago laid down the principles of family struc-

ture for us to follow. The churches of America have a duty now more vital than ever. This burden can be discharged by complete tolerance and unity as manifested during such seasons as National Family Week. Weekly religious devotion in God's honor is insufficient. His works should govern the every action of parent and child alike. It is through his precepts that our homes can be restored to the tranquil path of freedom from crime.

America suffers nearly a million and a half major crimes each year, plus countless millions of lesser offenses. The crime bill is enormous from both financial and spiritual viewpoints.

Religious, educational and civic institutions combined with law enforcement agencies in a solid front can go far in overcoming this menace, but home training is indispensable. Culpable negligence must be crushed and home life should revert to the position it formerly occupied. Neglectful, thoughtless parents who fail to teach and discipline children will inevitably be required to explain at some future date their reasons for neglect—their treason in the American home.

---

One cool judgment is worth a thousand hasty councils. The thing to do is to supply light and not heat. At any rate, if it is heat it ought to be white heat and not sputter, because sputtering heat is apt to spread the fire. There ought, if there is any heat at all, to be that warmth of heart which makes every man thrust aside his own personal feeling, his own personal interest, and take thought of the welfare and benefit of others.

—Woodrow Wilson.

# PREVENT DELINQUENCY—OCCUPY JUVENILE'S TIME

By Dr. Jesse Mercer Gehman

Juvenile delinquency is a recognized social disorder throughout the country, which communities will have to face now or suffer heavily in future years.

While there has been and is a difference of opinion as to the cause of juvenile delinquency and a divergence of opinion as to how this social blight can be overcome, we believe that there is one point of correction on which all agree.

We refer to the problem of occupying the spare or free time of boys and girls in constructive and interesting pursuits. It is not when the juvenile is occupied at school or at work that he or she finds opportunity for becoming delinquent. Delinquency occurs most frequently during spare or free time which is not constructively occupied.

The free time of most juveniles occurs after school hours, at night, and on week-ends. It is these hours which require filling.

In cities with ample school facilities there should be no juvenile delinquency problem. The schools can and should be thrown open, under organized supervision to the use of juveniles. The programs could be greatly varied to meet the interests of all.

Especially helpful would be the institution of regularly established schedules of physical activity in the gymnasias of schools. Every city has the facilities but these facilities lie idle for one reason or another while juveniles roam the streets to become delinquents.

We look with alarm upon the marked increase of juvenile delinquency; we endeavor to place the blame. Parents, churches, our education system, movies, etc., shift the responsibility of the course from one to another and yet do nothing concerted about eliminating the causes and providing the remedies to our sick juvenile body.

Even as there must be the ready acceptance of responsibility for the present juvenile delinquency by all agencies dealing with youth from the parents in the home, through the teachers in kindergarten, grade, grammar and high schools, so there must be an equally ready desire to cooperate on the part of all these agencies so that present delinquency can be corrected and that of the future be materially reduced.

This requires the efforts of every one—parents, priests, ministers, rabbis, teachers, police officials, the probation department and last but not least the Board of Education or Commissioners of Education to make available, if not the entire buildings, at least the gymnasias and auditorias where physical and recreational programs can be instituted immediately and carried out continuously.

The time is late. Juvenile delinquency is increasing. What are we going to do about it? Thousands of dollars worth of equipment is lying idle that can be used to stem the tide and throw back the already surging wave of delinquency.

It was our privilege to know and be associated with the late William



McCormack, the greatest boys' worker this country has ever known. We saw his influence on thousands of young men and women. The clubs he founded and personally supported were alive with activity seven nights a week. One of his boys as he called them became the probation officer of the city in which his clubs served; another became the head of a home for boys, and in the past 25 years has handled thousands, and his boys, many of them without benefit of

home an school training are to be found all over the world where they carry the imprint of his rich influence.

One of the basic principles of William McCormack's juvenile programs was "Occupy the time of juveniles in constructive effort."

This has been tried and proven. Why do we not do it instead of talking about the ever increasing toll juvenile delinquency is taking?

---

### SALUTES

In the United States, the characteristic salutation is "Hello," or "How do you do?"

The Arabs say on meeting, "A fine morning to you."

The Turk says, with much gravity, "God grant you His blessing."

The Persian greeting is of interest to all by reason of its quaintness: "May your shadow never grow less!"

The Egyptian is a practical man. He has to earn his taxes by toil under a burning sun. Accordingly he asks: "How do you perspire?"

The Chinese loves his dinner. Hence he says: "Have you had your rice?"

The Greeks, who are keen men of business, ask one another, "How are you getting on?"

The Spaniards say, "How are you passing it?"

The Germans, "How goes it?"

The Dutch, "How do you travel?"

The Swedes, "How can you?" meaning, "Are you in good vigor?"

The Russians, "Be well!"

The English-speaking nations, in addition to the telephonic "Hello!" say "How are you?" and "How do you do!"

The bow, as a mark of respect, is a custom used by nearly all nations.—Sushine Magazine.

# "CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY"

(The Virginia Star, Culpeper, Va.)

An interesting bit of Virginia history was related at a recent dinner party here in the Municipal Building. The story, was told by Chalmers Pancoast, of New York, and is as follows:

The famous old-time song has become something in which all Americans love to sing. The original simple Southern ballad has come to be regarded almost as a national folk song, although it was written by a song-and-dance man for Virginia minstrel show back in 1880.

This celebrated American song—"Carry Me Back to Old Virginny"—was one of about three hundred songs that James C. Bland turned out for the Waverly Minstrels.

Mr. Bland was not a southerner, he was born on Long Island, and never got farther south than Washington, so that one wonders a little where he got that sweet sort of nostalgia he put into the song. It may be that his mother knew and loved Virginia. It is just possible she told him a little about the homes and plantations she had seen down there.

Anyhow, he wrote the sweetest home-land song ever written. And then it was just one in three hundred he had written. Then it just got lost and forgotten for many years. It was completely buried except for a few copies, but fortunately one of these still lay around in a certain house in Virginia. The owners gave a house party; a pretty singer was one of the guests, and one evening someone brought out the long lost and forgotten song.

The young singer listened enraptured to "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny"—then tried it herself, and fell in love with it. This was in 1913, 33 years after it was written, when talking machines were new and not as they are now—but the young singer had a contract to make some records, and she felt this was a beautiful song for a new record. The song suited her clear, liquid soprano, and it had "heart" without being sloppy. So she recorded the lost song.

This record, "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," as sung by that young singer, Madam Alma Gluck, was one of the greatest triumphs the Victrola Company ever made. From 1914 to 1919 they sold over a million records, and Madam Gluck herself bought a 21-room house on Park Avenue with the royalties. The material rewards were certainly very great.

But there were other rewards still greater. One of them was a package sent to her one day shortly after the last war. It contained an old copy of the "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny" record. It was so scratched and battered and worn that when you played it you could hardly tell the notes. The letter that came with the record was from a soldier who had served with a certain famous A. E. F. regiment overseas. He told how the record had sailed with them to France; how carefully guarded it had gone wherever they went; and how in the front line trenches and dressing stations and hospitals, wherever a Victrola could be found, it had brought a

world of comfort and joy to men who were living in hell. And now that the hell was over they were sending the faithful old record back to her—with their very greatest affection.

“Carry Me Back to Old Virginy”—the long lost song—became one of the worlds most loved songs. Even today in this world war it is being played on records and sung the world over in military camps. It is a sweet Amer-

ican homeland song and is bringing comfort, and hope, and joy to the hearts of men far from home fighting for their homeland, fighting for the land of freedom, for the American way of life, for liberty and happiness for all mankind.

It is a truly American folk-lore song that has entered the hearts of millions of Americans.

---

### THE BEST ARE FREE

A pleasant smile, a word of cheer,  
A helping hand from someone near,  
A warm handclasp from a friend sincere,

All these are free.

The rainbow colors of the sky,  
The sun, the moon, and stars on high,  
The flowers that bloom, and birds that fly,

All these are free.

The earth that yields the golden grain,  
The clouds that drop the welcome rain,  
All that there is in life to gain—

Cost you nothing, they're free.

The love of friends, the love of mother,  
Love of father, sister, brother,  
The greatest love of all the others—

God's love, it's free.

The best of life will always be  
The simple things; and they are free.

—Mary Jane Turner.

## WHY FULTON WON

By Burton Bigelow in "The Red Barrell"

Probably only one person in a thousand knows that long before Robert Fulton built the "Clermont" and made his test voyage on the Hudson River, he offered the idea of the steamboat to Napoleon Bonaparte, and tested a full-size working model on the River Seine in Paris.

It was in July, 1803, that we find the brilliant young inventor in Paris. He was seeking an audience with the great Napoleon, the man who hoped soon to rule all Europe. Fulton was the typical enthusiastic inventor. He knew every beam and lever in that ship; he loved every nut and bolt.

To prove to Napoleon the reliability and feasibility of the idea of driving a ship by steam power, Fulton arranged for an official test to sail his steamboat upon the River Seine. The event created great excitement in Paris, and when the day for the test came, the banks of the river were massed with people, all out for a gala day.

When the boat was fired up, and the engines started to turn, the boat sailed gracefully up the river. The current was flowing three miles an hour, but this seemed no hindrance to the moving boat. It performed perfectly, and not the slightest accident occurred to mar the test of Fulton's French steamboat.

The newspapers were loud in their praise. The *Journal des Debats* said it was "a complete and brilliant success, which, applied to our rivers, the Seine, the Loire, and the Rhone, would be fraught with the most advantageous consequences to our in-

ternal navigation."

Young Fulton swelled with pride at the reception of his invention, and he reassured himself that nothing could prevent his selling the idea of the steam-propelled boat to the French dictator.

But Napoleon was interested in conquering Europe, and not specially in internal navigation. He did not feel the need of a steamship. So he refused to consider the young inventor's idea.

Fulton was crushed. In his dark hour a friend came to him. "Robert," he said, "do not give up. Your invention will revolutionize world navigation. Go to Napoleon and say, 'Sire, six years ago in the Assembly you said, 'Give me control of the English Channel for fifteen minutes and I will control the world.' Suppose by the genius of man a great fleet is created—a fleet that can move in every direction, both with and against the winds and tides; turn wither they will, independent of the weather, as if directed by the gods. If England came to have such a steam-propelled fleet, Sire, they might prove invincible for a hundred years. Their smoking flues would be seen on the Mediterranean, in the Channel—everywhere—always hindering the plans of France. But if you, Sire, patron of Science that you are, should come upon this invention, think what it would mean to France! The navy would be propelled by great paddle wheels, driven by steam. Your vessels could move in every direction, changing their course at will, masters of wind and tides and currents. The

seas would be dotted with the tricolors of France. What would the English Channel mean to you then, O Sire? Nothing, Sire, nothing but a single boot-stride to England. Then all that has stood in your way will be gone—and the master of France will indeed be master of the world. Now, it requires but the genius of Bonaparte and the backing of the Treasury to make all the navy of France a steam navy, and all the navy of England as out of date as the pyramids. Steamships, Sire, can do this."

It was a great "sales talk," and young Fulton was tempted to seek

another audience with Napoleon. But, instead, an inspiration came to him. He would let Napoleon rest in his self-complacency and antiquated ideas, and go to America. He would build the "Clermont" and present the idea of a steamboat to a rising young nation. He would use his friend's sales talk to show America how it could dominate the seas with his invention.

Four years later, on the 11th of August, 1807, he triumphantly sailed the "Clermont" up the Hudson in the presence of thousand of astonished spectators. Fulton had won.



### I SHALL NOT PASS AGAIN THIS WAY

The bread that bringeth the strength I want to give;  
 The water pure bids the thirsty live.  
 I want to help the fainting, day by day;  
 I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give the oil of joy for tears,  
 The faith to conquer crowding doubts and fears;  
 Beauty for ashes may I give always.  
 I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give good measure running o'er,  
 And into angry hearts I want to pour  
 The answer soft that turneth wrath away.  
 I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give to others hope and faith;  
 I want to do all that the Master saith;  
 I want to do aright from day to day.  
 I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

—Anonymous.

# THE WANDERING JEW

By J. W. Edwards in The Watchman-Examiner

Of all the motor rides that I can recall, the most interesting was the ride from the Lake of Galilee to Nazareth. The driver was Dr. Churcher, of the British Jews Society. On a lonely bit of road, we overtook a German Jew who was carrying a heavy bundle.

There are several ways in which the man at the wheel can behave towards a traveler who is footing it along the same road. He can sound a warning note, and so drive the car as to force the traveler off the road. He can rush the car at him, killing him outright. He can pass by on the other side, leaving him to struggle alone. He can pull up alongside of him, offering him a lift. Down all the centuries, the Jews have been treated in just those ways.

There have always been men who have regarded the Jewish people as vermin, as something that should not be allowed to infest the highway. "Get off the road," has been the cry. That is the cry in many lands today; particularly in Germany. But there is this about the Jews. Despite all the shouting, they will not get off the road. You may be able to turn them aside a little, but you will not drive them over the hedge. The man we overtook had been driven out of Germany. Here he was—in Palestine. His people cannot be driven off the road.

"Pride and humiliation, hand in hand,  
Walked with them through the  
world where'er they went;

Trampled and beaten were they  
as the sand,  
And yet unshaken as the Con-  
tinent."

And many there are who have tried to exterminate the Jews. Pharaoh and Haman, Napoleon and Hitler, all have wished that the Jewish people had one neck, so that they might quickly and finally dispose of them. But it has come to pass, as Dr. Inge says, that the Jew has stood at the graveside of all his persecutors.

And there have always been those who have ignored the Jews, passed them by, refusing to associate with them or to help them. We might have thought that the amazing contribution which the Jewish people have made to the world would have been enough to call forth respect and gratitude. But no! Take away all of good that has come to us, directly and indirectly, through the Jewish race: not much is left. We would have no Bible; no 23rd Psalm; no 14th chapter of John. Jesus was born of a Jewish maiden, he was brought up in Nazareth; he died on Calvary; he rose on the third day. But for Jewish people we should know little or nothing of all this. To attempt to drive their successors off the road, or to kill them, or even to ignore them, is a poor return for what we have received.

Happily, there have always been those who were friendly toward their Jewish brethren. "Would you like a lift?" asked Dr. Churcher, as he pulled up and opened the door of the car. "Thank you sir," said the man, as he

stepped in and closed the door. On we went. Soon the Christian missionary and the Jewish working man were talking as if they were old friends. During the talk, the doctor borrowed from me a twig from a thorn-bush which I had gathered to remind me of the place where Jesus told his Parable of the Sower. For half an hour he held it while he told his passenger the story of the crucifixion. Now and again he would turn around to me and say: "We are now passing the place where..." Then he would resume.

"Just such a thorn it was, and it was pressed upon his brow, for you and me, and all men." I recalled the story of Phillip and the Ethiopian, although in that case the chariot belonged to the enquirer. Of him we read that he went on his way rejoicing. So it was here, I hope. Dr. Churcher, like his Master, treated the Jew with consideration and kindness, and showed him that Jesus is the only hope for men, whether Gentile or Jew. That is the way to treat the Wandering Jew.

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### IF WE WILL PAY THE PRICE

We have let other men than ourselves carry the burden of building the kingdom of God on earth, while we consumed our energies in wrestling with demons of creedalism and sectarianism. The christian church has yet to muster its power in the dawning of the century of the common man. It has yet to speak with power to the millions of oppressed, to the great masses of workers, to those who under different revelations choose to serve their own faiths rather than our own.

This is no time for the summer soldier and the sunshine patriot in religion. Magnanimity, tolerance of other faiths, a devotion to a new commonwealth of nations where justice dwells, these are called for in this day of warfare. The urgency of the crisis offers us no alternative. As in Franco's rebel Spain, as in Russia under the Czar in days of the Revolution, as in Norway under Hitler's men, churchmen must decide, as do all men, whether our faith in the people is stronger than our fear of change and adaptation to an era being born.

Real perils face us and the pulpit and the church press dare not be silent: clerical fascism is at work, the enemies of labor seek here in America the destruction of mobilized workmen. . . Tumult and friction of mind, and today of body, is a part of the process of winning and retaining freedom, as we children of Jefferson and Lincoln should well know. We enter a period when the church and spiritual resources can marshal the conscience of the people if we will pay the price in candor, sacrifice and patience in the power of the children marching under God's banners.—The Christian Register.

# THE ROBBER AND THE SPIDER

(Selected)

From an unknown source in the Far East comes a mythical tale which teaches a splendid lesson of unselfishness. The legend reads as follows:

Many years ago there lived a notorious robber, and after his evil life was cut short by a violent death, he found himself somewhere near the bottom of the infernal regions.

But the time came around for the great god, Buddha, to visit those gloomy regions, for his followers believe there is no place so dark but some beams of his love and compassion shine down there from time to time. Feeling the gracious presence of Buddha rather than seeing him, the robber cried out: "Oh, great one, let me raise myself from this place of darkness and return to the world of light."

Buddha replied. "Can you remember any deed of kindness that you did while on earth that might help you now?"

The poor robber then began a desperate search for the memory of something good that he had done, and after a long time he called out: Yes, I remember one day when I was walking through the forest, and I saw a spider in my path. At first I thought I would crush it with my foot; but when I noticed how much it seemed to be enjoying the warm sunshine, I lifted it out of the way and placed it by the side of the path."

And the great Buddha smiled and went on his way of mercy. Soon

afterwards the robber saw before him a thread of finest silk which glittered in the darkness, and he immediately recognized it as a line of spider's silk. He eagerly stretched out his hand and found to his amazement that it was strong enough to bear his weight. Hand over hand he drew himself upward, and before very long the sunshine fell upon his upturned face and he could feel the warm air all about him.

But as he still went climbing on, he fancied he heard a confused murmur of voices below him, and looking down, he saw that all the dwellers in the dismal shades had also seized the slender thread and were climbing up after him. And the spider's thread sustained them all. Thousands and thousands of sad, pale-faced wretches with their eyes full of hope were climbing up towards the light, and the sound of their voices grew louder and louder.

Then the robber became filled with selfish fear lest the frail thread should break with the weight of all that multitude, and with an angry voice he shouted down to those below: "Get back, get back, all of you! This thread belongs to me!"

The words had scarcely been spoken when the thread snapped and down he fell to the gloomy depths from which he had so laboriously climbed.

If the reader cannot see the moral of this tale for himself, no amount of explanation by any another will help him.



# THE FOOTBALL

By Francis J. Gable

You can't imagine the suspense that I feel during the huddles! I am just as anxious to go forward toward the goal as any of the players, and it is hard for me not to know which way I am to go. But I am more than compensated for this suspense by the intimate way in which I get to know the various players. It seems to me that from the way they handle me, and the manner in which they play the game, I can follow them as they eventually enter the practical world, and foresee how they will act there.

For example, when I am snapped back for line drive I can sense a directness of attack and determination such as is always conducive to success in business as well as in a game. The intentness with which every man in the line tries to keep his eye on me is akin to the power of concentration upon some main issue, that will not be drawn aside by petty or incidental matters.

Once in a while, when I get into the hands of some mediocre player who is more intent upon his own glory than that of the team, or who watches the grand stand, looking for the plaudits of the spectators, I can visualize him several years hence. I can see him

putting himself and his own desires before the good of the institution, or toadying to some official or clique of his organization to gain personal preferment.

The teamwork in my game is what makes the greatest appeal to me. Nobody thinking of self, but every mind intent on the move that will bring the greatest good to all, expresses an attitude that would revolutionize the industrial world today.

And then the precision of the goal kick!—perfect timing, perfect direction—suggests the successful man's planning to achieve a definite end.

Of course every one cannot win in the same measure, but I notice in our game that even when one team makes a large score it takes away none of the points that the opposing team has made. And when members of rival teams talk it all over after a game there isn't any personal feeling, because they know that the game is the thing.

I may be kicked about a great deal and often ground in the dust, but after all, I cover a large field and help men make their goals. I'd much rather have men kick me about than kick about me.

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Greatness lies, not in being strong, but in the right using of strength; and strength is not used rightly when it serves only to carry a man above his fellows for his own solitary glory. He is the greatest whose strength carries up the most hearts by the attraction of his own.—Selected.

# MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE

By Amos John Traver

Samuel Francis Smith (1808-1895) was Boston-born and Harvard-educated. There Oliver Wendell Holmes was a classmate. For his theological education he went to Andover Seminary. His interests were literary; and while he served two pastorates, he taught modern languages in Colby college during the first, and resigned the second in order to give his full time to editorial work for the American Baptist Missionary Union. He was New England to the core; love of country was inbred.

During his seminary days, Lowell Mason had given him several German hymnbooks. Mason did not read German himself, but thought the books might interest young Smith. Here let the author tell his own story: "One dismal day in the month of February I was standing near my window, casually turning over a collection of German songs which had been given me by Lowell Mason, one of the most noted musicians of that time. I came to one I liked. My attention was attracted to the words, which were of patriotic nature, and the impulse came over me to make a patriotic hymn for my own country. I began at once; and at the end of half an hour put the piece into my portfolio and went to my supper. The next time I went to Boston I took the song with me and gave it to Mr. Mason. He did not refer to it at all at our next meeting and it passed wholly out of my mind.

"On the next Fourth of July, as I was passing park street church, I was attracted by the sound of music.

I entered, and found the building filled with boys and girls engaged in celebrating the day. Glancing over the program held by a person in front of me, I saw the last piece was a song entitled, 'My Country 'Tis of Thee.'" So the young theologian heard for the first time his own hymn and, even then, little dreamed that it would become one of the best loved hymns of his nation.

The hymn has had its critics. "Too flavored with New Englandism," says one. Henry Van Dyke thought to remedy this "defect" by writing additional stanzas that spoke of "inland seas," "groves of giant trees," "rolling plains," "canyons," and specific mention of the West and the South. But these stanzas have never become popular. As Samuel Francis Smith wrote the hymn, it is sung with feeling where ever Americans are gathered.

There have been many appeals for a truly national anthem. Great hymns like great poems, are not made to order. The hymn carries the mark of true genius and will never be supplanted. Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, famous orator of a former generation, commenting on the attempt to secure a new national anthem, said, "'America' will be sung anyhow. . . . It will always be sung, for it is a simple, easily understood song. It is an endearing song—it frankly says that the land of liberty is 'sweet.' This is not sugary, but blossomy sweetness. . . . The hymn is the republic's very spirit, transcending in song any party, sect, scheme, or man. . . . Strong in simpli-

city and deep in its trust in God, children and philosophers can repeat it together. Every crisis will hear it above the storm."

The music is borrowed, but is as

much ours as all the good things we have brought to America from Europe and turned to the uses of American democracy. It is a singable tune.

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### THREE GIFTS

There are three lessons I would write,  
 Three words, as with a burning pen,  
 In tracing of eternal light,  
 Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds are gathered round,  
 And gladness hides her face in scorn,  
 Put off the shadow from thy brow:  
 No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven—  
 Though sullen calm of tempest's mirth,  
 Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,  
 The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. Not love alone for one,  
 But man, as man, thy brother call;  
 And scatter, like a circling sun,  
 Thy charities on all.

—Selected.

# RILEY—THE AMERICAN BURNS

By Julia W. Wolfe in "Upward"

If the thought ever came to James Whitcomb Riley that, because he lacked the love of wife and the intimate caresses of children, life's cup still wanted something of being full to the brim, there were other times that must have wrought their measure of compensation; times when the love of those who knew him poured itself like a flood about his feet and washed away everything but humble disavowal and renewed consecration to faith and tenderness.

Beyond all question, he was just about our best-loved poet of the last generation. We have had other writers who knew the American people and like him, joined pathos with humor, but no other American writer so thoroughly understood the plain people, or divined so truly their hidden wells of sentiment. He touched the hearts of others because his own heart was easily touched. As a schoolboy, he could not read about the death of Little Nell in "The Old Curiosity Shop" without shedding tears; and he could not read the passage aloud at all. When a woman said of one of his poems, "Mr. Riley, I cried when I read that," he answered with whimsical honesty, "Well, ma'am, you should have heard me bawl when I wrote it."

Mr. Riley also did another great thing. He alone, of all our writers, succeeded in using dialect without loss of dignity in the effect. It has been a curious literary question why Scotch dialect, and sometimes English dia-

lect, not only adds charm to the literature in which it appears, but also in the best examples, adds dignity, too, whereas in American writing dialect usually cheapens. Not even James Russel Lowell succeeded in it—certainly not in the "Bigelow Papers," although he came near to succeeding in "The Courtin'."

But Riley did succeed. The reason probably is that the dialect he used was his native speech. He took it by word of mouth, from his boyhood playmates and from the people about him with whom he kept the touch of intimate friendship to the very end. He used dialect, not to make fun of his characters, but to make them stand out more clearly.

How did it happen that a boy born of poor parents, with only the most meager schooling, attained so great a place in literature? Let Mr. Riley himself answer: "I began to write for purposes of recitation, and I couldn't find printed poetry that was natural enough to speak. From a child I had always flinched at false rhymes and inversions; so I was always trying to write of the kind of people I knew, and especially to write verses that I could read just as if they were being spoken for the first time. It did not always come easy. Sometimes I have to work and work and work before I get what I want. I always use the rubber end of the pencil more than the other end. What better guidance could a young poet ask than that—to write simply and naturally of the people that he knows, and to spare no pains?"

# THE ANIMAL SUBWAY-BUILDER

By Charles Doubleyou

Adorning milady, when she attends the opera, or some other function, is of course, an evening wrap. If not entirely made of a myriad of small, velvety squares of fur, it is not unlikely that at least this fur is represented in the trimming. It is mole, the skin of the very interesting and, in many ways, remarkable animal of the same name.

The mole, first of all, is not a rodent, as popularly believed, but is a member of the family of small insectivorous mammals that are natives of temperate regions, and are widely distributed in North America as far south as the Mexican border. Moles are also common to Asia and Europe, from which the American species differ in certain points of anatomy, although their living habits are similar.

The average mole is about six inches long and two inches high, with a short tail of about an inch and a half the body covered with a velvety fur which can be stroked either down or up. It possesses large spade-like feet so attached to the body as to occupy the smallest possible space. Its foreclaws especially, together with its powerful, elongated snout, fit it admirably for the life it leads, for the mole is the subway builder of the animal world; living in elaborate intricate burrows which it digs with marvelous skill and speed. It is indeed a powerful animal, one of the strongest for its size.

Living practically its entire life underground, the mole has no need for sight; and over its eyes nature has placed a film of skin. The eyes,

therefore are non-functional. To all intents and purposes the mole is blind, for at best it is capable only of distinguishing light from darkness. But although deprived of sight, the mole has been compensated by the senses of hearing, smell, and touch, which are remarkably acute.

They are tireless workers. They work so rapidly that sometimes they will dig through 300 feet of earth in a night. The home of the mole consists of a central chamber, with two connecting circular galleries, one above the other, together with several radiating passages. One of these passages, called the belt run, serves as an exit in case of danger. Other passages lead to feeding grounds. At the intersection of several passages in every molehome, which, because of its elaborate structure, has been likened to a fortress, there is a cosy nest lined with leaves and other warm material. Here, four or five young are born in the spring.

The mole is both beneficial and harmful to the farmer. Because it subsists on a diet of insects and worms which it finds underground, the mole destroys many a parasite, for which the farmer is thankful. But it does, occasionally, eat potatoes and other crop roots. And, in addition, it disfigures meadows and lawns with its burrows, which it digs just below the surface of the earth.

Many naturalists, however are inclined to the opinion that the mole is a victim of circumstantial evidence; that it is not at all the destructive element to the farmer with which it has been charged. They claim that the

real offender is the field mouse, which uses the subterranean runways excavated by the mole, to destroy root and seed crops. In defense the mole, naturalists point to the fact that, if examined, its stomach will show very little vegetable food. It is known, moreover, that a mole in captivity that is supplied with vegetable food exclusively, soon dies of starvation.

The mole by the way is a voracious eater. It has to be in order to maintain the energy for its strenuous work. It is always hungry and cannot survive a period from ten to twelve hours without food. When driven desperate by hunger, it will desert its underground home for the surface and

attack birds, lizards, frogs and snakes. At such times, it will even turn cannibal and devour its own species.

The fur of the mole, as noted in the opening paragraph, is commercially valuable. The bluish-gray color is most in demand by furriers, but the black, brownish-black, and pale shades are also used. The mole-skin is light in weight and very soft, and yet is quite warm. It does not wear well, however being probably the most destructible of all furs. Because of the small size of the individual skins, necessitating a tremendous amount of work by the furrier, garments of mole-skin are very expensive, and the fur serves mainly as trim-

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## BEAUTY

Some folks sing of the beauty  
Of twinkling stars at night,  
And others say the rising sun  
Is truly a splendid sight.  
The eagle soaring to the height  
Has wondrous speed and grace,  
But have you seen a mother's smile  
As she looks in her baby's face?

There is beauty in a snowflake  
With its intricate design,  
And roses in a garden  
Are a sight that's really fine.  
It's nice to see the sculptors art  
That stands upon the sod,  
But have you seen a baby's smile  
That was painted there by God?

—Charles C. Lindsay

# AN ANNIVERSARY OF WILLIAM PENN

(The Christian Leader)

On October 24, 1944, many groups in the United States besides the Quakers will celebrate the 300th anniversary of the birth of Wm. Penn.

He is the Friend or Quaker who took such a prominent part in the settlement of Delaware, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

Our own school history taught us that William Penn got along peaceably with fierce Indians because he was fair and kind, and also that Pennsylvania means Penn's woods. Beyond this we learned little about him, except that he wore a broad-brimmed hat.

It would be a great pity if we did not take advantage of the coming anniversary to learn more about William Penn. He is not passing out of recorded history. All the time he looms up more clearly. Take his *Essay Toward the Present and Future Peace of Europe*. As Richard R. Wood writes in the *Friend*:

"It is more than a landmark in the history of the struggle for peace. It has mental nourishment for us now. It proposes to get peace, not by thinking wistfully about its desirability but by establishing means of providing for nations in their relations with each other. It attacks head-on the most controversial aspect of world organizations—the question of sovereignty, William Penn says that neither nation nor individual has the right to be judge in its own quarrel. To those who dislike the idea of thus restricting a nation's 'sovereignty' William Penn replies, much as Secretary Hull does, that by giving up the right to make war the nation gains the right not to be made war on, and that in the final analysis an adequate world organization increases instead of decreasing a people's real freedom."

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## NATIONAL FLOWERS

While there has been much controversy over a national flower for the United States, none has ever been officially indicated. Suggestions have included Mountain Laurel (which does not grow west of Ohio and Tennessee), Columbine, Flowering Dogwood, Goldenrod, and Rose. The last is the only one found in some form throughout the country, but England already claims it as an emblem.

The choices of various countries are of interest: Canada, Sugar Maple; England, Rose; France, Fleur-de-Lis; Germany, Cornflower; Italy, Lily; Spain, Pomegranate; Newfoundland, Pitcherplant; Egypt, Lotus; Scotland, Thistle; Ireland, Shamrock; Wales, Leek; China, Narcissus; Japan, Chrysanthemum; Australia, Acacia.—Sunshine Magazine.

# CHANGE FOR THE BETTER

(Parsons in Uniform)

Chaplains say that whereas back in their parishes men used to duck when they saw them coming, now in camp and aboard ship they actually hunt them up. If somebody could discover the reason for this, and make this changed attitude of youth towards the clergy operative in post-war days, he would become famed as a contributor to ministerial efficiency. Chaplains are still parsons, and the once evasive lads of the home street are the same, however distant the destinations of war may carry them. Alike they remain beyond the power of mere uniforms to transform. Yet many men who in civilian life had never thought of approaching the minister turn to the chaplain with their confidences, inquiries, troubles, religious doubts, and personal problems.

That is why so many accounts are given of commanding officers who urge the early assignments of chaplains. They are morale-builders and emissaries of good will among men of the camp and fleet. Chaplain Peter H. Monsma, who was the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Lansing, Mich., when commissioned a chaplain, and is now with a Replacement Depot overseas, has described to the General Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains the respect in which a chaplain is held who keeps his influence intact. He says: "When a chaplain is around, men think of higher things, and their better selves prevail. I have seen this happen time and again. An army or a unit without a chaplain would be like a city without a church, and worse."

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## THE TRUE GLORY OF A NATION

The true glory of a nation is in the living temple of a loyal, industrious and upright people. The busy click of machinery, the merry ring of the anvil, the lowing of peaceful herds and the song of the harvest-home are sweeter music than the paeans of departed glory or songs of triumph in war. The vine-clad cottage of the hillside, the cabin of the woodsman and the rural home of the farmer are the true citadels of any country. There is dignity in honest toil which belongs not the display of wealth or the luxury of fashion. The man who drives the plow or swings his ax in the forest of with cunning fingers plies the tools of his craft is as truly the servant of his country as the statesman in the Senate or the soldier in battle.—H. B. Whipple.



## INSTITUTION NOTES

The entire School personnel enjoyed a fine beef dinner last Sunday. This meat was a product of our own herd of Hereford cattle, and was of excellent quality.

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Our gardens are now producing an abundance of fine vegetables, consisting of string beans, corn, tomatoes, butter beans, okra and squash. These fresh vegetables are a most welcome addition to our daily menus.

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Our cannery is running at top speed these days. Hundreds of gallon cans have been filled with string beans and soup mixture this week, and is expected we shall be able to can a considerable supply of vegetables for use during the winter months.

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Dr. A. D. Underwood, of the oral hygiene department, State Board of Health, Raleigh, came to the school last Monday for the purpose of conducting a dental clinic among the boys. Dr. Underwood has been doing this work at the School for several years, and has made many friends among both boys and officials of the institution. We were glad to note that the genial doctor had recovered from a long period of illness. This is the first time he has made use of the quarters prepared for dental work in our infirmary, and we are indeed glad to have him for a next-door neighbor during his stay at the School.

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The first watermelons and canteloupes of the season were gathered last week and issued to the various cottages. It is needless to say that

the youngsters thoroughly enjoyed watermelon feasts last Saturday or Sunday. As they went to their work in the fields for the past several weeks; they would cast glances at the melon patches, and many of them would go over for a closer inspection, and just as soon as a few melons ripened, the word was passed around that it would not be long until the feasts would be possible. As we brought the melons out to cut them, the boyish faces lighted up, and soon they were really getting into the feast "up to their ears." The canteloupes that have been served to date have been of nice size and quality.

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For the second consecutive week we planned to have an outdoor service at the school last Sunday. Announcement was made that the service would be conducted by Rev. Leroy A. Scott, pastor of Rocky Ridge Methodist Church, at 7:30 p. m. Both the boys and members of the school's staff of workers looked forward to having a fine open air service, but, as on the previous Sunday, the weather man had different ideas, and at seven o'clock there came a regular down-pour, accompanied by lightning and high wind. The storm lasted until long after the regular time for assembling at the School building and it was decided to have the boys remain in their respective cottages, rather than go to the auditorium for the service, as they did the Sunday before. We are of the opinion, however, that it is not going to rain every Sunday, and hope to have the outdoor vesper service at an early date.

We were delighted to receive a very nice letter from Homer Bunn, a few days ago. His V-Mail letter, dated July 24, 1944, reached us on August 8th. We recall a pleasant conversation with this young man about one and one-half years ago, when he visited the institution while on furlough. His letter, written "somewhere in France," reads as follows:

"Hello, Men and Boys of J. T. S.: Just a few words from one of the old boys to let you know that I have not forgotten any of you. It has been several years since I was there, and I've wished a thousand times that I could be back again as one of the boys. I'm very fond of the school, and am proud to tell everyone that I once went to J. T. S. It's a great school, and it meant a lot to me while I was there, and I am sure it means as much to the boys who are there now. I remember hearing the band the last time I was there on furlough, and how well they played our National Anthem. Am wondering how many of the boys remember me.

"I'm in France now, and can see what the men of World War I went through. It's getting dark now, so I'll close and crawl in my fox-hole, the only place that I can call home over here. Would be glad to hear from you. So long, fellows, until next time. Sincerely, Homer Bunn."

—:—

One of our old boys, James Milton Hare, Jr., better known here as "Molly," called on us last Monday. He entered the School, June 1, 1933, and returned to his home in Raleigh, May 24, 1934; was re-admitted, March 12, 1935, and was again allowed to go back to his home, January 13, 1939; was re-admitted, August 16, 1939;

and was again permitted to return to his home, July 22, 1941. Upon going back to Raleigh, James worked in a cafe for a while and then was employed at the Greyhound Bus Station. He stated that he enlisted in the United States Army, January 12, 1942, and had been stationed in the following places: Fort Meyers, Va.; Fort Meade, Md.; Camp Hood, Texas; Fort McClellan, Ala.; and then back to Fort Meade. He then went to England, and was soon stationed in Italy as a member of an infantry unit. James told us that he took part in two major engagements—Salerno and Cassino—and was wounded in the latter battle. After spending some time in an army hospital in Naples, Italy, he returned to England, and came back to the United States in July. He now has the rating of a technical sergeant. He showed us his ribbon for having served in the European theater of action, but seemed prouder of his good conduct medal, which is given to soldiers who go a full year without receiving any demerits. James, who is now in his twentieth year, informed us that he had been married about two years.

—:—

James Corn, another of our former students, visited friends at the School last Monday afternoon. He stated that he had been in the United States Army twenty-one months. He first went to Fort Bragg, and later was transferred to Tocoa, Georgia, as a member of a paratroop unit. Shortly thereafter he became a member of the infantry, and spent some time at Camp Howie, Texas, and was then sent to Camp Claiborne, Louisiana, where he is now located. He expressed the opinion that he would be sent overseas

shortly after the expiration of his furlough.

James entered the School, July 2, 1934 and remained here until August 17, 1937, when he was placed with Mr. Robinson, in Rowan County. He worked there for some time before returning to his home in Clay County. While at the School, James was a member of Cottage No. 7 group and was employed in the poultry yards and on the barn force. He is twenty-three years old.

James told us that his brother, William, also a former student here, had been in the United States Army for about five years. William also entered the institution on July 2, 1934, remaining here until April 21, 1937, at which time he was permitted to go down near Matthews to work on a farm owned by Bill Harris, a former well-known professional baseball player. He stayed there almost a year. Our records show that in September, 1939, William was recommended for an enlistment in the Army. Evidently he has been in the service since that time, as it corresponds with the length of time his brother, James, said he had been in the Army. During his stay with us, Bill was in Cottage No. 7 part of the time and then spent several months in Cottage No. 6. He was employed as house boy and did some work on the barn force.

—:—

Five baseball games were played at the School last Saturday afternoon. In

League Number One, Cottages Nos. 3 and 4 did not play their regularly scheduled game. The game between Cottages Nos. 13 and 14, in League Number Two resulted in a tie, each team making seven runs. Following are the scores:

League Number One—First Cottage 10 Second Cottage 3; Receiving Cottage 10 Fifth Cottage 9.

League Number Two—Tenth Cottage 13 Ninth Cottage 4; Fifteenth Cottage 9 Eleventh Cottage 3; Thirteenth Cottage 7 Fourteenth Cottage 7.

CLUB STANDINGS

League Number One

	W	L	Pct.
Receiving Cottage	10	0	1.000
First Cottage	6	4	.600
Fourth Cottage	3	4	.429
Fifth Cottage	3	5	.375
Second Cottage	3	6	.333
Third Cottage	0	4	.000

League Number Two

	W	L	Pct.
Tenth Cottage	10	1	.909
Fifteenth Cottage	8	4	.667
Eleventh Cottage	5	7	.417
Fourteenth Cottage	4	6	.400
Thirteenth Cottage	4	7	.364
Ninth Cottage	3	9	.250

—————:—————

The true way to be humble is not to stoop till you are smaller than yourself, but to stand at your real height against some higher nature that shall show you what the real smallness of your greatest greatness is.—Phillips Brooks.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending August 6, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

James Benton  
Charles Blakemore  
William Burnett  
Ralph Cranford  
Chauncey Gore  
George Hill  
Lewis Kerns  
James Perkins  
David Prevatte  
James Stamper

## COTTAGE No. 1

George Cox  
Jack Gray  
Amos Myers  
Carlton Pate  
Thomas Ruff

## COTTAGE No. 2

Charles Alexander  
Charles Byrd  
Delmas Jerrell  
Chester Lee  
Hayes Powell  
Vann Robinson  
Ezzell Stansbury  
Roy Womack  
Eugene Peterson  
William Phillips

## COTTAGE No. 3

William Brooks  
Craven Callahan  
William Doss  
Charles Earp  
Earl Green  
Jack Hensley  
Robert Lee  
Jack Oliver  
Luther Shermer  
Richard Tullock  
Theodore Young

## COTTAGE No. 4

Charles Carter  
Burley Edmondson  
John Fine  
Eugene Grice  
Jeter Green  
Garnett Quessinberry  
Lewis Sawyer  
Clifford Shull

Edward VanHoy  
Lawrence Walker

## COTTAGE No. 5

Thomas Barnes  
Patrick Ford  
Robert Hensley  
Robert Jarvis  
William Lawrence  
Nolan Overcash  
William Wall  
Robert Wilkins

## COTTAGE No. 6

Vernon Foster  
Ralph Gibson  
Robert Gaylor  
William Hawkins  
Stanford McLean  
Robert Mason  
Charles Sellers  
James Swinson  
Leroy Wilkins

## COTTAGE No. 7

David Brooks  
Max Brown  
Charlton Cox  
Horace Collins  
Herschell Duckworth  
Charles Edwards  
Wallace Foster  
Donald Kirk  
Samuel Lynn  
Jack Phillips

## COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 9

Leonard Church  
Ray Edwards  
William Harding  
John Linville  
James Lowman  
J. B. Wilson

## COTTAGE No. 10

Paul Alphin  
Roger Barnes  
Ernest Bullard  
Oscar Carter  
Donald Clodfelter

Jack Clifton  
 Donald Fagg  
 William Flowe  
 Robert Holbert  
 Gerald McCullum  
 W. C. Mills  
 Leonard McAdams  
 Charles Rhodes  
 E. C. Stamey

## COTTAGE No. 11

Fred Holland  
 Ray Hunsucker  
 Clyde Rhodes  
 J. C. Rhodes  
 Robert Yow

## COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 13

William Andrews  
 Charles Shearin

## COTTAGE No. 14

Everett Bowden  
 Edward Britt  
 Eugene Cline  
 Lawrence Littlejohn  
 Troy Morris  
 Melbert Rice  
 Bruce Sawyer  
 Grover Shuler

Hubert Smith  
 Eugene Simmons  
 William Walker  
 Lester Williams

## COTTAGE No. 15

George Brown  
 William Bass  
 Thomas Baumgarner  
 Harold Coffey  
 Lee Hollifield  
 James Knight  
 Harvey Leonard  
 Charles Ledford  
 William Myers  
 Hilton Reed  
 Clyde Shook

## INDIAN COTTAGE

Jack Bailey  
 James Chavis  
 Peter Chavis  
 Donald Hunt  
 Marshall Hunt  
 Alton Hammond  
 R. C. Hoyle  
 Lacy Jacobs

## INFIRMARY

William McNeill  
 Raymond Byrd  
 Lloyd Sain  
 Odell Cecil

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 MY DAILY DESIRE

To waken each morning with a smile brightening my face; to greet the day with reverence for the opportunities it contains; to approach my work with a clear mind; to hold ever before me; even in the doing of little things, the ultimate purpose toward which I am working; to meet men and women with laughter on my lips and love in my heart; to be gentle and kind and courteous through all hours; to approach the night with a weariness that ever woos sleep and the joy that comes from work well done—that is how I desire to waste wisely my days.—Author Unknown.



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# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 19, 1944

No. 33

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AUG 21 1944

## BE STRONG

When the way seems long and dreary,  
And troubles 'round you crowd,  
Until you feel like giving up,  
With heart and spirit cowed.

When strength and faith are spent,  
And hope you well-nigh lack,  
Don't pray to God for a lighter load—  
Pray for a stronger back!

—York Rite Trestle Board.

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## A SOLDIER'S PRAYER

(This poem was found on the body of a dead American soldier after a battle, somewhere in Italy.)

Look, God, I have never spoken to You.  
But now I want to say: How do you do;  
You see, God, they told me You didn't exist.  
And, like a fool, I believed all this.

Last night from a shell hole, I saw Your sky.  
I figured right then, they'd told me a lie;  
Had I taken the time to see things You made,  
I'd have known they were't calling a spade a spade.

I wonder, God, if You'd shake my hand,  
Somehow I feel that You will understand;  
Funny, I had to come to this hellish place,  
Before I had time to see Your face.

Well, I guess there isn't much more to say,  
But I'm sure glad, God, I met You today;  
I guess the "zero hour" will soon be here,  
But I'm not afraid, since I know You're near.

The signal, well, God, I'll have to go,  
I like You lots, this I want You to know;  
Look, now, this will be a horrible fight;  
Who knows, I may come to Your house tonight.

Though I wasn't friendly to You before,  
I wonder, God, if You'd wait at Your door;  
Look! I'm crying! Me, shedding tears!  
I wish I had known You many years.

Well, I have to go now, God, good-bye!  
Strange, since I met You, I'm not afraid to die!

THE UPLIFT  
**THREE SIGNIFICANT SCHOOL EVENTS**

Last Sunday afternoon, following the regular preaching service, Rev. E. S. Summers had a conference with a group of school boys who had at previous times indicated that they were interested in joining some church. This conference was for the purpose of explaining to the boys the purpose and meaning of church membership, and to urge upon them the necessity of being sincere about this sacred matter.

In the group that was asked to remain there were 41 boys who expressed a preference for the Baptist church, 3 for the Methodist church and 4 for the Presbyterian church. This is to be regarded as another forward step in the Christian experiences of the boys, and at a later date those who are in dead earnest will be given the privilege of joining a church.

This occasion should really be thought of as a sequel or a follow-up of the recent occasion when 39 other boys joined the First Baptist Church, Concord. There has been organized for the boys a training class in the growth and development of church membership, and other meetings will be held from time to time. This part of the program will be under the guidance and direction of laymen of the Baptist Church.

On last Saturday afternoon the officers and boys of Cottages Nos. 6 and 7 took their supply of watermelons and went out into the country for a watermelon picnic. This was a very joyous occasion for these small boys, a time when they could have a period of diversion and relaxation away from the School. But most of all, it was their chance to have a watermelon feast.

The School delights in this type of experience for the boys, and the boys seem to be most appreciative of these experiences.

One of the highlights of last week's program was a baseball game last Saturday afternoon between some young men living near the Jackson Training School and a team composed of the best players from the various cottage teams in the two local leagues. This was the first game to be played between School boys and outsiders in almost two years. The game was necessarily limited to seven inn-

ings, since it was played after the regular games between the cottage teams had been played.

Messrs. Adams, Liske, Hobby and Godown, all of the School's staff, coached the boys, and their assistance was very helpful. The Training School boys won the game by the score of 4 to 3, and everyone had a grand time.

In this game the other boys had a chance to witness some of as good playing as is found in this vicinity. It was, in every respect, an enjoyable occasion.

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE YOUNG CITIZEN

"The Uplift" is more than delighted to acknowledge receipt of the July issue of "The Young Citizen," a neat little monthly magazine published at the Arizona State Industrial School, Fort Grant, Arizona. This institution, as has been true in numerous other similar institutions, had suspended this publication for a period of two years, due to shortages in labor and materials. We are pleased to know that it has been found possible to resume the printing of the splendid little institutional magazine. It will be of peculiar interest to read about the work and progress of this sister institution.

We extend our congratulations and best wishes to Jack A. Wilson, the superintendent of the Arizona school.

\* \* \* \* \*

### ANNIVERSARIES OF THE WEEK

Goldwin Smith, well-known English writer, was born August 13, 1823. After being educated at Eton and Oxford he was admitted to the bar, but had no love for that profession. He was called to the chair of modern history at Oxford, and he began lecturing at every opportunity, becoming quite famous because of his democratic views and striking originality. Because of a strong interest in the North during the Civil War in America, he was invited over to deliver a series of lectures.

His visit resulted in his acceptance of the chair of history at Cornell University. He resigned this position in 1871 to become a member of the senate of the University of Toronto. Smith wrote

many histories, among which The History of the United States is perhaps the best known.

August 14th was the anniversary of the birth of Ernest Thompson Seton, as it was on this date, 1860, this outstanding American author was born in England. At the age of six years his parents brought him into Canada where they lived in the backwoods for the next five years. During these years the little boy lived close to Nature—trees, birds and animals became his close companions—and boats made by his baby hands set sail in every little brook that crossed his path.

At an early age he was recognized as an authority on nature and startled his teachers with the depth of his knowledge. He was educated at Toronto Collegiate Institute and was sent back to England for further study in the Royal Academy. In 1891 he returned to Canada and became official naturalist to the government of Manitoba.

Seton became the author of many books, but his best known works are those relating to animals. These stories aroused a new interest in animals and continue to inspire nature lovers to study the natures and habits of the wood's creatures.

Napoleon Bonaparte was born on August 15, 1769. By reason of being sent to military school at the age of nine, he was, naturally, thoroughly drilled in every technical point of warfare. At the age of twenty-four years he was sent merely to assist in overthrowing the British who had taken Toulon, and that city was captured immediately, almost entirely by his strategic genius. Two years later he was given full command of 5,000 troops. About this time he married Josephine and by her inspiration he won victory after victory.

Napoleon was never happy unless trying to subdue some other nation, and his success was colossal. Like all giants of war, he was doomed from the start, if only he had had the wisdom to realize it. Every man of war, trying to make himself supreme master of all mankind, has his Waterloo, and when Napoleon fell on June 18, 1815, he tried to escape to France. Failing in this attempt, he surrendered to the British, was conveyed to the Island of Saint Helena, where he soon died of broken spirit and cancer on May 5, 1821, at the age of

fifty-two. He was buried there, but in 1840 his remains were disinterred and conveyed to Paris, where they now repose beneath the dome of Hotel des Invalides, a hospital for aged and infirm soldiers.

This week also marks the anniversary of the birth of Sir Walter Scott, one of the best-loved poets and novelists of all time. He was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, August 15, 1771. In public school and college he exhibited no particular ability, and at the age of sixteen he began the study of law under his father and was admitted to the bar. Not being much interested in the legal profession he soon turned his attention to literature. In his early thirties he wrote "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" which at once brought him fame. "Marmion" soon came out and added fame to his attempts. It was followed by "The Lady of the Lake" in which his genius seemed to be at its best.

From sales of his books, Scott became wealthy, but he lost his wealth and died in poverty at the age of sixty-one.

Virginia Dare, about whom very little is known, is the first white child of English parents, born in America. She was born August 18, 1587. Her father, Ananias Dare, a member of the court of assistants, married Eleanor White, daughter of John White, who was the governor of Virginia. The child was born about one month after the settlement was made on Roanoke Island. When Governor White returned to England for supplies, Virginia remained with her parents and a small band of white settlers, and either perished with them or was adopted by the Indians, as no trace of them could be found upon White's return. Since there has never been anything certain determined as to the fate of this group of white settlers, it has been known as "The Lost Colony."

On August 19, 1803, James Naysmith, great inventor, was born in Edinburgh, Scotland. He was educated in that city, and became a manufacturer early in life. Naysmith manufactured machine tools and his business soon became a very large industry. In 1839 he invented the steam hammer, which has made possible the immense forgings now employed. Among his other important inventions were the steam pile-driver and the safety foundry ladle. He also became quite famous as an astronomer.

## LOCAL HAPPENINGS

(Reported by Boys of the School Department)

### First Grade Program

Under the direction of Mrs. Hawfield the 1st grade will give the next chapel program next Friday. The other programs the 1st grade has given were very good, and we are looking forward to this one.

### Library Period

Each grade in school enjoys an hour of library work every other day. This period is spent for reference and report work. Every boy has access to the library according to a time provided for on the schedule.

### Watermelons

Our first watermelons were gathered Saturday and sent to the cottages where all the boys enjoyed them greatly. The sum of thirteen melons was delivered to each cottage. We also have hopes of an abundance of cantaloupes.

### Polio

Due to the epidemic of polio that is now prevalent, visitors under the age of 18 are not allowed to visit the school. One can tell a lot of difference in the number of visitors on visiting days now on account of that ruling by the department of health.

### Dental Work Is Being Done At J. T. S.

Dr. Underwood is the dentist this time, as before. He is down here to help the boys at this school. His office used to be at the school house, but it has been moved to the Infirmary. He will be here for a few weeks, I suppose.

### Mr. And Mrs. Thomas Leave School

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas left the school last week. Their work at Cottage No. 1 has been taken over by Mr. and Mrs. Davis. We were sorry to see Mr. and Mrs. Thomas leave and we will miss them greatly. They have gone to their home in Wadesboro.

### Baseball

The Receiving Cottage baseball team, has, after the last game, won enough games to make them the champions of League No. 1 with a total of 9 games won and none lost.

Cottage No. 10 holds the lead for the championship in League No. 2.

### Speaking Contest

The Seventh Grade is making preparations for having a speaking contest. Some of the boys already have their selections to memorize. This contest is to be held Aug. 25, in connection with the 7th grade chapel program.

### Hobbies

Some of the boys have taken a new interest in hobbies, such as scrap-books on the Second World War. These will be very handy for future reference. Mr. Godawn, who is in charge of the printing department, made some very nice ones for the boys. They appreciate them very much.

### Canning

The cannery is doing some fine work canning beans and tomatoes for the boys to eat in the winter. They

have made quite a lot of grape juice. Mr. Corliss took his 5th grade to the cannery one morning, and they were kept busy helping with the preparation of vegetables for canning.

### Basketball Practice

Mr. Hines, the principal of our day school, has been taking boys to the gymnasium to practice basketball. We are getting good practice and enjoy it very much. We soon hope to have some good teams for the different cottages. We now have an outdoor basketball court at the playground.

### Volley Ball Games

Every day the different grades have volley ball games either at the upper court or the lower court. It is very interesting to see them play for there is a spirit of competition and a desire for winning the game manifested. We all appreciate the interest that the teachers take in these games from day to day.

### Swimming Pool

We have just re-erected the diving board in our swimming pool. It was taken down some time ago in order to put a new mat on it. However, we are glad to report that it is back up and in good condition. More than ever the boys are enjoying the swimming pool. These hot days we have been having quite frequent "dips". The boys of the various cottages have the opportunity of going in twice each week.

### New Magazines For The Boys

Rev. Mr. Summers of the First Baptist Church of Concord recently

brought the boys of the school quite a few papers and magazines. These will be divided among the various cottages. The boys appreciated this token of love and friendship that Mr. Summers extended to them. They always look forward to his coming out to the school. These magazines will be an addition to the boys' pleasure reading.

### Work In The Library

Mrs. Miller, who is in charge of the library, has been very busy cataloging books and writing the numbers on them. This is being done so that the boys can find them easily.

The bookmobile from Concord has been coming out once every two weeks so that the boys might read some interesting books different from the ones we have here in our school library.

### New Eighth Grade

Mr. Hawfield announced recently that we are to have the new 8th grade in our school. The boys of the 7th grade are looking forward to the addition of this grade and they are glad that it is to be set up at our school. Some of the boys have been in the 7th grade for some time. They look forward to this because then they will be one grade farther along when they leave here—if they have completed the 8th. We hope that many of the boys in the present 7th grade can be in the 8th before long.

### New Boys at the School

The Receiving Cottage has a total of twenty-seven boys now. Fifteen of them are new boys from various parts of the state. These boys will start to school August 15, and on that day they

will be sent to the various cottages. These boys will be sent out in order to make room for the new boys at the next receiving period.

Some of these boys will have stayed in the Receiving Cottage a month. This was necessary because more boys were admitted last admission than were anticipated.

#### Field Trip

One afternoon recently the "B" group of the 2nd grade went on a field trip. They went for about two miles. They got the idea from a book which they were reading. They brought back specimens of grasshoppers, bird nests, tadpoles, small fish, and a turtle caught by one of the boys. They were caught in the rain on the way back, but no damage was done to the different specimens. After the trip they assembled in the Administration Building to receive refreshments from Mrs. Hawfield. All enjoyed the trip very much.

#### Dramatic Club

The Seventh Grade is organizing a dramatics club. They surprised the School sections Friday with their short play, "Crossing the Railroad

Tracks". The cast of characters were as follows: George Hawk, ticket agent; Bill Hilliard, the father; Raymond Byrd, the mother; the boys were Vernon Reinhardt, Harvey Leonard, E. C. Stamey, James Cantrell, Jack Benfield, Sam Linebarrier, and Gerald Johnson: The ones taking the parts of the girls are Evan Craig and William Poteat. Amos Myers was the baby. The teachers and boys enjoyed the skit very much.

#### Vacations

Now is the time that some of the officers and matrons are enjoying their vacations. Mrs. Morrison of the school faculty has just returned from a two-weeks vacation. Mr. and Mrs. Liske of Cottage No. 10 returned Thursday from their two-weeks vacation which they spent at their home in Hickory. The boys were glad to see them return. This week Mr. Brinn of Cottage No. 2 has gone on his vacation, but the boys are not going to be sent to other cottages while he is gone because Mr. Bass, the sixth grade teacher, is going to take over until Mr. Brinn comes back. Mr. and Mrs. Rouse of Cottage No. 11 are now taking their vacation.

---

All successful business men are men who dare take their own responsibilities. All great teachers have the same quality, whatever their school—whether it be Knox or Carlyle, whether it be Spurgeon or Maurice, whether it be Lyman Beecher or Ralph Waldo Emerson, whether it be Horace Greeley or William Cullen Bryant. They are men of earnest convictions, who dare take the responsibilities of uttering them, whatever others may think and however others may take them.—Lyman Abbott.



# AS THE YOUNGSTERS SEE IT

(The Concord Daily Tribune)

We grownups think of Juvenile delinquency as crime in miniature—a pocket edition of the real thing. Various clauses have been ascribed to this curse such as improper training or indifference by parents, a desire to be a chip off the old block, mental quirks, a sordid home life, an attempt to escape from straight jacket control of over zealous parents, children backward in school who attempt to gain the attention of their associates by doing something spectacular or in fact any one of a score of other reasons that could be cited.

The youngsters, themselves, have not been heard on the problem. Children were questioned on the subject and The New York Times in a recent issue gave some enlightening answers, as a result of opinions submitted by 600 boys and girls in a recent New York Times panel discussion on juvenile delinquency. They want to solve the problem themselves," the story pointed out, "and they want to attack the business at its root rather than palliate surface symptoms which are easily exaggerated in the hysterical atmosphere of war."

One girl naively protested that girls are not necessarily immoral because they may walk arm in arm with soldiers and sailors. "I do that every time brother comes home on furlough. I have seen adults look at me as though I were a juvenile delinquent."

A new England maid answered: "Many of the girls don't realize what they are doing because they are taken into bars and given drinks, and most of them never had any liquor before.

Then they get drunk and before they know it they are doing something they would not be likely to do otherwise."

A Baltimore boy scoffed at rounding up the girls and sending them home. "Whats the good of that?" he asked. "Why don't the police see to it that girls in bars arn't sold drinks? Why doesn't the Government enforce its laws against selling young people liquor? Why don't the Army and Navy instruct soldiers and sailors to stop leaving girls astray, to stop taking advantage of the silly stupid ones who fall for their line and think it's glamorous to be a Victory girl?"

A sidelight on the racial problem was furnished by a New York boy who said: "Its perfectly natural for a fellow to give another fellow a kick in the shins for some personal reason, but to beat up a boy just because he belongs to another racial or religious group is not natural instinct. There are certain people in this country who want to destroy our democracy and they are trying to do it by arousing racial prejudices just as Hitler did."

"A North Carolina girl suggested these measures to overcome vandalism and racial and religious prejudice; 'The right kind of education for all children beginning in the earliest years and stressing social attitudes, behavior, morals and tolerance. Adults, too, should be educated away from their prejudices. As for them who will not be reeducated, let them keep their prejudices to themselves.' "

More attention to good music was stressed "Swing isn't an open sesame to a life of crime the youths said.

They enjoy it in one mood, and in another listen appreciatively to good music."

As to radio programs and the movies, one youngster said: "Many of the radio programs are geared to a high pitch. They are built around gangsters and exciting crimes, and even if they tried to show that in the end crime doesn't pay such programs give impressionable young people ideas—generally bad ones. Gangster movies do the same."

One girl said both parents working as a cause of juvenile delinquency is overdrawn. "Our neighborhood is a poor one," she declared, but none of the young people in our school has gone astray or become delinquent. On the contrary, we have more duties and home responsibilities than ever before just because our parents are working.

"Some of us have younger sisters and brothers, and we not only have to do our home work but also have to prepare meals for the children, take care of them, help keep the house in order and see that there is food on the table when mother comes from the factory. You don't see these things in the newspapers. You read of girls running away from home."

A sharp visioned girl in discussing "the best families" phase of delinquency said: "Just having money isn't the answer, because I know lots

of girls from well to do families who probably see less of their mothers than poor girls do. . . . Income has nothing to do with home influence. Rich young people can become delinquents too, if they like parental guidance."

Little use was found for the argument that proper recreational facilities will cure delinquency. "The trouble is most grown-ups think we are just kids and don't know anything. They think that all we want is to have a good time. It's about time the adults stopped treating us as irresponsible adolescents. If a boy of 17 can learn how to pilot an airplane, he can learn how to study and make himself a responsible man."

Still another girl explained it this way: "We want to work. We don't want to be interested only in juke boxes and cokes. There is a lot of youth power in the country that can make up for manpower shortage. The adults must help us organize it into a voluntary job corps. Young people want a chance to do things and to have responsible jobs."

The youth arguments boiled down to more education through school, screen, radio and press. They are anxious to learn more about how to make democracy work. They wish to be better and more responsible citizens and naturally expect adults to cooperate and supply the leadership.

It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. Fear secretes acids; but love and truth are sweet juices.—Henry Ward Beecher.

## MEET THE ICELANDERS

By Harold Butcher

A small boy, aged four, flown to New York from Iceland last summer, was taken to Children's Hospital, Boston, where a serious operation was successfully performed. Too ill to be brought here by ship, Hakon Agustsson, accompanied by his mother, was given a place in a U. S. Army transport plane which flew him to these friendly shores so that a great specialist could cure him. In five months he returned, almost completely recovered to Reykjavik.

Thus Hakon came to and was healed in America, the land of which one of his ancestors, Leif Ericsson, discovered in the year 1000, after having missed Greenland, his destination, in bad weather. And, instead of being tossed like Leif, for many days on the dangerous North Atlantic in a small vessel, Hakon journeyed swiftly to the New World in a plane, out of reach of the waves.

Hakon Agustsson must have had plenty to talk about when he reached home. And there is a lot, too, that can be told about Hakon's homeland, one of the most interesting countries in the world, a land not nearly so cold as its name suggests. North Dakota in winter can be much colder.

Iceland in some parts so hot that boiling water, bubbling from the ground, can be led by pipes into homes and offices to heat them. That is how Reykjavik, the capital city, is heated, much of the piping having been bought in America. Hot springs, including the Great Gyser—greater than Old Faithful in Yellowstone—are scattered all over Iceland, and for

centuries they have been used for washing clothes and bathing. Not until the twentieth century has it been possible to use some of them for general heating. The springs are found at almost every altitude—high up in the slopes of mountains and down to sea level, even lower for some are visible only at low tide. At Reykjanæs, an easy afternoon's automobile drive from Reykjavik, one can see boiling salt water bubbling in pools above sea level, falling upon soil that has the properties of beauty clay.

In Reykjavik is a fine modern school heated by water from near-by springs. It has a most inviting swimming pool supplied with water from the same source. Schools in other parts of the country are also heated from hot springs—at Reykholt, for example on the historic site where Snorri Sturluson, thirteenth century historian, once had his home.

Iceland is rich in history written in the famous sagas, some available in English. Christianity reached there in 1000, the same year that Leif came to America. The Icelandic Parliament (Althing) has met since 930, and the United States Congress gave an heroic statue of Leif Ericsson to the Icelanders in 1930 on the occasion of the one-thousandth anniversary of the Althing. Centuries come and go, but Iceland in many ways remains unchanged, including the language which is the same (except for the addition of modern words) as in the days of Leif the Lucky. Leif's hardy spirit still lives among Icelanders, who spend a lot of time

outdoors. Everybody learns to ride a pony, starting as a boy or girl, because although there are buses for long journeys there are places reachable only on foot or by pony. A car can go nearly all the way to Mount Hekla, one-time active volcano, but the final part of the trip is done by pony and climbing. Climbing to the summit is like ascending a steep stairway of cinders, your feet slipping again and again. Patches of snow, even in summer—that time of the year when the sun barely sets—show near the top; but if the day is foggy the top stays out of sight until you find yourself looking into a snowfilled crater.

Hunting, skating, skiing, running, swimming, and training in the use of arms ranked importantly in the life of young men in saga days; anything that would make them fit for fighting. Today when Icelanders no longer train for war—they are without army, navy or air force—the emphasis is on physical fitness and pleasure. Golf has progressed as an outdoor sport, and the Reykjavik fans are proud when they aquired a new and splendid course. Skiing is popular as a winter sport, and American troops stationed in Iceland have become amazingly proficient. Even men from southern states, who had rarely seen snow, have learned most intricate and difficult maneuvers on skis.

Icelanders play football, and the Americans have been showing them plenty of baseball. Only the night bugle ends the soldiers' games, because when summer brings days without real darkness it is hard to know when to stop playing. In fact, the men would play all night if they were allowed to do so.

Icelanders are keen fishermen, thanks to rivers and lakes full of salmon and trout and to coastal waters with many kinds of salt-water fish. Home-caught fish frequently appear on soldiers' mess tables.

Mountaineering is a delightful sport in that it combines long pony rides through grassy and lava country, camping out or stopping at farms until the mountains are reached and the climbs begin. Grand vistas from mountaintops reward the climber. The glaciers of Greenland visible from a mountain on the northwest coast of Iceland, a land where outdoor life is unspoiled.

A high spot in the life of an Iceland-er, and of a tourist, is a visit to Thingvellir, a lava plain, meeting place of Althing from 930 to 1798, when it was transferred to Reykjavik. A big lake at one end and high mountains at the other form the boundaries of the Parliament Plain. Here religion, law, and government met in one hallowed spot. Thousands of years ago volcanos shot out streams of larva which formed into an immensely thick lava field. Then an earthquake caused part of this field to drop a hundred feet or more, leaving the plain. According to one story the earthquake occurred immediately after the crucifixion of Christ. Here on momentous occasion the Althing decided, in the year 1000, that Christ instead of Odin and Thor, should give Icelanders their religion. It is now a Lutheran land.

These are glimpses of the land and people to which Hakon Agustsson belongs. Icelanders and Americans are gradually growing to know one another and to understand the differences that exist. Eight times in recent years Icelanders have been

brought by ship or plane, to this country for operations which, like Hakon's, required special and treatment. Soldiers and civilians in Iceland are find-

ing how to get along together. In these and other ways is being built a friendship that will outlast the war.

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### JUST FOR TODAY

Just for today I will try to live through this day only and not tackle my whole life problem at once. I can do some things for twelve hours that would appall me if I felt I had to keep them up for a lifetime.

Just for today I will be cheerful, though it break my heart. Happiness is from within; it is not a matter of externals.

Just for today I will adjust myself to what is, and not try to adjust everything to my own desires.

Just for today I will take care of my body. I will exercise it, care for it and nourish it and not abuse it or neglect it.

Just for today I will try to strengthen my mind. I will study. I will learn something useful. I will not be a mental loafer. I will read something that requires effort, thought, and concentration.

Just for today I will exercise my soul, in three ways, to wit: (a) I will do somebody a good turn and not get found out. If I get found out it will not count. (b) I will do at least two things that I don't want to do, just for exercise. (c) I will not show anyone that my feelings are hurt. They may be hurt, but I won't show it.

Just for today I will have a program. I may not be following it precisely, but I will have it. It will save me from two pests, Hurry and Indecision.

Just for today I will be unafraid. Especially, I will not be afraid to be happy, to enjoy what is beautiful, to love and to believe that those I love, love me.—Dr. Frank Crane, D. D.

# LOVE SUFFERETH LONG AND IS KIND

(Charity & Children)

We have taken it upon ourselves to keep a pastoral eye on young Robert Thompson, editor of the High Point Enterprise. We read his editorials regularly. We do not attempt to look after his conduct which we take to be altogether above reproach, nor do we attempt to edit his editorials that cover a wide variety of subjects. It is only when it comes to his interpretation of the Bible that we sometimes have to show him the more perfect way. We have just read the following editorial paragraph by him: "Love suffereth long and is kind. Surely, we believe that as to relations between man and man but can we believe that love should be the foundation stone of a peace super structure?"

Our friend makes the common mistake of misunderstanding the Bible use of the two great words—love and kindness. They are not mealy mouthed sentimental words but are the strongest words in any language. We would agree with the above paragraph if we gave the words the weak meaning implied in it but when we consider the real meaning of the two words we would have to disagree wholly even as our friend would disagree. Love must be the foundation stone of the peace structure. It would not be a sentimental feeling for a criminal that had been run down but love for all mankind including the criminal. It was said of Cole Blease when he was governor of South Carolina that he went to the state penitentiary, opened the door and yelled that the last man out

was a rotten egg. That may not be literally true but out of a mistaken sense of kindness Cole Blease did flood the state of South Carolina with a horde of dangerous criminals. It was not an act of kindness. He was not doing the greatest good to the most people. He was not even being good to the criminals, many of whom were shot down as they continued their nefarious practices.

Many parents have mistaken sense of love and kindness. They cannot say "no" to their "precious" children. The result is the youth problem we are hearing so much of today. That problem grows out of the misunderstanding of the two great words. Love and kindness can and does say "no" and mean it. It is a base substitute for those two words that cannot say no.

Kindness and love are often used in the Bible but always following justice either expressed or implied. The whole Bible teaching conforms to the statement in Micah, "What doth the Lord require of thee, Oh man but to do justly, love kindness, and to work humbly with thy god." Justice precedes and never follows kindness while kindness never precedes but always follows justice. That was the trouble with Blease, he put kindness ahead of justice. If a person steals from another or does him any kind of unkindness he must make the matter right before he can be kind to him. A person cannot give another anything until after he has returned what he has stolen from him.

There is, however, a place for love

and kindness and that place is of the peace table. Following the last world war hate and harshness prevailed and the present war is the consequence. At the coming peace table after justice has been wrought out, love and kindness must prevail if peace is to be lasting.

We could continue on and on about real love and real kindness but we

think the above is enough to give the idea of two of the greatest words in the language when used with their proper meaning but two of the most abused words in the language because of their misuse. Those two words are so big that they take in all mankind with the worst criminals included but they never pretend to be a substitute for justice.

### STEADFAST

If I can help another bear an ill

By bearing mine with somewhat of good grace—

Can take Fate's thrusts with not too long a face

And help him through his trials, then I will!

For do not braver men than I decline

To bow to troubles graver, far, than mine?

Pain twists this body? Yes, but I shall not

Distort my soul, by all the gods that be!

And when it's done its worst, Pain's victory

Shall be an empty one! What e'er my lot,

My banner, ragged, but nailed to the mast,

Shall fly triumphant to the very last!

Others so much worse off than I have fought;

Have smiled— have met defeat with unbent head

They shame me into following where they led.

Can I ignore the lesson they have taught?

Strike hands with me! Dark is the way we go,

But souls-courageous line it—that I know!

—Everard Jack Appleton.

# WHEN IS A SNOB NOT SNOBBISH

(The Lutheran)

"Whew! If you think it's hot here, you should have been out at the trailer camp with me." Jerry fanned himself with the folded newspaper.

"Don't tell me about it. I'm miserable enough without hearing about someone else's miseries. Pour yourself some lemonade if you want it. It's mostly ice water by this time, I'm afraid."

"Just so it's cold. Even has a little flavor."

"If I were a dutiful wife, I'd make some specially for you. But it's too hot to be dutiful."

"This is all right. I wouldn't want you to stir. You look too comfortable."

"I wish I were. But tell me; what on earth possessed you to go out to the trailer camp on an afternoon like this?"

"I've put it off too long as it is. If we're going away next month, I must get a few things done."

"Why do you suppose they parked those trailers in such a spot? I don't believe there's a bit of shade anywhere around them."

"In the winter—and the spring, too, for that matter—that's probably an advantage. But just now it's far from it."

"Everyone glad to see you?"

"Not exactly. I suppose I should have known better than to call anywhere in this heat. The children were rather grimy, as any youngsters are likely to be in weather like this; and their mothers were either apologetic or resentful about my catching them in that condition."

"I don't blame them. About an hour ago I'd have greeted callers with a shotgun myself."

"Still, I do wish people would get over the idea that when I come to call it's a sort of inspection tour. Women apologize about their own appearance and the appearance of their children. They point out the dust on the furniture and the grime on the paint. Sometimes I don't know whether they think I'm an agent of the board of health or a salesman for a window cleaning concern."

"Haven't you learned that some women find that kind of talk the height of intellectual expression?"

"That verges on the catty; but I'll blame it on the weather. Here, have some of this nice watery lemonade."

"No thanks, I'm water-logged now. But tell me about the Snowden youngsters. Did you see their mother?"

"She wasn't there. She's on the day shift now. One of the neighbors was in charge of the boy. The girls had gone to the store. So I had a little talk with him. I couldn't get much out of him except that it was too far to come to the church every Sunday."

"But they came to vacation school every day!"

"Oh, he was very obviously making excuses. I have an idea that when we get at the real reason we'll find it was just as we suspected. The children here in town have hurt their feelings."

It's a funny thing about children, isn't it? They can be so democratic one minute and so snobbish the next. Even Mark and Joan. I don't think



they get it here at home, but Mark certainly had a lot to say about the Gerson's house. I was glad you sat on him so promptly. It comes with more authority from you."

"Of course, it's partly a natural childish lack of understanding of other people's feelings. We point out how attractive certain houses are, without saying anything about the opposite. They have formed certain standards of what houses ought to look like, and when they see places that for one reason or another don't come up to their ideals, they haven't sense enough to keep still."

"That's it. And they have no idea how much time and money go into keeping up property."

"I'd think that being raised in a parsonage was responsible for that, if the other boys and girls weren't the same way."

"I've been thinking about it quite a bit, and I wonder whether what sounds like snobbishness may not, underneath, be a real lack of snobbishness. Children accept people for what they are quite apart from what they have and where they live. They see no reason for a person's feelings hurt because they tell him he lives in a terrible place, since living in a terrible place in no way affects their opinion of the person."

"I'd like to think you were right. Perhaps you are. Certainly I never expected to have to combat snobbishness in our offspring."

"At the Center we were looking for it, and I think we really succeeded in licking it before it had a chance to get started. Teen-age people are usually 'cliquey' because they are afraid of new people. They stick to 'the gang'

because they know 'the gang's' standards. They hang back from new people and act superior mainly because they are afraid of doing the wrong thing and being made to look a fool. Choosing the original committees from several different groups helped to get us off on the right foot."

"You can't get very far away from the Center even on a nice quiet afternoon at home, can you?"

"I know. I'm so full of it, it bubbles up all the time. It seems like the answer to so many difficulties and potential difficulties. Did I tell you Sandra Haines is going to serve at the 'popbar'?"

"Good for her! Did Helen Forbes have a hand in that, or has she given up?"

"Helen never gives up! But she had given Sandra a rest after she turned her down on so many things. Just the same she was the one who suggested Sandra when we needed someone for the late afternoon."

"I don't like to interrupt," announced Mark with weighty sarcasm, "but I've been trying for some time to ask a question."

"The time is now," laughed his father. "Come in and join us."

"Is there going to be any dinner around this house?"

"Cooking in the refrigerator," I reassured him.

"Then that's a load off my mind. Now, one more thing."

"Ready! Aim! Fire!" I mocked.

"When are you women going to organize some fun for us kids who are too young for your Center?"

"Camp is all the organizing you're going to get this summer, my lad!"

# WHEN THE WARRIORS RETURN

By Bishop Frederick D. Leefe

Those who go to war come back again, some in spirit and in fond and imperishable memory, and many others in physical person. Already quite a body of those who have followed the colors are once more with us. In one of the states nearly 50,000 have been discharged, but they are only the vanguard of a stream of homeward coming soldiers, sailors, airmen, marines, chaplains, nurses, and helpers, men and women. We have long known that entry of our troops into Europe would add to the movement from the Pacific a reverse invasion of America on the part of vast numbers of service personnel. The pity of it is that this increasing company will contain a multitude who have been injured in mind, in body, or both. It will be necessary for those most closely related to become used to shattered nerves, to maimed limbs, and to invalidism of various types. After a time masses of strong survivors of the great conflict will re-enter our land and life.

Pastors and churches are doing well to keep in touch, as they may be able, with their members and those of church families who are with the forces abroad. This wise and vitally needful task can not be too well done. What is still more imperative and more far-reaching in its influence is to welcome and give practical aid to those who seek to renew in a satisfactory manner their places and connections in the homeland that sent them away to foreign toil and peril. The problem to be met is complicated by changes in them as well

as in our communities and industries, by their marriages and family obligations, by the strains which they have suffered and by infirmities that have or will come upon them.

It is probable that heroes of the war will not care greatly for frenzied adulation or for sentimental extravagancies. These will pass too soon to be long or highly regarded. Something more wholesome and serviceable is indicated, and churches and pastors have an immediate duty, not to be deferred until the war is over, or left until a large proportion of the armed forces are released. Plans should be made at once and committees directed to meet, greet and aid in every possible way the home-comers. In some cases churchmen can furnish or help secure employment, residences, and social privileges needed. Counsel and sympathetic co-operation in making adjustments will be required. Attention, friendliness, understanding and affection are Christian commodities which ought not to be lacking or delayed. First attitudes and acts are those most impressive and capable of good results. If these are unsatisfactory it will not matter so much what is said and done afterward.

Some of the effects of World War I were lamentable beyond words. A few years after that conflict ended, a Christian leader of wide experience remarked to a group of associates, "We have lost a generation." Was not this statement to a large degree justified? Why did this occur? Some have blamed veterans and their families for lack of interest in the church

and for irreligion. The war itself has been held accountable for derelictions of Christian character and relationship which then took place. Allowing for all this, must it not be admitted that the church of that period was to dull in spirit and too unconcerned to seek, secure and transform into spiritual life and activity those who had been away from its associations and ministries. The problem now is vastly greater. It is not thousands but hundreds of thousands who will be brought back to us in the near future. They will desire permanent and helpful connections and life.

No other body of people will be so

important to the future we pray for as the service men and women. If we gain this army we will win home campaigns for goodness, humanity, and faith. American Methodism is said to have a million of its sons and daughters in the armed forces. They are to be deplored who underestimate them or fail to comprehend and value what they have done and may yet do for liberty and truth. This call to serve their interests is instant and will be continuous for a long time to come. We may be certain that they will be one of the dominant factors in the generation and world of the morrow.

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When Washington was President,  
 As cold as any icicle,  
 He never on a railroad went  
 And never rode a bicycle.  
 He read by no electric lamp,  
 Nor heard about the Yellowstone;  
 He never licked a postage stamp,  
 And never saw a telephone.  
 His trousers ended at the kness,  
 By wire he could not send dispatch;  
 He filled his lamp with whale oil grease,  
 And never had a match to scratch.  
 But in these days, it's come to pass,  
 All work in with such is dashing done;  
 We've all those things; but then alas,  
 We have no Washington.

—Robert J. Burdette.

# BRITISH PHONE GIRLS SOUND LIKE LUNATICS TO DOUGHBOYS

(Selected)

The American soldier looked around the desk in bewilderment. "That telephone girl must have come straight out of a lunatic asylum," he said.

"Can you imagine a screwball like that! The minute I get my call and start talking she breaks in with, 'Are you through?'"

"I told her, no, I wasn't through and she said she was sorry and a few seconds later she comes on again, 'Are you through?'"

"I got mad. I told her I wasn't at all through; I had just started to talk and I didn't want her breaking in every minute to find out if I was finished.

"So she said, 'Oh, you are through, then,' and got off the line. What's the matter with these British?"

Other soldiers explained that it wasn't the telephone girls' fault. It was just one of the situations that make life complicated for Americans. The British language and the American language are the same except at certain points. They are points of confusion.

In England, they explained, "Are you through?" doesn't mean "Have you finished?" It means, "Have you got your connection?"

And that led to a general conversation on the subject of linguistic confusions.

"The first time I went to a railroad station," one soldier reminisced. "I asked for a ticket to Oxford." The ticket seller asked, 'Single?'

"Well, I knew he wasn't making personal conversation about my mari-

tal status. So the only other thing he could have meant was whether I wanted one ticket or more. I said, yeah, just one. and the guy asked me again, 'But do you want a single ticket?'"

"I got a bit sore. I said, 'Yes I'm here all by myself.' Then he asked if I wanted to come back from Oxford. Gradually I got the idea. When the British say 'single' they don't mean single. They mean one-way. And I found out later that when they mean 'round trip' they say 'return.'"

A third boy contributed the story of his campaign to buy a pair of suspenders.

"I walk into this store and ask for a pair of suspenders. The guy brings me a pair of garters! I explain to him, as politely as I can, that I don't want garters; I asked for suspenders.

"He says, 'I beg your pardon, Sir. These are suspenders.'

"I explain to him that I don't want things to hold my socks up. It's my pants I'm thinking about. And he looks at me as if I were an ignoramus and says, 'Ah, but you want braces.'

"Well, what's the use of telling him that if I needed braces I'd be a 4-f and wouldn't be over here. I let him have his way and he brings me suspenders."

Another soldier told of his troubles in keeping a date.

"I met this London girl down near my camp," he said, "and when I mentioned that I was coming to London on Saturday she said she was giving a little party and asked me to come. So I get to London and call her and

she gives me the addresss again and says she's on the first floor, just two doors past the desk.

"Well, I get there and rap on the second door past the desk on the first floor. Some old dame answers and I ask is Miss Parker there and the dame says, in a sour-puss way, she doesn't know any Miss Parker.

"I couldn't figure that out. The girl didn't sound like she was trying to give me the slip. So I got to a phone booth and called again.

"The girl says she's expecting me. And she gives the same directions all over again. I thought maybe I was crazy and hadn't counted right. Finally she says she'll be on the front steps waiting.

"And when I get there, she takes me to the second floor, second door from the desk.

"But you told me you live on the first floor," I said.

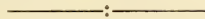
"This is the first floor," she answers.

"'But it's the second,' I said. 'Didn't we come up the stairs?'"

"'Oh, says the girl, 'I should have remembered that. You Yanks think you come into a building on the first floor. This is the first floor.'"

The first boy—The one who'd had trouble with the phone call—scratched his head.

"Gee," he mused, "It'll be a relief to get into France or Germany where we'll know we don't understand them."



### PLAYING THE GAME

We can't all play a winning game  
 Someone is sure to lose;  
 Yet we can play, so that our name  
 No one may dare accuse.  
 That when the Master Referee  
 Scores against our name,  
 It won't be whether we've won or lost,  
 But how we've played the game.

When I am driving on the street  
 Where little folks I'm apt to meet  
 Who dash across the street in play,  
 I hope I'll drive in just the way  
 That I would drive if mine were there,  
 Upon that crowded thoroughfare.

—Selected.

## INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Barber, our budget officer, reports that he received a letter from John Milton Koontz a few days ago. Milton has been in the United States Army for more than a year and a half and is now stationed in Italy. He writes that he is getting along fine and that he had been in action once, which was at Leghorn, and had come out of it all right. Milton sent his regards to all of his friends at the School—both workers and boys—and expressed the desire to hear from them.

If any of the boys who knew Milton when he was at the School, should care to write him, they may secure his address and permission to write by inquiring at the office. This young man has always shown an appreciation for what the School did for him, and a few lines from some of the officers and boys would be most welcome now that he is on foreign soil.

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A news item in the Charlotte News, August 12, 1944, stated that Robert L. Kinley, of that city, a member of the United States Marine Corps, was wounded in action on July 2nd. It is evident that Robert was wounded somewhere in the Pacific area, since the communication came from Lieut. General A. A. Vandergrift. Nothing was said concerning the nature of the young man's injury, and we trust it is not serious.

Robert entered the School, March 2, 1938 and was conditionally released, March 2, 1939, at which time he returned to his home near Charlotte. During his stay at this institution he was a member of Cottage No. 15 group and was employed in the dairy. At

the time of admission, Robert was placed in the fifth grade and was in the sixth when released. This lad made a very good record after returning home, and in February, 1941, was issued an honorable discharge from further parole supervision.

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A recent V-Mail letter was received from John T. Capps, a former member of our printing class, who has been a member of the United States Army quite some time, and has been stationed in England for more than a year. Johnnie writes as follows:

"Just a few lines to let you know I am still on top of the sod. Received The Uplift yesterday and also one last week containing the write-up of my marriage. My wife is beginning to believe she married a pretty good boy, after all. Thanks a lot. I will do my best to try to live up to it, and have a hunch that I will. Everything is rather quiet around here just now, not even any buzz-bombs coming over, and I don't want any, either. My wife is just fine and sends her best wishes. She has been away from work for a few days because of a cold, but is back on the job now. Guess this will be all for this time. Please keep writing and tell all the foks at the school 'hello' for me. Your pal, Johnnie."

Ivan A. Morozoff, who was a member of the printing class several years ago, but is now in the United States Army, recently wrote from India. His letter, dated July 26th, reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Just a few lines to answer your nice letter. I am

well and getting along O.K. and hope this V-Mail finds you the same. I seem to be surviving the monsoon season all right, but right at present it surely is in full swing. I think the Good Maker has brought the Indian Ocean over and turned it upside down on my tent. Now don't have too much sympathy for me, for it could be worse. I have already sent in for my ballot. Sure, hope it gets there in time for Election Day. Yes, indeed, I've been getting the copies of The Uplift and appreciate them very much. I noticed where John Capps got himself married. It was quite a surprise for me. Give everybody my regards and write soon. Your old friend, Iyan."

Last Tuesday, the Charlotte Observer carried a news item concerning Paul D. Godwin, of Charlotte, one of our old boys, who has been a member of the United States Army for some time. In this write-up we noticed that Paul has attained the rank of corporal and is a cook in the officers' section of a Fifteenth AAF bombardment unit, stationed somewhere in Italy. He was awarded the Good Conduct Medal by "virtue of his exemplary behavior, efficiency and fidelity."

Our records show that after returning to his home in Charlotte, Paul made a good record for nine and one-half months, and was issued an honorable discharge from further parole supervision, upon receipt of a report and recommendation from the welfare department in that city.

We were glad to learn that Paul has been making such a good record as a member of Uncle Sam's fighting forces, and feel quite sure he will keep up the good work.

The Charlotte News issue of Friday, August 11th, carried a picture of Brevard Alexander Hall, of that city, who was once a student at the School. Brevard is now in the United States Army, serving with the paratroopers at Fort Benning, Georgia. The news item accompanying the picture stated that he entered the Army in 1938, and served in the Panama Canal Zone for twenty-six months. He was again called into service last March. He is married, and his wife and two children reside with his mother in Charlotte.

Brevard entered the School, June 18, 1931, and remained here until July 12, 1935, when he was conditionally released to return to his home in Charlotte, and was later honorably discharged. While with us he was employed on the outdoor work line and in the school library. At the time of admission he was in the second grade and was in the sixth at the time of leaving the institution. He is now about twenty-four years old.

Brevard's brother, Joseph Hall, who was also a student here several years ago, is in the United States Army, but we do not know where he is stationed at the present time.

Rev. W. V. Tarlton, pastor of McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, brought the message to the boys at the afternoon service last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read Romans 5:1-11, and the subject of his address to the boys was "Are You Worth Dying For?"

Rev. Mr. Tarlton called the attention of the boys to the fact that every day on some battlefield the young men of this nation are giving their lives, and they are making this supreme sacrifice for every person in America.

Primarily, these sacrifices are being made that we may live as free men, rather than as slaves, subject to the whims of a foreign dictator. This freedom embraces such rights as freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly and freedom of worship. The speaker reminded the boys that long ago, our forefathers died on battlefields to establish these rights.

Furthermore, continued Rev. Mr. Tarlton, the young men who are dying for us today are doing so in order that we might enjoy the benefits and privileges of the American way of life. This nation is noted as a place of plenty, where people have plenty to eat and enjoy the ownership of personal property. People in years gone by have migrated to this country, seeking to enjoy the privileges of a land of hope and faith.

The soldiers of our great country are noted for their courage and bravery, said the speaker. They are determined that cruelty and ruthless oppression shall be kept from our shores. It is a most sacred obligation that we be worthy of the freedom that is ours, and that we do not use it in a manner that would degrade ourselves.

Unfortunately, said Rev. Mr. Tarlton, there are some people in this country engaged in certain business activities which should not be permitted. They are debauching the homes and the youth of the land by selling intoxicating drinks. This is just one illustration of how some people are using their freedom the wrong way.

The speaker then applied this principle of sacrifice to the great atonement made by Christ. He explained how the Savior died for those who were unworthy of such a sacrifice as well as for those who were The lives

of most people, unfortunately, are too spotted and too impure to be worthy of the great price paid by the Master. When a person realizes the shortcomings of his own life, he is ashamed in the presence of Christ, and his heart rises up in revolt against his own unworthiness.

In conclusion, the speaker made a strong plea to the boys to always turn to God for help. He urged them to live their lives in such a manner that Christ may not have died in vain.

—:—

When the cottage lines assembled near the Administration Building last Friday afternoon, we were delighted to see our young friend, Clyde Adams, of Kannapolis. Clyde, who was nicknamed here as "Jack Dempsey," when just a little fellow, was once a member of Cottage No. 10 group and worked in the bakery.

Clyde was admitted to the School, January 15, 1935 and was allowed to return to his home in Kannapolis, August 2, 1938. He is now twenty and one-half years old.

After going back to his home he attended school for a while and then secured regular employment. At home, he continued the fine record he had made while at the School.

Clyde enlisted in the United States Navy, July 14, 1941, and received his basic training at Norfolk, Virginia. On September 13, 1941, he was assigned to the "U. S. S. North Carolina," and has been a member of her crew since that time. While on this famous "battle-wagon," Clyde spent twenty-five months in the South Pacific area, and saw action in several engagements. He has attained the rating of second-class baker and reports that he has been getting along



fine in attending to those duties, adding that he expected to be rated as first-class baker in the near future.

This young man speaks highly of life in the Navy, and is very proud of the ship on which he has served. He said: "It certainly makes a fellow's chest expand a little to realize that he is a member of the crew of the best dog-gone battle ship in the world." Of course, being a native of that state, we told him it was our opinion that the "U. S. S. New Jersey" was just as good, but definitely lost out in the friendly argument which ensued as we vainly tried to make him change his opinion.

Clyde arrived in California about August 1st and shortly thereafter obtained a thirty days' leave, most of which time will be spent with his mother in Kannapolis.

We remember this lad as a very small fellow. In fact, he is not yet very tall, but his old million-dollar smile is as broad as ever, and he possessed the same pleasing personality that won for him so many friends here at the School. After listening to the story of the engagements in which he has participated in the war against the Japs, we are bound to agree that "good goods comes in small packages."

Since returning to Kannapolis, Clyde has been out to see us on several occasions he told us on his latest visit that it was "just like home" to him, and that he just couldn't stay away. We want our friend, Clyde, or "Jack," as we like to call him, to feel free to call on us as many times as he wishes while in this section of the country. When he comes breezing into our office it is just like a ray of sunshine coming into a darkened room.

The next time we see this young

fellow, he will probably be sounding the praises of another unit of Uncle Sam's fleet, for he tells us that at the expiration of his leave, he will return to California and report for duty on another ship.

We were delighted to see Clyde, and we wish to take this opportunity to assure him the best wishes of his many friends at the School will accompany him wherever he goes.

—:—

Following the completion of the regularly scheduled league games last Saturday afternoon, the local diamond was the scene of a very interesting game. A team composed of young fellows living in or near Jackson Park played one selected from the best players of the School's various cottage teams. It was a nip-and-tuck struggle, with the Training School lads pushing over the winning run in the last inning, coming out on the top-side of a 4 to 3 score. Due to the lateness of the hour of starting, the game was called at the end of the seventh by agreement.

Marion Cox, of Cottage No. 1, was on the mound for the Training School boys, and hurled a fine game, holding the visitors to six hits—all singles—and striking out six batters. All the runs scored against him were unearned.

Hooper, the visiting pitcher, also turned in a nice performance. He retired seven batters on strikes and allowed six hits. The boys could not do much with his offerings, obtaining but two hits up in the final frame, when they got to him for four consecutive hits.

The visitors scored their first run in the opening inning when Mauney was safe on our first-baseman's error,

stole second, went to third and passed ball, and scored on another error by the first-sacker.

They scored another run in the second when Cagle walked, stole second, and tallied on a single by Phillips.

Their third counter came in the sixth as Moose beat out a roller to short-stop, who threw wildly to first, allowing him to reach second, from whence he scored on Cagle's single.

The Training School lads went scoreless until the fifth inning, when they chalked up a run. Hilliard went to second when the short-stop permitted his sharp grounder to go through him, and scored later on Jones' double.

In the last inning, trailing by two runs, the local boys proceeded to put the old ball game on ice. Hunsucker, first batter up, was safe on the short-stop's error; he raced to third on Burnett's two-base knock; Liske, pinch-hitting for Gore, singled, scoring Burnett. Hilliard then punched out a short single, filling the bases. With the youngsters in the stands yelling for more runs, the veteran of many battles on the local diamond, was called in as pinch-hitter. He delivered in true Frank Merriwell style, banging out a solid base-knock between first and second, scoring Burnett and Liske. And that was the ball game. The score:

	R	H	E
Jackson Pk	11	00	10
J. T. S.	00	00	103
		4	6
			5

Two-base hits: Hunsucker, Burnett, Jones. Stolen bases: Mauney, Cagle, Moose. Struck out: By Cox 6; by Hooper 7. Base on balls: Off Cox 2; off Hooper 1. Passed balls: Beaver 1, Gore 3. Umpires: Hawfield, Hobby and Godown.

There were several very interesting baseball games played in the two local leagues last Saturday afternoon. After going the whole season in League Number One without a loss, the Receiving Cottage lads were defeated by the boys of Second Cottage by the score of 7 to 4. The Receiving Cottage team still holds the league lead, without any possibility of being taken out of its first place. Although the Tenth Cottage boys lost their game in League Number Two, they are in no danger of being overtaken before the close of the season. Following are the scores: a w i l l i a m s

League Number One—Second Cottage 7 Receiving Cottage 4; Fifth Cottage 7 Third Cottage 6; First Cottage 12 Fourth Cottage 1.

League Number Two—Thirteenth Cottage 8 Ninth Cottage 4; Fifteenth Cottage 13 Tenth Cottage 10; Eleventh Cottage 9 Fourteenth Cottage 3.

CLUB STANDINGS

League Number One

Club	W	L	Pct.
Receiving Cottage	10	1	.909
First Cottage	7	4	.636
Fifth Cottage	4	5	.444
Fourth Cottage	3	5	.375
Second Cottage	4	6	.400
Third Cottage	0	5	.000

League Number Two

Club	W	L	Pct.
Tenth Cottage	10	10	.500
Fifteenth Cottage	9	4	.692
Eleventh Cottage	6	7	.462
Thirteenth Cottage	6	7	.462
Fourteenth Cottage	5	7	.417
Ninth Cottage	3	10	.231

## WHAT I LIVE FOR

I live for those who love me,  
Whose hearts are kind and true,  
For the heaven that smiles above me,  
And awaits my spirit, too;  
For the human ties that bind me,  
For the task by God assigned me,  
For the bright hopes left behind me,  
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story  
Who've suffered for my sake,  
To emulate their glory,  
And to follow in their wake;  
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,  
The noble of all ages,  
Whose deeds crowd history's pages,  
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion  
With all that is divine,  
To feel there is a union  
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;  
To profit by affliction,  
Reap truths from fields of fiction,  
Grow wiser from conviction,  
And fulfill each grand design.

I live to hail that season,  
By gifted minds foretold,  
When men shall rule by reason;  
And not alone by gold;  
When man to man united,  
And every wrong thing righted,  
The whole world shall be lighted  
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,  
For those who know me true,  
For heaven that smiles above me,  
And awaits my spirit, too;  
For the cause that lacks assistance,  
For the wrong that needs resistance,  
For the future in the distance,  
And the good that I can do.

—George Linnaeous Banks.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending August 10, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

William Burnett  
 Chauncey Gore  
 George Hill  
 Fred Jones  
 Lewis Kern  
 James Perkins  
 David Prevatte  
 James Stamper

## COTTAGE No. 1

George Cox  
 Marion Cox  
 Liston Grice  
 John Love  
 Amos Myers  
 Marshall Sessions

## COTTAGE No. 2

Charles Byrd  
 Arthur Beale  
 Fred Coates  
 Gerald Johnson  
 Delmas Jerrell  
 J. T. Jacobs  
 Chester Lee  
 John McLean  
 James Norton  
 William Phillips  
 Eugene Peterson  
 Vann Robinson  
 James Sneed  
 Roy Womack  
 Roy Smith  
 James Carter  
 Burlen Edmonson

## COTTAGE No. 3

William Brooks  
 George Bass  
 William Doss  
 Earl Green  
 James Graham  
 Jack Hensley  
 Robert Helms  
 Robert Lee  
 Jack Oliver  
 Robert Peavy

Charles Roland  
 Donald Redwine  
 Richard Tullock  
 Theodore Young  
 Roy Swink  
 Lewis Sawyer

## COTTAGE No. 4

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 5

Charles Allen  
 Thomas Barnes  
 Clyde Billings  
 Curtis Butcher  
 Harold Cruse  
 John Cline  
 James Gibson  
 Jeter Green  
 Lawrence Hopson  
 Nolan Overcash  
 Robert Wilkins  
 Lawrence Walker

## COTTAGE No. 6

Vernon Foster  
 Ralph Gibson  
 Robert Gaylor  
 William Hawkins  
 Stanford McLean  
 Robert Mason  
 Clay Shue  
 Charles Sellers  
 James Swinson  
 Leroy Wilkins

## COTTAGE No. 7

Max Brown  
 Robert Kennedy  
 Horace Collins  
 Charles Edwards  
 Wallace Foster  
 Samuel Lynn  
 Jack Phillips  
 Marshall Prestwood

## COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 9

Conrad Cox  
 James Eller  
 Edward Guffey  
 Thomas Ingram  
 John Linville  
 James Lowman  
 Edward Renfro  
 James Stadler  
 William Harding  
 Ray Edwards  
 William Hawks  
 Robert Hogan

## COTTAGE No. 10

(No Honor Roll)

## COTTAGE No. 11

Donald Bowden  
 William Guffey  
 James Hill  
 Arlow Mclean  
 James Ray  
 Clifford Shull  
 William Walker  
 George Hawks

## COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 13

William Andrews  
 Ervin Ewing

## COTTAGE No. 14

Everett Bowden  
 Edward Britt  
 Eugene Connell  
 Hugh Cornwell  
 Lawrence Littlejohn  
 Troy Morris  
 Melbert Rice  
 Bruce Sawyer  
 Milton Talley  
 Lester Williams

## COTTAGE No. 15

Edgar Blanchard  
 William Bass  
 Thomas Baumgarner  
 Jack Benfield  
 James Cantrell  
 Lee Holifield  
 Charles Ledford  
 William Myers  
 Olin Wishon

## INDIAN COTTAGE

(No Honor Roll)

## INFIRMARY

William McNeill  
 Odell Cecil  
 Lloyd Sain

—————:—————

## PASS IT ON

Have you had a kindness shown?

Pass it on;

'Twas not given for thee alone,

Pass it on;

Let it travel down the years,

Let it wipe another's tears,

Till in heaven the deed appears—

Pass it on.

—Rev. Henry Burton.

NOTES

1. The first part of the report is devoted to a description of the general situation in the country. It is found that the country is in a state of general depression, and that the people are suffering from want and distress. The cause of this is attributed to the war, and to the policy of the Government.

2. The second part of the report is devoted to a description of the state of the different branches of industry and commerce. It is found that all these branches are in a state of depression, and that the people are suffering from want and distress. The cause of this is attributed to the war, and to the policy of the Government.

3. The third part of the report is devoted to a description of the state of the different branches of agriculture. It is found that all these branches are in a state of depression, and that the people are suffering from want and distress. The cause of this is attributed to the war, and to the policy of the Government.

4. The fourth part of the report is devoted to a description of the state of the different branches of education. It is found that all these branches are in a state of depression, and that the people are suffering from want and distress. The cause of this is attributed to the war, and to the policy of the Government.

5. The fifth part of the report is devoted to a description of the state of the different branches of public health. It is found that all these branches are in a state of depression, and that the people are suffering from want and distress. The cause of this is attributed to the war, and to the policy of the Government.

CONCLUSION

The above is a summary of the report. It is found that the country is in a state of general depression, and that the people are suffering from want and distress. The cause of this is attributed to the war, and to the policy of the Government.

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# THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 26, 1944

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AUG 28 1944

## SIX BIG REASONS

The six big reasons why men find their way into top management positions are:

They know how to manage other men;

They know how to read what is behind the figures of the business;

They think simply;

Problems never take them by surprise;

They have imagination about the public;

They have faith in human nature.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY  
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND  
INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.  
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.  
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

## TO THOSE WHO FAIL

"All honor to him who shall win the prize,"  
The world has cried for a thousand years;  
But to him who tries, and who fails and dies,  
I give great honor and glory and tears.

Give glory and honor and pitiful tears  
To all who fail in their deeds sublime;  
Their ghosts are many in the van of years,  
They were born with Time, in advance of Time.

Oh, great is the hero who wins the name,  
But greater many and many a time  
Some pale-faced fellow who dies in shame,  
And lets God finish the thoughts sublime.

And great is the man with a sword undrawn,  
And good is the man who refrains from wine;  
But the man who fails and still fights on,  
Lo, he is the twin-born brother of mine.

—Joaquin Miller

## PROBLEMS OF EDUCATION

For the public schools of North Carolina there are at present, four major problems about which the people of the state should be deeply concerned. And while it is true that each one of these presents a very unique and distinct problem within itself, yet in the broader sense they are all very intimately and very definitely related to each other. These problems are as follows:

1. What shall we teach in our schools?
2. How can we solve the problem of attendance?
3. How can we maintain and ever increase the quality of the teaching personnel in the face of modern competition?

#### 4. How can the state furnish adequate financial support for the schools?

##### A. What to teach?

To some this may seem to be a rather unnecessary question. It may seem to many to be a very simple problem, one that can be easily dismissed by simply saying that we should just proceed to teach the things which we have always taught in our schools. Those who answer thus would simply assert that we all need to teach in the elementary schools is reading, writing and arithmetic. This would be the solution of the traditionalist, or the person who has never recognized to any extent whatsoever that content has any meaning or that it makes any contribution to the speed of learning. Unfortunately many have never realized that interest plays any part in the learning process. To be sure we shall need to teach reading, 'writing and 'rithmetic, but this does not mean that it will not be possible to learn these very fundamental things and do it much more quickly, with much more certainty, if it is done in terms of and in relationship to content material that is true to life, that is full of vital, every day meaning.

Most children learn to read much more easily and more quickly when the content material deals with family life, or with animals and pets, or with flowers, plants and insect life; with those things which they see from day to day. In other words, it is not enough to say that a child merely learns to read, but rather that he learns many other interesting facts while he is learning to read.

As a child advances through the grades the larger world begins to unfold to him—a world of science, of geography, and of the historical movements of mankind. Then it is that he is not only advancing in the skills of reading but more and more that he is gaining useful knowledge about the world in which he lives. He studies about his own body and numerous health rules and principles.

It all adds up to the fact that the curriculum, whether it is for reading, 'writing, or 'rithmetic, should make a dominant contribution to the whole learning process. When this claim is made, it is not to say that learning procedure is to be made easy, or that it is to be "sugar-coated" and that children are to study only those things in which they are intertsted and leave off everything else. When people

reach adulthood they certainly do not pick up books or magazines or go to lectures or movies in which they have absolutely no interest. They select those things which make a strong appeal to them and grip their lives and generally their time is profitably occupied.

In our elementary schools, if they are to fulfill their highest function, we will provide for the teaching of the simple sciences of life, of growth and development of the human race, of music, art and the geography of location and relationship. In other words we will weave into the curriculum as much as possible of that which is true to life, that which is life itself, and of that which is practical and useful.

No doubt, the greatest adjustments and revisions will occur in the curricula of the high schools. It should be perfectly evident to even the most traditionally minded person that in the future an ever increasing emphasis will be placed on vocational subjects, and the vocational content of the future will of necessity vary from time to time. In the war period there has been a great up-surge of emphasis on such topics as radio-engineering, welding, carpentry and cabinet making, radar, nursing, typing, dietetics, and physical education, and most all, aeronautics. In the modern high schools throughout the country, the scope of the curriculum will be broadened to include these practical, explanatory, pre-vocational subjects, and through the use of more and more visual aids and practical demonstrations and experimentations the process of education in these topics will doubtless be tremendously accelerated over what it has been in other years. In the past the scope of the high school curriculum has been far too restricted and much too slow and theoretical to really challenge the youth of the land. In far too many instances the pupils have taken certain subjects in high school either because they were the conventional things to take, or because of the parental preferences or because nothing else was being offered at the time. The school youth of the future will have a right to expect an opportunity to take such subjects as will equip them for technical scientific machine eras of the future.

The following is a quotation from a recent speech made by Hon. R. Gregg Cherry, Democratic nominee for governor:

"Only a small percentage of our youth have an opportunity to go to college and many have no desire to go. It is the hope of the great

majority of our people that continued and increasing stress will be laid upon vocational training in all its phases so that when a child graduates from high school he will possess a foundation that will enable him to step into a job and advance steadily in his work."

The other problems mentioned at the beginning of this article will be dealt with in another issue of this magazine.

\* \* \* \* \*

### MEMBERS OF THE GRAND JURY VISIT THE TRAINING SCHOOL

On Tuesday, August 22, the members of the Cabarrus County Grand Jury, sixteen in number, visited the Jackson Training School. This visit to the School, of course, was in fulfillment of their duties and of their obligations to the welfare of all people within the scope of their jurisdiction.

The officials of the Training School as a rule do not know when the School will be visited by this group and it is not our policy to make an artificial display of the School, nor is it our policy to make a pretense merely for a show. Our purpose is to make improvements constantly and to keep the standard of work at a high level of efficiency so that whenever anyone makes an inspection of the School we would be unashamed of what they would find.

On this visit they seemed to be delighted most with the facilities of the swimming pool where the boys have an opportunity at least twice a week to enjoy swimming as an excellent form of recreation and also as a measure of health. The men also visited the School's cannery which on that day was in full operation with approximately one hundred boys who were working under the direction and supervision of the staff members. At the cannery, they found that at that particular time they were specializing in canning soup mixture. The School has a well equipped cannery which functions powerfully in the life of the School.

Another place of interest to the men was the infirmary which is kept in constant operation to take care of any injuries or any other forms of illness among the boys. The parents of every boy should always feel assured that the health and physical welfare of their boy will be adequately cared for while the boys are at the School.

A report was made to the Grand Jury of the remodeling and re-

finishing of the School's storeroom. It was pointed out that this was one of the finest projects that has been undertaken by Mr. Alpha Carriker and the carpenter shop boys for some time. An effort is being made to make the place attractive and in step with modern trends in store-keeping. Also a report was made concerning the recent completion of the new storage building near the Trades Building where it will be possible to take care of farm implements, tools, paint, lumber, etc.

Finally it was reported that the School urgently needs a pasteurizing plant at the dairy to further safeguard the health of the boys.

The names of the members of the Grand Jury who visited the School are as follows: C. W. Overcash, foreman, L. I. Beasley, Ralph Caton, Walter J. Litaker, A. Lee Moose, William K. Fortune, H. F. Thompson, Eugene Morgan, George G. Dorton, F. R. Ikerd, T. M. Alexander, all of Concord; C. G. Mitchell, H. E. Riddle, C. Luther Sides and F. E. Cross, of Kannapolis; M. B. Conner, of Midland.

\* \* \* \* \*

### ANNIVERSARIES OF THE WEEK

August 24, 1814 was a memorable date in American history. In the month of August, 1914, during the war of 1812, a British fleet entered Chesapeake Bay with 4,000 soldiers under General Ross. He marched into Washington, took the city on August 24th without encountering much resistance, and burned the Capitol, the Executive Mansion, and a few other government buildings. The government fled into Virginia for safety. Shortly thereafter the British attacked Baltimore, and met with failure, and General Ross was killed. This event gave to the American nation the "The Star-Spangled Banner."

It was on August 26, 1920 that the Woman's Suffrage Amendment became effective. In 1919 both houses of Congress approved the amendment, and it was sent to the state legislatures for ratification. Illinois was the first state to record its approval, and when Connecticut passed a ratification resolution, the necessary three-fourths of the states had approved, making certain women's nation-wide participation in voting on an equal basis with men.

# LOCAL HAPPENINGS

(Reported by Boys of the School Department)

## *New Signs For Buildings*

We are glad to say that we expect to have signs for our different buildings very soon as guidance for visitors. We are going to label the infirmary, bakery, Receiving Cottage, and other buildings.—Bruce Sawyer.

## *Watermelon Feast*

We had another supply of watermelons last Friday. Each cottage got the sum of twenty watermelons. We had a nice time eating them last Saturday and Sunday. We had all we wanted and had some left over.—Jack Willis.

## *Mr. Talbert Visits the School*

On Saturday, August 19th, Mr. Talbert visited the school for a chat with the teachers and boys. He gave some of the boys a lecture about joining the church. He said it was the greatest event of their lives.—Harvey Squire.

## *Scout Drive For Scrap Paper*

We are proud to say that our Boy Scouts are doing their patriotic duty by collecting scrap paper. They gathered and bundled several hundred pounds. A truck came over from Concord and picked it up. They said we had done a very good job.—Bruce Sawyer.

## *Barber Shop Boys Receive Instruction*

Mr. Paul Barnhardt, an experienced barber, of Concord, came to the school last Wednesday afternoon. He gave the boys good instruction on how to cut hair. The barber shop boys en-

joyed his visit and are looking forward to his coming again soon. The boys are grateful for his instruction in barber work.—Leonard McAdams.

## *The Training School Beef Herd*

The Training School beef herd consists of 45 or 50 beef cows. All of the boys thoroughly enjoyed the beef we had for Sunday dinner. Mr. Hawfield made a remark about the beef. He said the beef was very good. We hope that more of this delicious beef will be brought to the cottage kitchens.—Edgar Blanchard.

## *Speaking Contest, August 25*

The seventh grade is having another speaking contest for this coming Friday. The best speakers that were in the last contest are going to speak in the contest this week. The ones that were in the speaking contest are: Paul Alphin, Charles Allen, Ernest Stamey, Jack Willis, Ray Edwards, R. C. Hoyle and Arther Beal.—Ray Edwards.

## *Receiving Cottage Weiner Roast*

The Receiving Cottage boys enjoyed a weiner roast last Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Hawfield and Mr. and Mrs. Adams were there. The feast consisted of 10 weiners, a Pepsi-Cola and a quart of milk for each boy. "Charlie," Mr. Hawfield's dog, was there, too, and the boys fed him some weiners. Everybody had a good time and had plenty to eat. The boys are hoping to have another soon.

## *Play Activities*

Mr. Hines has been taking some

boys to the gymnasium to play basketball. We have lots of fun in the gymnasium. He takes different groups of boys to play so he can pick out the best ones for the school team. Every evening after school the boys in the evening school section go to the playground.

Down there the boys play baseball, marbles, basketball, and softball. ---Luther Shermer.

#### *Canning Activities*

We are very busy making soup mixture at the cannery now. Mr. Walker is in charge of cooking the soup mixture. He is very busy cooking every day. Some of the school sections are helping in the cannery, snapping beans, some are shelling lima beans, peeling tomatoes and cutting corn. Mr. Adams is gathering tomatoes for the cannery. Charles Blakemore, Ralph Cranford and George Hill sorted and cooked the tomatoes for the soup mixture. ---George Hill.

#### *Vacations*

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Kiser, officer and matron at Cottage No. 4, are enjoying a vacation. They will return Tuesday, and the boys of that cottage will be glad to go back to No. 4, after a week in other cottages.

Mr. E. E. Harding, of our infirmary, is taking a few days' vacation. He will return and carry on his work at the school soon.

Mr. J. N. Bass, our sixth grade school teacher, will go on his vacation in a few days. While he is gone the boys in that grade will enjoy working at the cannery.

Mr. Hines, the principal of our day school, enjoyed a week-end vacation

in Greensboro.

Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt, of Cottage No. 14, enjoyed a few days' vacation. While they were gone, Mr. Bass was on duty at the cottage.—James Linebarrier.

#### *Seventh Grade Chapel Program*

On August 18th, the seventh grade boys presented a chapel program. The name of it was "The Name of Jesus." We also had a speaking contest. The winners in the morning were as follows: Ernest Stamey, first place; Paul Alphin, second place; and Charles Allen, third place. The morning judges were Miss McCoy, Mr. Bass and Mrs. Hawfield. The evening judges were Mrs. Morrison. Mr. Corliss and Mrs. Kiser. The winners in the evening were as follows: Charles Allen, first place; Jack Willis, second place; and Paul Alphin, third place. ---Charles Allen and Leonard Bradley.

#### *Store Room Being Refinished*

The carpenter shop boys, under the supervision of Mr. A. L. Carriker, has taken the ceiling down in the store room because of its getting old and cracking. Sheetrock is being put in its place. After it is put up it will be painted a light color to match the walls. The quicker it is finished the better it will be for Mr. White because he has the supplies crowded up in the back room. The old plaster was taken down to our new building behind the Swink-Benson Trades Building to fill up some holes. The house boys from various cottages came for the old lath to be used for kindling. One of the rooms is being fixed up so that the Indian boys can be taught near the store room. The room they now occupy is going to be

the seventh grade room. The room which is now the seventh grade is going to be the eighth grade. We hope this turns out to be as we had planned. We are also going to rearrange the goods and paint the shelves so they will look like new.—Thomas Barnes and Robert Blackwelder.

#### *Baptist Training Union*

There were some thirty-nine boys who were baptised in June. Some of the boys have gone home since then.

We have organized a Baptist Training Union at the school. The boys were divided into two groups. The leaders of these groups are Amos Myers and Thomas Baumgarner. The president is Hilton Reed and Jack Phillips is secretary and treasurer.

The leader of Group A is Robert Gaylor, Carlton Pate is president, and George Cox is secretary and treasurer.

We meet together every Sunday after church and have a little program. Five boys have a story to tell each Sunday. There are about seventeen boys in one class and about twenty-two in the other.

The directors are Mr. Bryve Iley, who directs Group A and Mr. Raymond Snyder, who directs Group B.

The boys are proud of their groups and are glad that Rev. Mr. Summers is their pastor. He and Mr. Hines are helping the boys to be good so

they can influence others.—Amos Myers and Robert Flinchum.

#### *First Grade Chapel Program*

On August 15th the first grade boys gave the usual weekly program. Everyone in the grade had a part in the program and devotional period.

It began with a devotional period by all of the school section. After a song by all, the first grade recited the 23rd Psalm. This was followed by another song, the Lord's Prayer, and a salute to the flag.

After the devotional, the grade gave the program. There were two songs by the entire group. Franklin Robinson sang a solo; then there were three poems by the grade, and another poem by Erwin Ewing. The boys in this grade then answered riddles asked by Burlin Edmondson.

A group of 13 boys sang a song; "Mistah Rabbit," which was followed by a play, "The Freight Train," by 8 boys. There was also a play, "The Clown who Couldn't Read," by about 10 boys.

After these plays, the program ended with the closing of the curtains. After that the boys went back to their own rooms. The program was completely enjoyed by everyone. We hope that we may see another program presented by them again soon.—John Allen.



Remember that you are but an actor, acting whatever part the Master has ordained. It may be short or it may be long. If he wishes you to represent a poor man, do it heartily; if a cripple, or a magistrate, or a private man, in each case act your part with honor.—Epictetus.



# FOREST INDUSTRY POST-WAR PROGRAM

By Bill Sharpe, State News Bureau, in *We the People*

North Carolina's forests can furnish post-war employment for large numbers of men if the plans suggested by the Swedish forest expert who was brought to the state for a survey, can be put into effect. The detailed report covers many pages, but the highlights are given in this article by Bill Sharpe.

Farmers would run their machinery with wood chips, sawdust piles would be turned into plastics, and fiberboard houses would march out of the woods if the possibilities foreseen in the post-war program for North Carolina's forest industries come completely to fruition.

The program, presented after a survey by Dr. Egon Glesinger, Swedish forestry authority has been submitted as a "rough draft" to leading forest industrialists in the state, who are now studying it and making revisions. Glesinger made the survey with funds privately provided.

Admittedly a long-range program, many phases of which must wait on technical developments, the plan calls for greater utilization of the state's forest resources through creation of new outlets, mobilization of additional wood supplies, integration of existing wood industries.

Glesinger thinks the state's forests, if properly utilized, can supply even more material for pulp plants, besides providing material for fiberboard factories. Sawdust plastics, while not yet economically feasible, may be around the corner and would offer opportunity to utilize a vast amount of timber now going to waste.

A possible outlet for hard woods is seen in the future through wood-gas generators. Glesinger admits there is

not much possibility of the urban motorists using wood or charcoal in his auto, but points out that Swedish wood-gas generators weigh less than 100 pounds and are widely used. He thinks that for tractors and other farm machinery, for woodworking equipment (small sawmills included) wood fuel is highly practicable. Besides providing an outlet for hard woods, of which we have an abundance, he offers the following argument:

"An average truck or farm tractor requires annually some 1,200 gallons of gasoline. Instead it could run on 12 cords of heavy hardwoods and save the owner a cash payment of some \$200, a year."

In addition to the wood-gas generator, Glesinger asks Tar Heels to consider the establishment of one modern distillation plant in the center of the hardwood area, where little hardwood is now cut. This plant would turn out charcoal which in turn could be used to operate the state school busses. Thus:

"A bus, using 10 gallons of gasoline per 100 miles and running 20,000 miles a year burns 2,000 gallons at 20 cents, or \$400. Equipped with a charcoal generator the same bus would need 1,000 bushels of charcoal at 20 cents, or \$200. A fleet of 1,000 busses would offer a guaranteed outlet for all the charcoal made in one modern

distillation plant. The chemical by-products then could be sold at competitive prices with synthetics."

He admits that at present there is no commercial production of such generators in this country, but anticipates their manufacture or importation.

The eleven and one-half million cords of dead chestnut trees, destroyed by blight, now standing in the mountains provide a fire hazard which should be removed, recommends the expert. At the rate the tanning industry is now harvesting this dead wood it will take almost 40 years to use it up. Meantime, it is exposed to destruction. One solution he thinks, is to harvest this deadwood soon and store it safely in warehouses so as to preserve it and thus prolong the life of the tanning extracts industry dependent on chestnut.

Pointing out that while North Carolina uses 600,000 cords of pulpwood annually, it is shipping 400,000 more cords out of the state, Glesinger recommended that expansion of the pulp industry be undertaken so that this kidnapped lumber may be processed at home. The state's pulp industry absorbs less than 6 per cent of the forest growth, while the U. S. Indus-

try already claims 14 per cent of the nation's annual wood increment, and Glesinger argues that this proves the state's pulp industry is undeveloped.

North Carolina, because of the dispersion of its sawmill industry, is less suited than some states for large-scale utilization of sawdust, but the forestry man advises that developments in woodsugar field be closely watched opportunities in this field.

Countering the belief that the state's pine forests cannot support more wood industries, the survey suggests an intensification of forest regulation, management, research, and better fire protection. More fire protection alone, he thinks, would provide 500,000 cords of additional timber a year for industry.

Better logging, perhaps cooperatively done by trained organizations, would result in greatly increased yields, says the report, and elimination of manufacturing waste would yield more.

The report, an exhaustive handbook of 75 pages, analyzes the annual wastage of 2,510,000 cords of wood, and devotes a large section to discussing means of reducing or utilizing this waste.

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All the days seem alike as they come to us, but each day comes with its own opportunities, its own calls to duty, its own privileges, holding out hands offering us radiant gifts. The day passes and never comes again. Other days as bright may come, but that day never comes a second time. If we do not take just then the gifts it offers, we shall never have another chance to get them, and shall always be poorer for what we have missed.—J. R. Miller.

# THE SOUTH'S SHARE IN THE NATION

By Thurman Sensing in *We the People*

The people of the 16 Southern States, from Texas to Maryland, comprise one-third of the population of our country. It is quite fitting, therefore, that these same states comprise one third of our nation's land.

To rank on a par with the national average, the people of the South should also own one third of the nation's wealth and should receive one-third of the nation's annual income. On a total basis, this is far from being the case. While it is impossible to give actual figures, it is unquestionably true that the per capita wealth and per capita income of the southern people are considerably below the national average. Some estimates place the southern per capita average as low as half the national average.

In only two important divisions of the main sources of income does the South exceed its proportionate one-third share: namely, the forests and the mines. The South produces 42 per cent of the board lumber cut annually and 45 per cent of the value of mineral products produced annually.

In a third important division of the main sources of income, the South receives almost exactly its one-third share. That is in the cash income from all products of the farm.

As fundamental as are these materials from the farms and the forests and the mines, however, they do not produce a very large percentage of the money values in present-day commerce. It is in the changing of

these raw materials into finished products that the greater value accrues. In this respect the South has been sadly lacking.

In 1940 the southern states produced only 20 per cent of the value of manufactured products. This means an average production per person of \$248 compared with a national average of \$433. The per capita income of the South from forests and mines and farms amounts to approximately \$145 compared with the national average of \$133, but this advantage of \$12 per capita looks small indeed when compared with the \$185 advantage the national average has over the South in value of manufactured products. The net result is to give the nation a per capita advantage in income from these three main sources of raw materials and from manufactured products of \$173 over the South.

The other main sources of income are from services rendered and capital invested.

So far as wages and salaries for services rendered are concerned, here again the southern states compare very unfavorably with the average of the nation. The median income for the United States in March 1940 was \$833. Of the 21 states with a better than national average, only 1—West Virginia—is among the 16 southern states. Of the 16 lowest states in the nation, 13 are among the southern states. The 6 lowest states are southern states.

The median wage of salary income for cities of 250,000 and over in pop-

ulation shows an even more striking difference between the South and the national average. There are 37 cities in the United States with a population of 250,000 or over. The 30 cities with the highest median wage or salary income are all outside the South; the 7 cities with the lowest median wage or salary income are all in the South.

There are a number of reasons for this lower median income for the South than the national average. The percentage of nonskilled labor in the South is much higher than in the North; 30 per cent of the people in the South are Negroes compared with 10 per cent for the nation at large; a large percentage of the Southern people are small farmers, where cash income does not play a large part in their welfare. Dry census figures overlook this latter point. It may well be possible that a small farmer, say in Mississippi, who has a cash income of \$300 per year is just as well off as a clerk in New Jersey who has a cash income of four or five times as great. Perhaps the Mississippi farmer may be even better off in so far as the welfare of his family is concerned. There is a great difference between welfare and health in dollars, and the fact that the average per capita income in the South is considerably lower than the average for the rest of the nation does not necessarily mean at all that the welfare of the people of the South is lower than that for the rest of the nation.

Then, when we come to the per capita income from invested capital, the southern states undoubtedly suffer in comparison with the national average. There are no total figures available to prove the point but we have in-

dicative figures that unquestionably substantiate it. For instance, the southern states have only 15 per cent of the nation's banking resources, a per capita average for the South of \$281 compared with the nation's \$666; and only 10 per cent of the savings deposits of the nation, a per capita average for the South of \$55 compared with the nation's \$190.

The estimated property value of the southern states is only 25 per cent of the nation's total. (The assessed property value in these states is only 20 per cent of the total for the nation, but this is not a good comparison, in as much as property is usually assessed on a lower percentage of full value in the south than elsewhere.) This is closer to the South's proportionate one-third than the banking resources and savings deposits but still leaves the South with a per capita property value average of \$1,300 compared with the nation's \$1,832.

It would be no explanation to say that the South's disproportionately small share of the nation's wealth is due to the fact that the people of the South do not have much money as the people of the balance of the country. That would be similar to the famous statement ascribed to President Coolidge that "when a great many people are unable to find work then we have unemployment."

It would be an explanation, however, to show why the southern states do not have as much money as other sections of the country. That is a different story and goes back a long way, at least to the Civil War. In 1860 the South had 39 per cent of the total wealth of the nation; the per capita wealth of the South was greater than for the nation as a whole.

Following 4 years of the bloodiest war in history and then more years of carpet-bagger rule, the South's proportionate share of the nation's wealth was reduced to 14 per cent by 1870. It's not so hard to replace capital! The Civil War set the South back 100 years or more.

During the war practically everything in the South was destroyed except the spirit of the southern people. A large part of the capital of the South had been invested in 4,000,000 slaves, valued conservatively at \$2,000,000,000. If the South had been reimbursed for this amount which was destroyed by Presidential edict during the war and this \$2,000,000,000 had been put to work in southern industry and had increased at an average rate of 4 per cent per year for the last 80 years, the South would now have \$46,000,000,000 capital which it does not have. This is not an unreasonable assumption and when it is realized that the total assessed value of all taxable property in the South for 1940 amounted to only \$29,000,000,000, it can readily be seen what an enormous change this would have made in the picture.

And it must be remembered that the value of the slaves was only a part of the capital lost by the South. Most of the accumulated capital of 200 years or more was destroyed. Almost two generations of the South's finest men were destroyed. Those who were left came home barefooted to a ravaged land. Then was a time when it might well have been said of the Southerners that they wore no shoes.

But the South did not complain. It set about to work out its own destiny. And it is that spirit which will

not be downed that is the hope of the South. It is that spirit which is now, after all these years, beginning to bear fruit.

For the outlook for the South is not dark. The outlook for the South is bright. The South has the greatest future of any section of our land. It has the climate and the natural resources and the people and the spirit that make this inevitable. Comparing the South with the national average may give an unfavorable complexion to southern economy but we must not be blinded to the fact that that complexion is clearing up and is now beginning to do so rapidly. The status quo (which the old Negro said was Latin for "de mess we's in") may not look good, but comparing it with the past and comparing the present rate of growth of the South with that of the nation gives a different aspect.

The South is advancing faster industrially than the nation as a whole. It is usually considered an agricultural section, yet in 1939 the value of manufactured products made in the South was \$11,190,000,000, while the cash income from all farm products was only \$2,800,000,000. The South's share of value of manufactured products remained stationary for 30 years—from 1900 to 1930—at 15 per cent of the nation's total. During the next 10 years—by 1940—it advanced to 20 per cent of the nation's total. The southern states now contain 38,980 manufacturing establishments, 82 of which are the largest industrial plants of their kind in the world. The value of manufactured products in the South increased from \$9,805,000,000 in 1919 to \$11,190,000,000 in 1939, a gain of 14 per cent, while for

the United States as a whole it was decreasing from \$62,418,000,000 to \$56,828,000,000, a loss of 8 per cent. The number of wage earners in the South increased from 1,597,684 to 1,765,064 during the same period, an increase of 10 per cent, while for the nation as a whole the number of wage earners decreased from 9,096,000 to 7,887,000, a decrease of 13 per cent.

Some illustrations are in order. In 1900 the South manufactured 40 per cent of the nation's cotton; in 1940 it manufactured 85 per cent of the nation's cotton. For the years 1936-37 the South gained 57 new plants in cotton manufacturing while the rest of the country was losing 42 plants. For the year 1937 the rayon industry in the South increased 238 per cent over 1935, while the rest of the country was gaining only 97 per cent. The South manufactures 90 per cent of the nation's tobacco. In 1900 the South manufactured 12 per cent of the nation's furniture; in 1940, 26 per cent. The South has been consistently producing approximately 40 per cent of the nation's lumber for the last 40 years. The value of wood pulp produced in the South, a new industry for this section, increased 70 per cent in 1940 over 1939, compared with an increase of 15 per cent for the rest of the country.

In 1900 the South only produced 15 per cent of the value of the nation's mineral products; it now produces 45 per cent. Some of these mineral resources produced by the South are practically 100 per cent of the nation's sulfur, phosphate, carbon black, bauxite; 90 per cent of the ball clay, barites, fuller's earth, and kaolin; 71 per cent of the natural gas; over 70 per cent of the natural gasoline; 60

per cent of the petroleum; 50 per cent of the marble; 49 per cent of the bituminous coal; over 40 per cent of the fluorspar and lead; over 35 per cent of the feldspar, stone, zinc, limestone and lime; and hundreds of other products too numerous to mention.

The 1941 Blue Book of Southern Progress stated, " \* \* \* the (industrial) growth which is taking place in the southern states can be justly termed phenomenal.

As has been noted, the South produces one-third the value of the nation's farm products. The South produces 98 per cent of the nation's cotton; 98 per cent of its tobacco; 27 per cent of its corn; 15 per cent each of its wheat and oats. Great strides are being made in the use and development—both for agricultural and manufacturing uses—of such special southern crops as tung oil, peanuts, and sweet potatoes. The South contains 33 per cent of the nation's cattle! 27 per cent of its sheep; 30 per cent of its hogs; and 46 per cent of its horses and mules.

Unquestionably, the South has a marvelous future before it. Its mineral resources, with an annual output almost half the nation's total, are almost beyond compare. Its forests produce more than 40 per cent of the nation's lumber and the manufactured products therefrom are rapidly growing. The South's income from farm products is on a par with the nation.

Of course, the South still has its needs. It is most backward in education. The South needs better teachers, more progressive educational leaders, and more up-to-date educational facilities for its youth. The farming of the South might be more diver-

sified. The South needs to produce much of the feedstuffs which it now imports. The South greatly needs more capital with which to develop its own resources.

On the other hand, the South does not need sympathy. The South would not take kindly to subsidization. Both have been exuded and advised in considerable amounts by certain alphabetical agencies in their social studies of recent years. The South has been forced for 80 years to work

out its own destiny. The South as a whole desires to be let alone so that it may continue to do so.

Most of all, the South simply needs time. Under the system of free enterprise and individual initiative which has made our nation great, the South is destined for a wonderful prosperity and in the normal course of events nothing can prevent it. Time—and the spirit of the South—will bring this about.

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The most valuable of all education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you have to do when it has to be done, whether you like it or not.—Huxley.

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## KEEPER OF FAMOUS FIRE DIES

(The Charlotte Observer)

William Morris, aged eighty-four years, keeper of the famous 150-year-old fire at Saluda, died a few days ago in St. Luke's Hospital, Tryon, after an extended illness. Mr. Morris, whose ancestors built a fire in the home more than 150 years ago, and it had never been allowed to go out. He had kept watch over the historic flame for over sixty years. Many tourists visiting in that section made trips to the Morris home to view the fire, which had burned in the great open fireplace for over a century and a half.

Mr. Morris was unmarried and few relatives survive him. One of the highlights in the life of the keeper of the fire was his trip to New York to appear on a program in which he gave

a story of the fire from its early beginning to the present day. Other honors have been bestowed on Mr. Morris, including many pages of publicity, along with pictures of him and his "Fidale" sitting comfortably by his fire. Postcards are being sold throughout the country showing a scene in the Morris home and displaying the 150-year-old fire in the cabin home, first occupied by Mr. Morris' great-great-grandfather.

At the time Mr. Morris saw that he would be forced to leave his home and go to the hospital for treatment, he left a nephew, Hampton Owens, to watch over the fire he had kept for so many years.

# SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF PAUL REVERE

By Dr. Melvin H. Johnson

Col. Paul Revere, or Rivoire, as his ancestors wrote the name, was born in Boston, in December 1734. O. S. (January 1, 1735,) and died there in May, 1818, aged eighty-four. His grandfather emigrated from St. Foy in France, to the Island of Guernsey; and his father, at the age of thirteen, was sent by his friends from that island to Boston, to learn the trade of goldsmith; here he afterwards married, and had several children of whom Paul was the eldest. Young Revere was brought up by his father to the business of a goldsmith and made himself very serviceable in the use of a graver. Having a natural taste for drawing he made it his peculiar business to design and execute all engravings on the various kinds of silver then manufactured.

His business interests were very extensive. He was primarily a gold and silversmith, designing and furnishing many articles, many of which are preserved today and are almost priceless. He was the best engraver of his day. One sample of his work is the plate for printing the first Continental scrip money in 1778. He manufactured gun powder, cast church bells and cannon and maintained an iron foundry and hardware store. He established the first rolling mill for copper sheathing, in which he made the plates for Robert Fulton's steamboats. He was probably the first manufacturer of artificial teeth in the Western Hemisphere.

In Freemasonry, he was active and zealous. Initiated in St. Andrew's Lodge September 4, 1760.

Revere was known as the Mercury of the American Revolution. He was one of the most active of the leading patriots of the pre-Revolutionary Period, being a member of a committee charged with the duty of collecting the names of all persons who in any way acted against the rights and liberties of America. In this he was associated with Hancock, Adams, Warren, Pulling, among others.

He was also a member of a club of young men, chiefly mechanics, who associated for the purpose of watching the movements of the British troops in Boston. Both the committee and the club were accustomed to meet at the Green Dragon Tavern.

In one of his letters, he wrote: "We were so careful that our meetings should be kept secret, that every time we met, every person swore upon the Bible, that they would not discover any of our transactions, but to Messrs. Hancock, Adams, Doctors, Warren, Church, and one or two more."

Longfellow immortalized Revere's ride, but, in part, the poet was in error. It may be worthwhile to tell the story correctly. The 18th of April, 1775, was Tuesday; and Paul, himself, tells the story of that day and the—next in part—as follows:

"On Tuesday evening it was ob-



served that a number of soldiers were marching toward Boston Common. About ten o'clock Dr. Warren sent in great haste for me and begged that I immediately set off from Lexington, where were Hancock and Adams, and acquaint them of the movement, and that it was thought they were the objects.

"On the Sunday before I agreed with Col. Conant and some other gentlemen — in Charlestown— that if the British went out by water we should show two lanterns in the North Church steeple and if by land one as a signal, for we were apprehensive it would be difficult to cross over Charles River.

"I left Dr. Warren, called upon a friend and desired him to make the signal. I then went home, took my boots and surtout, went to the north part of the town where I had kept a boat. Two friends, rowed me across the Charles River, a little to the eastward where the Somerset lay. It was then young flood; the ship was winding and the moon was rising. They landed me on the Charlestown side. When I got into town I met Col. Conant and several others. They said they had seen our signals."

It has generally been reported on the authority of Rev. Dr. Burroughs that the friend referred to in the above quotation was Robert Newman, who was the sexton of the old North Church. He was wrong. On the morning after the ride, the sexton was arrested. He protested his innocence, asserting that at a late hour, the night before, the keys of the church were demanded of him by John Pulling who, being a vestryman was entitled to them. After Newman had given the keys to Pulling he went to bed, and

had nothing to do with the hanging of the lanterns. This was done in fact by Pulling, who was a close friend of Revere. Pulling was a dealer in furs which he purchased principally in Canada and Newfoundland, but imported some merchandise from Europe. He was also a patriot and a most fearless and devoted assserter and defender of liberty. Again, and again, Pulling and Revere are mentioned together as officers in the Continental service and members of the Committee on safety. He was on the committee to which reference has already been made, and undoubtedly was a member of the Boston Tea Party, engineered by Revere on December 16, 1773.

When the British learned that Pulling was the man who had obtained the keys of the church from the sexton they searched his house at the corner of Ann and Cross streets in Boston. They were not very thorough, for they failed to find him where he was concealed by his mother under an empty wine butt in the cellar. Shortly thereafter he escaped in a small skiff by disguising himself as a fisherman. Landing on Natasked Beach, he was joined by his wife. They remained in concealment for awhile in an old copper shop near the beach. All his property, real and personal was confiscated, his house being occupied by British officers. After he was able to return to Boston, he never succeeded in reestablishing himself financially on account of this seizure, and he died in comparative poverty in 1787.

Revere's ride on 18th April, 1775, was not his only one for he was frequently employed as a messenger between Boston, New York and Philadelphia, making the trip on horseback. Contrary to the generally accepted

theory as told by Longfellow, Revere never reached Concord. He had proceeded from Charlestown as far as Medford, where he was captured by British officers. He escaped and reached Woburn. He and others had attempted to get to Concord. Another rider, Dawes, was also captured and did not reach Concord, but Col. Prescott escaped and did reach Concord, accomplishing the mission on the way of warning Hancock and Adams who were in hiding in Lexington and who were conducted from there by an ancestor of the author to a safer place

of hiding in Burlington, where they remained until after the British had returned. After the British evacuated Boston, a regiment of artillery was raised, of which Paul Revere was made Major. Among other things, he restored the cannon to usefulness which the British had put out of commission. Later, in 1776, he was made Lieutenant-Colonel and remained in service throughout the war.

Revere was a strong advocate of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States and remained active in civic affairs until his death.

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## WOMEN IN THE POSTWAR WORLD

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

The widespread interest in what is to follow this present war is most manifest and to a degree highly encouraging. Permanent peace and security for the nations continue to enlist the thoughts and the prayers of millions who eagerly desire that this war should not have been fought in vain. We certainly have much to enlist our anxieties as to the future provisions made for the warriors on their return home.

Both the men and the women are deeply concerned. For in no other war have our women contributed a service along so many lines as in this. Still the pressure increases to bring more and more of them into the various lines of service. The pleas over radio and in the press ring from side to side across the land. Just now we do not hesitate to say that our convic-

tion holds that this is being overdone. Most assuredly the women have done and are doing their full part in the armed forces. Those not yet enlisted should be left at home to care for the home front and to be ready to do their essential work in the post war world. Most of the real reconstruction in the home, the school and the church will be done by the women. Theirs are not so spectacular at present as that of the women in uniform, but their work is far more important in office and shop and field than that of the women in uniform. With every passing month after the firing ceases the women all over America will be called on to render a still larger service. The ever increasing need will be for more and more women in the work of the postwar world.

The end --Liston Grice

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The time to take advantage of the future is today.—Exchange.

# WOMEN'S HELP IN IMPROVING NATION

By Charles Edison, Former Governor of New Jersey

When Joe Gribbins asked me to become his guest columnist, I was delighted. I was also a bit perplexed as to just what to write. Of course, I could have written about the doings at the Democratic convention in Chicago, about political chit chat in the state. But, finally I determined to tell you about an idea I have talked about and urged time after time to thoughtful citizens of New Jersey—that idea is “You Ought to be a Politician.”

Nation's Business, a magazine, in its August, 1944 issue, reported that an opinion research of the University of Denver revealed that seven out of ten Americans declared “I didn't raise my boy to be a politician.”

“On this question, as on many others, the people have allowed semantics to color judgment. Over a long period of time, the word ‘politician’ has acquired an odious cast, but where is the American mother who has not praised to her son the achievements of Washington, of Lincoln, of Henry Clay, of Patrick Henry or Randolph of Roanoke? Politicians all.

“The same mothers doubtless have also regaled young America with the exploits of Robert E. Lee, Henry Ford, and Clark Gable.

“The point is that, barring a few persistent mothers with vicarious theatrical aspirations and fathers with a family tradition of the clergy, medicine or the law, seven out of ten Americans didn't raise their sons to be anything.

“They raise their sons with dreams of filial greatness and when the dream comes true, they are proud, whether the greatness is achieved in sports, in science, in industry—or in politics. One cannot but hope that nature, smarter than seven out of ten Americans, will equip some, both sons and daughters, to be politicians.

“Otherwise democracy is doomed.”

It is my belief that democracy is not only a form of government—the best form yet devised—but it is also a set of standards for the conduct of our common affairs, a group of ethical principles covering the way in which government should work. These principles of democracy do not automatically descend upon a man or woman as soon as he or she attains an office through the democratic processes. Only an alert and effective electorate will be able to see to it that the office holders perform in accordance with their oath of office.

Nevertheless, the level of political morality in America is higher now than it was in the days traction czars bought up city councils and when lumber barons and cattle kings purchased and sold legislatures. That is because many, many more of our citizens are interested in just what is going on in the political world.

If our democracy is to fill its obligations, there must be more interest in taking over political leadership by honest men and women. There has always been a cult of indifference to politics among Americans who

should take an interest in public affairs. They use the word "politician" only with obvious distaste. They have convinced themselves that politics is too tiresome and dirty for them. If it is tiresome and if it is dirty, their disdainful indifference is greatly responsible.

Take politics in England for example. There a grand tradition of public service has been born and matured so that no man or woman is too important or too busy to serve the nation. We, in America, need to build up in this country of ours a similar tradition of public service. Every man and woman should be expected to give part of his or her time and energy to the public weal.

Many able Americans have refused to enter politics because of the slanders and lies that are inevitably told about them. For their own peace of mind as well as for the sake of their families, they decline to submit their reputations to the abuse that public office generally receives.

In the last few years I have been the target for vituperation and criminal libel so that I can understand such an attitude. But libels and slanders are weapons used by those who make politics a business for personal profit. Those of us who are interested in our form of democracy must see to it that enough soldiers are in the ranks of democracy to fight such vicious practices and to take politics away from those who think of themselves and not the people. Remember the words of David Lloyd George who once said, "politics requires not so much a thick skin as a stout heart."

I appeal especially to the women citizens of the state to make their in-

fluences felt for the benefit and progress of democracy. Each woman will find in her own neighborhood ample opportunity for public service; the school board, the borough council, the township committee, all need the alert suggestions of wide-awake citizens. If a woman citizen wants to attain an official position, let her break in wherever she can. She will probably find less opposition than she expects. Who, more than the women, is interested in such public affairs as health, recreation, city planning, education, the care of the sick and the unfortunate? Does not the welfare of her home, her children and her happiness depend on the quality of these subjects? Women citizens can see to it that only the best quality is used in their home town.

Women who are interested in being effective citizens can work in the establishment of political parties. They can also work in organizations composed solely of women, such as the League of Women Voters. In our own state, the League has been actively interested in promoting every measure to advance the cause of good government, and recently the League has been especially interested in constitutional revision.

Every organization, association, league, or society—whether for men and women—is potentially an instrument for making our nation a stronger and better one.

I received letters from service men from all parts of the world. They, too, are thinking of our home democracy. Only in this morning's mail I received a letter from one of our New Jersey citizens, a private in the United States Army in India. This private said:

"Our citizenry, soldier and civil, wants democracy. Too many however have no appetite for the labors and responsibilities inherent in its enjoyment. The terrible cost in blood and treasure that our people have paid in a Civil War and presently in world strife pays mute witness to the inevitable result of sloughing the duties we owe society as civilized persons."

"As more of us become tempered in the crucible of life to a fitter sense of values, we shall be able to increasingly teach the great mass of the body politic the higher ethical values that spells wisdom in the improvement of mankind. It is not always easy to distinguish the demagogue from the statesman nor even to keep the former from deteriorating into the latter.

"I hope events and efforts will increase the alertness and democratic

steadfastness of our people. The international war is well on its way to decision. Sound, courageous and firm leadership will be needed in the inevitable collisions and cleavages of our internal economy and international responsibilities.

We must admit that when spokesmen for the nation's business, and farm, labor, and other leaders in every stratum of life urge all American citizens to become active in politics and public affairs—they certainly must feel that the situation confronting our democracy is serious. Our democracy needs the help of every individual man, woman and child, in order to make this state and country of ours a better and finer place to live in. Someone must do the work for democracy—why not pitch in and help?

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## HOPE

Never go gloomy, man with a mind,  
 Hope is a better companion than fear;  
 Providence, ever benignant and kind,  
 Gives with a smile what you take with a tear;

All will be right,  
 Look to the light.

Morning was ever the daughter of night;  
 All that was black will be all that is bright,  
 Cheerily, cheerily, then cheer up.

Many a foe is a friend in disguise,  
 Many a blessing most true,  
 Helping the heart to be happy and wise,  
 With love ever precious and joys ever new.

Stand in the van,  
 Strike like a man!

This is the bravest and cleverest plan;  
 Trusting in God while you do what you can.  
 Cheerily, Cheerily then cheer up.

—Author Unknown.

# THINGS TO COME

(Sunshine Magazine)

Some of the predictions about what's in store in the way of new conveniences and comforts to be developed after the war, are almost too good to be true. We are told that our home of tomorrow is likely to be pre-fabricated, and can be erected in a few hours, as you have probably heard. But did you know that adjustable inside partitions will permit conversions of rooms to various sizes and shapes whenever you want "a change"? Air-conditioning units will filter dirt, dust, pollen; sterilizing lamps will eliminate bacteria. Windows will be unbreakable and will permit you to see out, although no one can see in.

You may have a ceramic stove in any desired color, or an electric range with automatic pressure cooker, broiler, roaster, grill, and oven.

Your bathroom may have plastic or glass walls, floors, and ceiling; and electrically heated racks to dry your towels. The electric eye will regulate the water temperature in basin and shower.

Quick frozen foods will be very plentiful. Even bread will be preserved by freezing. Dehydrated foods will come into more favor and standard cuts of meat will be boned and packaged at the packing plant. You will even buy ready-to-heat-and-serve coffee in containers.

Glass fibers will give women a sheer hose of great strength; sheer hose of synthetic rubber fibers will not run even if snagged on a nail.

Textile fabrics will be fashioned from glass, rubber, soy beans, casein, and even from paper. Paper carpets,

sheets, aprons, pillow cases will last reasonably long, and may then be disposed of and replaced. Fluffy blankets can be made of glass.

Of course your automobile will have a body which is crash-proof, rust-proof, and silent, yet it will weigh only half of what today's car weighs. The engine's cooling system will be sealed, and fifty miles to a gallon of gas is promised. Tubeless tires and longer-life tires will add to driving pleasure, as will periscope rear-vision and special signals to warn when other cars are too close.

There will be television for backseat passengers, and for the driver too; but an automatic cut-off when the car is in motion will cut out the driver's screen.

Home radios will incorporate standard broadcast, television, frequency modulation, facsimile and phonograph reproduction in the one set. Portables may resemble a cigarette case or compact. Two-way communication will be of the walkie-talkie type now used in warfare. You'll find radio and television in planes, ships, railroad trains, and automobiles.

You've read so many predictions about planes that not much can be added here, perhaps. But did you know that electronic collision prevention apparatus will enable planes to operate safely in clouds, or fog, and in the dark? Airplane motors and propellers will have their "noise removed." Helicopters carrying twenty passengers will be used as feeders to main airways, Transcontinental non-

stop trains of gliders that will drop off or pick up passenger or freight gliders en route, will be used.

Most people now living will see

and enjoy these wonders that are soon to come

The end---Liston Grice

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Here is a valuable recipe for a long and happy life: "Bathe daily in the sparkling waters of serenity of mind and of cheerfulness, and in the milk of human kindness. Learn how to relax completely in body, mind, and soul, and never entertain destructive and discordant thoughts and emotions."

—Grenville Kleiser.

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## THE RADIANCE THAT CANNOT BE LOST

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

The Christian religion is the most joyful of all the religions of mankind. The radiant face should be the normal face of the Christian; yea, of all those who have learned the true secret of Christian joy. Jesus was not an apostle of gloom. On the contrary, he was a messenger of joy. He loved nature; was a lover of fields flowers of trees, of birds, of lakes, of mountains. Such a man never croaks with the frogs. Jesus never took the gladness out of the life of a single individual, but he did put joy into the hearts of people. He rejoiced over the finished task.

The Bible, as every careful reader has noted, is a joy-book. There is not a book of pessimism in Holy Writ unless it be parts of Ecclesiastes. That is why it retains its grip upon the hearts of men. The redeemed know

the songs of eternal joys as well as the joys incident to the trials and struggles along the way. Jesus never gave assurance of freedom from trials but rather the joy and gladness of victory over these.

When a professed Christian has lost his radiance he either has a torpid liver, a weak digestion, or he has lost the spirit of his Lord and Master. Paul in a Roman prison wrote: "Rejoice in the Lord always; and again I say, rejoice." A people never come to experience a real revival of religion until they are able to break forth into singing. How the early Methodists could sing. They were the wonder of the eighteenth century on both sides of the water. The hymn book and the Bible went with the men who rode with Francis Asbury.

# WE MUST HAVE WORLD PEACE

(The Morganton News-Herald)

If the present World War is to teach us any one thing, it is that future conflict of such scope will bring death and destruction on a scale that will make present losses seem insignificant, defying the imagination of even a Wells or Stevenson to portray. Tremendous fleets of aircraft that will make our present B-29s look like training planes, ten-ton blockbusters, rocket and glider bombs that travel hundreds of miles with their huge cargoes of death and destruction—these are just the forerunners of demolition agencies the mind of man can devise. Even now science is making progress in atomic disintegration, which in the hands of a madman like Hitler or Tojo could just about mean the end of everything.

We must make of the present struggle the war to end all wars. This should not be a catch phrase. The United

Nations must mean literally, not just "in principle", with a lot of loop-hole reservations. The continuing is at stake in this matter. Another world conflict like the two of the last quarter of a century means the return of humanity to the dark ages.

World peace we must have, if we are to endure. And at this stage of the game, and in the light of scientific discoveries, we cannot afford to haggle over the means we choose to accomplish this end. It would be wonderful if sweet accord prevailed among all the nations of the world. But that would be asking too much of human nature. So we may have to effect world peace by force, much as we may dislike this method. We must not be above doing this, if necessary. With the fate of civilization itself at stake, we cannot afford to take the chances.

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## BEGINNINGS

A teakettle singing on the stove was the beginning of the steam engine.

A shirt waving on a clothesline was the beginning of a balloon, the forerunner of the Graf Zeppelin.

A spider web strung across a garden path suggested the suspension bridge.

A lantern swinging in a tower was the start of the pendulum.

An apple falling from a tree was the cause of discovering the law of gravitation.

If you think you can't do very much, and that the little you can do is of no value, think on these things.—Grit.



## INSTITUTION NOTES

We recently learned that Thomas H. Hornsby, a former student here, has been in the Navy for some time and is now on duty somewhere overseas. Thomas, who, during his stay with us was a member of the Cottage No. 7 group, left the School, June 4, 1941.

—:—

Ralph B. McDonald, twenty-seven years old, a former student at the School, is now in the United States Navy, according to a report from a recent visitor who had seen him in uniform. He was admitted to the institution, October 17, 1931 and remained here until July 25, 1933. He was a house boy in Cottage No. 8 during most of his stay with us. At the time of entering he was placed in the fifth school grade and was in the seventh when permitted to return to his home in Jackson County. While at this institution, Ralph made a very good record, and from progress reports received from time to time, he continued his good work after going back home. One report, dated May 28, 1934, stated that the boy had made a good record in public schools at home and showed a very fine spirit.

—:—

Julius D. Smith, formerly of Cottage No. 15, was a visitor here a few days ago. Julius entered the School, June 2, 1942 and remained here until April 19, 1943, at which time he enlisted in the United States Navy, going directly from the campus to the naval training station at Bainbridge, Maryland, for his basic training. He went to Norfolk, Virginia, where he was trained for sea duty, and was later assigned to a destroyer escort, the "U. S. S. Robert Brazier."

He has attained the rating of first-class ship cook and reports that he has been getting along very well in service. Julius told us that he had spent five months in the South Pacific area and had participated in five major engagements. After spending some time with relatives in Sylva, he will report for duty on another ship.

—:—

William Henry Glover, formerly of Cottages Nos. 10 and 14, called up The Uplift office the other day. Henry, better known here as "Red," entered the School, August 1, 1939 and was conditionally released, June 16, 1941. He returned to his home in Flat Rock, where he was employed on a farm about two months, following which he worked in a bakery in Hendersonville until enlisting in the United States Marine Corps, August 17, 1942. Henry went to Parris Island, South Carolina, for basic training and was then transferred to Norfolk, Virginia. He then went to Panama Canal Zone, where he stayed six months. According to Red's own story, he next spent three months on Guadalcanal and at Tarawa, where he saw considerable action. Having been wounded at the latter place, he was sent to a hospital in Australia, and was later transferred to Moore General Hospital, near Asheville. He told us that he had taken part in six major engagements and was slightly wounded three times. He also stated that he liked the life in the Marine Corps and just as soon as he could get his discharge from the hospital, he wanted to get back into the scrap against the Japs.

—:—

A recent issue of The Charlotte

News carried the announcement that William P. Ballew, of Drerel, had been reported as missing in action in France since July 12th, and that the War Department had notified his mother, Mrs. W. A. Ballew.

William entered the school, May 3, 1932 and remained here until August 2, 1935, when he was conditionally released to return to his home in Drexel. While here he was in Cottage No. 5 and worked part of the time in the carpenter shop. He entered the fourth grade and was in the seventh at the time of leaving us.

After going back to his home, William entered the public schools and graduated from Drexel High School, May 5, 1939. He was managing editor of "The Booster," the school's publication. A copy of an issue of this paper and an invitation to the commencement exercises are in his file at the office.

William, who will be twenty-two years old on September 20th, entered the United States Army, December 8, 1942, and went overseas in April, 1943. The fact that he had attained the rank of staff sergeant shows that he was getting along fine in the service of his country. His friends here regret to learn that he is missing and hope he will soon be reported as having been located.

—:—

Under the heading, "Flak Suit Better Than Zoot Suit," the following was taken from The Salisbury Post, issue of Sunday, August 13, 1944:

"With the Fifteenth AAF in Italy—My flak suit is worth its weight in T-Bone steaks and you can bet your bottom dollar I'll wear it on every flight," said Donald M. McFee, of Salisbury and Concord.

"Sergeant McFee's remark was made upon returning from the Fifteenth Air Force attack on a Nazi factory at Friedrichshafen, Germany. A tail-gunner, he is stationed in Italy with a Liberator bombardment group.

"Over the target we ran into a curtain of enemy flak', said Sergeant McFee. "Suddenly I felt a dull thud in the small of my back. Turning around I found a piece of flak, about one and one-half inches in diameter, on the floor behind me and I realized that it had been the cause of the dull thud. If it had not been for my flak suit, I probably wouldn't be telling about this now."

"Sergeant McFee entered the air corps on June 8, 1943, and received gunnery training at the army base, Harlingen, Texas. He has taken part in seventeen combat missions, and has been awarded the Air Medal. He is the son of Mrs. L. S. Kiser, of Concord, and grandson of F. W. Waggoner, 712 South Jackson Street, Salisbury."

In a recent letter we had from "Mac," who was once a member of the printing class, he must have been describing the same mission as referred to in The Post. He said: "The Jerrys got plenty mad the other day when we eliminated one of their prize possessions, so they threw up so much flak that I believe I could have walked on it. They bounced a piece off my suit, and I hate to think of the results had I not been wearing it."

The letter also contained a number of post card pictures of the section of Italy in which Mac is stationed. They have been added to our collection, and we thank him very much for them.

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Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, of St. An-

drews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read Jeremiah 7:1-7, and as the text for his message to the boys he selected the third verse: "Thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel, Amend your ways and your doings, and I will cause you to dwell in this place."

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Baumgarner told the boys that in the streets of ancient Athens, many years ago, there was one called a saint who walked about the streets carrying a lighted lantern. His name was Diogenes. He was evidently looking for something. The people knew that from his expression. Finally, a citizen went to Diogenes and asked why he did this. His reply was, "I need all the light possible to find an honest man." In the days of Jeremiah an honest man was hard to find. People were constantly breaking all the commandments, working evil all through their lives. Civilization was run down, like a clock with its mainspring broken.

Previously, through Isaiah, God had warned the people, said the speaker. He was again warning them through Jeremiah. As we study the life of this man we find that he is rather sensitive, but was really one of the great prophets. He knew what would happen to the people if they continued to live in their evil ways. He preached repentance to them, urging them to mend their ways. He could have brought a more cheerful message, but under the circumstances he knew the people needed a message of repentance. He was asking them to let loose of the evil things of life and again turn to God.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner then stated that all of us are conscious of many things that face the world today. The headlines in the newspapers tell us of the terrible destruction on the battlefields, but many deplorable things are happening daily on the home front. We read of murders, robberies, etc., but take no particular interest in trying to better conditions. Many nations that were strong yesterday are now falling. Seeing these things, we feel like asking the question, "Is all well with the world today?" The answer is that definitely it is not.

There are God-fearing people in the world today, said the speaker, and there are many who are not. The world today needs the message of Jeremiah. We need to get above the common things of life and have a vision instilled into our lives by Jesus Christ. What we do now will count much in the future life of the world. We are confronted with the strongest kind of a challenge to live good lives right now.

In the midst of all the wickedness at the present time, what a joy it is to come in contact with a person who is willing to help us, and how tragic it is to see how many there are who are always trying to push others down for their own personal gain.

If we are going to strive for goodness in our lives, we must realize that it is something that cannot be purchased nor presented to us. We can develop goodness by listening to that still, small voice within, which we call conscience. Don't argue with conscience—obey it. If that conscience has not been abused we shall not go wrong.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Baumgarner stated that if a person would have

his life filled with joy and beauty, he must heed the teachings of the Master. He alone can lead us onward and upward to everlasting joy, strength and power.

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## COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending August 20, 1944

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

George Hill  
James Milloway  
James Stamper

### COTTAGE No. 1

John Allen  
Walter Byrd  
Ray Covington  
George Cox  
Marion Cox  
Liston Grice  
Jack Harmon  
John Love  
Amos Myers  
Carlton Pate

### COTTAGE No. 2

Charles Alexander  
Charles Byrd  
Arthur Beal  
Charles Carter  
Gerald Johnson  
Delmas Jerrell  
J. T. Jacobs  
Chester Lee  
James Norton  
Hayes Powell  
Jack Ray

### COTTAGE No. 3

Charles Allen  
William Brooks  
George Bass  
William Doss  
Earl Green  
Jack Hensley  
Robert Helms  
Rudy Hardy  
Robert Lee  
Jack Oliver  
Charles Roland  
Donald Redwine  
Luther Shermer  
Richard Tullock

Paul Wolfe  
Theodore Young

### COTTAGE No. 4

Jeter Green  
George Hawk  
William Hawk  
Robert Hogan  
James Linebarrier  
Roy Manoley  
Eugene Grice  
Jack Phillips  
Ray Smith  
Roy Swink  
Clifford Shull  
Roy Womack  
Lewis Sawyer

### COTTAGE No. 5

Clyde Billings  
John Fine  
Patrick Ford  
Lawrence Hopson  
Nolan Overcash  
Samuel Price  
Robert Wilkins  
Lawrence Walker

### COTTAGE No. 6

J. C. Cayton  
Rufus Driggers  
Keith Futch  
Robert Gaylor  
Ralph Gibson  
Stanford McLean  
Robert Mason  
Nolan Morrison  
Charles Sellers  
James Swinson  
Leroy Wilkins

### COTTAGE No. 7

David Brooks  
Max Brown  
Robert Canady

Carlton Cox  
 Charles Edwards  
 Carl Faircloth  
 Wallace Foster  
 Donald Kirk  
 Samuel Lynn  
 Ned Metcalf

COTTAGE No. 8  
 (Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9  
 Leonard Church  
 R. C. Combs  
 Ray Edwards  
 Thomas Ingram  
 Windley Jones  
 John Linville  
 James Lowman  
 Edward Renfro  
 James Stadler

COTTAGE No. 10

Ernest Bullard  
 Jack Clifton  
 William Flowe  
 Earl Godley  
 Robert Holbert  
 W. C. Mills  
 Leonard McAdams  
 Gerald McCullum  
 E. C. Stamey

COTTAGE No. 11

William Guffey  
 George Guyton  
 Alvin Hilton  
 James Ray  
 Clyde Rhodes  
 Leon Rose  
 William Walker  
 Robert Yow

COTTAGE No. 12  
 (Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

William Andrews  
 W. C. Boyd  
 William Deal  
 Ervin Ewing  
 J. B. Galyon  
 Dexter Goard  
 Dwight Murphy  
 Walter Neagle  
 Vernon Reinhardt

COTTAGE No. 14

Hugh Cornwell  
 Lawrence Littlejohn  
 Samuel Pritchett  
 Bruce Sawyer  
 Grover Shuler  
 Milton Talley  
 Lester Williams

COTTAGE No. 15

Edgar Blanchard  
 William Bass  
 Thomas Baumgarner  
 Jack Benfield  
 Robert Bluester  
 James Knight  
 Charles Ledford  
 Clyde Shook

INDIAN COTTAGE

Peter Chavis  
 Marshall  
 Alton Hammond  
 R. C. Hoyle  
 Lacy Jacobs  
 Clyde Lochlear  
 Leroy Lowery  
 W. C. McManus

INFIRMARY

Raymond Byrd  
 Odell Cecil  
 William McNeill  
 Lloyd Sain

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There isn't a single human being who hasn't plenty to weep over, but the trick is to make the laughs outweigh the tears.  
 —Selected.



SEP 4 1944

U. N. C. CAROLINA ROOM

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# THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 2, 1944

No. 35

(c) Carolina Collection  
U. N. C. Library

**THE THINGS WE FAIL TO DO**

It's not the thing you do, friend,  
It's the thing you leave undone,  
That gives you a bit of heartache  
At the setting of the sun.

The tender word forgotten,  
The letter you did not write;  
The sympathy you might have shown, friend,  
Are haunting ghosts tonight.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY  
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND  
INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## MY CREED

This is my creed: To do some good,  
To bear my ills without complaining,  
To press on as a brave man should  
For honors that are worth the gaining;  
To seek no profits where I may,  
By winning them, bring grief to others;  
To do some service day by day  
In helping on my toiling brothers.

This is my creed: To close my eyes  
To little faults of those around me;  
To strive to be when each day dies  
Some better than the morning found me;  
To ask for no unearned applause,  
To cross no river until I reach it;  
To see the merit of the cause  
Before I follow those who preach it.

This is my creed: To try to shun  
The sloughs in which the foolish wallow;  
To lead where I may be the one  
Whom weaker men should choose to follow.  
To keep my standards always high,  
To find my task and always do it;  
This is my creed—I wish that I  
Could learn to shape my action to it.

—S. E. Kiser.

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## 2. HOW CAN WE SOLVE THE PROBLEM OF SCHOOL ATTENDANCE?

While the problem of attendance in the public schools has always been a very troublesome one, it has during the war period been greatly intensified. The records show that during these days of extraordinary disturbances and excitement, not only are many children attending school more irregularly than usual, but also many other thousands are not even enrolling as they once did.

This is a serious condition and it is one that causes one to feel fearful of the future. No nation can afford to be negligent concerning the training of its youth and hope at the same time to be prepared for the future. Here in America, we have throughout the years tended to put an ever-increasing premium upon education, and yet there have been great hosts of illiterate or poorly educated people, merely because many did not avail themselves of educational opportunities. In normal times as many as 100,000 children are frequently absent from our schools on a given day.

Officials of the Federal Government, worried because statistics show a decline in high school attendance of more than one million students in the last three years, have invited all community groups, including teachers, parents, employers, labor organizations, civic leaders, welfare agencies, youth service organizations, and youth itself to join in a "Go-To-School" drive.

The United States Office of Education reports a steadily increasing number of boys and girls of high school age taking full or part-time war jobs. In 1943, about 2,750,000 boys and girls, 14-17 years, were working full or part-time. This was three times the number working at the time of the census of 1940, but, by July 1943, an estimated five million school-age children had jobs.

The trend of students to employment is reflected in a drop in attendance at American high schools. The peak attendance was reached in 1940-41, when 7,250,000 students were enrolled, but today all gains since 1934 have been wiped out and our high schools are educating only as many students as they did ten years ago.

In a recent article, Miss Ruth Millet, columnist, stated, "Some of those students who left school to go to work have already managed to get into enough trouble to be listed as juvenile delinquents. Others, because they have more money in their pockets than children their age should have, and because they think they needn't listen to parental advice if they are independent wage earners, will probably get into difficulties of one kind or another.

"But others won't find out that leaving school before they received high school diplomas was a mistake until the war boom is over and they find themselves unable, because of their lack of education, to compete successfully for jobs.

“Parents owe it to their high school children to do everything possible to keep them in the classroom during the school months. The country needs their part-time help— their working after school, on Saturdays and during vacation, if they can manage it without neglecting their health or their studies. But first of all it needs them in the classroom, where they are being prepared for adult life.

“The high school child who won’t listen to his parents’ “stay in school” advice should be taken to talk to an understanding educator, or to a successful man in the field he plans to enter, and to some man or woman who has learned the value of an education by having had to make his or her way without one. There is going to be a national “Go-To-School” drive this autumn. It won’t get far unless parents cooperate by doing everything in their power to make their children see why it is important for them not to quit school for jobs, even though the jobs pay all out of proportion to the students’ worth.”

We shall not be on the road towards solving the attendance problem unless and until we do all that we can in these areas:

1. Revamp the school curriculum and increase the quality of instruction in terms of modern trends and modern needs as revealed to us during the war period. This does not mean that the schools are to be stampeded into cataclysmic or premature adventures in this field, but it does mean that if our schools are to fulfill their obligation to mankind, they most certainly should not remain static or become obsolete. The people in the future will turn more to the schools for such training and guidance as will enable the youth to solve the problems of the future, problems that differ greatly from those of the past. The schools should not fail in the hour of their opportunity.

2. Provide a compulsory school attendance law which can be effectively enforced, one that will extend to the age of legal employment in industry. There are great possibilities in the expenditures of funds for a program of law enforcement regarding school attendance.

3. Educating the parents through the press, the P. T. A. and other agencies concerning the need for regular and systematic school attendance, even to the point of sacrifice.

### NEW EIGHTH GRADE

We are delighted to announce that plans have been made for the installation of the eighth grade here at the Jackson Training School. It is felt that this represents a very fine accomplishment and that it is indeed a forward step in the history of the institution.

We have a number of boys coming to the institution who have done some 8th or 9th grade work in the public schools back home, and heretofore we have either been forced to demote them or plan for them to work all the time rather than go to school. We have constantly been confronted with the fact that some boys, generally the most capable ones, have had their school careers terribly disrupted, merely because the facilities of the school were inadequate in this respect. This meant, of course, that while we were bending every effort to do all we could for the mentally slow children coming to us, those who were greatly retarded and those for whom we could never hope to accomplish great things, we were at the same time failing to do something educationally for the most advanced and mentally capable boys in the institution. In other words, by providing the 8th grade work we are offering educational training to the groups where our results will be the greatest.

Mr. J. W. Hines will teach the 8th grade boys, some in the morning and some in the afternoon. The present 7th grade will be taken over by another teacher, and thus the teaching personnel has already been provided for. A new class room has been provided in our school building for the group of Indian boys, one that is very attractive and comfortable, and all the Indian boys will be taught in this room. Mrs. Elise Miller teaches the Indian boys during the morning and serves as librarian during the afternoon.

We hope to make other improvements in the future, and announcements of these will be made from time to time.

\* \* \* \* \*

### WATERMELON SEASON

During the last few days the boys at the Training School have had an unusual number of watermelons. This year the production of watermelons was above the average, so we have not only been

able to supply the boys all they could eat but we have sold a few truckloads.

It is doubtful if there is anything that the boys enjoy more than eating watermelons. For several days we have permitted the boys to have extra time after the noon hour in which to eat the melons. The supply was such that every boy could have all he could eat. We feel sure the boys have thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated the watermelons. There will be a few others during the next week or ten days, but the season now is almost over.

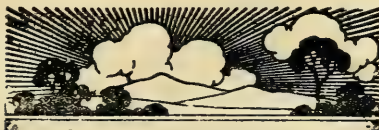
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### BARBERING TIME

Mr. T. R. Adams, who operates the barber shop with a group of boys, has launched into a week of hair cutting here at the School. We try to give every boy the very best hair cut possible, and we encourage every boy to take care of his hair and keep it combed nicely day after day. We believe that it adds to a boy's pride and self-respect when he keeps his hair combed and tries to look his best.

In connection with the barbering here at the school, several of the boys have learned the rudiments of the barber's trade. We think this offers a splendid opportunity, and at this time we are fortunate in having Mr. Paul Barnhardt of Concord, who is an expert barber, to come out and offer some voluntary instruction to the boys in the barber shop. His assistance has been very helpful.

The policy of the school is to leave the boys' hair long enough to be combed, unless there is some condition which would make it better to cut the hair very closely. It takes about one week to serve all the boys.





## WITH THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES



If any of our readers know of former Training School boys who are now in any branch of service, and can furnish definite information as to their present location, please notify the editor of THE UPLIFT, P. O. Box 32, Concord, N. C. We shall appreciate your co-operation.

of the United States. It will be seen that four employees went into the service directly from the School campus. The others listed have, in some cases, been away from the institution for quite a number of years, joining the fighting forces several years after severing their connection with the School.

In checking over the list of our old boys, we find that practically one hundred per cent voluntarily enlisted in "Uncle Sam's" service, rather than wait to be called by the selective service system. It is also interesting to note that many of these fellows had been in their country's service several years prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

The following list includes the names, as they have come to this office, of members of the staff, former staff members, and former students of Stonewall Jackson Training School, who are now serving as members of the armed forces

### Staff Members

Brausa, Ralph J.	(Navy)	Patterson, James L.	(Army)
(d) Carriker, J. L.	(Army)	Query, James L.	(Army)
Liner, James H.	(Army)		

### Former Staff Members

(d) Adams, J. E., Jr.	(Navy)	(d) Poole, William E.	(Army)
Barrier, Major George L.	(Army)	Watson, Lt. (jg) James E.	(Navy)
Cleaver, James A.	(Navy)	Wingate, Lt. W. J.	(Army Air Corps)
Hollingsworth, Jesse G.	(Navy)	Webb, James H.	(Navy)
Parker, Lt.-Col. Samuel I.	(Army)		

### Former Students

Abernethy, Paul	(Navy)	Amos, Gerald	(Navy)
Adams, Clyde	(Navy)	Andrews, Julian	(Marine Corps)
Adams, Felix	(Army)	Andrews, Lewis	(Marine Corps)
Alexander, J. Mack	(Army)	Anderson, Raymond	(Army)
Alexander, Robert	(Army)	Ashley, Arthur	(Army)
Almond, Odell H.	(Navy)	Ashley, Cecil	(Navy)
Allen, Burl	(Navy)	Atkins, Howard L.	(Navy)
Allen, Julian Herschel	(Navy)	Atkins, Richard	(Army)
Allen, Grady C.	(Navy)	Atkinson, Hiram	(Navy)
Allen, Wayne	(Navy)	Atwell, Robert	(Navy)
Allison, John W.	(Navy)	Atwood, Earl	(Army)
Allred, James R.	(Army Air Corps)		

Bailiff, Wilson	(Navy)	Carter, Adrian L.	(Navy)
Baker, John B.	(Navy)	Carter, Douglas	(Army)
Ballew, Edward J.	(Navy)	Carter, Fred	(Army)
(§) Ballew, William P.	(Army)	Carver, Gardner	(Army)
Barber, Winfred V.	(Army)	Causey, Floyd	(Army)
Bargesser, James	(Navy)	(‡) Causey, James D.	(Army)
Barker, Jewell (Army Air Corps)	(Army Air Corps)	Cecil, Virgil	(Army)
Barkley, Joel	(Army)	Chapman, Charles	(Army)
Barnes, Norton	(Army)	Chapman, Edward	(Army)
Barrett, Allen	(Army)	Chattin, Ben	(Army)
Barrier, Carl (Marine Corps)	(Marine Corps)	Cherry, Herman	(Army)
Barrier, William T.	(Navy)	Cherry, William	(Navy)
Bass, Homer	(Navy)	Christine, Joseph	(Navy)
Batson, Jack	(Navy)	Cline, Wade	(Army)
Batten, John E.	(Navy)	Coats, Clinton	(Army)
Bishop, Garrett W. (Army Air Corps)	(Army Air Corps)	Cobb, Frank E.	(Army)
Baynes, Howard (Army Air Corps)	(Army Air Corps)	Coffer, Robert	(Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)		Coggins, Mack	(Navy)
Beach, Ernest L.	(Army)	Collins, Glenn L.	(Army)
Beaver, Albert	(Army)	Connell, Harry	(Army)
Beaver, Grover	(Navy)	Connell, James	(Navy)
(d) Beaver, Walter	(Army)	Cook, William	(Navy)
Bell, James	(Navy)	Cooke, George C.	(Army)
(d) Bell, William C.	(Navy)	Cooper, Lake	(Army)
Bell, William G.	(Navy)	Cooper, Dewell J.	(Navy)
Beheler, Reid	(Navy)	Cooper, Walter	(Army)
Benson, John	(Navy)	Corn, James	(Army)
Blackman, William	(Army)	Corn, William	(Army)
Bolton, James C.	(Army)	Cowan, Henry W.	(Army)
Bordeaux, Junior	(Army)	Cox, Howard	(Navy)
Bowman, Charles	(Army)	Cox, J. C.	(Marine Corps)
Branch, Glatley	(Army)	Craft, Arthur	(Army)
Branch, Horace	(Army)	Crawford, Jack	(Navy)
Brantley, Elmond A. (Marine Corps)	(Marine Corps)	(d) Crawford, Louis	(Army)
Bray, Relons Odell	(Army)	Crawford, Wiley	(Army)
Briggs, Paul (Marine Corps)	(Marine Corps)	Crumpler, John	(Marine Corps)
Britt, Jennings	(Navy)	Cunningham, David C.	(Army)
Broadwell, William	(Navy)	Cunningham, Jesse S.	(Navy)
Brogden, Norman	(Navy)	Dalton, James	(Army)
Broome, Jack	(Army)	Daubenmyer, Nelson	(Army)
Broome, Paul (Marine Corps)	(Marine Corps)	Davis, Duke	(Army)
Broome, Shannon (Army Air Corps)	(Army Air Corps)	Davis, Hubert	(Navy)
Brothers, William (Naval Air Corps)	(Naval Air Corps)	Davis, James	(Army)
Brown Aldene	(Army)	Deal, Paul	(Navy)
Brown, Elbert M.	(Navy)	Deese, Horace R.	(Navy)
Brown, Harold	(Army)	Detherage, James	(Army)
Bunn, Dewey	(Navy)	Dodd, Carroll	(Army)
Bunn, Homer	(Army)	Donaldson, Harold (Marine Corps)	(Marine Corps)
Burke, Ensign William H.	(Navy)	Dorsey, W. Wilson	(Army)
Burkhead, Dermont	(Navy)	Downes, George	(Army)
Burleson, Lacy C.	(Navy)	Downes, William H.	(Army)
Burrow, John B.	(Navy)	Driver, Malcom (Army Air Corps)	(Army Air Corps)
Butler, Femmous	(Army)	Drumm, Glenn	(Army)
Butner, Roy (Marine Corps)	(Marine Corps)	Dyson, Fred	(Navy)
Cable, Nathan (Army Air Corps)	(Army Air Corps)	Eaker, Arnold Max	(Army)
Capps, John T. (Army Air Corps)	(Army Air Corps)	Earnhardt, Donald P.	(Navy)

Edmondson, Arthur	(Army)	Hackler, Raymond	(Army)
Edwards, Eugene	(Navy)	Hall, Brevard A.	(Army)
Elders, James R.	(Marine Corps)	Hall, Frank	(Army)
Elliott, John	(Navy)	Hall, Joseph	(Army)
Elmore, A. C.	(Marine Corps)	Hames, Albert	(Navy)
Ennis, James C.	(Navy)	Hames, William R.	(Army)
Ennis, Henry	(Marine Corps)	Hamilton, Leo	(Navy)
Ennis, Noah	(Navy)	Hampton, Robert	(Navy)
Ennis, Samuel	(Army)	Haney, Jack	(Marine Corps)
Eury, James	(Army Air Corps)	Hardin, Wilbur	(Navy)
Evans, John H.	(Army)	Hare, James M.	(Army)
Evans, Mack	(Army)	Harris, Edgar	(Army)
Everett, Carl	(Army)	Harris, Ralph	(Navy)
Everidge, Samuel	(Navy)	Hawkins, Bruce	(Navy)
		Hawkins, William T.	(Navy)
Fagg, Julius, Jr.	(Army)	Head, Elbert	(Army)
Faggart, John	(Marine Corps)	Heath, Beamon	(Navy)
(Enlisted 1929. Made Warrant Officer by Act of Congress, 1941.)		Hefner, Charles	(Army)
Farthing, Audie	(Navy)	Hefner, Eugene	(Navy)
Faschnat, Mose	(Navy)	Hensley, David	(Army)
Fausnet, Bernard L.	(Army)	Hensley, J. B.	(Navy)
(†) Ferris, Russell	(Army)	Hendren, Isaac	(Navy)
Fisher, Edward	(Army)	Hendrix, John	(Army)
Fisher, John H.	(Army)	Henry, Charlton	(Navy)
Flannery, John	(Army)	Hicks, Garland	(Army)
(d) Freeman, Richard	(Army)	Hildreth, John	(Army)
French, Ian	(Army)	Hill, Doyce	(Army)
Furches, William	(Marine Corps)	Hill, William	(Army)
		Hines, Hubert	(Marine Corps)
Gaddy, William	(Navy)	Hodge, David	(Army)
Gaines, Robert	(Navy)	Hodge, Dallas	(Army Air Corps)
Gardner, Horace T.	(Army)	Hogan, Gilbert	(Army)
Gardner, John	(Navy)	Hogsed, John R.	(Army)
Gatlin, Britt C.	(Army)	Hoke, Bernice	(Navy)
Gentry, William	(Navy)	Holland, Burman	(Army)
Gibson, Merritt	(Army)	Holland, Donald	(Army)
Glasgow, Mumford	(Army)	Hollars, Ralph	(Army)
Glasgow, Norwood	(Navy)	Holloway, Hubert	(Army)
Glasgow, Ramsey	(Army Air Corps)	Holmes, John	(Army)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1929-1933. Member China Expeditionary Force, '29-'32.)		Honeycutt, Richard	(Navy)
Glover, Henry	(Marine Corps)	Hooks, Hubert	(Army)
Godfrey, Warren	(Army)	Hornsby, Thomas H.	(Navy)
Godwin, John T.	(Navy)	Honeycutt, Nathaniel	(Army)
Godwin, Paul D.	(Army Air Corps)	Howard, Jack	(Navy)
Goodman, Albert	(Army)	Hudson, Hoyette	(Army Air Corps)
Goodman, George	(Army)	Hulan, Norman	(Navy)
Gray, Delma C.	(Navy)	(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)	
Green, Eugene	(Army)	Ingram, John E.	(Navy)
Greene, Giles E.	(Army)	Irby, Earl	(Army)
Greene, Noah J.	(Navy)	Irwin, Raymond	(Army Air Corps)
Gregory, Charles J.	(Army)		
Gregory, Roy	(Army)	Jackson, Edgar	(Marine Corps)
Griffin, Charles	(Army)	Jackson, William	(Navy)
Griffin, James H.	(Marine Corps)	Jenkins, Fred	(Navy)
Grooms, J. B.	(Army Air Corps)	Johnson, Clawson	(Army)
Guffey, Lawrence	(Army)	Johnson, Coley	(Navy)



Johnson, Edward	(Navy)	Medlin, Ervin J.	(Army)
Johnson, Hugh	(Navy)	Medlin, Wade	(Navy)
Jolly, James D.	(Navy)	(‡) Medlin, Wilson	(Army)
Jones, Mark Twain	(Navy)	Merritt, Edgar	(Army)
Jones, S. E.	(Marine Corps)	(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)	
Jordan, James E.	(Army)	Merritt, Julian	(Army)
Journigan, Horace	(Navy)	Miller, Latha	(Navy)
Keen, Clinton	(Army)	Montford, James B.	(Army)
Keith, Monroe	(Army)	Montgomery, Samuel	(Navy)
Keith, Robert	(Navy)	Moose, Claude L.	(Marine Corps)
Kelly, Grady	(Army Air Corps)	Morris, Everett	(Navy)
Kelly, Jesse	(Army)	Morrow, Chas. W.	(Army Air Corps)
King, Cleo	(Army Air Corps)	Morrozoff, Ivan	(Army Air Corps)
King, Frank L.	(Army)	Morgan, William S.	(Navy)
King, Jesse	(Navy)	Murphy, Lemuel	(Army)
King, Marvin	(Navy)	Murphy, Norvelle	(Navy)
King, Thomas	(Army Air Corps)	Murray, Edward J.	(Army)
Kinley, Robert	(Marine Corps)	Muse, Robert	(Navy)
Kirksey, Samuel	(Navy)	McBride, Irvin	(Army Air Corps)
(d) Kivett, Clyde A.	(Army)	McBride, J. Lee	(Navy)
Kivett, John	(Army)	McCain, Edward G.	(Navy)
Knight, Thomas	(Army Air Corps)	McColl, Vollie O.	(Navy)
Knight, Thurman	(Army)	McCoy, Hubert	(Army)
Koontz, J. Milton	(Army)	McDonald, Ralph B.	(Navy)
Kye, George	(Army)	McEntire, Forrest	(Marine Corps)
Kye, James	(Army)	McFee, Donald M.	(Army Air Corps)
(‡) Lamar, A. C., Jr.	(Army)	McGee, Norman	(Army)
Land, Reuben	(Army)	McHone, Arnold	(Navy)
Land, Wilfred	(Marine Corps)	McKay, John C.	(Marine Corps)
Landrum, Luther H.	(Army)	McKee, Thomas R.	(Army)
Lane, Floyd C.	(Marine Air Corps)	(Enlisted 1937)	
Langford, Olin	(Army)	McNeely, Robert	(Army)
Langley, William	(Army)	(Enlisted 1933)	
Laramore, Ray	(Army)	McNeill, Preston	(Army Air Corps)
Lawrence, Robert	(Marine Corps)	McPherson, Arthur	(Navy)
Leagon, Harry	(Army)	McRorie, J. W.	(Navy)
Ledford, Harvey L.	(Army)	Nelson, Larry	(Navy)
Ledford, James	(Marine Corps)	Newton, Willard M.	(Army)
Lemly, Jack	(Army)	(‡) Odom, David	(Army)
Lee, Valton	(Army)	Owen, Fred, Jr.	(Marine Corps)
Lett, Frank	(Army)	Owens, Leroy	(Army)
Lewallan, Paul R.	(Army)	Oxendine, Earl	(Navy)
Link, Bruce	(Navy)	Padrick, William	(Navy)
Long, Loyce	(Army)	Page, James	(Army)
Long, Stacey L.	(Army)	Pate, Hansel	(Army)
Mabe, McCree	(Army)	Patterson, James	(Navy)
Martin, Willie H.	(Army Air Corps)	Patterson, Joseph	(Navy)
Mathis, D. B. (Jack)	(Marine Corps)	Patton, Richard	(Navy)
(*) Matthews, Douglas	(Army)	Payne, Joy	(Army)
Matthews, Harley P	(Navy)	Peake, Harry	(Marine Corps)
Mattox, Walter	(Army)	Pearson, Flay	(Army)
May, Fred	(Navy)	Pennington, Grady	(Army)
May, George O.	(Army)	Pickett, Claudius	(Army)
Mayberry, Douglas J.	(Army)	Pittman, Hoyle	(Navy)
Medlin, Clarence	(Army)		

(d) Pittman, Ted	(Marine Corps)	Stanley, Brown	(Coast Artillery)
Pittman, Walter	(Army)	Stepp, James H.	(Navy)
Plemmons, Hubert	(Army)	Stines, Loy	(Navy)
Pope, H. C.	(Army)	Strickland, Robert W.	(Army)
Porter, Frank J.	(Army)	Stubbs, Ben	(Army)
Potter, Linwood	(Army)	Sullivan, Richard	(Army)
Presnell, Robert	(Army)	Sutherland, Jack	(Navy)
Pyatt, Jack	(Marine Corps)	Sutton, J. P.	(Army)
Quick, James	(Navy)	Talbert, Morris	(Navy)
Quick, Robert	(Army)	(x) Taylor, Daniel	(Army)
Quick, Simon	(Navy)	Tessneer, Calvin C.	(Navy)
Ramsey, Amos	(Army)	Teeter, Robert E.	(Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)		Thomas, Harold	(Navy)
Ransom, B. T.	(Navy)	Thomas, Richard	(Army)
Rash, Burris	(Army)	Threatt, Sidi	(Army Air Corps)
(d) Reep, John	(Navy)	Tipton, Kenneth	(Navy)
Revels, Grover	(Army)	Tobar, William	(Army)
Reynolds, D. C.	(Navy)	Troy, Robert	(Army)
Riggs, Walter	(Navy)	Tucker, Joseph	(Army)
Rivenbark William W.	(Army)	Turner, Lee V.	(Navy)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1933-1938.)		Tyson, William E.	(Navy)
Rhodes, Paul	(Army)	Uptegrove, John W. C.	(Army)
Robbins, John	(Navy)	Waldrop, Ned	(Army)
Rogers, Hoyt W.	(Army Air Corps)	Walker, Glenn	(Army)
Roberts, Lonnie	(Navy)	Walker, Oakley	(Army)
Robertson, John C.	(Army)	Walker, Robert	(Army)
Robinson, Perry	(Army Air Corps)	Walsh, Harold	(Army)
Rochester, Nicholas	(Navy)	Walters, Melvin	(Army)
Routh, Walter	(Army Air Corps)	Ward, Eldridge	(Army)
Russ, James P.	(Army)	Ward, Leo	(Army Air Corps)
Sands, Thomas	(Navy)	Ward, Robert	(Army)
Scism, Arlee	(Navy)	(Enlisted 1928)	
Seibert, Fred	(Army)	Ware, Dewey	(Army)
(*) Sexton, Walter B.	(Army)	Ware, Torrence	(Navy)
Seymore, Malcom E.	(Navy)	Watkins, Floyd A.	(Army)
Scott, Archie	(Army)	Watkins, Lee	(Army)
Shannon, William L.	(Navy)	Watson, Lieut. Lemuel	(Army)
Shaver, George H.	(Navy)	Watts, Everett	(Navy)
Shropshire, Hassell	(Army)	Watts, James	(Navy)
Sides, George D.	(Navy)	Watts, Boyce	(Army)
Simmons, Horace K.	(Navy)	Weaden, Clarence	(Army)
Sistar, Walter B.	(Army)	Weathers, Alexander, Jr.	(Army)
Sloan, Lonnie	(Army)	Webb, Charles R.	(Army)
Sluder, Wayne	(Army)	Webster, John D.	(Army)
Small, Clyde E.	(Army)	Whitaker, John H.	(Navy)
Smith, Jesse	(Navy)	(*) Whitaker, William E.	(Army)
Smith, Julius D.	(Navy)	White, Marshall	(Coast Artillery)
Smith, Ventry	(Navy)	Whitener, Richard M.	(Army)
Snider, Samuel	(Navy)	Whitley, John P.	(Navy)
Snuggs, Charles L.	(Navy)	Whitlock, Winfred	(Army)
Spears, James	(Navy)	Widener, Charles	(Navy)
Speer, Carl	(Navy)	Wilhite, Claude	(Army)
Springer, Jack	(Army)	Wilhite, George	(Army)
Stack, Porter	(Army)	Wilhite, James	(Army)
Stallings, William	(Navy)	Wilhite, Porter	(Army)

## THE UPLIFT

Williams, Everett L.	(Army)	Wooten, Charles	(Navy)
Williams, Samuel R.	(Navy)	Wrenn, Lloyd	(Army)
Williams, William R.	(Navy)	(‡) Wright, George	(Army)
Williamson, Everett	(Navy)		
Wiles, Fred	(Army)	Yarborough, Preston	(Army)
(Enlisted 1927)		York, John R.	(Army)
Wilson, John C.	(Army)	Young, Brooks	(Army)
Wilson, Thomas	(Navy)	Young, R. L.	(Marine Corps)
Wilson, W. J.	(Army)	Young, William R.	(Army)
Winn, J. Harvard	(Navy)		
Wood, James L.	(Army)		
Wood, William T.	(Navy)	Ziegler, Henry F.	(Navy)

### Former Students in Merchant Marine Service

Efird, Nathaniel A.	Smith, Glenn W.
Hill, Caleb	Stutts, Edward
Hillard, Clyde	Williams, Horace
Lambert, Jay	

- (‡) Prisoner of war.
- (§) Missing in action.
- (\*) Killed in action.
- (d) Discharged from active service.
- (x) Died while being held prisoner.

## LOCAL HAPPENINGS

(Reported by Boys of the School Department)

### Second Grade Chapel Program

On Friday, September 8th, the second grade pupils of Mrs. Morrison's room are going to present a program in the auditorium. We are looking forward to this program. It is going to be a health program, "Watch Us Grow." There will be recitations, songs, skits, etc.

### Barbering

The barber shop boys keep very busy these days, keeping the Training School boys' hair cut. They are working six hours a day. Mr. Adams is in charge of the cutting.

Ernest Bullard, a former barber, went home, Tuesday, August 29th. We believe he will do good. There are three new boys being trained to cut hair. They are doing fine. Their names are: David Perkins, William Hilliard and Billy Burnette.

### My Visit to the Infirmary

Whenever we are well we need kindness, but when we are sick we need it more. Mr. Hines, the seventh grade teacher, has been saving his newspapers and magazines so that the boys at the infirmary can enjoy them. The boys enjoy them very much. I carried some papers to the infirmary the other day, and all the boys there were very glad to get them. Mr. Harding wrote a letter of thanks to Mr. Hines for his kindness.—Thomas Barnes.

### Scrap Books

Several of the boys are now making scrap books. These scrap books are

being made by boys who have an idea of collecting pictures of their ideals. Some have scrap books of the States of the Union, others have them of airplane battles of the war, battles of the war and pictures of the war.

Those who have made unusually good scrap books are Luther Shermer, Theodore Young, Jack Oliver, Gerald Johnson, Evan Craig, Jesse Parker, and Billy Burnette.

### New Class Room Being Renovated

The carpenter shop boys have been fixing a room so that the boys will have the opportunity to go to the eighth grade before leaving the school. The Indians will be taught in a room in the storeroom. I think that the boys will enjoy this room because there is a constant breeze going through the room all the time. The eighth grade will be a great help to the boys at the school because it will prepare them for high school.

The old plaster was removed and sheet-rock was put in its place. The walls were painted and blackboards were put up and repainted. This room will be finished.

### Seventh Grade Music Group

The seventh grade music group presented a program of music in the auditorium last week. The group sang several religious, patriotic, and folk songs. The ones in the group were Harlan Warren, Evan Craig, Amos Myers, Sam Linebarrier, William Po-teat, Hugh Cornwell, Edward Renfro, Vernon Reinhardt, Arthur Beal, Ger-

ald Johnson, Jack Benfield and James Cantrell. The selections they sang were: "A prayer for the Day," "I Love Him," "There's a Star-Spangled Banner Waving Somewhere," "Ho for Carolina," "The Old North State," "Me Like a Bow-wow," "The Children of Holland" and "Uncle Ned."

### Vacations

Vacations continue. It takes some time for all the officers and matrons to have their vacations. So few of them can leave at one time.

Mr. and Mrs. Alf Carriker have gone on their vacation this week. They are in charge of the boys in Cottage No. 5. While they are away, the boys of No. 5 are in different cottages.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell, of Cottage No. 6, have gone on their vacation this week, also. The boys of No. 6 are also distributed in the other cottages.

Mrs. Hawfield has been away for a few days visiting in Richmond, Virginia, with Mrs. W. D. Hawfield and infant son, W. D., Jr. Mrs. Hawfield's son, PFC W. D. Hawfield, is with the United States Army Air Force in Alexandria, Louisiana.

### Model Planes Being Made

Several of the boys in the Jackson Training School are now having as a hobby making model airplanes. Some of them are not new in modeling planes and are a help to the other boys who are not familiar with that kind of hobby. They do have fun learning whether the plane is a Bell Pursuit, a Supermarine "Spitfire," a Curtiss P-40, a Republic pursuit, a Vultee Vanguard 48, a North American Primary Trainer, a Brewster Fighter, a Curtiss Interceptor Fighter, a Gruman F4F-3, a Boulton Paul

"Defiant," a Hell Diver, or a Fairchild Primary Trainer. The planes are bought and brought to the boys by their officers. The prices range from .10 to \$1.50. It is surely a good way to spend an afternoon when one has leisure time, and for that reason, every boy who cares anything at all about learning to model planes, should profit by the experience in this that he gets here with the other boys.

### Boys Conditionally Released

Some seventh grade students have been leaving us within the last few days. Ernest Stamey, of Pisgah Forest, who was in Cottage No. 10, left last Wednesday. On Thursday, Paul Alphin, who was also in Cottage No. 10, left us for his home in Kinston. That same day, Billy McNeill went to his home in Lumberton. On Tuesday of this week, Edgar Blanchard, of Cottage No. 15, went to his home in Fayetteville. We rejoice that these boys can go home to be with their relatives, but we regret to lose them from our class in school. All of these fine boys have expressed their appreciation for what the Training School has offered them in physical, mental, moral, and spiritual training. They appreciate what their officers have done from them. They speak very appreciatively of how Mr. Hawfield, our superintendent, has influenced them since their stay at the school. We feel that they are going out in life to make worthy citizens and to contribute something worthwhile to the world.

### B. T. U. Notes

The boys of the junior group gave a fine program last Sunday after the church service.

Robert Gaylor led the singing. They sang "When He Cometh."

Five boys had a part to say. The first one was "A Texas Cowboy," by Robert Gaylor; "Yielding to God's Will," Herschell Duckworth; "Fishing for Men," Samuel Lynn; "The Seminary Call," Troy Morris; "The Harvest," Jack Hensley.

They all said their parts well for the first time, but the singing was best.

The intermediate group had a good program, too.

Mr. Snyder brought in a box with something in it and all the boys were anxious to know what was in it. Soon he started to giving out Bibles. They were presented by the First Baptist Church, Concord. Each boy received a Bible.

Group B also had a little program. The first talk was "The Siamese Twins," George Guyton; "Hindrances to Mission Work," Robert Hensley; "The Religion of Brazil," Ray Lackey; "Achievements of the Gospel," Mr. Snyder.

Then they sang a song, "The Old-Time Religion," after which Mr. Snyder dismissed the boys.

#### Seventh Grade Speaking Contest

Last Friday was not the day to select the champion speaker for the seventh grade, but it was the beginning

of the end of a contest that has drawn about twenty boys into it. Now we have ten contestants still in it, and this coming Friday we are going to have the final contest to determine the best speaker, the second best and the third best. Mr. Hines, the principal of our day school and the director of the contest, is going to award the prizes. All of the ten speakers who are left in the contest are going to try to win the prize for the best speaker. Nobody wants to lose, but, of course, some of them have to lose. All will try to the very day of the contest. Now one can hear them in the auditorium in their spare time, at recess, and after school on rainy days practicing for the finals.

The boys who are still in the contest and their selections are as follows:

(1) George Hawks—"Lincoln's Gettysburg Address;" (2) Sam Linebarrier—"Resistance to British Oppression;" (3) William Poteat—"Declaration of independence." (4) James Cantrell—"Arathusa's Beau;" (5) Evan Craig—"The Witness;" (6) Gerald Johnson—"My Mother, My Country, My God;" (7) Jack Benfield—"Billy Keeps a Secret;" (8) Edward Renfro—"The Boy From Dixie Land;" (9) Charles Allen—"Epaminondas;" (10) Amos Myers—"When the Teacher Gets Cross."



#### TRY AGAIN

Its just the view from where you sit  
That makes you fear defeat;  
You can view life from many aisles—  
Why don't you change your seat?

—Selected

# ORGANIZATIONS FOR YOUTH

(The Lutheran)

The handling of a difficult situation attracted the notice of the Baltimore Sun, with the result that a feature story appeared under date of June 18. The Lutheran has drawn upon its secular contemporary for details as follows:

Brooklyn, which is the name of the Baltimore suburb in which St. John's Church is located, became suddenly a war production community with all the machinery to accept contracts with the government to provide material. But provisions for the "employment" of hundreds of youngsters who were not eligible for wage-earning jobs was absent. Even a formal program for recreation facilities was lacking—let alone the ground, apparatus, and supervision which meet the needs of energy laden boys and girls. The council of Social Agencies "made a survey of the community last year and outlined a project, Item Number One of which was the erection of a community center at the cost of \$125,000."

Pastor Kepner does not deem adequate the work in which he is engaged. He has attracted about 350 children into his varied activities, but he thinks "there are about 8,000 who are as yet unorganized." He agrees that a postwar program will contain feat-

ures and apparatus not acquirable by his congregation; but according to The Sun's reporter, he thinks a war-time work should be developed for present needs. Perhaps the correct phrase to use is present opportunities, not present needs.

There are three impressions made by this Baltimore activity: one cites the ability of the Church under competent leadership to handle a difficult community problem by using its resources of divine grace. The second is the power of parish initiative to provide for parish emergencies.

A third element to which attention is due is the action of starting that must be made after resources have been found and leadership designated. Tasks are often left undone because no one begins performance.

Some churchmen seem to think that big jobs can only be done in a big way: that is, Christendom must be united; denominations must be eliminated, the government must be reorganized and purified; otherwise only temporary and partial results can be obtained. But experience proves that initiative is lodged in congregations, in prayer-guided leadership and responsive membership.

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Failure in any cause produces a correspondent misery in the soul, yet it is, in a sense, the highway to success, inasmuch as every discovery of what is false leads us to seek earnestly after what is true, and every fresh experience points out some form of error which we shall afterward carefully eshew.—Keats.

# THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Following are excerpts from an address on June 14, 1944, delivered by T. C. Wardley, Grand Master of Masons in Canada in the Province of Ontario, at the Centennial Observance of the Grand Lodge of Iowa. To hear or read such a masterly and scholarly address concerning the symbolism of "Old Glory" is indeed a privilege, but coming from a native of another country, it becomes doubly interesting.

It is one of the greatest privileges of my life that I, speaking English with an accent that, for some, may be difficult to understand without an interpreter. A Canadian by adoption, a Scot by birth, should have the opportunity of speaking to an American audience on the greatest jewel of American life, the American Flag—The Star-Spangled Banner—Old Glory—The Stars and Stripes, known by all its affectionate names as the emblem of a freedom-loving people, who, loving peace are prepared to fight and die for peace.

Conscious as I am of my limitations I approach my task with humility, but with the knowledge that I can, with the deepest sincerity, speak what is in my heart, and so speaking remind all of us of the heritage that is ours.

In the early days of the settlement of this land a variety of flags had been flown, some without approval, formal or otherwise. Most of them were only of local significance and a few of them were even appropriate. In 1775 the Congress did authorize a flag that was but a development of the flag of the land from whence they came: the crosses of St. George of England and St. Andrew of Scotland, with the thirteen stripes representing the original states. This was a new land with new ideas and new ideals as far as government of a people were concerned. It

was a nation born of a desire for freedom, a desire that was to characterize its people in all days and generations, and the made-over flag of another land was not to be for it. Just 167 years ago today the Congress of the United States fixed the basis from which this flag has expanded, and although variations did creep in from time to time, these were wiped out 41 years later when it was definitely provided again by Congress, for the flag we honor on this June 14, 1944, a flag that is loved at home, revered in most lands abroad and, where perhaps not revered, is at least respected; yes, in some instances today, feared with a fear prompted with the knowledge of a retribution that will follow; a flag which brings release to persecution and down trodden peoples.

It is coloring and design this flag  
In its coloring and design this flag has a particular message and meaning and, while others may interpret differently the significance of the colors, I would like, in this tribute, to indicate that it was by no accident that Red, White and Blue became the national colors of this Republic at its birth. We do know that the blue field was chosen from the Covenantors' banner of my native land of Scotland, a banner that had been established to be carried in a fight against oppression.

When I think of my own forebears



hunted like partridges on the hill tops, also by mercenaries of an English King, continuing to worship God in their own way, on moors and mountain glens, daring all, giving all, the blue field in the American Flag brings me closer to you and gives added warrant to my privilege in paying tribute to it.

Red has in all days been the color of sacrifice, and surely we can appropriate this in our interpretation of the story of the flag. It was established in sacrifice, in the breaking of blood ties and the loss of home, but above all in the price that was paid to establish this nation. When we talk or think of sacrifice may we never prostitute this most sacred word in our language. Let us ever remember that sacrifice should mean to us and for us the greatest contribution of all that may be made.

There has been a tendency to use the word too lightly, to talk of sacrifice in making a loan to our government, in accepting the law with respect to rationing, with putting a few extra hours of work, and in so may trivial contributions that we at home may be called upon to make. Sacrifice is appropriate in these days solely to those of our men and women who today are offering the rich red blood of their youth that this land may be forever free and this flag may forever fly as an emblem of freedom in all lands.

Yes, time and history have fully demonstrated that the red of the flag has been an emblem of sacrifice. In this land and in other lands where it has flown, one of the prices paid to maintain it proudly waving has been the blood of both its old and its young in these 167 years of its existence.

White—surely it is hardly neces-

ary to remind you that it has ever been the emblem of purity; and as we think of those pioneers of bygone days who started this Republic on its road to greatness, was not their purity, yes, their sense of common decency in their everyday life and contact with their fellowmen an outstanding and unforgettable characteristic? Why did the Pilgrim fathers come here. To worship God and to raise their families as a godly people, a people worthy of the great storehouse of treasures that had been reserved in this land by God until the coming of a people worthy of these gifts. If this country is to remain great its people must remember that one of the pillars upon which it has been erected is a moral pillar, and that unless this remains strong the structure will perish.

Forgive me, if you should think me presumptuous, a guest in your household, reminding you that when morals degenerate, morale is destroyed. The passing of the great empires of the past should warn and guide us; the glory that was Greece, and the pomp that was Rome. But why go back that far? Recent events in world history are surely more impressive than any faltering words of mine.

Then the Blue—the Covenanters' blue of which I have spoken—the emblem of fidelity, of loyalty to the highest and noblest aspirations of man; the color of the eternal vault of Heaven, reminding us that, if we are to be worthy, if we are to be great, fidelity and loyalty are essential virtues. The men who gave to you this flag set for all time an example of devotion, of fidelity, and of loyalty to God, to land, to home, and to their fellow men that is one of the proudest records in American history. Since

their day the story of American advance has been one of fidelity to set purposes.

Yes, it was by no accident that these colors became the colors of this nation. With all reverence I believe the hand of God guided those men who chose them.

Color is the base, and on the base a design appropriate to the aims and ambitions of this people was necessary. I know that there was a definite reason for the selection of the stars and stripes, but again perhaps you will permit a good neighbor to place his appreciation of these symbols before you, for I do think that they have yet another significance, a significance that time and history have demonstrated.

The stripes representing the original states bring to my mind the words from the second paragraph of the immortal document promulgated eleven short months prior to the authorization of the American Flag, the unforgettable birthright of every citizen of this land:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness."

I like to think of these stripes as level lines reminding us of the basic doctrine upon which this Republic was founded, the equality of all men under God. That doctrine brought into its proper perspective and understanding the great virtue, the attribute of toleration, which on this North American Continent has been the very foundation-stone of our Democracy.

Recently I heard a speaker when addressing an audience on the Ameri-

can Way of life say, "No one can explain the genius of the American people." My opportunity has no doubt been limited academically, my knowledge of American history restricted by circumstances, but again and humility, might a visitor—I almost said a foreigner—presume to claim that he may understand the genius of this people. America, and I can speak of Canada in that word, has to the most eminent degree in years gone by demonstrated that toleration pays, and if one human virtue or national attribute, I may describe it, more than any other has contributed to American greatness, it has been toleration, a proper interpretation of the true meaning of that so often abused word.

Your doors were thrown open to people of all races, of all national origins, many of them speaking different tongues, people who sought a haven here, a haven from persecution, religious and political, who sought freedom from want, who sought an opportunity for themselves and their families to live as God planned that man should live. They came here, I say through your open, yes, welcoming doors, were absorbed into your national life, all that was asked by you being that their different ideologies might be forgotten and that they would take their share in building a new country. Their opportunities were in nowise limited, their aims and aspirations were fulfilled, and they became Americans. No matter what their family names may be, no matter how unpronounceable, no matter what paltry jokes may be made of these names by those whose pride is in the ancestry that gave them Anglo-Saxon, French, Scottish, Irish, or other names, one has but to look at the casualty lists

printed in our papers to realize that racial origin has not limited the genius that is America. Toleration has made a new race from the best of an old world.

The stars in the flag we are told were to represent a new constellation that had arisen in the western sky, but again I think the stars have meant more than that in this national emblem. We are told that "Nations are like men in that they only advance as their eyes are lifted to the hills." Beyond the hills is the sky, and the stars in that sky represent to all of us aspiration. Emerson expressed it in "Hitch your wagon to a star." Yes, the stars remind me of the aspiration that has been America, a fitting aspiration, a greatness not for the strength that lies in the greatness but for the contribution that greatness may make. My thought, therefore, on this Flag Day is that the flag we honor is based on sacrifice, established in purity, consecrated in fidelity, expanded by toleration, and it directs us to higher and nobler things.

One hundred sixty-nine years is not old as the life of a nation goes, but in that short period of world history the flag has advanced in hearts, minds, and thoughts of all civilization so that, as I said at the outset, it is revered, respected, and sometimes feared in all lands. In its short lifetime it has been a harbinger of liberty and hope, first of all on this continent when it spread its reign from the original Atlantic seaboard through the middle west, the far west, and on the shores of the Pacific, and from the boundary of Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. It has been unfurled on battlefields on this and other lands, and never has it been lowered in shame or futile sur-

bol of release and the promise of better things to come in lands where the name America told only of a far-off country, in other lands which had looked longingly across the Atlantic for deliverance, and in the greatest of all human adventures it is proudly again repaying the debt of the new world to the old.

Woven into its very fabric is the story of this land, of its people, of their joys, their sorrows, their triumphs, their temporary failures, and it might have been well for others to remember that where it once has flown it will return. What a comfort that is to all of us. In the difficult days that followed Pearl Harbor we had the assurance that no matter how long or how difficult the travail might be, the American Flag would return to Bataan, that great symbol of American courage, devotion, and fidelity. It was then that we of other lands knew definitely that victory would be ours.

And now I have given you, as best I might, my tribute to the flag, but again, at the risk of being considered presumptuous in that I am going beyond the bounds of my assignment, I would like to take the liberty of trespassing on your evidences of friendship, but with the deepest feeling of affection, esteem, and regard for all of you, and add a few words on this day of memory.

I ask in words of the Scripture: "What came you out for to see?" If our only purpose is that of adulation, to glorify the history of the land and flag, to preen ourselves on our citizenship, and then to forget for another year, we might as well abolish such days and ceremonies. The greatest tragedy of human experience is that

of forgetfulness, which is extinction.

No, let us this day re-dedicate our lives, our thoughts, our actions, to those attributes that have made America great, remembering that the glory of the flag has been made possible by men and women of all days and generations, since this Republic was founded, who counted the cost not too great, who, as is again being done today, gave all that they were and hoped to be, that future generations might continue to live in peace and security, and that this proud emblem of a coun-

try they loved would ever carry to all parts of the world its story of sacrifice, purity, fidelity, tolerance and aspiration.

In these difficult, yet withal I believe most glorious, days of your national history, when again the spirit of the crusader is abroad in the land, let us, in the words of the immortal emancipator, who in life belonged to America but in death passed into the the internal possession of all mankind, "resolve that those dead shall not have died in vain."

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### YOUR LAD AND MY LAD

Your lad and my lad,  
 And how he fights today,  
 For your land and my land  
 Though half a world away.  
 With brave heart and true heart  
 In lands across the sea,  
 His life's blood, his heart's blood  
 He gives for you and me.  
 Your boy and my boy,  
 O how he thinks today  
 Of his home and his land  
 A half a world away;  
 Of home hearts, and sweethearts,  
 He prays in dreams to see;  
 Of life plans and soul plans  
 He left for you and me.  
 Your part and my part,  
 How small it looks today  
 When your lad and my lad,  
 A half a world away  
 Has left all to give all.  
 How poor does your part seem  
 When boys make and lads make  
 The sacrifice supreme! —Thomas J. Walker.

# OIL COMPANIES LEASE LAND IN HYDE COUNTY

(Dare County Times)

Oil companies, whose representatives have been busy in Hyde County for the past two months, now hold leases on thousands of acres in the county and are negotiating for those tracts which they have not yet secured. Speculation is rising as to just what will come from their activities. Some are optimistic and are looking for a boom in employment and business, while the more conservative think nothing will come of it.

The oil men have leased the land at 10 cents an acre. The leasee is to get one eighth of the royalties if oil is found. The company assumes the cost of all damages. They have promised that one or more wells will be sunk in the eastern part of the state. Standard Oil, who has leased much land in Hyde and who has flagged the country from Columbia to Manns Harbor via Fairfield, Lake Landing and Engelhard, is under obligation to the State to drill.

The sinking of an oil well in the county is a possibility and should it come to pass would mean a project costing up to \$500,000. Oil men have indicated that several shallow wells would possibly be sunk in the area rather than one deep well, and in this event it might mean the expenditure of several millions.

Geologists have surveyed the territory and they have stated that there is possibly oil present. Whether it can be pumped out profitable is another thing. Hitting oil would bring an undreamed of prosperity to landowners and business men, and might

bring with it something undesirable.

The excitement that was noted when it was first learned that oil men were in the county to lease lands with prospects of drilling for oil is gone, but some are still hopeful of quick riches. It is a topic of conversation in the stores, around the courthouse and on the farms. The lack of definite information about the whole thing makes the subject even more interesting and speculation continues high.

A large project in this section now when some of the war projects are closing as the Allies put the Nazis on the rope, would be a Godsend think some. It would be a war-boom in the conversion period, and more desirable than war industries of which Hyde has had none.

But an oil boom would scar many of the unspoiled beauties of this tourist paradise. It would bring in an undesirable influx of workers, names foreign to those here who for the most part came from England and have lived here since colonial times.

Several companies are busy in the county getting leases, among them Standard Oil and Sinclair. Sinclair has obtained leases in Currituck township, while Standard has confined its activities in the Lake Landing-Engelhard-Fairfield area. An independent company is reported busy in Swan Quarter township.

Sinclair is the first company to record its leases in the Register of Deeds office. The lease is for some

10,000 acres belonging to the Roanoke Railroad Company in Currituck township.

One thing is indicated by leasing of lands by the oil companies, whether oil is found or not, and that is that the oil supply in this country is running low as the war drains the supplies of the wells in the Southwest and West. It is apparently part of a big search for oil in this country so that we need not depend on others. Our nation is too dependent on oil to have to depend on someone else for the supply.

Last week American and British officials signed treaties stating that

they would see to it that the oil supply of the world would be distributed among peace loving nations. After the last war the British are reported to have hoarded up supply regions. Our officials apparently saw our oil supply running low and worked for this treaty.

Hyde County landowners, hopeful that their property may become a new supply for Uncle Sam, will watch the oil men as they go around with pen, paper and money getting the remaining tracts for their use. When and if they come in with bigger equipment, you may look out for some wishful thinking.

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### WHAT MAKES AMERICANS TICK

One of the outstanding assets of this nation is the initiative of its people—the driving force which stimulates the desire to make something, to improve something or to do something better than it has ever been done before. This energizing light, which is somewhere in most of us is what improves our standards of living, gives us better tools with which to work—enables us to win wars.

It is the force that causes us constantly to be dissatisfied with what we have, to throw out the old and adopt the new and to forget the past and think of the future. Except for those who live mainly by the efforts of others, there are millions of us who are constantly trying to improve or produce something useful and we have been pretty successful at it.

This is what makes Americans tick—the freedom to think for themselves, to produce for their own benefit, to live and to do the things they like to do. America has been built on that foundation and has continued to grow and prosper and to win wars because of it. —Oakite News Service.

# CARING FOR THE INSANE

By Amos John Traver in *The Lutheran*

How pathetic is the plight of the insane! The confusion in their minds is well pictured by the man in our scripture lesson who said his name was "Legion." He was the battleground of warring thoughts and emotions.

Usually the insane have moments of sanity. They may go for days or months, seemingly normal. Then they are off again on some vague pilgrimage, their minds clouded and their personalities changed. Others remain sane on most subjects and only show their abnormality in certain directions. Strange to say, religion is a frequent field for insanity. Those who are so much themselves most of the time, or on most other subjects, present the greatest problem to their loved ones.

The compassion of Jesus reached out for human need everywhere. The lot of the insane in His day was tragic indeed, and we do not wonder at His sympathy. They were believed to be devil-possessed; and the cruel question was always asked by the self-righteous, "What great sin did this person commit, that such affliction has come upon him?" So there was little done to relieve their misery. They were driven out from their homes and villages, to live as best they could, wherever they could. Fortunate, indeed, were the afflicted who had parents or others to give them special care. The answer of Jesus to this terrible human need was a cure.

The church has left the care of the insane largely to the state. We have

church institutions for nearly every other ailment. There are reasons for this: mainly the highly specialized treatment required. The cost would be very great. It is for this reason that private institutions for the insane are high-priced. The family in moderate circumstances has little choice but must place its unfortunates in the care of the state. I have had many occasions to visit state institutions for the insane and can think of no more depressing pastoral experiences.

The very atmosphere would seem to work against a cure. Yet remarkable cures are effected. The seemingly cold-blooded treatment, the month or more in which newcomers are usually isolated from relatives, the dormitory life and loss of privacy and familiar surroundings, the endless examinations, the loud and often vulgar talk of fellow sufferers—these are often means to a favorable result.

As a rule the doctors and nurses are as sympathetic as they dare be. They must face their problem in the same matter-of-fact attitude that the surgeon requires for the sure use of the knife. When they are truly Christian, they find in their difficult profession an outlet for their love of Christ. It is too bad that the church does not offer them institutions that are fully Christian in their management.

Mental attitudes are influenced by religion. Many go mentally adrift because they have no moorings of faith. To believe in God as revealed in Jesus Christ is to deny the worries and

cares that so often become Legion and possess us. The loss of loved ones, the loss of property, great disappointment, betrayal by those we trust, shocks, all conspire to steal away our judgment. War always adds to the number of mental cases. Not only the shocks of battle, but worry at

work among the home folks, lead many to insanity. For all these unfortunates we must secure the most skilled psychiatric care, and then carry them to our Lord in prayer. He can use physicians' skill and nurses' care to heal.

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### TO MEN WHO LOSE

Here's to the men who lose!  
 What though their work be e'er so nobly planned,  
 And watched with zealous care,  
 No glorious halo crowns their efforts grand,  
 Contempt is failure's share.

Here's to the men who lose!  
 If triumph's easy smile our struggles greet,  
 Courage is easy then;  
 The king is he who, after fierce defeat,  
 Can up and fight again.

Here's to the men who lose!  
 The ready plaudits of a fawning world  
 Ring sweet in victors' ears;  
 The vanquished's banners never are unfurled—  
 For them there sound no cheers.

Here's to the men who lose!  
 The touchstone of true worth is not success;  
 There is a higher test—  
 Though fate may darkly frown, onward to press,  
 And bravely do one's best.

Here's to the men who lose!  
 It is the vanquished's praises that I sing,  
 And this is the toast I choose:  
 "A hard-fought failure is a noble thing;  
 Here's to the men who lose!"

—Anonymous.



## INSTITUTION NOTES

"Bataan" was the feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night. A comedy, "Sufferin' Cats," was shown at the same time. Both are Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions.

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A few days ago The Charlotte Observer carried a news item from the Fifteenth AAF in Italy, stating that Staff Sergeant Hoyette S. Hudson, of that city, had recently been awarded the Purple Heart for injuries received in action. Since going overseas in January, 1944, this young man has earned the Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters. He is a tail gunner on a Liberator bomber, and has participated in a number of missions over enemy territory. The Charlotte Observer, issue of May 16, 1944, carried a picture of Hoyette and the accompanying news item stated that he had a number of missions to his credit.

Hoyette who is now twenty-three years old, was once a student at the Training School, leaving on April 5, 1936, to return to his home in Charlotte. His many friends here are glad to hear that he is safe and sound and are proud of the record he is making in the war.

—:—

We recently received a V-Mail letter from J. Lee McBride, who was a member of our printing class eighteen years ago. He was one of the best young linotype operators ever developed at the School, and had been following the trade consistently since leaving us until January, 1944, at which time he enlisted in the United States Navy. For eleven years prior to his

enlistment, "Mac" had been employed as a machinist-operator on the Alexandria (Va.) Gazette. He is married and has three children, and owns his own home in Alexandria. Shortly before going into the Navy, "Mac" purchased a half interest in a small job printing establishment, and worked there after his regular working hours on the Gazette. His wife, who had considerable experience in a newspaper plant before her marriage, is looking after her husband's interest in the plant while he is at sea. His letter, from "Somewhere in North Africa," dated August 19th, reads as follows:

"Just think, I had to be confined in a hospital before I could find time to write you. I've had two minor operations and have one more to come. Am now recuperating from the first two now, but hope to be 'out there' hunting Huns in another two weeks.

"Funny things happen, don't they? I tried for two years to enlist in the Air Corps, and was turned down in every place in Washington, D. C. They said I was too old, married and had three children, so I gave up in disgust. Then I bought a half interest in the Alexandria Print Shop, putting in all my spare time there—and then they drafted me.

"Life in the Navy was, in a way, fun for the first three months, but but brother, since then it hasn't been so funny. But I've got a job to do, and believe me, I'm going to do my best.

"Please give my best wishes and kindest regards to Mr. Fisher and all the rest of my old friends at the School. Your friend, Mac."

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, visited the School last Sunday afternoon. He was accompanied by Mr. James E. Williams, prominent churchman of that city, who is assistant to the pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church. For the Scripture Lesson he read Genesis 50:15-26, and the subject of his message to the boys was "A Lost Boy."

Mr. Williams began by telling his listeners that this was a story of a boy who was lost and found, which ran something in this manner: It was on the plains where the Hebrew people were pasturing their flocks. One boy in the group was called a dreamer. He was a fine-looking lad and seemed to have inherited all his father's and mother's good qualities. In one of his dreams he told that he had seen the sheaves of wheat gathered by his elder brothers bow down to his own sheaves. This and other things which he told of seeing in his visions made his brothers hate him. The boy, Joseph, was a great favorite with his aged father, Jacob, and the old man had shown him many favors. At one time he gave him a beautiful coat of many colors, which caused his brothers to hate him all the more.

On this day, as they looked after their flocks, these elder brothers, seeing Joseph coming toward them, dressed in his fine coat, they entered into a conspiracy to kill him. Another brother, Reuben, persuaded them not to do this, but to put him into a pit, planning to go back later and release him. While Reuben became busy with his duties elsewhere, the other brothers sold Joseph to a group of slave traders for twenty pieces of silver, and he was taken to Egypt as a slave. They returned home, showed

their father the coat, which they had stained with the blood of an animal, and told him that Joseph had been killed by a wild beast, and the aged Jacob mourned for days.

The speaker then stated that there was not a more interesting story in all literature than the story of Joseph's life in Egypt. He pointed out the fact that the boy was given a trusted position in King Pharaoh's household. He soon gained favor by his ability to interpret dreams. He foretold the coming of the seven years of plenty, followed by seven years of famine. For this the king made him Prime Minister of Egypt, second in power in the land to the king. During the period of famine, Joseph's brothers came to Egypt to buy corn, as the famine seemed to destroy about all the people in their section of the country. After a number of visits, Joseph made himself known to his brothers.

Mr. Williams told the boys that Joseph has been called by many writers the most Christ-like person in the Old Testament, and that they found in him five distinct New Testament characteristics, as follows:

(1) Joseph kept himself clean—unspotted from the world. He was an example of moral cleanliness. He lived a life of purity.

(2) Joseph had a wonderful spirit of forgiveness. In spite of the treatment received from his brothers, he showed his forgiving spirit. We, too, must learn the value of this trait—and the earlier in life we learn it, the better it will be for us. A true Christians will love his enemies. We can have permanent peace in the world only when mankind learns this lesson.

(3) Joseph had a Christian's view

of Providence. He saw God's hand in everything that came to him. He told his brothers, "God hath made me lord over all Egypt." Everything works together for good for those who love God. We must remember that God does care for us. It is a great thing, even in the midst of sorrow, the loving hand of God, who doeth all things well. He will care for us—provided we are willing to place ourselves in His care.

(4) Joseph suffered much. In studying his life we find that he put the Christian's interpretation on suffering. The greatest problem in the philosophy of life is that of suffering. Joseph believed that suffering was a necessary element in men's characters. Up until that time, the Hebrew people believed that suffering came as a punishment or that a man was being tried by it. We read of the famous Damascus swords. The steel of which they

were made was first heated white-hot, then thrust into ice-cold water, resulting in a fine temper that has not been matched by the most modern processes. The struggle made by the butterfly in its cocoon brings about the development of its beautiful wings. We must all go to the "university of hard knocks," from which we develop strength that will last all through life.

(5) Joseph had faith in the future. We read in the Bible that by faith, Joseph, in his last moments, was concerned in the saving of mankind. He was a Christian in that the present was not the most important, but considered the future seriously.

In conclusion, Mr. Williams urged the boys to have a steadfast faith in the possibilities of the future, looking forward to life in the Eternal City of God.

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## GOOD SCHEME

It's a pretty good scheme to be cheery, and sing as you follow the road, for a good many pilgrims are weary, and hopelessly carry the load; their hearts from the journey are breaking, and a rod seems to them like a mile; and it may be the noise you are making will hearten them up for while. It's a pretty good scheme in your joking, to cut out the jest that's unkind, for the barbed kind of fun you are poking, some fellow may carry in mind; and a good many hearts have been broken, a good many hearts fond and true, by words that were carelessly spoken by alecky fellows like you. It's a pretty good scheme to be doing some choring around while you can, for the gods with their gifts are pursuing the earnest, industrious man; and those gods, in their own El Dorado, are laying up wrath for one who loaf's all day in the shadow, while others toil, out in the sun.—Selected

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending August 27, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

James Benton  
 Charles Blakemore  
 William Burnett  
 Ralph Cranford  
 Chauncey Gore  
 George Hill  
 William Hilliard  
 Fred Jones  
 James Milloway  
 James Perkins  
 David Prevatte  
 James Stamper

## COTTAGE No. 1

John Allen  
 Ray Covington  
 George Cox  
 Marion Cox  
 Liston Grice  
 Jack Harmon  
 Rufus Massingill  
 Amos Myers  
 Carlton Pate  
 Harry Thompson

## COTTAGE No. 2

Charles Byrd  
 J. T. Jacobs  
 Chester Lee  
 John McLean  
 Hayes Powell  
 Roy Womack

## COTTAGE No. 3

Charles Allen  
 William Brooks  
 George Bass  
 Craven Callahan  
 William Doss  
 Charles Earp  
 Earl Green  
 Jack Hensley  
 Robert Helms  
 Rudy Hardy  
 Jack Oliver  
 William Poteat  
 Charles Roland  
 Donald Redwine  
 Richard Tullock

Paul Wolfe  
 Theodore Young

## COTTAGE No. 4

Everett Benfield  
 Robert Blackwelder  
 Charles Carter  
 Burley Edmonson  
 John Fine  
 Eugene Grice  
 Jeter Green  
 William Hawks  
 George Hawks  
 William Lewis  
 Roy Miller  
 Garnett Quessinberry  
 Roy Swink  
 Clifford Schull  
 John R. Smith  
 Edward VanHoy  
 Lawrence Walker  
 Robert Walters

## COTTAGE No. 5

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 6

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 7

David Brooks  
 Horace Collins  
 Charles Edwards  
 Carlos Faircloth  
 Wallace Foster  
 Ned Metcalf  
 Jack Phillips

## COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 9

R. C. Combs  
 Leonard Church  
 Ray Edwards  
 Edward Renfro  
 James Stadler  
 J. B. Wilson  
 Thomas Ingram

COTTAGE No. 10  
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11  
Odean Bland  
Robert Butcher  
Alvin Hilton  
J. C. Rhodes  
Leon Rose  
Ray Shore  
William Walker

COTTAGE No. 12  
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13  
William Andrews  
William Black  
William Deal  
Ervin Ewing  
Vernon Reinhardt  
Charles Shearin

COTTAGE No. 14  
Everett Bowden  
Hugh Cornwell  
Samuel Pritchett  
Bruce Sawyer  
Grover Shuler  
Milton Talley  
Lester Williams  
Samuel Price

COTTAGE No. 15

George Brown  
Edgar Blanchard  
William Bass  
Thomas Baumgarner  
Jack Benfield  
Robert Bluester  
Harold Coffey  
James Cantrell  
Robert Flinchum  
Keneth Hankins  
Lee Holifield  
R. V. Hutchinson  
James Knight  
Sam Linebarrier  
Charles Ledford  
J. B. Ledford  
Robert Myers  
Willis Myers  
Clyde Shook  
Olin Wishon

INDIAN COTTAGE

(No Honor Roll)

INFIRMARY

Lloyd Sain  
Raymond Byrd  
Odell Cecil

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Life will not do a man's work for him, but it places tools and materials right at his hand, and keeps him well supplied with both. Life is constantly bringing opportunities to each of us, and it remains for each of us to take advantage of them, or to let them pass by unheeded. Thoughts, things, people, ideas, opportunities, chances and other things which we attract, are passing before us all the time. It takes courage to grasp them. The successful man is he who knows how to take advantage of the chances which other men fail to see. He has confidence in himself and in his ability to beat into shape the crude material at his command. And, so he never feels that there are no more chances in the world for him, or that all the good things have been passed around. He knows there are plenty of more good things where the others came from, and he simply keeps his eyes open and after a bit something comes along and he reaches out and takes it.—Selected.



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U. N. C.  
CAROLINA P...

SEP

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 9, 1944

No. 36

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U. N. C. Library

## LABOR

Labor is wealth—in the sea the pearl grow-  
eth;

Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon  
floweth;

From the fine acorn the strong forest blow-  
eth;

Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;

Cherish the flower, be it ever so lowly;

Labor!—all labor is noble and holy;

Let thy great deed be thy prayer to thy God.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY  
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND  
INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## THE SONG OF LABOR

I sing a song of the workman,  
The joy of the man whose hand  
Leaps to fulfill with practiced skill  
The keen, sure brain's demand,  
Who knows the thrill of creation,  
Who stands with the Lord as one—  
Sees what was wrought from hidden thought,  
And can say of his work, "Well done!"

He gladly greets the coming years;  
They bring him added skill.  
He feels no ruth for the loss of youth;  
His goal is nearer still;  
And only this he asks of fate;  
That he may keep his dower  
Of strength, and will, and labor's skill  
Unto his life's last hour.

—Ninette M. Lowater.

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### 3. HOW TO MAINTAIN AND EVEN INCREASE THE TEACHING PERSONNEL IN THE FACE OF MODERN COMPETITION

Generally the agencies or the institutions which have been serving the public in the state and the nation during the war period have kept the quality of their services at a remarkably high level of efficiency. The demands of the hour have constantly become greater and they have weighed heavily upon the shoulders of the personnel of all of the various agencies, and this has occurred at a time when there were the greatest allurements of higher remuneration in other fields of employment.

In public schools, most of the teachers actuated by a high sense of professional and civic patriotism have remained at their posts of duty. They have been zealous in the cause of education for the childhood of the state and the nation. It is no exaggeration to pro-

claim that school teachers of the nation have always displayed the greatest degree of patriotism and loyalty in times of crises, they have always absorbed far more than their share of the burdens resulting from the exigencies of wars and depressions. Their record in the present war has been a shining example to all others in the national life.

And yet if one appraises the situation which confronts the public school realistically and without sentiment, it is perfectly evident that the urgent needs of the total war effort have taken a heavy toll upon the schools. There has been no power, magic or otherwise, great enough to offset the liabilities and the limitations which the schools have encountered. The fact cannot be evaded that vast numbers of teachers have left the field of teaching for more remunerative and less exacting fields of employment. But the saddest part of the picture is that there has been such a drastic decrease of the number of young men and young women who are planning to enter the teaching profession. This is particularly true of the young men.

Recently a report of a six year study by the commission of Teacher Education of the American Council on Education was released, and the central theme of it was that "the American public does not appreciate the importance of keeping the best teachers in school during a time of national crisis." Dr. E. S. Evendon, of Teacher's College, Columbia University, in making the report said:

"The American people have taken their public school system with the qualifications of the teachers on faith. They have an inarticulate pride in them, but have not clearly conceived the basic relationship between good schools, the teachers in the schools, and the safety of the democratic government for which they are waging war."

"The survey showed," he continued, "that enrollments in teachers' colleges have suffered a sharper decline than those of the other professional groups, with the exception of law schools. In addition, many teachers have left the schools for war jobs.

"Schools again have closed for want of teachers," he continued, "Standards of teacher preparation have been lowered, emergency certificates have been issued to persons unqualified for teaching, educational services have been curtailed, class sizes increased teachers' salaries allowed to remain far below what others with pre-

paration were able to earn in government work and war work, and increases, when given, have not kept pace with the cost of living.

“Many of these things would not have been allowed to happen had a larger proportion of our people realized the importance of good teachers if we are going to give our boys and girls the kind of schools they must have in order to make this country the kind of country we want it to be.

“More than anything else the American people need to realize that the best qualified persons must be obtained for the teaching profession, and the only way to get them is to make salaries sufficient to keep industry and business from taking thousands of qualified persons who would prefer to teach.”

No doubt, the one greatest need for maintaining the highest possible standard of efficiency in the school room, within the profession itself is that there shall be an ever-increasing emphasis on in-service training for all teachers. The teachers themselves should not only welcome opportunities for more in-service training, but take the lead in and assist in the planning of vital and dynamic training courses. This is not a time to shirk responsibilities, nor lag in the performance of duties, but instead it is a time when every teacher should do her best. The soldier lads are dying on the battle fields of the world by the thousands in order to preserve the American way of life. It would be a tragic discovery for those who return if they should find that teachers on the home front had betrayed them.

\* \* \* \* \*

### LABOR DAY

The celebration of Labor Day on the first Monday of September was inaugurated by the Knights of Labor in 1882. It is a typically American holiday. Since 1894 it has been recognized by Congress as a legal holiday, and for many years it has been observed by every state in the Union.

Because of its widespread general observance, the significance of Labor Day has frequently been overlooked and it is often regarded solely as a day for games, picnics, and relaxation, but Labor Day stands for something more important and significant in the American scene.

Essentially the day is a tribute to the dignity of human labor and of the common man. Not only the worker in the factory, but the farmer, the engineer, the executive and the artist have their recognition in the Labor Day observance. Everyone who earns an honest living, whether by the sweat of his brow or the swirl of his brain, has a share in that recognition.

Organized labor has made tremendous gains in the past decade and thus is in a better position today than ever before to bear its share in the great war effort. Unfortunately, there is still a considerable amount of irresponsible leadership in organized labor, just as there is in capital and management. In fairness it should be said, however, that irresponsibility—whether of capital, management or labor—is exceptional rather than typical, and we believe that most workers, like most business men, are honestly trying to do their full share in the national war effort.

Following are a few quotations stressing the necessity for honest labor, and the great part labor plays in our national life:

A man perfects himself by working.—Carlyle.

A man's task is always light if his heart is light.

—Lew Wallace.

Grumblers never work, and workers never grumble.

—Spurgeon.

The most profitable and praiseworthy genius in the world is untiring industry.—E. L. Magoon.

Toil, I repeat—toil either of the brain, or of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood, the only true nobility.

—Orville Dewey.

Set yourself earnestly to see what you were made to do, and then set yourself earnestly to do it.—Phillips Brooks.

The world is crowded on its lower floor, but higher up, for centuries to come, there will still remain a niche for each piece of honest work.—Jordan.

\* \* \* \* \*

### ANNIVERSARIES OF THE WEEK

Sarah Orne Jewett, celebrated American author, was born in Berwick, Maine, September 3, 1849. Her work consists mostly of short stories based on life in New England. Her sympathetic and inti-

mate sketches make compelling reading, and her few books have been widely read. The most popular of her books are "Country Doctor" and "A Marsh Island."

Phoebe Carey, American writer, was born September 4, 1834. She and her sister, Alice, also a talented writer, studied under Horace Greeley in New York City for several years. Besides poems, they wrote articles for various newspapers and magazines. While their poems are not all perfectly constructed, they are sweet and musical and filled with fine sentiment. Phoebe, who was four years younger than her sister, Alice, is mainly famous for her widely-known hymn, "One Sweetly Solemn Thought." She died at the age of forty-seven, and Alice died the same year, at the age of sixty-one.

September 5, 1774 is the date on which the first Continental Congress met in Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, Pa. The Boston Port Bill had been the "last straw that broke in the camel's back" between England and America—the British government passed the bill which closed the Boston port to all commerce. The colonists were thoroughly aroused, hence the first meeting of the Continental Congress. They passed resolutions of protest against the British policies—and before the next meeting the American cause had gone beyond the stage of compromise. Liberty or death became the cry.

It was on September 6, 1620 that the good ship "Mayflower" with a company of 102 Pilgrims aboard, sailed from Plymouth, England, for America. After a stormy voyage of nine weeks, they sighted Cape Cod, Mass., on November 9th. It was quite by accident that the Pilgrims reached this part of the country, for they had planned to settle near the mouth of the Hudson River, within the jurisdiction of the London Company. After exploring the coast for several weeks, they landed at Plymouth, Mass., December 21, 1620. Long fellow described it thus:

"Down to the Plymouth Rock,  
That had been to their feet as a door-step,  
Into a world unknown—  
The corner-stone of a nation!"

## LOCAL HAPPENINGS

(Reported by Boys of the School Department)

Miss Baird, our fourth grade teacher, has recently returned from a three month training period at Appalachian State Teachers' College, Boone, N. C. During her absence Mrs. Dotson substituted for her. Since Miss Baird has returned, she has taken the Fourth Grade, and Mrs. Dotson has taken the Fifth Grade. Since she has returned, the Training School has started a new grade. They have started the Eighth Grade.

The Training School has recently sold a large quantity of green watermelons for canning purposes. A few boys picked approximately 700 watermelons. They are going to use these watermelons for the purpose of canning. We are still getting a large number of watermelons now. We enjoy eating them at the cottages.

Mr. J. N. Bass, a member of our staff and the new 7th Grade teacher, has gone on his two weeks vacation. He left on Friday afternoon, Sept. 1. He wanted to go after the grades were arranged. So he waited until Sept. 1. While he is away, the Seventh Grade will work on the work line. He is expected to return by Friday, September the 15th.

Rev. Mr. Davis of the Southside Baptist Church recently visited the boys of the 8th grade. He made a brief talk on the subject of the virtues that a true Christian should possess, as recorded in Galatians 5:22 and 23.

They are love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance. I am sure

that the boys profited by his message. Some of the boys expressed their appreciation to him for the splendid and timely talk he gave them.

On Friday, September 1st, the Seventh Grade had its final speaking contest. There were nine contestants in the contest. They were as follows:

(1) Jack Benfield—"Billy Keeps a Secret;" (2) James Cantrell—"Arathusa's Beau;" (3) Sam Linebarrier—"Resistance to British Aggression;" (4) Evan Craig—"The Witness;" (5) Edward Renfro—"The Boy from Dixie Land;" (6) Charles Allen—"Epaminandos;" (7) George Hawk—"Gettysburg Address;" (8) William Poteat—"Declaration of Independence;" (9) Gerald Johnson—"My Mother, My Country, My God." The judges were Miss Baird, the fourth grade teacher; Mr. Bass, the sixth grade teacher; and Mr. Hawfield, the Training School superintendent. The winners were in order: George Hawk, first; Gerald Johnson, second; and James Cantrell, third. These boys won prizes. We are hoping to have another contest like that soon.

The final ball game was played on Saturday, September 2. The ball season is to be over at the Training School after this game. The two leading cottages in the baseball events are Number 10 and Receiving Cottage. The Receiving Cottage has played a ball game every Saturday for the past baseball season. It has lost only one game. Cottage Number 10 has also played a ball game every week and has lost only three games. These

are the best ball teams at the Training School. This decided who wins the championship game. We have enjoyed the baseball games very much.

Vacation days are over and school days are here again. A goodly number of boys have left us recently to

enter the public schools. Some of the boys who have left are Amos Myers, Paul Alphin, Ernest Stamey, James Benton, James Stamper, Billy McNeil, Edgar Blanchard, and a few more are expected to leave soon.

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### WE HAVE NOT FELT THE PINCH

The Outpost, published by Americans in England, lists some of the regulations English people are required to observe, a mere reading of which should make us realize that here in America we have not felt very much of the pinch of war-time regulations.

Among the offenses for which the English may be prosecuted today are:

Not washing empty milk bottles. Dairies are short of soap.

Trying to cut ahead of a line of people waiting for a bus. Transport is strained to the limit.

Throwing a crust of bread into the garbage can. Bread is brought into England at the cost of sailor's lives.

Going to the seashore where military installations are located

Buying clothes without giving up ration coupons.

Being consistently late to work.

Changing one's job without permission of the Labor Ministry.

Driving to work unless there is no other means of getting there and back home again.

Throwing a bus ticket into the street, paper is valuable, and scarce.

Selling an American lend-lease alarm clock to anyone who hasn't obtained a permit through his trade union to buy one.

Icing a cake. All cakes sold commercially must be plain.

Selling ice cream. Milk and other materials are scarce.

Closing a pub before official closing time.

The list leaves one with a great feeling of appreciation of the American freedom, which may have been restricted during the past few years, but is still wide and open as compared to other nations.

# ABANDONED IDEALS

By Brasil M. Watkins in Charity and Children

Old and young in almost every land now sip their happiness and gulp their pain, and men wrestle with the problems of life and death in the midst of baffling confusion and ignoble strife. One therefore wonders whether it is possible to detach oneself from the scrambled mass of humanity and view objectively the horrible scene. One can try to do so in order to obtain a proper perspective and make a few observations.

The human family has abandoned the safe highway of life, undergirded by established truths and principles, and now travels over rough and rugged fields, through brambles, briars, and underbrush, forest and uncharted jungles. Viewing it from detached position, one is sickened by the nauseating sight. Then, unwilling to hang upon the walls of memory such vivid images of man's depravity, one closes his eyes and ponders how and why such conditions prevail. What is the cause of the confusion and strife? Let us analyze present and past conditions in an effort to find the answer, for until reason is dethroned and emotion becomes the motivating factor in life, we recognize the operation of many laws, chief of which is the law of cause and effect, or action and reaction.

In recent years the tribe of Ahab has increased in number and greatly extended its estate. It has acquired many vineyards. It purchased some at outrageously low prices. It took others away from their owners under circumstances that can only be de-

scribed as robbery, while some donors freely gave their estates because they wanted to join the tribe and curry favor with those in high positions. The tribe has entrenched itself in positions of power and like a giant octopus has extended its tentacles in many directions, siezing its victims in unsuspecting moments from many and various angles. It has enlarged its borders until its sphere of influence and of action embrace not alone a single nation, but a large part of the world. Its domain definitely includes our own country, and we can best view its activities by limiting our considerations to the things happenings here.

Modern Ahabs have sought to establish a new empire, and in order to do so, they have found it necessary to undermine and destroy the foundations of the old. They have projected their influence into almost every phase of life, planting seeds of envy, prejudice, and malice in one place; of *sesenemtne*, bitterness, and rebellion in another; of selfishness, wickedness, and treachery in another; of doubt, unbelief, and agnosticism in still another; and many other kinds of equally undesirable seeds in many other places, where they have borne abundant fruit until almost the whole structure of society has felt its destructive influence.

Let us observe the mode of operation of this tribe. Its program has been entrusted to a Board of Strategy, a group of "Brain Trusters," if I may borrow a descriptive term that



is exceedingly appropriate. These men have proceeded cautiously, step by step, carefully feeling their way and injecting their ideas into the discussions of trivial as well as important matters, helping to influence decisions and establish precedents in a most unostentatious manner while assembling a group of followers, and then becoming bolder and bolder as their prestige increased and finally assuming leadership and domination in an insolent manner as they became confident of their power.

Their methods have not been crude, but urbane, seductive, and insinuating. These methods have profoundly impressed and appealed to many substantial but gullible people who have unwittingly joined their ranks and contributed to their effort. The unthinking masses have fallen in line, as they have always done through the ages. A few have recognized the carefully and beautifully camouflaged propensities for evil, and refusing to be deceived, have fought openly and manfully against the devastating effects of a secularistic ideology that rejects the principles of Christianity, repudiates the divinity of Jesus Christ, and ignores or denies the existence of the Eternal God.

In order that sacred personal identities may be lost in confusion, the tribe has deemed it expedient to destroy the fundamental standards of truth and to make truth a flexible, meaningless thing, which yields, bends, and sways with every current of public opinion. It does not consider that it is necessary to discover and learn truth; it assumes that it can create truth. The Ahabites have thus presumed to convert truth into

something as whimsical and capricious as the opinions of men, who are almost always influenced by personal feelings and prejudice. One can not imagine a greater fallacy. You and I know that truth is firm, unyielding, unchanging, and sometimes austere, for it is founded upon fundamental principles and standards, the immutable laws of the Eternal God. This universe is not merely a material one; it is definitely a moral universe as well.

Modern Ahabites have sought to undermine the foundations of truth by iniquitously stripping words of their meaning and significance. Adjectives and terms that were formerly reserved to describe the kindest impulses, the noblest deeds, and the finest attributes of character, they now blatantly and brazenly use to describe the iconoclastic efforts of the despoilers of the finest, nobles, and most beautiful things in life. It is hard to understand how the diatribes of rebellious fools, proclaiming the impotency of God, or the non-existence of God, could ever be described as wise, valid, and courageous contributions to the sane efforts of mankind to shake off the shackles of ignorance, superstition, and fear. But when there are no permanent bases from which to proceed, when high standards of truth have been abandoned, and when truth itself has been ignored in devotion to the opinion of an individual or a group, it is easy to understand how some individuals, robbed of their self-respect and dignity, and vainly striving to overcome inferiority complexes born of materialistic thinking, seek to elevate themselves and others like them to the stature of gods.

In such an atmosphere, created by the proponents of a secularistic ideology, the true concepts of life have been lost, and changes, falsely denominated as progressive, have been made. For example, the family, the oldest and most important unit of society, has disintegrated and ceased to function according to Christian principles. Parental responsibility has become limited to provision for material wants, and even then it scarcely recognizes self-denial. Mental training is left to the schools, and spiritual training to the churches, if the children themselves wish to expose themselves to wholesome guidance, and if they are fortunate enough to find and obtain instruction from lips that have not sipped the poisonous wine of the secularistic vintage. The program of education places undue emphasis upon training the youth how to do something, how to get something, almost to the entire exclusion of the vital training of how to be something. And, with it all, the ideology of government aims at the creation of a paternalistic monstrosity, in which statesmen are conspicuous by their absence, and selfish politicians promise more and more for the votes that keep them in office, while they betray their constituents into debilitating and enslaving regimentation.

In a so-called democracy, prior to the collapse of the superstructure because of lack of a proper foundation, in many respects the secularistic program has glamour and popular appeal. It glorifies the easy way of life, proclaiming it permissible to take by whatever means available that which is desired, rather than to toil and sweat in the process of mak-

ing and building. It removes individual and personal responsibility and rejects the idea of discipline, whether wisely self-imposed or divinely super-imposed.

But this vicious appeal has not been universal. There are those who refuse to accept its teachings and decline to have any part in its program. You will recall that the ancient Israelitish king, Ahab, looked upon the vineyard of Naboth and wanted it as his own; that he approached Naboth and offered to purchase it for a sum of money or to trade for it another vineyard, which Ahab doubtless pictured as one of exceedingly great value. Such an offer from the king, in the opinion of some, was worthy of grave consideration. Compliance with the request would inevitably please the king and place Naboth in a position of favor. It might mean elevation to a position of honor that would win the respect and admiration of his neighbors. It might mean a position of affluence and an economic status often referred to today as one of security. Naboth may have been tempted, but evidently he weighed the advantages and disadvantages. He probably looked upon the shabby little home where he had been born and where he had spent the days of his youth and grown into manhood in a happy home with parents who had reared and trained him in the fear and admonition of the Lord; and where his own father had been born and had spent the years of his life in happiness with those he loved. He perhaps recalled the day when he had brought his bride to that little house which was to be home, and recalled the birth of his eldest son, whose

mortal remains had long since been laid to rest in the family burying ground with others that he loved beneath the cedars on the hillside just a short distance away. He likely thought of other children still living and recalled the pleasant years spent with them in affectionate companionship. He doubtless looked out at the little vineyard where he and his forefathers had toiled through the years, and at the soil that had responded to cultivation by providing food for his family. He naturally recalled the traditions and the ideals that had been handed down from generation to generation, and reflected upon the love that prevailed in his little homestead. In all those things he saw something that the secularistic eye can never behold. He therefore boldly and righteously rejected the offer of Ahab and said: "The Lord forbid it me that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee."

There are those today, who like Naboth of old, are unwilling to sell their heritage of labor, home freedom, self-respect, and love for any

price. They know that the Eternal God created heaven and earth and created man in His own image. They know that a human life, and even the whole of life, is a sacred entity, which cannot be separated into its component parts, and that no part can be separated from God. They also know that in affairs of government, even as William Penn long ago said, men are ruled by God or they are ruled by dictators. They furthermore know that in the field of education no program is true and worthwhile unless it embraces the teachings and conforms to the standards of the One who unequivocally said: "I am the way, the truth, and the life." They know that the program of Jesus, and no other, will safeguard and promote human and spiritual values, and provide the means for the abundant life. Those who know those things have grown tired of specious substitutes. A day of reckoning is at hand. Regarding the ultimate outcome there can be no doubt, for the Eternal God lives and rules forever.

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Occasionally someone speaks of religion as "divorce insurance," meaning that Christian faith is a bulwark against divorce. While the divorce rate in the United States at large is one divorce to every six (or less) marriages, among church members there is but one divorce to approximately one hundred marriages.

Intelligent Christian faith includes reverence for personality. Inasmuch as personally is the crux in marriage, the Christian outlook is decidedly favorable to stability of marriage and home. Furthermore, Christian faith and philosophy of life impart to men and women an assurance that marriage and Christian home life are parts of the ongoing, eternal, divine program and that a break in these relations is a hindrance to an age-long plan.—The Lutheran.

## FATHER TIME

### The Golden Rule Fellowship. In The N. C. Christian Advocate

For more than 4,000 years Father Time has watched the spectacular rise and fall of empires; the Egyptians before the Pyramids; Ageans, Phoenicians, Hittites, Elamites, Amorites, Iranians, Medes, Assyrians, Babylonians, Persians, Mongolians, Chinese, Huns, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Parthians, Hindus, Moslems, Franks, Christian Crusaders, Turks, Arabs, Tartars, Portuguese, Incas, Spaniards, Russians, French, Poles, Austrians, British, Americans, Italians, Germans and Japanese.

He has watched their conquering armies marching and counter-marching across rich hills and fertile valleys, leaving in their trail millions of bodies of noble youth, ruined homes, scorched earth and embittered peoples.

He has known the Pharaohs and mighty kings who conquered and ruled before our records begin and hundreds of later great warriors, from the days of Darius and Alexander the Great to the modern Napoleons and Hitlers.

Yes, he knew well the Caesars—Julius, Augustus and Tiberius—who established the all-time record for the nearest approach to an all-inclusive world empire with a "Pax Romana," which gave the world's best assurance of an "enduring world peace" based upon invincible military force. But Father Time also recalls that luxury, selfish ambition and greed undermined that greatest of empires, and like all of its predecessors, it ceased to be.

Today Father Time is puzzled, as never before, to understand this latest global war, the greatest of all his-

tory, occurring within a generation of "The Great War" which was fought and won avowedly as a "war to end all wars."

He might despair, if his experienced eye and discerning wisdom did not note the quiet, pervasive, world-encircling influence of the greatest Conqueror of all history—the Prince of Peace, who was crucified as a malefactor, but from whose birth all "time" is now reckoned and battles, conquests and achievements, ancient or modern, military or civil are dated—B. C. or A. D.

The Prince of Peace brought to us a timeless, transforming message, filled with golden precepts and priceless gems of wisdom which, followed, would make war unthinkable.

He gave us the cure for war in the Sermon on the Mount, epitomized in the Golden Rule. But men and women in all nations have trampled upon and ignored those precepts and we are again plunged into global war, more extensive than anything recorded in pagan history.

We must now go through with it. There is no turning back, but having once paid an inconceivable and unprecedented price for the defense and reclamation of human rights, religious freedom and democracy, we must highly resolve that neither our own children nor any succeeding generation shall ever be called upon to pay a similar price.

June 6, 1944, marked a turning point in history in more ways than one. It marked a very clear turn toward all but assured victory for the allied

forces, but, possibly more important, it marked a very clear and determined, steadfast turning toward God on the part of the American nation not only for victory, but for an enduring peace.

Father Time refers to the book of history under his arm and reminds us that all national and international pacts entered into among nations, without consideration of the basic principles of the Sermon on the Mount and the Golden Rule have failed. The talk of today is "get the war over," which is right, but peace is far more than cessation of war. A world laid waste by bombs and fire will need to be rebuilt, not only physically but morally and spiritually, with a full recognition of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

Doubtless continued force will be necessary for many years to police the world. But a peace based solely or chiefly upon force is undetermined with hatred, bitterness, resentment, thirst for revenge, leading to repudiation of treaties and reassertion of force in later and greater wars. Real peace proceeds from good will in the heart of man. There can be no assurance of permanent peace, or that this global war will be the last of wars except as we can bring about a transfor-

mation in the hearts of individual men and of nations.

Out of the heart are the issues of life. Greed—selfishness in the life of the individual is the basic cause of all strife in daily life and that same greed—selfishness of individuals organized into nations is the cause of all wars between nations. No man or woman is fully qualified to remove the strife in the lives of nations until he has first made an attempt to conquer the greed and selfishness in his own personal life. We will succeed in bringing about an enduring peace between the nations, based upon something richer and stronger than force, just to the extent that we succeed in getting individual men and women of all races and religions to practice in daily life the basic principles of Him whose birth we commemorate every time we write a letter, a check, or read the date-line on our morning paper.

We are paying an awful price of millions of men and billions of dollars for war. We must be willing, if need be, to pay an equal price for peace, based not only upon justice, but upon international good will and the brotherhood of men.

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### PUT YOUR IDEAL INTO YOUR WORK

No matter what your work is, you can put your ideal into it. You can link the plainest, humblest task with the loftiest aspirations. There are blacksmiths who can shoe a horse in a way that puts to shame many a writer of books. There are girls who darn stockings with more of the spirit of the artist than someone else puts into her painting. The love of excellence for its own sake, together with unselfishness and faithfulness are enough to glorify the commonest toil.

—Bethany Home Messenger.

# LIFE AT JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL

By John Allen, Eighth Grade

The purpose of this message is to give you a summarization of the boys' lives at Jackson Training School.

To begin with I would like to express it to you that the life among the boys is very sociable. We live as a large family. The training school is like a small town in itself. We eat together, sleep together, go to church together, and play together as a large family.

We enjoy our sports very exceedingly and have much fun together. In the fall and winter we have football and basketball. In the summer we have baseball, softball, and swimming.

We have very much fun in both the winter and the summer. In the summer we have all kinds of outdoor sports and games. In the winter we have a few outdoor sports and many inside games.

Our campus consists of the following buildings: 17 cottages, a school infirmary; an ice plant; a bakery; a laundry; a dairy; two granaries; a barn; two dairy barns; and an administration bldg.

We also have a Trades Bldg. in which we have a printing office where the boys learn a printing trade; a barber shop in which to learn boys to cut hair; a band room in which to learn music; a sewing room in which to learn sewing; a carpenter shop to learn carpentry; and a machine shop in which to learn mechanics.

All of our activities here are fun! We have our swimming schedules in which each cottage gets two swim-

ming periods a week. Our week begins on Monday morning and ends on Saturday evening. It is filled with many periods of fun and seriousness.

On special holidays we have special times of enjoyment. On Christmas we have the best times. We receive gifts of many kinds for which we are indebted to many generous and willing people. We have quite a few shows and programs during the week around Christmas time. Every boy is presented with gifts, goodies, and things of use.

I have the pleasure to continue with my summarization on writing about our dairy.

We have our own dairy and our milk is taken and fixed right here on the campus. We get fresh milk every day and every boy enjoys a healthful amount. We receive ice cream every Sunday and are treated with butter from our dairy.

We have about 125 cows of which about 60 are milk cows. Among the others are our beef and dry cows. We get our own beef from this herd of beef and dry cows and we enjoy an amount of it every Saturday and Sunday.

We have several large pastures in which the cows graze. We have three large dairy barns. One in which to milk the cows, another in which to feed the cows, and still another in which the cows are kept. We also have a small dairy building in which our milk is pastuerized and bottled, our bottles are cleaned, our ice cream is made, our butter is made, our beef

is cleaned and cut up, and our milk is kept cool.

At the Training School we have our own bakery in which we bake our bread, a laundry in which to clean our clothes, an ice plant in which to make our ice and to keep our goods, and a cannery in which our food is canned.

By the bakery we are supplied with loaves of bread, rolls, pies, and cakes. We are kept up with an ample supply.

By the laundry our clothes are cleaned, dried, and some are pressed. Our overalls, shirts, sheets, uniforms, towels, blankets, and pajamas are cleaned.

By the ice plant some goods are kept from spoiling. All these goods are kept until needed. Our ice also comes from the plant.

By the cannery our foods are cleaned, cut up, and canned after being cooked. These goods are kept in storage until they are needed.

The Training School also has a large farm on which our vegetables, fruits, and other products are grown. In this way the Training School is kept up and some of the boys who leave the Training School have learned a trade before leaving.

Most of the boys who leave the school will and have joined our country's services. Others will go out and make a living with the trade that they have learned while here.

In closing I wish to express it to everyone who is interested in the Training School, that it is for a good cause. The people of the state of North Carolina are paying to keep up institutions like this by taxation. I also wish to express it that the taxes are being used wisely. Every boy who leaves here is released to go out into the world and has a good trade to use and to do the world some good.

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## REAL MEN

The real men dare and the real men do,  
 They dream great dreams that they make come true;  
 They bridge the rivers and link the plains,  
 And gird the land with their railway trains.  
 They make the desert break forth in bloom,  
 And send cataract through the flume,  
 To turn the wheels of a thousand mills,  
 And bring the coin to the nation's tills.  
 The real men work and the real men plan,  
 And, helping themselves, help their fellow man.  
 And the sham men yelp at their carriage wheels  
 As the small dog barks at the big dog's heels.

—Selected.

## FOLKS, FACTS AND FANCIES

By Beatrice Cobb in Morganton News-Herald

"Postwar Planning" is a popular theme these days—and has been for some time. Business men and organizations began thinking in that direction and talking "postwar," it seemed to me, before the war was much more than well under way. I'm not criticizing, but I have thought at times that it has been over-emphasized. However, it is always well to keep planning ahead and it is natural and proper that Americans, always a visionary people, should make big plans for the after-war period of prosperity and expansion. There may be such a thing as carrying it too far, but "dreams" never hurt anybody. This week I read with interest some of the plans for the postwar "dream" kitchen. Some of the things mentioned were:

A prefabricated glass kitchen with glass oven, refrigerator, cabinets, etc.

A one-wall kitchen combination. Most revolutionary feature: a refrigerator with separate drawers instead of a single door, for handier food storage and conservation of cold air.

Refrigerators with revolving shelves sterilizing lamps to kill bacteria, ice-water taps, ice-cube ejectors, food-freezing compartments.

A stainless-steel heated food wagon, complete with dish racks and thermos containers, which will enable a hostess to serve a piping hot meal without rising from her seat.

Fluorescent lighting units inconspicuously recessed in the kitchen ceiling.

An electric garbage disposer which grinds the garbage up, flushes it away.

A hydraulic dishwasher which also dries the dishes.

An electronic device, called the precipitron, which removes all dust and smoke from the kitchen air by drawing it into a duct, where dirt particles are given a positive electric charge and deposited on a negatively charged plate.

An electric range, with built-in pressure cooker, broiler, toaster, etc., each with electronic temperature control.

A cordless electric iron.

Push-button machinery to open and close windows.

An electric clothes dryer.

Ceramic stoves in any desired color.

Plastic dishes in any color which will not break, crack, discolor or absorb.

In the discussion stage is a kitchenless house. The food department, concealed in the living room, would include a refrigerator in the radio cabinet, and oven and broiler in a desk drawer. Enlarging on this idea in *Woman's Home Companion*, Dorothy Rosenmann, chairman of the National Committee on Housing, observed: "Nonchalance will have reached the peak when, during a tea party, the hostess casually reaches into the desk drawer to baste a chicken!"

Postwar living promises to be both interesting and exciting.

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The desire of appearing clever often prevents our becoming so.



# JUDGE PARKER CALLS FOR WORLD PEACE

(The Charlotte Observer)

Five sets of principles, designed to prevent in the future "such holocausts of death and destruction, sacrifices and horror" as have come upon the world in the last few years were outlined last night by Judge John J. Parker of Charlotte, at the graduation ceremonies of 10 seniors at Davidson college in Chambers auditorium, Davidson.

The senior Judge of the fourth circuit, United States court of appeals, had as his subject Herbert Agar's title, "A Time for Greatness." He spoke on the necessity of a world organization after the war, and gave his idea of the principles that should be followed in setting up such an organization. He said:

"1. The organization must be founded upon law; that is, upon reason and right and not upon force and self interest.

"2. It should be based upon our experience with the League of Nations and should incorporate the good features of that organization with such changes as experience has shown necessary.

"3. It should give a voice to all allied and neutral nations while recognizing the superior responsibility of the great powers.

"4. It should have adequate machinery for the peaceful settlement of international disputes.

"5. It should have at its command a sufficient organization of the world's force to enable it to preserve the peace. To this should be added by way of limitation that its powers

should be strictly defined and limited so as not to encroach upon the right of constituent states to manage their own affairs."

This is a time for greatness, Judge Parker added.

"It is not a time for petty politics," he stressed. "It is not a time for any sort of selfishness."

"We stand appalled and humbled before the sacrifices that millions of men have made that our world may live. America, whether she wills it or not, is the leader of the world's life, and the future of the human race depends in a great measure on how she rises to the leadership that has been cast upon her. Let us not run away from our responsibility nor be led by pride and vainglory into the old ways of power politics. Rather let us get together with our Allies and with such neutral nations as will join with us, and now, while the sacrifices and horrors of war are fresh in our minds, and while we are filled with generous emotions toward our Allies, let us lay the foundations of an enduring world order in law and in justice, and bring to its support the organized forces of civilized society.

"Never again may such holocausts of death and destruction afflict the human race as have come now twice within my lifetime. But we must face the reality that they can be avoided only if the life of the world is organized on the basis of law. To bring such an organization into being is the supreme duty of the hour."

# HOW CAN WE GET BETTER MEDICAL AND HOSPITAL CARE

By Dr. Clarence Poe in *The Progressive Farmer*

This month I am writing to ask you to enlist in a movement in which I hope you never let up as long as you live. The battle may not be completely won in the lifetime of some of us who are older, but you younger men and women must carry on until final victory comes.

Almost in sight of the office in which I write is the monument to a great "Educational Governor" of forty years ago and on the base of the monument the last words of his last public message to his people, summarizing the creed for which he was battling as he died while speaking in its behalf—

"The Equal Right of Every Child Born on Earth to Have the Opportunity to Burgeon Out all there Is Within Him."

The creed of democracy has perhaps never been better expressed than in that phrase. And he meant not only equal opportunity in education but equality of opportunity in all fields... and the time has come to proclaim the equal right of every child born on earth in the struggle against disease and death. Our democracy will never be complete until this right is recognized.

If our rich people, rich countries, rich states, wish to avoid communism, they must help here. They must enlarge our democracy by recognizing the equal right of every father and mother, rich and poor, to have the medical and hospital care they need to save both their own lives and the health and the lives of their little

ones and their growing sons and daughters. Richer states must help the poorer states, richer counties and communities the poorer counties and communities.

This does not mean that the state governments or Federal Governments (or both combined) should provide all forms of medical and hospital care without asking the citizen to do anything for himself. Not at all. Rather we should say—

1. The family that can pay its way will do so—yet the burden on even these families should be eased through health-and-hospital insurance until insurance to meet sickness-disasters becomes as universal as insurance to meet fire-disasters.

2. The family that can partly pay its way will pay this part, government and philanthropic aid being provided for the remainder.

3. The family that poverty, illness, or other misfortune has left honestly incapable of paying anything for its fight against disease and death will nevertheless be helped to an equal chance with the rest of us as it makes the same grim battle against ever-menacing Death which we must all make sooner or later.

That there is desperate and even alarming need for better health programs for all classes of our people—this is abundantly shown by rejections at our army camps. For example my own farm home is at the city's edge, and my younger son was sent to camp with 52 other young men largely from

the city—men, mind you, who had survived one sifting by the local draft board—and yet 35 of these 53 were rejected! And we are told—

The rejection rate is higher in rural areas than urban, due to the inferiority of rural medical, dental, and hospital services. Moreover, draft rejections are highest in Southeastern states where incomes are lowest and medical facilities least adequate.

In Rex James' striking phrase: "Modern medicine as we boast of it today is an urban phenomenon. The benefits of modern medical and hospital service have scarcely reached rural America."

Take three tests in my own typical rural state:

1. A generally accepted rule is that there should be one doctor for each 1,000 people—but twenty-one rural counties here average only one doctor for 5,297 people.

2. There should be four hospital beds per 1,000 population—but 63 of our rural counties average only 1.3 beds and still fewer for negroes.

3. The entire state has only one cancer clinic—against 400 in the rest of America.

As the American Farm Bureau Woman's Section points out, medical clinics are available to only 2 per cent of our rural population, and even at the peak of prosperity 80 per cent of our rural areas lacked adequate medical care—and the per cent of doctors in rural areas grows constantly less. Farm people once longer-lived than city people are now shorter-lived, mainly due to lack of medical and hospital care—and this in turn is due to the greater poverty. Thus in a New York study there were 500 per cent as many baby-deaths

in proportion to numbers among families with less than \$500 income as among families with \$3,000 and up. The slaughter of infants all over the South because of preventable infant mortality and the shockingly high death rate of mothers in childbirth disgrace our Southern people.

It is time and high time to do something about these conditions. Doctors are gratifyingly active and cooperative. Our churches, followers of the Great Physician, should get busy. Governors and legislatures should act. Congress must help the states help themselves.

Already the South is showing a fine reaction to the startling revelations made by army rejections. Louisiana has entered upon a health and hospital program which has attracted national attention. In North Carolina Governor Broughton and the State University trustees have inaugurated a hospital and medical care program designed to reach and help all classes, both races, and all sections, with the inspiring declaration: "The ultimate purpose of this program should be that no person in North Carolina shall lack adequate hospital care or medical treatment by reason of poverty or low income."

In Arkansas which has only 2.15 hospital beds against the 4.50 American average, we are told that—

Arkansas will vote Nov. 7 on a \$15,000,000 proposal to improve hospital care for the masses of her people by establishing 5 general hospitals, 70 clinics and emergency hospitals, and a research laboratory.

This is the sort of action it is going to take in all the states. Each state in 1900-1920 spent millions more for education—and found it not a loss but

a good investment. Each state in 1920-1940 spent millions more for roads—and found it not a loss but a good investment. Now each state must begin to think in terms of millions for programs of hospital and medical care—and will find it not a loss but a good investment. Meanwhile such cooperative self-help hospital-and-medical insurance programs as have been developed by the Blue Cross movement and the Farm Security Administration should be studied and will be dis-

cussed in our future issues.

The next great campaign for rural progress and social service in the South must be to so equalize and distribute the costs of hospital and medical care for all classes as to make real a new ideal of democracy—"The equal right of every person born on earth to needed medical and hospital care whenever and wherever he battles against disease and Death." I hope you will help in this movement.

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### THE AMERICAN YOUTH

The spirit of youth is the world's opportunity  
 At an age when men need inspiration,  
 For the effort of yesterday is the fruit of today,  
 While humanity's progress is in the realm of preparation

There is born within each of us a flame,  
 The lighting of which each of us can reflect,  
 And in our every act can be called by name  
 A holy flame given unto us to protect.

At every age, in every clime, youth the torch bearer,  
 The inborn hope of tomorrow, to acclaim  
 With thoughts, deeds and actions, we the carriers  
 In the transformation of our posterity, we can proclaim.

—W. Cephas Cunningham.

# SHEPHERD SUNDAY IN SWITZERLAND

By Karl Egli in Quest

Yearly on the second Sunday in September the peasants in the region of Belalp above Brigué, in the Swiss valais, celebrate Shepherd Sunday. This day has been set aside for the return of the sheep from the summer pastures, and many a farmer's hopes for the winter are pinned on the size and condition of his returning flock.

At the beginning of May the sheep of the near-by villages of Naters and Blatten are driven through Belalp to the lonely pastures higher up. There, throughout the summer, they are left alone and only every three or four weeks a herdsman climbs up to the grazing grounds to feed the animals some salt and to check up on their general condition. If a sheep has had an accident the man will detach its earmark and submit the same as proof of its death to the owner.

On the second Sunday in September all the sheep owners gather at sunrise on the glorious Alpine plateau of Belalp. Preceding them four or five shepherds are already on their way to the perilously located pastures where the sheep have spent the summer months. The waiting peasants first offer their prayers for the safe return of their flocks during an open-air Mass. Afterwards the long hours of waiting are spent in friendly companionship.

After the shepherds have reached the herds and assembled them by means of curious guttural calls, the tedious decent for Belalp is started. Adventurous animals have to be kept from browsing the juicy herbs

that often grow on the very brink of a precipice, and tiny lambs, lagging behind from sheer fatigue, must be carried occasionally.

At last the peasants waiting at Belalp perceive the long line of sheep cautiously stepping down the mountainside. A rush is made to catch a first glimpse of them as they approach the village and are driven to a spacious corral for the night. By about seven o'clock the herds, numbering from 800 to 1,000 head, are together, ready for a preliminary inspection by their owners. A merry "sheep dinner" follows this function.

Early on Monday begins the task of sorting the animals. From the general corral the identified sheep are then led to the smaller "owners' enclosures." A pasture fee of twenty-five centimes per sheep has to be paid at that time by the farmers.

Washing the sheep is next on the program. Each peasant drives his flock of twenty to fifty animals to the Alpee. The sturdiest member of the herd is now driven or thrown into the lake and as soon as their leader begins to swim toward the opposite bank, the rest of the flock follows. This cleansing process is necessarily accompanied by plenty of noise, but when the animals have crossed the lake, the brilliant sunshine and mountain breeze accomplish a thorough drying within a few hours.

Then, one by one, the herds and their owners leave for their homes, where the all-important work of shearing is begun.

## STANLEY A. HARRIS, RESIDENT OF SHERWOOD, HONORED BY COLLEGE

(Watauga Democrat.)

In recognition of his 25 years of leadership in promoting the program of the Boy Scouts of America among the negro boys of the nation, Wiley College at Marshall, Texas, at its summer commencement last Wednesday night awarded the degree of Doctor of Laws to Stanley A. Harris, national director of inter-racial activities of the Boy Scouts of America.

Wiley College is a Methodist institution. More than 25 years ago the Methodist Episcopal Church recognized the value of the Boy Scout program. Dr. Harris, then the field director of the Boy Scouts for the southern third of the United States, organized Boy Scout troops for negro boys in southern communities on an experimental basis and in 1926 organized the national committee of inter-racial service.

There are now more than 100,000 negro men and boys in Scouting throughout the United States, and most of them are sponsored by churches.

In accepting the honor Wednesday night, Dr. Harris said, "We undoubtedly have the finest youth in the history of the world. It is beyond question the most intelligent youth. I believe it is the most honest and most daring youth, but even this honest, certainly this intelligent daring youth might be a liability tomorrow to the church and to the race unless it is trained and directed.

"Scouting," he said, "is a program ideally designed to help the church train, guide and direct its boys. Scouting helps the church to hold its boys through the critical teen age period. A well developed Scout program in a church is likely to attract many non-church boys, and it is one of the best training programs in character education and leadership in America today."

Dr. Harris was born in Johnson county, Tenn. He graduated from Aaron Seminary in 1899. Three years later he completed the course at the University of Chattanooga, graduating with the degree of bachelor of arts. From 1903 to 1907 he engaged in commercial activities at Lexington, Ky., and in the latter year became general secretary of the Y.M.C.A. at Frankfort, Ky.

During 1908, Dr. Harris organized a Boy Scout troop and became its Scoutmaster under British Scout authority, Scouting having then not yet been organized in America. Soon after Scouting was organized in the United States in 1910, he applied to the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America for recognition and was commissioned a Scoutmaster in August of that year.

In 1912 he became state boys' work secretary of the Y.M.C.A. for Kentucky, resigning his Scoutmastership and was commissioned a special field Scout commissioner by the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America. In this capacity, he served until 1917

when he became national field commissioner with headquarters in Richmond, Va.

The following year he was Scout executive at Washington, D. C., for a time and in September, 1918, was transferred to Memphis, Tenn., as national field executive in charge of work in 14 states in the south and

southwest. In 1922 he was made assistant to the national director of the division of operations of the Boy Scouts of America.

Tuskegee Institute conferred the honorary degree of L. H. D. upon Mr. Harris in May, 1922, in recognition of his Scout work among negro boys.

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### THE FIGHTER

I fight a battle every day  
 Against discouragement and fear;  
 Some foe stands always in my way,  
 The path ahead is very clear.  
 I must forever be on guard  
 Against the doubts that skulk along;  
 I get ahead by fighting hard,  
 But fighting keeps my spirit strong.

I hear the croaking of Despair,  
 The dark predictions of the weak;  
 I find myself pursued by Care,  
 No matter what the end I seek;  
 My victories are small and few.  
 It matters not how hard I strive;  
 Each day the fight begins anew,  
 But fighting keeps my hopes alive.

My dreams are spoiled by circumstance,  
 My plans are wrecked by Fate or Luck;  
 Some hour, perhaps, will bring my chance,  
 But that hour has never struck;  
 My progress has been slow and hard,  
 I've had to climb and crawl and swim,  
 Fighting for every stubborn yard,  
 But I have kept in fighting trim.

I have to fight my doubts away,  
 And be on guard against my fears;  
 The feeble croaking of Dismay  
 Has been familiar through the years;  
 My dearest plans keep going wrong,  
 Events combine to thwart my will,  
 But fighting keeps my spirit strong,  
 And I am undefeated still!

—S. E. Kiser

# SINGER FINDS MUSIC GOOD MEDICINE FOR WOUNDED

## THE NEW DAY

Frieda Hemple is no doctor, but she knows that music is medicine. She's watched it work.

The famous lyric and coloratura soprano has been performing for wounded servicemen in this war as she did in World War I. And she's found the recipe for melodic medicine is just as effective today as in 1918.

"Something gay, light and charming—waltzes, Schubert, little French songs—thats what the boys like. Nothing nostalgic, nothing sad. When they hear gay songs, they relax. They forget the world of battle."

Music can do more than make servicemen forget the horrors of warfare, the blonde singer believes. She's campaigning for an active kind of musical therapy—a treatment with rhythm. If she had her way, she'd put a singer on every hospital staff, to get the wounded to sing themselves to health.

Even the mentally unbalanced might be taught coordination with rhythm, she thinks. The full, relaxed breathing so important in singing would be good for them too, and also would help cure chest diseases such as tuberculosis and asthma.

"Everybody likes a good tune," says the opera singer. "And everybody reacts to music. When I hear people say they do not like music, I am afraid of them. I stay away. Why, when I sing, even the pigeons from the park gather here on the window sill."

The Leipzig-born soprano, who be-

gan studying music at the age of seven, is sure about the future of music as medicine, but she's worried about the future of music itself.

If something doesn't happen to make the younger singers of today work harder, and escape the lure of high-priced radio contracts before they're ready, Frieda Hemple thinks there won't be anybody left to sing opera in 10 years.

"Today, singers do not study," she maintains. "They do not know languages. They do not observe. They do not know life. How can they portray life on the opera stage when they know nothing about it? Some of them do not even know how to breathe. They get up in the morning, have breakfast, and rush to sing on the radio. I cannot do that, without first practicing. I couldn't do it when I was 18."

Hemple has had long years of the "education of mind and ear" she believes necessary to musical perfection. She started voice lessons at 15; a year later she learned stage technique when Max Reinhardt chose her as an elf for a production of "Midsummer Night's Dream." Since then she's sung with Caruso, performed at Bayreuth, had two years at the Royal Opera abroad, introduced "Der Rosenkavalier" to America, and impersonated Jenny Lind on the anniversary of the birth of the Swedish Nightingale.



## INSTITUTION NOTES

Henderson Sarvis, of Bessemer City, a former student at the Training School, called at The Uplift office last Wednesday morning. Henderson, who is now thirty-nine years old, stated that he left the institution in August, 1921. Upon his return to his home in Bessemer City, he was employed at odd jobs for about a year, and then took up the trade of barbering. He has continued in that profession since that time, and for the past five years has been operating his own barber shop.

He seemed greatly pleased to note the various improvements at the School since he was here as a boy, and was most enthusiastic in his praise for what the institution is doing for the boys of North Carolina. When asked how the training received here had affected him, he instantly replied that it was one of the best things that had had happened to him.

Henderson also told us that he has two sons, aged nineteen and eighteen, and both are in the United States Navy—one serving overseas and the other receiving training in this country.

—:—

We regret to report that another former Training School student has made the supreme sacrifice in the service of our country. A few days ago we received a newspaper clipping containing a picture of Jack Lemley, and the accompanying write-up stated that he died on July 7th, from wounds sustained in action the previous day. The news item further stated that Jack entered the United States Army in February, 1943, and trained at Fort

Bliss, Texas. He went to England in November, 1943. He participated in the fighting in France on D-Day, June 6th. Jack would have been nineteen years old on the 29th of September.

We also learned from this news item that Jack's father died in 1926 as the result of injuries sustained overseas in World War I.

Jack is survived by his mother, one brother who is a staff sergeant in the United States Army, now serving in France, and two sisters.

This lad entered the School, September 3, 1940 and remained here until January 14, 1942, when he was allowed to return to his home in Mt. Airy. During his stay with us he worked as house boy in Cottage No. 3 for four months, and was employed on the barn force and the farm for the rest of the time spent here. At the time of leaving he was in the fourth school grade. Progress reports received from time to time stated that he got along well after going back to his home.

Jack made many friends at this institution, who join in tendering deepest sympathy to the surviving members of the family in their hour of bereavement.

—:—

We recently received a letter from Clyde A. Kivett, of Statesville, who was a member of our printing class more than ten years ago. After serving with the United States Army for more than two years, most of which time was spent in the Panama Canal Zone, Clyde was given an honorable medical discharge. He returned to the states nearly two years ago, and

for more than eighteen months has been employed as linotype operator on the Statesville Daily Record. Accompanying his most recent letter was a photograph of his son, a smiling youngster, apparently a little more than a year old. Clyde's letter reads in part, as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Just a line to let you know I am sailing a straight course. I trust you are in the best of health these days. As for me and the family, we are all just fine. Am sending you a picture of my son. He has several big teeth, and looks like his grandfather. He doesn't favor me much. Lucky, isn't he?

"I am receiving The Uplift each week and really enjoy reading it. Could you send me Robert Worthington's address and tell me what he is doing at the present time? Would appreciate it very much.

"The wife, baby and I are contemplating a visit to Concord as soon as the polio restriction is lifted in Cabarrus County. Iredell's restriction will be lifted September 1st.

"Thought you would like to know that Hubert Hines, formerly of Cottage No. 10, is now in the United States Marine Corps. My brother, John, is in the Army, and stationed in the Pacific area. Hoping to see you and hear from you soon, will close with best wishes and kindest regards to all the folks at the School. Your friend, Clyde A. Kivett."

—:—

Rev. A. C. Swafford, pastor of Forest Hill Methodist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday Afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of Christ's wonderful Sermon on the Mount, following which he asked Rev. F. L. Set-

zer, pastor of Ann Street Methodist Church, Concord, to lead us in prayer.

After telling the boys one of his good stories, Rev. Mr. Swafford, stated that he wanted to call their particular attention to one of the statements made by the Master in the portion of Scripture just read, and that was: "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God."

The speaker told his listeners that the human heart was divided into four chambers, through which the blood was taken in and pumped out into the veins and blood vessels. Just as the heart is important in our physical welfare, so it plays a prominent part in our moral or spiritual development. He quoted the familiar expressions: "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he" and "Out of the heart flows life."

In order to get along well throughout this life, and to take our places in the Kingdom of Heaven after this life shall end, said the speaker, we must have room in our hearts for four things, as follows:

(1) We must have room in our hearts for our friends. It is up to us to see that they are good folks—honest and true. Our friends should be the right kind of people. If we have that kind, we should be proud of them, and keep ourselves worthy of such friends.

(2) In the second room of our hearts we must put our words. They must be the right kind of words. If curses, lies and nasty words come out of our mouths it is because we have unclean hearts. We must keep our words clean, honest and true all the time.

(3) Another room in our heart is for our temper or disposition. We often see people who are out of humor all the time. They never seem to get along with anybody. This is usually

caused by our not having the right kind of temper. Oh, yes, we must have temper, but it should be that sort of temper which will cause us to stand for that which is right and fight that which is evil.

(4) We must let ambition occupy the fourth section of our heart. Every boy should have the ambition to want to be a clean, wholesome gentleman some day. This can only be done when the heart is filled with good things.

Rev. Mr. Swafford said, in conclusion, that it was his earnest wish that each boy present would right at the moment definitely decide to try at all times to keep his heart filled with that which is pure, and have the ambition to develop into the best possible kind of a man. When boys learn to do that, he added, we need have no fear as to what the men of the future will be.

—:—

Saturday, August 26th, was the end of the season for the two local baseball leagues. These leagues, composed of six teams each, representing the various cottages at the School, provided fine recreation throughout the summer months for more than 125 boys. A spirit of good-natured rivalry prevailed in all the contests, and the lads displayed unusually good sportsmanship during the entire season.

In League Number One, the Receiving Cottage team, under the direction of Mr. T. R. Adams, ran away with the honors, winning twelve games and losing but one, for a .923 mark at the close of the season. The team representing Cottage No. 1, with a

mark of .692, was in second place.

The championship of League Number Two went to the Cottage No. 10 boys. These lads, directed by Mr. Frank Liske, won twelve and lost two games for an average of .857. The Cottage No. 15 boys, winning eleven and losing four games, for a mark of .733, finished in second place.

Following are the records of the teams in both leagues for the season:

FINAL STANDINGS

League Number One

	W	L	Pct.
Receiving Cottage	12	1	.923
First Cottage	9	4	.692
Second Cottage	5	7	.417
Fourth Cottage	4	6	.400
Fifth Cottage	4	7	.364
Third Cottage	0	7	.000

League Number Two

	W	L	Pct.
Tenth Cottage	12	2	.857
Fifteenth Cottage	11	4	.733
Eleventh Cottage	7	8	.467
Thirteenth Cottage	7	8	.467
Fourteenth Cottage	5	9	.357
Ninth Cottage	4	11	.267

To decide the championship of the School, a series of three games will be played between the winners in each league. We have been informed that a prize of some sort will be given the winning teams in each league, and that a sort of grand prize will be awarded the winner of the play-off series. The nature of these prizes have not been announced.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 3, 1944

## \* RECEIVING COTTAGE

Charles Blakemore  
 Thomas Brantley  
 William Burnett  
 Ralph Cranford  
 Chauncey Gore  
 George Hill  
 William Hilliard  
 Fred Jones  
 Lewis Kerns  
 Landon McKenzie  
 James Milloway  
 James Perkins  
 David Prevatte

## COTTAGE No. 1

John Allen  
 Walter Byrd  
 George Cox  
 Marion Cox  
 Liston Grice  
 John Love  
 Carlton Pate  
 Floyd Puckett  
 Thomas Ruff  
 Ray Covington

## COTTAGE No. 2

Charles Alexander  
 Charles Byrd  
 Arthur Beal  
 Gerald Johnson  
 Chester Lee  
 John McLean  
 James Norton  
 Marshall Prestwood  
 Hayes Powell  
 Roy Womack  
 J. T. Jacobs  
 Vann Robinson

## COTTAGE No. 3

Charles Allen  
 William Brooks  
 George Bass  
 Craven Callahan  
 Charles Earp  
 Earl Green  
 Jack Hensley  
 James Hensley  
 Rudy Hardy  
 Cecil Kinion

Robert Lee  
 Jack Oliver  
 Robert Peavy  
 Charles Roland  
 Donald Redwine  
 Marvin Walls  
 Paul Wolfe  
 Theodore Young

## COTTAGE No. 4

Robert Blackwelder  
 Burley Edmonson  
 John Fine  
 Robert Hogan  
 James Hill  
 James Linebarrier  
 Roy Miller  
 Roy Swink  
 John R. Smith  
 Edward VanHoy  
 Lawrence Walker  
 Robert Walters

## COTTAGE No. 5

(No Honor Roll)

## COTTAGE No. 6

J. C. Cayton  
 Vernon Foster  
 Earl Gilmore  
 John Gregory  
 Robert Long  
 Robert Mason  
 Nolan Morrison  
 Stanford McLean  
 Charles Sellers  
 James Swinson  
 Leroy Wilkins

## COTTAGE No. 7

Robert Canady  
 Horace Collins  
 Hershell Duckworth  
 Ned Metcalf  
 Joseph Mitchell  
 Jack Phillips

## COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 9

Ray Edwards

John Linville  
James Lowman  
Barney Mills

COTTAGE No. 10

Jack Clifton  
Donald Clodfelter  
Robert Holbert  
Carlton Morrison  
Jesse Parker  
B. H. Thomas  
Jack Williams

COTTAGE No. 11

Odean Bland  
William Guffey  
Alvin Hilton  
Fred Holland  
Raymond Hunsucker  
Leon Rose  
Max Shelley  
William Walker  
Ray Taylor  
Ray Shore

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

William Andrews  
Fred Bostian  
W. C. Boyd  
William Deal  
Ervin Ewing  
Vernon Reinhardt  
Ralph Putman

COTTAGE No. 14

Everett Bowden  
Hugh Cornwell  
Samuel Pritchett  
Melbert Rice

Bruce Sawyer  
Herbert Smith  
Lester Williams

COTTAGE No. 15

George Brown  
William Bass  
Thomas Baumgarner  
Jack Benfield  
Houston Berry  
Jack Crump  
Howard Coffey  
James Cantrell  
Robert Flinchum  
Lee Hawkins  
William Holder  
James Knight  
Charles Ledford  
William Myers  
Hilton Reed  
Clyde Shook  
Dewey Smith  
Olin Wishon  
Jack Willis  
Lee Holifield

INDIAN COTTAGE

Jack Bailey  
Peter Chavis  
Frank Chavis  
Alton Hammond  
R. C. Hoyle  
Marshall Hunt  
Leslie Jacobs  
Harvey Jacobs  
Leroy Lowery  
Clyde Lochlear  
W. C. McManus

INFIRMARY

Odell Cecil  
Cliford Shull

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It happened on a crowded bus. A man gave a woman a seat. She fainted. Upon recovering, she thanked him. Then he fainted.



**THE**

# UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 16, 1944

No. 37

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## LIGHT

Just when the road is roughest  
We find a helping hand,  
Just where the burden is hardest  
Kind friends beside you stand;  
Just when the hours are dreary  
A song of joy rings true;  
Just when the days are darkest,  
The sunshine filters through.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY  
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND  
INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

## CHARACTER

Character is the distinctive mark of a man.

Character is another name for individuality.

Character is composed in equal parts of honor, sincerity, courage and human sympathy.

Character gives expression to the face and strength to the nerves.

Character is useful and needful everywhere. A good character is worth more than riches. It will add to one's credit anywhere, and at all times.

Character will defend principle, sentiment, and will work for the good of all, as well as for individual benefit.

Character is a drugless remedy within the reach of everyone. It costs effort, and never fails to give good results.

Character is the great heart tonic of the world, and it should be used every day, the whole year around.

Character is the most indispensable asset one can have.

Character is priceless, guard it with care.

—Albert A. Riggs.

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## 4. CAN THE STATE FURNISH ADEQUATE FINANCIAL SUPPORT FOR THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS?

North Carolina has the enviable reputation of having placed the financial support of its schools upon a very sound basis. It is no exaggeration to claim that no other state in the Union, in proportion to its financial ability, even approaches this state's reputation for soundness and wisdom in its taxation program for public education. Here we have a state-wide school system of taxation based upon intangibles.

However, in the post-war period, with its inevitable curtailment of easy employment and high wages, there will, no doubt, be a drastic reduction in the state's ability to finance its public schools and other agencies. Thus it will be necessary that tax-levying authorities will begin the search for ways and means of reducing government expenditures. Unfortunately, if the pattern of other periods

of stress and strain is followed again, the expenditures for public schools will not only be the first to suffer, but they will be called upon to undergo the greatest reductions, and this means primarily that teachers' salaries will be severely reduced.

During the school year 1933-34, when the hand of depression inflicted its heaviest toll upon public funds, the average salary of teachers was \$560.22, from all funds. In 1933, The Washington Daily News commented as follows:

"Thirty thousand teachers are being sent to the breadlines.

"Why? The depression, of course, is to blame. . . Finally, there is a shallow and dangerous propaganda against 'over-education', a covert attack upon the very foundation of the public school system."

State School Facts, issue of July 1944, commented as follows: "Last year, 1943-44, it is estimated that the average classroom teacher in North Carolina, not including vocational teachers, however, received \$1,220.00 for her year's work. Based upon a nine months' year, this is approximately \$135.00 per month. On a twelve months' basis, however, the average is about \$100.00 per month."

Needless to say, there are countless numbers of other positions which require far less training and responsibility, that pay from \$125.00 per month on up. No other group of state employees is required to possess the same amount of training and experience as the public school teachers, and yet they receive lower wages. This is not as it should be.

The total cost of our schools is amazingly small when compared with the vastly larger amounts spent for waste, ill health, crime and luxuries. Statistics show that every time one cent is spent for public schools in the nation, four cents are spent for ill health, five for crime and five for certain luxuries.

Education has been called the "debt eternal" which one generation owes to the next generation, and there is never a time when a generation of children can be robbed of their own heritage and then later on make up for the lost time. When the state fails in its obligation, the children themselves pay the debt, as well as the teachers.

Modern life and modern industry in the post-war period will inevitably require a standard of personal fitness and a degree of inform-

ed intelligence not demanded under former conditions. Tomorrow's life will be even more exacting in its demands for trained and efficient workers. Ignorance and lack of skill will be even costlier than in the past. The technical and mechanical age is upon us and to ignore its implications in terms of education is simply to handicap the youth whose schooling is our duty.

All that the state puts into its schools comes back many fold. It puts a dollar into education and gathers two from commerce and trade. If the state is to be wise it must attract into its schools the keenest minds, the finest spirits and the greatest hearts from among its young people. Its people must be as generous in financing their schools as they are in equipping their homes, their shops, and their factories. They must keep the doors of opportunity open to youth according to their talents.

The state can never afford to starve education—fundamental alike to individual success and state security. Let it rather be insisted that public funds be wisely spent for good schools as a most intelligent and far-sighted investment.

\* \* \* \* \*

### ANNIVERSARIES OF THE WEEK

On September 10, 1755, about 5,000 Acadians were banished from their homeland by the British. Acadia was the name given by the early French settlers to that territory now known as Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. During the French and Indian War, the natives of this land were commanded to take an unconditional oath of allegiance to the British king. Their refusal to do so was met by an order to leave the country. Men, women and children were carried away to English colonies and scattered at various places from Massachusetts to Georgia.

The melancholy chapter in the history of the Acadians has been treated poetically by Longfellow in his well-loved epic, "Evangeline," a poem which will preserve the name of Acadia so long as there are readers to appreciate its pathos and its beauty. Interest in the tale centers about the sweet and loyal heroine, whose faithfulness to her lover is the theme of the poem. The author has expressed this fidelity in the familiar lines:

“Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and  
is patient,  
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman’s devo-  
tion,  
List to the mournful tradition, still sung by the pines of the  
forest;  
List to a tale of love in Acadie, home of the happy.”

September 10th marks the anniversary of the Battle of Lake Erie, in the War of 1812. It was on this date in 1813, that Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, of the United States Navy, with a fleet of nine vessels, three of them schooners, defeated, six British ships in one of the most brilliant engagements of the war. Following this battle, Perry sent the famous message to General Harrison: “We have met the enemy, and they are ours.”

General John J. Pershing, commander of the American Expeditionary Forces in World War I, was born in Linn County, Missouri, September 13, 1860. He was the son of a railway section boss, and determined early in life to secure an education. At the age of seventeen he taught in a country school, and with the money saved there, he later was able to enter the normal school at Kirksville, Missouri. A chance announcement of a competitive examination for West Point Military Academy decided his career. He successfully passed the examination and graduated in 1886. He took part in Indian wars for several years, and from 1891 to 1895 he was military instructor at the University of Nebraska. When the Spanish-American War broke out he again went into active service, and later served in the Philippines several years. In 1906 he was promoted by President Theodore Roosevelt from the rank of captain to that of brigadier general.

Pershing was the first American commander to lead American troops on European soil, and was given a great reception upon his arrival in Paris. In 1921 he was appointed chief of staff of the United States Army, and was retired in 1924, at the age of sixty-four.

One incident occurred in the life of this great American which rarely happens to anyone. It is very seldom that a statue to a living person is erected anywhere in the world, but San Francisco, Calif.,

ignored precedent, and erected the Pershing Statue within its borders. It is a bond of lasting sympathy for a man who was visited by a great tragedy. In 1915, Pershing was stationed at San Francisco, as commanding officer of the Eighth Brigade. While in El Paso, Texas, on official business he encountered the greatest tragedy in his life. In a fire at the Presidio in San Francisco, his wife and three daughters were burned to death, his son, Warren, alone surviving. Being a true soldier, he bore his grief with great fortitude.

General Pershing, the fifth man to hold the rank of full general in the United States Army, now eighty-four years old, is still vitally interested in the activities of the great World War now going on, and his counsel is sought by many of the military leaders of today.

\* \* \* \* \*

### BUNCOMBE COUNTY BOYS DOING WELL

Progress reports have been received on the following Asheville boys who have been away from the School for a period ranging from just a few months to one and one-half years. The lads appear to be getting along fine. Reports were received on the following boys: Ralph Nelson, Paul Smith, Jack Evans, Wade Fisher, Bernice Hoke, Frank Jones, Roy Pruitt, Bobby Owens, Roy Jones and John Franks.

Ralph Nelson is wheel delivery boy for a grocery, making \$10.00 per week; Paul Smith is working in a laundry and making a good salary, \$25.00 per week; Jack Evans had worked for a while in a bakery; Artur Ingle is working on a farm; Frank Jones in a bakery; Roy Pruitt formerly worked at a Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., but is at home now, doing odd jobs; Roy Jones is working at Elk Mountain Cotton Mill, and is earning \$20.00 per week; Frank Jones is helping his father in a small radio shop.

We are glad to have these good reports on our Asheville boys. It is interesting to note that most of these lads are doing the same type of work in which they had training here. This speaks well for the vocational training at this institution.

# QUARTERLY REPORT TO EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

By S. G. Hawfield, Superintendent

I am delighted to have the privilege once again of presenting to the executive committee of the Jackson Training School a report covering the work of the quarter ending August 31, 1944. The past three months have been so filled with activities of one kind or another that it hardly seems possible that the space of three months has elapsed since the last meeting of this group was held. It is always regarded as a high privilege and pleasure to us to have the members of the executive committee and Mr. Leonard to meet here, and we are anticipating the occasion when the full Board of Correction and Training will meet here during the month of October. I trust it will be possible for all members of the Board to be present, and I shall be particularly grateful to the members of the executive committee if they will urge the other members of the Board to make a special effort to attend the next meeting.

The Jackson Training School, by reason of the fact that it is the largest and the oldest of the correctional institutions in the state, offers the Board members a unique opportunity to observe and to study both the scope and the potentialities of correctional institutions in the life of the state. We who work here from day to day, from week to week, and from month to month, will gladly welcome from all Board members any suggestions for improving the work of this institution to the end that the boys in our care may have the best guidance

and direction and the best training possible. We regard Board members as men and women who are sympathetically and keenly interested in the type of work that we attempt to do for underprivileged boys of the state; who are well informed leaders of the state who have numerous contacts throughout the state; and who are eager to share in the burdens of those who labor here.

However, I should like to emphasize that we are committed to high purposes of doing our best work at the moments, and also making such improvements as can be made from time to time. We hope the time will not ever come when we have reached the limit either as to physical plant or the quality of service to the boys through the program of work. We are deeply convinced that the status quo theory has no place in the life of an institution such as this, but that the doors of opportunity for making improvements are always open.

During the last quarter we had the privilege of having the members of the Advisory Budget Committee to meet at the school. This occurred on Friday, July 21. At the time we presented the proposed budget for the next biennium. Mr. Barnhardt and Mr. Leonard were both present and rendered invaluable assistance. The major points of emphasis were as follows:

1. That the school department of the Jackson Training School be legally incorporated into the state school sys-

tem and improved to the point where it would meet all requirements for standardization. By doing this it will be possible for the teachers in the school here to earn or qualify for the regular annual increments which other teachers of the state get. We would like to feel that the teachers at the school here would meet at least the usual requirements of public school teachers and that they would be capable of going back into a public school position, if need be, and do so without losing the time spent here. In time, of course, we hope to be in position to make a real contribution to better education in the state.

2. That additional workers be employed, and that funds be provided for their remuneration. The purpose of this is to be able to reduce the number of hours now required of most workers here. At present, a number of workers either supervise work activities or do custodial work to the extent of 85 hours per week. In fairness to the boys and the workers, we believe this condition should not continue indefinitely.

3. That some new supervisory positions be established at the school, as follows:

Ninth grade and high school teacher.

Teacher for problem and retarded boys.

Part-time bandmaster.

Tinner-plumber.

Vocational director or co-ordinator, Shoemaker.

Athletic and physical director.

Case worker.

4. That the following be secured as permanent improvements:

Chapel.

Superintendent's home.

Addition to Trades Building and equipment.

5. That the salaries of the present staff members be increased to be commensurate with the services now rendered. Funds have been requested which would make possible general salary increases. As a matter of fact, the salaries for most of the workers have been too low.

During the last quarter a new building has been erected at the rear of the Trades Building. This was built by Mr. A. L. Carriker and the boys in the carpenter shop. The building is now complete except for painting. It will be used for storing paint, tools, seeds, farm equipment, lumber, and it can also be used as a workshop.

During the quarter we have been finishing and remodeling the school's storeroom. This work was urgently needed. The present facilities have been used for a period of twenty odd years, and during this time little had ever been done to make it convenient or attractive. The overhead ceiling has been renewed with sheet rock, the walls, shelves, tables, etc. have been repainted, new shelves have been installed and bins are being made to handle the orders of the different cottages on a systematic basis.

An additional teacher has been provided for the school, making it possible to add the eighth grade. This is regarded as a fine addition and will offer additional opportunities to around forty boys, and it will be an added inspiration or goal to boys in the other grades. We now have a total of nine teachers in the school department, and of this number five hold standard class A certificates, and two others hold class B certificates.

By adding another teacher it became

necessary to provide additional classroom facilities. We were able to re-vamp and refinish one of the storage rooms of the storeroom, and this room has been given to the Indian boys, of whom there are now thirteen. The room has been made comfortable and attractive. We now have nine classrooms in constant use, and we now find it possible to reduce the number of pupils per teacher to approximately forty, with half attending in the morning and half in the afternoon. Thus the teachers can give far more individual attention to the boys.

We have not had a director for the band during the summer months, but I am pleased to announce that the band will be reorganized during this month, at the time the Concord schools resume work. We have far more applicants for the band than we can accommodate.

We have continued to print The Uplift as usual on a weekly basis. In some respects, I think that we have improved the quality of the magazine. The boys in the school department have been writing brief articles about their work experiences, life at the Training School as they have found it, and various events here at the school. In some respects, the continued publication of the magazine has meant added responsibilities for some of us, but we are pleased with the results. If we made other arrangements, the boys in the print shop would find little to do, and their training would be negligible. Publishing the little magazine enables us to specialize in linotype training, which the usual run of job printing would not provide.

The textile seems to be operating better than usual. We expect to furnish a considerable quantity of

sheeting to several of the other institutions. We have just crated 1500 yards of sheeting to be shipped to Rocky Mount for the new negro girls' training school.

The school's cannery has been operating almost on daily schedule. We have been canning butter beans, tomatoes and soup mixture. We have harvested approximately 15,000 pounds of the butter beans. If the season had been more favorable we would have had many more.

We have planted 18 to 20 acres of snap beans, and the vines are just beginning to produce. What the harvest will be will, of course, depend upon the season. Under favorable conditions we should be able to gather and can from five to seven thousand gallons of snap beans.

The hay crop is destined to be much lighter than usual, due to the extremely dry and hot weather. We are beginning to harvest the hay crop and will continue until late fall.

We are now in the process of arranging for approximately 40 boys to join the churches of Concord. Most of these will go into the First Baptist Church, a few to a Methodist church, and a few to a Presbyterian church. These are in addition to 39 boys who joined several weeks ago. We are trying to guide these boys with great care, and we are screening out some whom we feel are not yet ready to make this step. This seems to be a worthy project in view of the fact that the boys have had so little guidance and encouragement in these matters from their parents back home. No doubt, some of the boys will fail to live up to their obligations, but most of them probably will justify this step.



The dental clinic is now in its fifth week under the direction of Dr. A. D. Undetrwood of the State Department of Oral Hygiene. It will continue through one more week. In this clinic a large perrentage of the boys are having their teeth treated, some are having extractions, and some are having partial plates made. This is regarded as one of our most constructive projects.

**Financial Report**

Allotment for this quarter ending Sept. 30th.....	\$32,266.00
Actual receipts for July and August.....	595.35
	<hr/>
	\$32,861.35

Expenditures for July and August.....	21,197.68
Balance for September.....	\$11,663.67
Average enrollment July and August.....	352
Average enrollment same period last year.....	350
Cost per boy per day.....	\$ .97
Cost per boy per day same period last year.....	\$1.03
Number boys on roll, September 1, 1944.....	348
Number boys on roll, September 1, 1943.....	346

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WHICH AM I!

There are two kinds of people on earth today,  
 Just two kinds of people, no more I say,  
 Not the good or the bad, for 'tis well understood  
 The good are half bad and the bad are half good  
 Not the rich or the poor, for to know a man's wealth  
 You must first know the state of his conscience and health  
 Not the happy or sad, for the swift flying years  
 Bring to each man his gladness and each man his tears.  
 No, the two kinds of people on earth I mean  
 Are the people who lift and the people who lean,  
 And wherever you go you will find the world's masses  
 Are always divided into just these two classes;  
 And oddly enough you will find too, I ween  
 There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.  
 In which class are you—are you easing the load  
 Of the toilsome toiler who toils down the road  
 Or are you the leaner, who makes others bear  
 Your share of the labor and worry and care?"

—Author Unknown.

## LOCAL HAPPENINGS

(Reported by Boys of the School Department)

### *Visitors at Chapel Saturday Morning*

Rev. Mr. Davis, pastor of the Southside Baptist Church, Concord, recently paid the boys of the school another visit. He brought with him Rev. Mr. Parson, of Spindale, who gave the boys a very interesting talk on the plan of salvation. He took his text from Isaiah 53:5, John 1:12 and Romans 10:9. He began his talk with the subject of love. "Love," he said, "is the most important factor in the plan of salvation." He continued by reading Isaiah 53:5, which says, "He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we were healed." He endeavored to stress to the boys the simplicity of the plan of eternal salvation. "Only accept Him, believe that He raised Christ, and trust in Him and you shall be saved," he said. "This," he said, "is a truly simple formula to follow." Then followed a prayer of thanksgiving for the many blessings that God has bestowed upon us. Rev. Mr. Parson said that we could be saved if we are sorry for sin.

The eighth grade boys sang two songs, "A Prayer for Today" and "Since Jesus Came Into My Heart."

After the different grades went to their respective home-rooms, Mr. Davis and Mr. Parsons went to the eighth grade room where they were thanked by the different eighth grade boys for coming to the school. Rev. Mr. Davis was presented a book.

"Pearls From Many Seas," by an eighth grade student, William Poteat. The book was presented as a gift of appreciation, and our only regret was that we did not have another copy of the book for Rev. Mr. Parson. We are sure that all the boys appreciate the interest that the ministers have manifested in them and in the school.

### *Second Grade Chapel Program*

Friday, September 8th, the second grade gave an interesting program. Mrs. Morrison, who teaches the class, directed the program. It started off with a song, "America," which was followed by another patriotic song, "America, the Beautiful." After these two songs the grade and the audience sang "Onward Christian Soldiers" and "There are many Flags in Many Lands." The group repeated the First Psalm and had a special prayer. Afterwards they sang "When He Cometh." Charles Sellers and Richard Davidson sang a duet, "Somebody Did a Golden Deed."

After this part of the program was over, the second grade had a health program in which every boy had a part. It started off with a health story about "Daniel and His Three Friends." Robert Gaylor was in charge of the story. Jimmy Sneed recited a selection, "Johnny's Tooth Brush." Jack Hensley gave another reading, "Vegetables." The group then sang some songs. They were "This is the Way We Wash Our Hands" and "Tom Thoughtless Catches a Cold." As a final feature of the

health program there were posters showing the health rules and a boy talked on the different health rules as given on the posters. This concluded the health program.

As a last part of the program, Leroy Wilkins gave a poem. After that eight boys gave a skit of the engine. They sang and ran around the stage imitating the freight train. The group sang a song, "Pop Goes the Weasel." Following this the program ended. At the close of the program we all felt that we had enjoyed three programs in that the program had three different parts to it. We enjoyed the program very much and hope to have another by them soon. We have a chapel program every Friday, and we are benefitted by every one of them. Some of the programs are for educational advantages and others for amusement and entertainment.

#### *Eighth Grade Reading Club*

The boys of the eighth grade have organized a reading club and they are going to see who can read the most and the best books. They are going to use our nice library which is surely one that is adequate. The boys are going to use book report booklets in which to list the different things in reporting on the books read.

In reporting on the books the boys are to list the name of the book, the author, why he enjoyed the book or why he never enjoyed the book, the most interesting part of the book, the favorite character, and if the book is a book of poems or short stories which poem or story he liked the best.

The purpose of this club is to encourage all the boys to read more, to

read faster, and to understand better what he has read. Keeping the booklets will help us to list which, what kind of, and how many books we have read. Each boy wants to become the best and fastest reader in the club.

#### *Our Band*

Fifty-six boys want to join the band. The Training School is preparing to resume the work of training boys in band. The new instructor has not begun instruction yet. In fact, we do not know the name of the new director, but we know that we want to begin to learn more about our music. We know that out of the many who have asked to join the band that some of them will have to be eliminated. We are glad that the Training School is planning to teach many boys to play band instruments and to help them to learn music. Many of the boys are going to join the band in order to derive the most good out of being in it.

Some of the boys here have never had the opportunity to study and learn music. This is an opportunity to study music and to learn to play with others, and some of the boys will make unlimited progress and will be able to play in larger bands in the future. We surely do appreciate the efforts that have been put forth in getting us a new band instructor. We are glad that we have the instruments and do not have to buy our own instruments.

#### *The New Indian Classroom*

The new classroom for the Indian boys has been fixed up in the basement of the school building. The room

has been repaired and a new ceiling has been put up. Blackboards have also been put up and they have been repainted for better use.

The boys of the carpenter shop, under the direction of Mr. A. L. Carriker, have fixed the room up very nice. They have put up shelves and have built a cloak-room into the room.

The Indian boys have drawn pictures and have gotten many books and have put them in the room. Curtains are being made to put up in the room. The curtains are to be embroidered and made very beautiful.

The room has flowers in the windows and they make the room beautiful. The work on the room is not yet finished but it soon will be. After a few more repairs, adjustments and a little painting the room will be finished.

#### *B. T. U. Meetings*

The B. T. U. members have their regular meetings every Sunday afternoon following the preaching service. The meeting begins at 4 o'clock and ends at about 5 o'clock. There are two groups that render their different programs, and after that they assemble for the closing session.

Last Sunday the first group had their meeting under the direction of Mr. Snyder, of Concord. To begin the program the Bible reading was by Mr. Snyder. Following the Scrip-

ture reading the group was led in prayer by Mr. Snyder. Next on the program the boys presented their various parts with the assistance of the suggestions given in the quarterlies. Those on the program were Theodore Young, George Guyton, Billy Day, and others. The closing part of the program was a song, "Standing on the Promises." Theodore Young led the closing prayer very well.

The second group met in one of the classrooms while the first group met in the auditorium. They started with a song. The boys then gave their parts as assigned in the quarterlies. Immediately following this the boys sang another song. After that Mr. Iley, the group leader, read a Bible story. After the Bible story the group sang another song. Erwin Ewing dismissed the group with prayer.

Every week the boys of the Young People's Groups are presented with helps such as quarterlies, booklets, or other reading material. This week they were presented with record booklets and pencils. Mr. Snyder presented them.

This coming Sunday, we understand, there is to be a meeting for the other boys who are going to join the church. We are looking forward to having these other boys join the B. T. U. after they join the church. The First Baptist Church has helped many of the boys at the Training School, and we know it will help many more.

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The man who can read and does not, has no advantage over the man who never learned to read.

# IF YOU HAVE LOST A SON

By A. W. F. Blunt, Bishop of Bradford, England

I write on behalf of all parents of men in the services who have made the great sacrifice. And I write as a father of a son, aged 19, who was killed while on service as a pilot-officer with the Royal Air Force. Young, keen, vigorous, and enterprising—such they were. And before they had done more than taste the first sips of life it was over.

We are puzzled and sore. We complain and repine. It is easy to be bitter and resentful. "What a waste!" we say. "Why does God allow it? How can God bear it?" Or selfishly we ask, "Why am I picked out for such a sorrow as this?"

"Why does God allow it?"—is a natural question. But why does God allow any evil in peacetime or in war-time, in nations or in individuals, to go on? Only because He cannot stop it without using force, and to use force would be to take away the free will He has given us. All through, God is trying to persuade men to use their own freedom rightly.

We are stricken fathers and mothers, wives and sweethearts and friends, but remember that God is a stricken Father. He can bear our sorrows with us, for He understands it all. He, too, saw a Son die. Afflicted in our afflictions—that is God. As for the boy, realize this. He had tasted the fresh juice of life. He is spared from tasting its stale and bitter dregs. He is snatched away from the evil that might come.

You know your own loss. There is a hole in your home and your heart. God help you. But do not talk of waste. For death is not the end. Life goes on. I have always been certain of that.

The universe does not make sense if the grave is the end of man's life. But I never felt so certain of it as when I stood by my son's grave. My boy—full of zest, rejoicing in life and his promise unfolding all that growth which I loved to see in him—God had given and fostered for the use He might make of him.

Do not believe that God has thrown it all away just when it was coming to fruit. God wastes no spiritual possibilities in any of us. He has a use for him, and He won't let it be unrealized. The boy has higher flights to reach; a fuller life to live. He is more alive now than when he was here. He is seeing more, knowing more, and enjoying more. One can remember him in one's time of prayer, and have no doubt he remembers us. So it is with me. So it may be with you. And, if you show yourself worthy to do so, you will meet him again.

Hold on to a loving God to whom your son is dearer even than he is to you. He lent him to you for a time, and He has taken him now to a more worth-while life. Some day, please God, you and he together shall share in the joy of that life and that joy shall be forever.

# WHERE IS AMELIA EARHART

By Phillip F. Wood in The Periscope

A blistering July sun beat down on the long, teakwood flight deck of the aircraft carrier LEXINGTON as she sailed from Long Beach, California up the coast to Santa Barbara for the Fourth. The year 1937 had been pretty dull for the men of Aircraft Battle Force-- the usual fleet problem, gunnery trials, squadron landings and qualifications, Admiral's inspection--all a part of the routine "peace time" Navy. Men of the "Lex" welcomed the prospect of relief from monotony offered by the Santa Barbara visit, and Captain Leigh Noyes made ready for holiday visitors by holding a general clean up or "field" day as the carrier steamed up the California coast.

The "Lex" was a traveling light. Her four squadrons of planes were "on the beach" at the Naval Air Station on North Island--down in "Diego"--for San Diego was home for the men who flew the Lexington's fighter, scout bomber, dive bomber and torpedo squadrons. It was also the "shore side" office of the Commander of Aircraft Battle Force, in charge of the navy's carriers and its flying personnel.

The radio receiving room, or Main Radio--the "shack" in crew vernacular--had little in the way of traffic. An occasional message from a girl in Santa Barbara to one of the crew. . . . a message to the "Exec. . . . would he care to join the city fathers in a round of golf? . . . and the normal radio operations of a carrier underway--bearings, weather, the intercept watch for messages from

Washington and San Diego--all these were taken care of as they came in with time to spare between messages for the usual round of "coke floats" --Coca-Cola and ice cream.

As the Lexington rounded the small group of islands off Santa Barbara, the boatswain's voice could be heard over the loud speaker system. . . . "Anchoring detail! Man your stations in the anchor windlass room!". . . . "First divisions! Stand by to lower number three motor boat and number two motor launch!". . . . "Liberty for the port watch will commence one hour after anchoring!". . . . The navigator was busy over his charts, plotting the bearings given by the quartermaster, jotting down the depth of the sea which the fathometer operator called out. . . . "sounding twenty fathoms!". . . . All that was happening was "the old routine" --procedures that had been repeated hundreds of times before--every officer and man performing his duties like a machine.

Off-duty men were already in their "liberty blues," waiting to "hit the beach," when the radio operator on the intercept circuit yelled: "Here's a priority for us in cipher from OPNAV!" (Chief of Naval Operations). As soon as the message was received, down it went to the Coding Board--a group of officers who decode and decipher restricted and confidential messages--and up it came in a hurry. . . . Then, just twenty minutes from the playland of the Pacific--almost ashore for the Fourth--"PROCEED TO SANDIEGO X EM-

**BARK SQUADRONS X PROCEED TO HOWLAND ISLAND VIA HONOLULU AND CONDUCT SEARCH FOR LOST EARHART PLANE"**

. . . all this on a minute's notice . . . "Well, what the H--l. . . Howland Island's only six thousand miles away!" . . .

Captain Noyes gave orders to head the ship for North Island. . . "Engineering department! Cut in sufficient boilers for thirty knots!" . . . (When a ship eight hundred and ninety feet long, weighing thirty-five thousand tons, goes thirty-four miles per hour, brother, you know it!) . . . "Landing crews! Make preparation for taking on planes!" . . . "All divisions report your readiness for aircraft operations!" . . . And still the ship functioned just like a machine.

Three hours later the flight deck was humming with activity. Men with brightly colored shirts and helmets were dashing back and forth. These were the landing crews, making ready for the first squadron which was circling about in the skies, five thousand feet above the carrier.

Now the radio shack was humming with "traffic. . . . Cammander Fighting Two from Lexington," the operator calmly called into his microphone, "commence landing operations!" . . . "Lexington from Victor Fox Two. . . Roger!" was the reply, and down came the fighters, followed by the scouts, bombers and the "fish craft" or torpedo group.

In rapid succession, the Earhart facts drifted through the thirteen different receivers in Main Radio. Amelia Earhart and her navigator, Fred Noonan, were completing the last leg of their round-the world flight in a Lockheed Electra twin-

engined plane. They had taken off from Lae, New Guinea headed for Howland Island, a small speck of earth in the South Pacific, down where the Equator and the International Date Line intersect. The last message from the plane had been received by a Pan-American weather observation station on Howland. "Having trouble with port engine. . . nothing serious. . . will remain on this frequency" . . . since that message nothing but silence. Almost two days had elapsed since the beginning of that silence before the Lexington received orders to proceed and to conduct a search but, as "Chops" the bugler remarked, "we're going like a bat out of Hades!" . . . and, at thirty-two knots, we were!

Extra fuel had been pumped aboard, provisions were stored and the four destroyers assigned as "plane guards" had already made contact and were cruising with the "Lex" toward Honolulu. The ship held the world's record for the San Diego to Honolulu run--a little over seventy-two hours --and it looked like she was trying to break it. After the first twenty hours of full speed under forced draft, one of the destroyers burned out a turbine bearing and turned toward home, but the forty-five million dollar carrier steamed on.

The stop-over at Honolulu was short. . . off with the mail. . . on with a few official observers. . . and off she sailed for Howland. Whites now took the place of blue uniforms, for the temperature had taken a climb. In the plotting room, plans for the search were being developed by the Captain and his staff. Radio contact was established with the Coast Guard cutter I T A S C A and the battleship

Colorado, the only ships near the area tentatively decided upon to be searched. Speculation rose among the crew, and a "pool of cabbage" was established--the pilots lucky enough to locate the Earhart plane being due to receive some five thousand "bucks" chipped in by the "Lex"'s personnel. The three press correspondents assigned by the leading news agencies to "cover" the story of the search roamed in and out of the radio shack, eager for the latest news...A radio watch had been established on the frequency of the lost plane just one minute after the first message was received from Washington...still, nothing but a vast, impenetrable silence...

As the carrier neared Howland Island, that part of the vast Pacific to be known for the next month as the "search area," the weather became squally, the skies overcast. Despite unfavorable weather conditions and a heavy sea, the search began. "Pilots, stand by to man your planes!" was the order from the bridge and young fliers, many of them recent graduates from the Pensacola Air Station, left the briefing room, adjusted their 'chutes, tested their engines and radios, and soon the first plane roared down the deck, sailed off into space and became a speck on the horizon.

Plans for the search had been completed prior to the ship's arrival at Howland. Four squadrons were to take part, each consisting of eighteen planes. Searching sectors were assigned to every squadron, and every plane in the squadron was responsible for a section of the sector. The altitude for "search flying" was designated as 1,000 feet, from which point

the ocean appears to the eye as a vast, clear pool, with only the highest waves or ground swells changing the ever-present pattern of windblown water. A log, a bit of seaweed or a waterlogged palm leaf can be spotted easily. Too, when the sea is calm, sharks may plainly be seen thirty to fifty feet under the surface.

Clearing weather saw every available plane aboard ship taking part in the search. Although seventy-two were officially assigned to the task, ninety were usually in the air during the thirty-one long days it lasted. Off at dawn, back from the last flight at sunset, the ship holding course during evening steaming at exactly four knots, the routine was repeated with monotony that became nearly unbearable in the later days of the month's effort. Nevertheless, hope was high and tomorrow was always "the day."

The Equatorial heat is something to write home about. Two hundred miles North or South of the "Line" it's terrific but, on the Equator itself, the humidity really whips one --a sticky, tropical heat that drains the energy. Even firemen and engine room personnel had sun tans.

Sailing a zig-zag course, the Lexington crossed the Equator over two hundred times in one day...hope ran high throughout the ship as deeper penetration was made in the searching area...fliers' eyes were beginning now to show strain from constant looking on a sun-reflecting sea...twenty-eight days since Honolulu...beans appearing on mess tables twice daily, for the fresh provisions exhausted...now the cutter ITASCA came alongside for provisions (or what was left of them); the de-



stroyers assigned as plane guards refueled from the Lex's supply tanks; the bulkheads of the "cans" were beginning to show the effects of the beating they had taken at the hands of the sea--large spots where paint had peeled off giving them a camouflage effect.

Now, messages began to roll in from Washington...the lost plane, they said, had been transmitting distress signals which had been received by radio amateurs in California and by one in Boston...for a time, the radio "shack" was "on the spot" but, after piecing fragments together, it was determined that the "hams" had been copying the daily press dispatches transmitted by the Lex which, of course, mentioned the plane. Right on the job were these "ham" operators, and the momentary scare they threw into us broke up the look of anticipated failure that was daily becoming more apparent on the faces of the pilots.

On the thirty-first day, after combing more than one hundred fifty thousand square miles of the Pacific's vast expanse' the order to return home was received. Every wave of the large searching sector had been scanned, yet no sign or slightest trace of the plane's occupants or any wreckage from it was ever found. The search was concluded...the Lex and her men had done everything within their power to locate Amelia Earhart and Fred Noonan, and had failed...no human could possibly have survived the effects of thirty-one days of pitiless heat, hunger and thirst, and no plane could have withstood the ocean's constant battering. They were gone.

Another mystery was added to the long list of those already shrouded in the Pacific's mists and rolling swells. Where is Amelia Earhart? Well... "good fliers never die... they just sail along."

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### THE BEAUTIFUL WORLD

There's never a rose in all the world  
 But makes some green spray sweeter  
 There's never a wind in all the sky  
 But makes some bird wing fleeter  
 There's never a star but brings to heaven  
 Some silver radiance tender;  
 And never a rosy cloud but helps  
 To crown the sunset's splendor;  
 No robin but may fill some heart,  
 His dawn-like gladness voicing;  
 God gives us all some small, sweet way  
 To set the world rejoicing.

—Anonymous

# ANY HOUSE CAN BE MADE INTO A HOME IF YOU KNOW HOW

(Selected)

I meet such interesting houses in my nomadic life, says Aline Powers Fisher in the Christian Science Monitor. Neat little houses, wearing pointed peaks. Picturesque houses, sprawling in the sun. Sober houses; gallant houses, and gay laughing ones. Moving into them is romance and adventure and pure delight. If they could speak—or if we could understand what they say, I am sure they would thank us for making them throb with warmth and light and happy living. For homes are not made of the materials that go into their buildings. They are made of the hearts of those who live in them.

Unfortunately, I did not know this when we moved into the forlorn, weather-beaten house on an army post in the early '20's. It was on a gray, gray day—as bleak as the house itself—that I first saw it. My inner wails took the form of an outer silence. There it stood starkly alone. No sheltering tree gave it grace, no shrubs hid its bareness. Nothing was there to shield it from the fierce Texas wind playing havoc with the rickety doors and windows.

Inside, the dingy furniture was weighted with dust. The barren hall had long since given up living, and the wood stove in the kitchen was filled with tin cans and rubbish of ancient vintage. It was a week before the place was decently clean. And even then, it seemed too great a challenge to bring out a semblance

of beauty and comfort from the crude material at hand. In the stillness of the night, I lay awake wondering what could be done. And in those hours of quiet thought I realized that adjustment first comes from within oneself; that happiness must be earned.

Armed with this strengthening assurance, I began to haunt the shops. At the Five and Ten I found some yellow curtains that caught the gold of the morning sun and deposited it on the unexpectedly good floor. A Paisley shawl of former splendor, ferreted out of a Mexican secondhand store, hid a dispirited wall. At night, the soft flicker of candlelight endowed the bruised and weary furniture with a kind of dignity, and I became quite enamoured of the transformation taking place. In the finished product, the joy of accomplishment was mine and I felt as though I had stumbled on an old and precious secret, making easy the acceptance of this harsh new world in exchange for my dear, familiar, comfortable one. Nothing, I now knew, was impervious to love and tending.

Our brief stay in the stately Washington mansion overlooking Rock Creek Park was a heady perfume—I can smell it yet—the fragrance of beauty mingling with the aroma of gracious living.

The people who owned the house decided suddenly to go away for the summer, and, for a mere pittance,

offered us its cool comfort. Their departure could hardly have been more timely, for the weather was unbelievably hot, and so were we. We named our new home Green Pastures.

It was located on a half-hill, with trees forming an arched canopy overhead. It was something I could not forget. The living room with its Eighteenth Century pine panelling and recessed bookcases; with its parchment ceiling and soft carpet. The spacious dining room with its scenic wallpaper and the corner cupboard with its miniature figures, and its soft lighting. But the real enchantment lay in its remoteness from urban tumult. In the gentle moonlight, the world lost its solid quality and became a silver dream. We drank the cup of beauty to the full.

In the years that followed, I became acquainted with a slightly bewildering succession of houses, and each one is etched in my heart with photographic clarity. There was the demure salt-box cottage—one of the charming dwellings of poetry and song—set down in a quaint New England village and partly hidden by hollyhocks, which gave their tall loveliness unsparingly. There was the dark gray house that looked lonely and unloved. And again, the sturdy mountain house, where I breathed

deep breaths of hill sweetness and learned to recognize the chiseled perfection of galax leaves. There were other houses that run through memory like a poignant melody, and every one gave back all I put in it, and more.

But along with my staunch loyalty to the buildings that have housed me is a deep preference for one of them. I recall as tenderly as if it were an apple blossom the modesty of its approach and its rooms, with their creamy walls, washed in the cool morning light, and redolent with violets. It was my dream house.

From the garden one could see the sunset slashing the night sky with brilliant colors—bright pink new gold, flaming scarlet—before sinking humbly into the soft grays of twilight. But externals, like the sunset, paled before the sustained shining within. Here was a house shared, not possessed, a pulsating symbol or selfless giving; a place that dispensed wisely and lovingly a special kind of benevolence to everyone who came to its doors. Here, inside its portals, was the whole timeless glossary of living, small-scaled.

And somehow, I wonder whether that is not what every house is meant to be—a treasury of love, with all home in it.

---

Fundamentally we are alike, but the Lord has inserted a mysterious something extra which makes individuality.

—Jewett.

## WHY WE FIGHT

(The Publishers Auxiliary)

D-Day has passed—an historical landmark in the bitterest, bloodiest struggle this nation has known in all its 155 years of existence.

What are we really fighting for?

That is a question which millions of Americans have been asking ever since Pearl Harbor. The Four Freedoms and the Atlantic Charter are only partial answers, as are the high pronouncements of some of our statesmen.

But what they have failed to do—answer that question simply, clearly and directly—an average American, a "G. I. Joe," in fact, seems to have done. He is Cpl. Jack J. Zurofsky who, recently, was announced as the winner of an essay contest conducted by the United States war department among the fighting men in the Mediterranean theater of war on the subject of "Why I Fight." Here is Corporal Zurofsky's answer:

I fight because it's my fight.

I fight because my eyes are unafraid to look into others' eyes; because they have seen happiness and because they have seen suffering; because they are curious and searching; because they are free.

I fight because my ears can listen to both sides of a question; because they can hear the groanings of a tormented people as well as the laughter of a free people; because they are a channel for information, not a route for repetition; because, if I hear and do not think, I am deaf.

I fight because my mouth does not

fear to utter my opinions; because, though I am only one, my voice helps forge my destiny because I can speak from a soapbox, or from a letter to the newspapers, or from a question that I may ask my representatives in congress; because when my mouth speaks and can only say what everyone is forced to say, it is gagged.

I fight because my knees kneel only to God.

I fight because my feet can go where they please, because they need no passport to go from New York to New Jersey and back again; because if I want to leave my country I can go without being forced and without bribing and without the loss of my savings; because I can plant my feet in farm soil or on city concrete without anybody's by-your-leave; because when my feet walk only the way they are forced to walk, they are hobbled.

I fight because of all these and because I have a mind, a mind which has been trained in a free school to accept or to reject, to ponder and weigh—a mind which knows the flowing stream of thought, not the stagnant swamp of blind obedience; a mind schooled to think for itself, to be curious, skeptical, to analyze, to formulate and to express its opinions; a mind capable of digesting the intellectual food it receives from a free press—because if a mind does not think it is the brain of a slave.

I fight because I think I am as good as anybody else; because of, what other people have said better

than I ever could; "certain inalienable rights," "right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," "government of the people, and for the people," "give me liberty or give me death."

I fight because of my memories—the laughter and play of my childhood, the ball games I was in and the better ones I watched, my mother telling me why my father and she came to America at the turn of the century, my sisters marrying, my high school graduation, the first time I saw a cow, the first year we could afford a vacation, the trip to Camp Suprise Lake after the crowded, polluted Coney Island waters, hikes in the Fall, with the many-colored leaves falling, weenie and marshmallow roasts over a hot fire, the first time I voted, my first date and the slap in the face I got instead of the kiss I attempted, the way the nostrum quack would alternate with political orators on the street corner, seeing the changes for the better in my neighborhood—the el going down, streets being widened to let the sun in, new tenements replacing the old slums—the crowd applauding the time I came through with the hit that won us the borough championships; the memories, which, if people like me do not fight, our children will never have.

I fight because I have something to fight for.

I fight because of the life I hope to live when the fighting is finished; because that life offers opportunity and security and the freedom to read and write and listen and think and talk, because, as

before, my home will be my castle and the drawbridge down only to those I invite; because if I do not fight, life itself will be death.

I fight because I believe in progress, not reaction; because despite our faults, there is hope in our manner of life; because if we lost there is no hope.

I fight because some day I want to get married and I want my children to be born into a free world; because my forefathers left me a heritage of freedom which it is my duty to pass on; because if we lost it would be a crime to have children.

I fight because it is an obligation; because free people must fight to remain free; because when the freedom of one nation or one person is taken away the rights of all nations and all people are threatened; because—through our elected representatives—I had the choice: To fight or not to fight.

I fight not so much because of Pearl Harbor but because of what Pearl Harbor meant; because, finally after skirmishes with the Ethiopians, the Manchurians, the Chinese, the Austrians, the Czechoslovakians, the Danes, the Spaniards, and the Norwegians, Fascism was menacing us as we had never before been menaced; because only the craven will not defend themselves.

I fight because "it is better to die than to live on one's knees."

I fight because only by fighting today will there be peace tomorrow.

I fight because I am thankful that I am not on the other side; because, but for the grace of God or an accident of nature, the brutalized

Nazi could have been me and, but for my fighting, will be my child.

I fight in the fervent hope that those who follow me will not have

to fight again, but in the knowledge that if they have to they will not be found wanting in the crisis.

I fight to remain free!

---

### A THOUGHT FOR TODAY

In speaking of a person's faults  
 Let's not forget our own,  
 Remember, those in a house of glass  
 Should never throw a stone.  
 If we have nothing else to do  
 But talk of those who sin,  
 'Tis better to commence at home,  
 And from that point begin.

We all have faults, the old and young,  
 Pray tell me who has none?  
 Perhaps we may, for ought we know,  
 Have fifty to their one.  
 We have no right to judge a man  
 Till he's been fairly tried;  
 Should we not like his company,  
 We know the world is wide.

I'll tell you of a little plan,  
 I find it works quite well;  
 To try my own mistakes to cure  
 Ere I of others tell.  
 And though I sometimes hope to be  
 No worse than some I know,  
 My better judgment bids me let  
 The faults of others go.

So let us then when we begin  
 To slander friend or foe,  
 Think of the harm one word may do  
 To those we little know.  
 Remember, curses sometimes like  
 Our chickens, roost at home—  
 Don't speak of others' faults until  
 We have none of our own.

—Selected.

# IN THE TWILIGHT ZONE

By J. M. Dawson

William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania, one of the American founding fathers of whom the nation may well be proud, declared that "when men will not be governed by God, they will be ruled over by tyrants."

The earliest example of this was Israel. Coming into Canaan under the great religious statesmen, Joshua and Caleb, the Israelites accepted the government of God, became in truth a theocracy. But later, under Ahab and Jezebel, they refused that government, and were ruled over by tyrants.

Following the German victory over France in 1870, Jacob Burckhardt, the historian, said: "Oh, how mistaken the poor German nation will be if she thinks that now she can set the muskets in a corner and devote herself to the acts and happiness of peace. For now it is above all a question of further military preparation, and after a while no one will any longer be able to say what life is really for. What is more serious, however, is not present war, but the era of wars into which we have entered, and on this the new spirit will be founded. Oh, how much that has been dear to the cultured must henceforth be thrown overboard as spiritual luxury. And how strangely different from us the new generation will grow up." The words of the renowned historian have found ample fulfillment, and when Germany threw away her Christian culture, discarded the government of God, she made way for the coming of tyrants, even the worst tyrant of all time, Adolf Hitler.

We in America may well be warned by the example of Germany. Following the military victory of the United Nations, we too may imagine ourselves racially superior to the conquered, may fix upon military force as the supreme force, may yield to commercial and political imperialisms, and so throw off the government of God. If we do, we shall have not freedom but the worst tyranny.

Our country in its founding had a strange similarity to that of Israel. Our pioneer founders came to these shores in search of religious freedom; they called the country the New Canaan; they proclaimed in New England a theocracy, a government of God. Alas, in the up-growing of this vast nation and its increasing complexity, many have cast off the Supreme Authority and have thought to compromise with pagan influence, which can only fasten tyrannies upon us.

That noble phrase, "The American Way of Life," has degenerated in the conceptions of many. Instead of connoting the idea of responsibility to God and reverence for his way of life, just observe what it does mean to some. A magazine writer recently defined it as, "The right to work when one wants to, and the right to go down to the corner drug store on Sunday for a glass of beer!"

How do men get this way? Why do they drift out of divine control into the slavedom of tyranny? The answer is seen in Elijah's challenge to the Israelites on Carmel. "How long halt ye between two opinions?" he

called to them. "If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, follow him." A more accurate translation of Elijah's question would be, "How long grope ye between two ways of life?" The way of Jehovah had been the way of their upbringing; but under the influence of false leaders they had been drawn aside to the way of Baal. They were now groping between the two opinions as to the allegiance of their lives. Observe that when you try to mix white and black, you get a dull gray; when you mingle the blackness of night with the brightness of day, you get twilight, the dusk; when you compromise God with Baal, you get moral confusion. Baal was at first the god of agriculture, of production, of property, of business, of things, or materialism, afterward he also became the god of sensuality, of license, of lust.

I greatly fear there are millions among Americans who are groping in precisely the same manner, groping

in moral twilight, between the way of God and the way of the god of materialism and license. Accordingly their vision is distorted, their convictions are paralyzed, and their behavior tottering, limping.

What if each citizen should accept for himself the government of God for his conduct, for his home, for his country and his world? George W. Truett, who wholly followed the Lord, whose life was keyed to the will of God, will stand for generations as a monument of the dignity, the significance, the beneficence, the immortal power of such a life. He was all-out for God's way. He never once teetered, because he lived in the light instead of the twilight. No blacky-white thinking for him, no groping in the confused shadows, but marching straight forward in the light, after Him who is the Light of the World. God give us millions to follow in his train!



A minister of Scotch descent, rather noted for his close calculations, also operated a small farm in Vermont.

One day he observed his hired man sitting idly by his plow, as the horses took a much needed rest. This shocked the good man's sense of economy. After all, he was paying the man twenty-five cents an hour. So he said, gently but reproachfully, "John, wouldn't it be a good plan for you to have a pair of shears and be trimming these bushes while the horses rest?"

"That it would," replied John agreeably. "And might I suggest, your reverence, that you take a peck of potatoes into the pulpit and peel 'em during the anthem."



## INSTITUTION NOTES

After a prolonged dry period, a most welcome rainfall visited this vicinity the first of the week. This will put our farmers in a good humor, as it will enable them to get the soil in much better condition for the fall planting. Our vegetable gardens will also be greatly improved by this rain, especially the late crop of string beans.

—:—

Sergeant Donald M. McFee, a gunner on one of Uncle Sam's big bombers, who is stationed in Italy, continues to write us at frequent intervals. Just a couple of weeks ago, we had a nice long letter from Mac. This week, he took time out from his duties which consist of lambasting the everlasting daylighters out of the Jerrys in Italy, to bombard us with a fine collection of picture-post cards and a copy of "The Stars and Stripes" (Italy Edition), a daily newspaper published by the United States Armed Forces. Knowing our weakness for collecting pictures, Mac has sent quite a number of them, which are now reposing in our scrap-book. We certainly appreciate his kindness in thinking of us even in the midst of daily bombing missions. The service newspaper, a neat job in tabloid form, contained a lot of interesting reading. The selection of reading material and fine make-up would indicate there are some fine printers in the armed forces. Thanks, Mac.

—:—

In the issue of August 26th, we carried in this column an item clipped from The Charlotte News, stating that William P. Ballew, of Drexel, a former student at this institution, had been

reported by the War Department as having been missing in action in France since July 12th. We are glad to be able to state that the young man has been located, giving the account, reported from Morganton,, as it appeared in The Charlotte Observer, dated September 9th, as follows:

"A telegram from the War Department and a shower of letters and telegrams from people who had heard a German broadcast brought to Mrs. W. A. Ballew, of Drexel, the news that her son, Staff Sergeant William Phifer (Pete) Ballew, is a prisoner of war of the German government.

"Sergeant Ballew, missing in action in France since July 12th, apparently is well and safe, reports from the broadcast indicate. The War Department message that the International Red Cross had reported him a prisoner was followed almost immediately by the Nazi broadcast giving the names and addresses of the prisoners. Letters and telegrams were received by Mrs. Ballew from listeners all over the United States and Canada.

"Sergeant Ballew, formerly employed by the Drexel Knitting Mills, is a son of Mrs. Ballew and the late Rev. William Asbury Ballew, a Methodist minister. The 21-year-old infantryman was graduated from Drexel High School in 1939."

—:—

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of First Baptist Church, Concord, preached to the boys at the regular afternoon service last Sunday. He used as his text the first ten verses of the third chapter of First Samuel, and he used as a topic for his sermon to the boys "The

Challenges of Life." At the beginning the speaker reminded the boys of the fact that Samuel, when he was a mere lad, had the benefit of having a grand old man to be his guide. This person was Eli. At the time when the Voice of God was calling to Samuel and there was some uncertainty in his own mind about who was speaking, it was Eli who understood and explained to Samuel that it was God's Voice. Most people really need some elderly person's guidance.

Mr. Summers reminded the boys of the fact that many voices are continually beating upon the ears of people. For instance, we hear the voices of different birds and are able to identify the birds through the sound of their voices. Also, the hunter in the forest hears the voices of different dogs in the pack and he knows the dogs by the sound of their voices. Likewise, the voices of the world speaking to people can be distinguished if we but train ourselves to hear as we should. In olden times God spoke to the people of Israel in an audible voice, and those who were obedient to God could hear His voice as he spoke to them. Mr. Summers explained that later on God spoke to the people through his Son, Jesus.

The speaker explained to the boys that many of the voices which they hear are from unworthy sources. These are the voices that destroy the good and drag people into the evil pathways. Other voices, however, are from worthy sources. For instance, when Jesus was on earth He called to the fishermen to follow Him and they did. A significant thing about this was that the fishermen were really not expecting to hear Jesus at that time. Neither was Samuel expecting God to call

him. Mr. Summers explained to the boys that frequently the challenges that come to people are unexpected. Many, though, have been ready to heed the voice even though they were not expecting it. For instance, this was true of David and of Elisha, of William Carey and of Dwight L. Moody. It was explained that most of these men were good men who were doing worthwhile things in the world, but the call that came to them was to do something better than they were doing at the time. We should not be content with merely doing good things, but should set our goal to do the finest things.

Mr. Summers then explained that the Christian challenge is always an upward call. That is, it involves living according to high purposes and worthy ideals. Abraham was called to be a "prince among men", which placed him on the highest pedestal among his fellow men. Many others have been called who were low in the scale of service, to the finest things of life.

In conclusion, the speaker indicated that the Christian challenge is an unsurpassed call. He illustrated this point by relating how a soldier boy who had lost both arms in the First World War would rebuke those about him who thought he needed only sympathy, by saying that his only regret was that he could not fight again. He had heard the call and had given the best that he had and would gladly have given more if it had been possible. The Christian challenge is not a challenge, though, to fight, kill, and die in battle, but rather it is a call to serve one's fellow man and live up to the highest ideals in life. Whenever the challenge comes from the Christ we can feel that we will always have His

help in order to meet these challenges. He never calls one to a task which is beyond the reach of that person if the person but heeds the teachings of the Voice.

—:—

Robert D. Lawrence, a former member of our printing class, who has been in the South Pacific with a United States Marine Corps unit for more than a year, recently wrote us. We had not heard from Bob since last Christmas, and were delighted to learn that he is still on top of the sod, helping to carry the battle to the Japs. His letter, dated August 7th, reads in part, as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: I have been thinking of you for a long time, and really meant to write, but things have been happening down in this part of the world, leaving very little time for correspondence.

"How are things at the School? I know it must have changed a lot since I left. It certainly would be a pleasure to see it and to have a chance to see all my old friends there. I will see you all one of these fine days.

"Am now in a supply base out here. Guess I never did tell you about that. I was transferred when I got back from New Zealand. That's really a nice place. It was almost like being back in the States. Everybody was so nice to us while we were there.

"I have been overseas now going on eighteen months. Maybe it won't be too long before I'll be in North Carolina again. I'll surely visit Concord when I do, and look up some of my old friends.

"Who is your chief linotype operator now? It has been quite some time since I've heard from the School. Have you heard from 'Tiny', 'Mac' or any of the other boys? Sure would like to hear what they are doing.

"Please give my regards to everybody at the School, and if you see Mr. Boger, tell him I'm fine and often think of him. Would like to hear from the School and know what is going on around there, so if you happen to have an extra copy of *The Uplift*, please send it to me. I'd really appreciate reading it. Will close for this time. Your friend, Bob Lawrence."

—————:—————

Character is one of man's most valuable attributes. In order to build up a fine character for ourselves, it is essential that we have a substantial foundation upon which to erect this edifice. From twin foundation-stones—honesty and industry—rises the arch of good character, and the keystone is intelligence. When we see a man who works fair and plays fair; who strives to enlarge the circle of his influence; who is generous and thoughtful and considerate of those about him; who works diligently for improvement in himself and in all things—we immediately call him a man of character.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending September 10, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

Thomas Brantley  
George Hill  
William Hilliard  
Fred Jones

## COTTAGE No. 1

John Allen  
Ralph Bailey  
Eugene Bowers  
James Buckaloo  
Leonard Bradley  
Walter Byrd  
Ray Covington  
Howard Hall  
Jack Harmon  
John Love  
William Lerschell  
Rufus Massingill  
Harold McKinnev  
Carlton Pate  
Thomas Ruff  
Harry Thompson  
Harlan Warren

## COTTAGE No. 2

Charles Byrd  
Arthur Beal  
Fred Bostian  
Eugene Frazier  
Gerald Johnson  
Delmas Jerrell  
J. T. Jacobs  
Chester Lee  
John McLean  
James Norton  
Marshall Prestwood  
Eugene Peterson  
Hayes Powell  
Jack Ray  
James Sneed  
Kermit Wright  
Ray Womack

## COTTAGE No. 3

Charles Allen  
William Brooks  
Craven Callahan  
William Doss  
James Graham  
Jack Hensley  
James Hensley

Rudy Hardy  
Robert Helms  
Cecil Kinion  
Robert Lee  
Jack Oliver  
Donald Redwine  
Richard Tullock  
Marvin Wall  
Paul Wolfe  
Theodore Young

## COTTAGE No. 4

Everett Benfield  
Robert Blackwelder  
Charles Carter  
Burley Edmonson  
John Fine  
Eugene Grice  
Jeter Green  
Robert Hogan  
George Hawk  
William Lewis  
Garnett Quessinberry  
Paul Stone  
Roy Swink  
J. R. Truitt  
Edward VanHoy  
Lawrence Walker  
Robert Walters  
Raymond Fillyaw

## COTTAGE No. 5

Harold Cruse  
Jerome Duncan  
Patrick Ford  
Samuel Price  
Leroy Pruitt  
Robert Wilkins

## COTTAGE No. 6

J. C. Cayton  
Rufus Driggers  
Vernon Foster  
Keith Futch  
Ralph Gibson  
Earl Gilmore  
William Hawkins  
Stanford McLean  
Robert Mason  
J. W. Smith  
Charles Sellers  
Nolan Morrison  
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 7

David Brooks  
Robert Bradbury  
Robert Cannady  
Charles Faircloth  
James Knight  
Ned Metcalf  
Jack Phillips

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Leonard Church  
Ray Edwards

COTTAGE No. 10

Jack Clifton  
William Deal  
Vernon Harding  
Robert Holbert  
Jesse Parker  
Vernon Reinhardt  
William Whisnant  
Robert Yow

COTTAGE No. 11

Ervin Ewing  
William Guffey  
Raymond Hunsucker  
Robert Hinson  
Alvin Hilton  
Ralph Putnam  
James Phillips  
Alvin Parker  
Leon Rose  
James Ray

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 14

Edward Britt  
Eugene Connell  
Bruce Sawyer  
Grover Shuler  
Milton Talley  
William Andrews  
Raymond Britton  
James Southern

COTTAGE No. 15

Thomas Baumgarner  
Robert Bluester  
Houston Berry  
Jack Crump  
Harold Coffey  
Lee Hollifield  
R. V. Hutchinson  
Samuel Linebarrier  
William Myers  
Hilton Reed  
Clyde Shook  
Olin Wishon  
W. C. Boyd

INDIAN COTTAGE

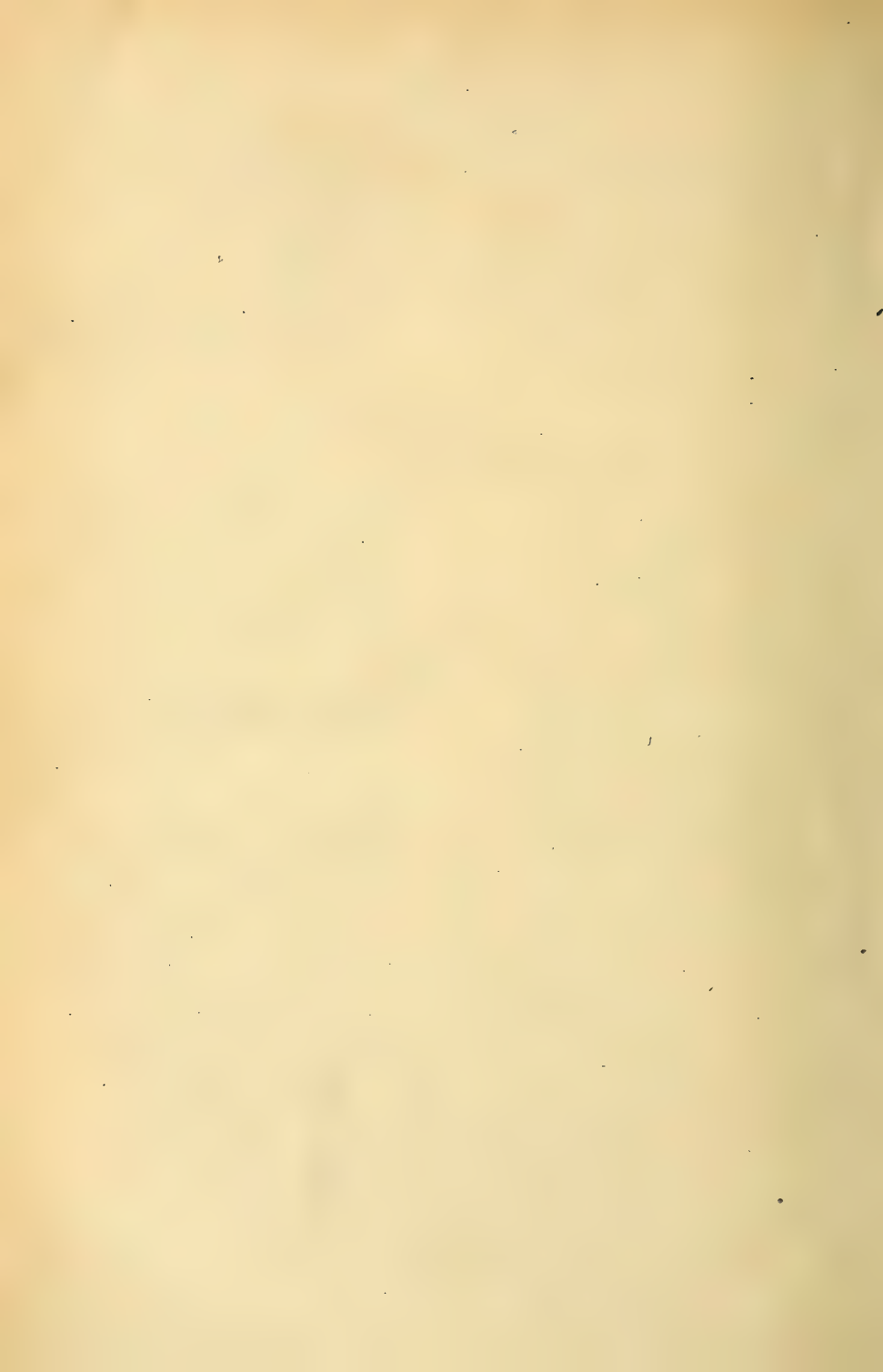
(No Honor Roll)

INFIRMARY

Raymond Byrd  
Odell Cecil  
Lloyd Sain  
Clifford Shull  
Ray Taylor



Temper is a funny thing,  
No matter how we view it;  
Because, instead of vanishing,  
It shows most when we lose it.



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**THE**

**UPLIFT**

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VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 23, 1944

No. 38

U. N. C. LIBRARY  
CAROLINA ROOM

**CARRY ON**

The gifts that to our breasts we fold  
 Are brightened by our losses;  
 The sweetest joys a heart can hold  
 Grow up between its crosses.  
 And on life's pathway many a mile  
 Is made more glad and cheery,  
 Because, for just a little while,  
 The way seemed dark and dreary.

—Selected.

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# The Uplift

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**A WEEKLY JOURNAL**

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## LIFE'S MEANING

Words—time and space, darkness, joy, sorrow, war, peace, love and hate—mere words that are but faint markings upon the yardstick of existence. How futile to try to fix the metes and bounds of being and span the meaning of it all with such a puny measuring rod.

O, man, most blind, would you glimpse a little of life's significance, cease your feeble mouthings and cast your eyes upon the wordless yet eternally visible evidence of the Divine Plan. Gaze upon that sturdy oak waving its boughs in glad salute to its Maker; see that tiny flower peeping from its grassy slope. Note the everlasting hills beyond the grain-clad prairies. Regard your brooklet singing its song of praise on its course to mother sea. At nightfall gaze upon the celestial glory of stars and planets. Then, in quitness ponder these things, and say to yourself, if you can, "There is no God!"

Hemmed all about by the wonders and beauties of Nature, open your soul's spiritual eyes to that radiant light forever streaming from the heart of God through His works. Then will you learn somewhat the why and wherefore of life.

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## TRAINING SCHOOL BOYS IN THE SERVICE

According to the information that is now available, we find that there is a total of 505 former Jackson Training School boys now enrolled in the different branches of the armed services. Most of these boys have made good records, and they wear the uniform of their country with credit and honor to themselves and their country. Some have been called upon to face the enemy in the bitterest combats. Five have either died or been killed while in service. At present the school's attractive service flag carries 505 blue stars and 5 gold stars as our tribute to these boys.

The officials of the school receive numerous letters from these boys, and we are always delighted to hear from them. We always encourage the boys who are here now to write letters to their friends

and relatives in the armed forces. It is a real inspiration to our boys to get letters from those in the service.

Below is a letter which came from Homer Bass, who entered the service on May 24, 1944:

September 15, 1944

Dear Mr. Hawfield,

Just a few lines to let you know that I haven't forgotten you. I am well and hope you are the same. Please write and let me know how things are going at the school. Tell Mr. Godown I said hello and that I would appreciate it very much if he would send me an Uplift once in a while.

I sure do appreciate all that the school did for me while I was there. I am still in Camp Peary and don't know when I will be shipped out.

I will appreciate it if you would put my address in the Uplift and ask the boys to write me. Well there isn't much news to write so I will close for now.

With best wishes forever, Your old shipmate and friend,

H. L. Bass S 2-C, Co. G 795

% O. G. Unit, Area C-4

Brks. 109, Camp Peary, Va."

\* \* \* \* \*

## PUBLIC SCHOOLS OPEN AGAIN

On Monday, September 18, the doors of the public schools of North Carolina swung open again to the boys and girls. This means that approximately 900,000 children marched back to their desks and to their studies. By reason of the fact that a state-wide epidemic of poliomyelitis had forced a postponement in the opening of many schools, it is probably true that more children started to school on the same date this year than ever before. The simultaneous opening date applies to both rural and city schools; to the elementary and to high schools, and even to institutions of higher learning; and to schools for whites and negroes. Only a few schools remained closed temporarily, and generally these were the schools which operated a part of the term during the summer months.

The day when schools resume work again is always a red letter day in the life of a child, and particularly so if it happens to be the child's first school experience. For every child it means that social and intellectual horizons are being pushed back, and the child's own

world is expanding or growing bigger. For the child it means that he will face greater and more difficult problems; it means also that new adjustments will have to be made and new contacts formed.

The parents of all these children, from the tiniest to the largest, are ambitious for them to succeed and make progress in the days ahead. Most parents believe in the ability of their own children to do well, and rightly they should. These children represent priceless treasures to their parents, and the strong arm of the state comes in to help with the training of the youth. Some parents may even have inflated ideas of the ability of their own children, but most parents are wise and reasonable, and they are those who will encourage their children to their best efforts, excite their interest in new subject matter, and speak of the school as an enjoyable, happy place. This will serve as a great stabilizing factor in the minds of the children.

Parents who expect the school and its teachers to take a rough specimen of untrained raw material and develop it into a polished, cultured human being are expecting great things indeed. They a rough specimen of untrained raw material and develop it into a polished, cultured human being are expecting great things indeed. They should not expect the school to take the place of the home. The guidance that a teacher can give to a responsive child is valuable and necessary, but it can never replace the functions of the parents.

Teachers, on the other hand, facing a group of 35 to 40 boys and girls, should above all things strive to be cheerful and optimistic, but at the same time they should understand also the gravity and extent of the responsibilities which are theirs. Each teacher should realize that each pupil in the classroom, regardless of financial or social status, is a separate and distinct human entity. Because of the factors of inheritance and environment each child is a special subject, requiring individualized treatment.

The good teacher is not a mass worker. There must be a constant sensitiveness to the peculiar difficulties confronting each pupil; there must be a patient tolerance for each child; and there must be a recognition of professional and moral obligations to help each to do his best.

The soldiers on the far flung-battle fields have dedicated their lives to a sacred cause, and the substance of this is that they may pre-

serve the "American way of life." This cause has been regarded as priceless enough for many of these young men, in the bloom of manhood, to give their lives for its preservation. Surely both teachers and pupils, traveling again through the portals of learning, will be grateful enough to our soldier boys to utilize every opportunity in school to the fullest.

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### FIVE AMENDMENTS TO BE VOTED ON IN NOVEMBER ELECTION

The constitution of North Carolina, which is the organic law of the state, has undergone certain revisions since its adoption in the year 1868. Generally speaking, North Carolinians have been conservative towards adding amendments to the constitutions.

We believe that every voter in the state should make a special effort before the election to familiarize himself with the provisions of the five proposed amendments, and that it is his patriotic duty as an intelligent voter to vote either for or against them. It is not our purpose or function to attempt to tell any voter how he should vote, but as a rule proposed amendments are considered helpful. At the 1943 session it was decided to submit five amendments to the voters, as follows:

1. To make the commissioner of agriculture the commissioner of labor and the commissioner of insurance constitutional officers and members of the council of state.

(Present members of council of state are the secretary of state, auditor, treasure and superintendent of public instruction, with the attorney general as legal advisor. It is the duty of the council of state to advise the governor in the execution of his office. The adoption of this amendment will give representation to agriculture, employer and employee, the insurer and the insured, on the council of state.)

2. To exempt notary public from prohibition of double office holding.

(Under the present constitutional provisions a notary public can not hold a public office, as the office of a notary public is considered as a public office, and double office holding is prohibited under the constitution. The adoption of this amendment would permit a person, who is a notary public, to hold a public office.)

3. To amend the state board of education.

(This amendment, if adopted, purports to remove from the con-

stitution the objectionable features of the amendment adoped at the last general election namely; the position of comptroller is stricken out; ten members shall be appointed by the govonor subject to confirmation by the general assembly, one from each educational district in the state, there to be eight of these districts, and two members at large shall be appointed.

(This does away with the present method of selection by congressional, districts;) and the third objectionable feature elimated is the striking out of these words in the present constitution: "A majority of the members of said board shall be persons of training and experience in the business and finance, who shall not be connected with the teaching profession or any educational administration of the state." (Many considered this a reflection against the teaching profession and that it should not be in our constitution.)

4. To amend the constitution with the reference to the compensation of the lieutenant govonor.

(Underd the present set up, the lieutenant governor received the sum of \$700 each session of the legislature, or \$1400 for his four years in office. The ammendment permits the general assembly to provide proper compensation. That is a state wide elective office and the expense of campaigning throughout the state far exceeds the compensation of the office, and thus makes it prohibitive to many. This is an important office, ranking next to the governor in the state, and the lieutenant governor, by reason of his office, is a member of many important boards.

5. To amend the constitution so that the private examination of married women will not be necessary in the conveyance of homesteads.



## LOCAL HAPPENINGS

(Reported By Boys Of The School Department)

Mrs. Rouse of Cottage No. 11 visited in Salisbury Sunday.

Mr. Fisher has been away for two or three days. He went to Whiteville, N. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis were away Saturday night and Sunday for a visit with relatives near Mocksville.

We are glad that Mrs. Beaver has come to our school as a new matron. She is from Gold Hill near Mt. Pleasant.

Mr. Godown, our printing instructor, left Monday for a vacation to New York and New Jersey. He went by plane.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris of Cottage No. 13, have been away on their vacation for a while. The boys of Cottage No. 13 were sent to other Cottages.

Mr. Hardin who was at the Infirmary has gone from the Training School. We understand that he is now in a hospital in Washington D. C.

Mrs. T. R. Adams left Saturday for her vacation. She is the matron at the Receiving Cottage. During her absence Mrs. Liner is substituting for her.

Mr. J. N. Bass 7th Grade teacher, has returned from his two weeks vacation. His pupils went to the workline while he was gone. He visited in Atlanta, Georgia and in Raleigh while on his vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellenburg, who are in

charge of Cottage No. 3, have been away for a vacation for the past week. They visited in Salisbury and Winston-Salem while away. While they were gone Mrs. Sappinfield who was formerly connected with the Training School served as matron at Cottage No. 3.

Rev. Mr. Moore pastor of the Presbyterian Churches in Concord came out to the Training School on last Thursday to talk with some of the boys who are planning to join his church. The boys were as follows: Charles Allen, John Allen, Calvin Davis, and Stanford McLean. We were very glad that he came out to see us. We think that he is a very nice and friendly person, and we hope to see him often in the near future.

Rev. Mr. Summers visited the school Sunday to have a talk with some of the boys who are going to join the First Baptist Church of Concord. He made a very interesting talk. He told them the way to accept Christ and be saved. When the meeting was over, he spoke to each boy as the boys went out the door. He asked them if they could believe in the Lord and trust Him as their Savior. The boys were very happy when he told them that they will be baptised in about two weeks. They are looking forward to that occasion.

Mr. Mullinix, Assistant Scout Executive of Central North Carolina, came over to the school one day last week and got four of the boys who are Boy

Scouts and took them over to Camp Cabarrus to get some chairs to put in the place where meetings are to be held in the winter time. The boys who went were Bobby Flinchum, Bruce Sawyer, Billy Andrews, and Jack Oliver. The boys enjoyed the ride, the work, and the opportunity to be with Mr. Mullinix. We are glad to help out in every good cause because a Boy Scout should be helpful.

### EIGHTH GRADE BOOKS

The boys of the new eighth grade are very glad that our new books have arrived. We have been waiting very impatiently and we are glad to see that they have come.

We have received a complete set of new books for use. The names of our books are: "The New Trend Arithmetic" for mathematics, "Contact" for literature, "The Stanford Speller" for Spelling, "Understanding Science" for Science work, "Elements of English" for English and Language usage, and "The Growth of North Carolina" for our History reading and references.

We have already started in these books and have made much progress in them. We have had lessons in all the books except our History books. We have been so busy with the others that we have not had time to use these books.

Now that we have our eighth grade and our books we have only one more problem. It is to have a ninth, tenth, and eleventh grade.

### EIGHTH GRADE TESTING PROGRAM

Sometime ago two boys made two posters! We noticed that one was labeled "Army Air Corps," and the

other one Naval Air Corps." We knew that we would have a contest between the morning section of the 8th Grade boys and the afternoon section of the 8th Grade boys. Now the Contest is going on. It is a real test of scholarship because we are having a series of tests. There are ten tests in all, And every time a boy makes a good grade on a test his name is recorded in the chart for a higher rating. We have had five of these tests which are standard tests, published by the Public School Publishing Company, and we are to take five more in the contest. The five tests that we have had are as follows: reading comprehension Arithmetic computation, Arithmetic reasoning, language usage and dictation. The five that we are to take yet are grammar, history, geography, science and health.

We were glad to find our rating with other children in the public schools all over the country. Grade 8.0 means the beginning of 8th Grade work; 7.5 means 7th Grade fifth month, Thus, we who are beginning 8th Grade work ought to make 8.0. Every boy who falls below the coveted 8.0 does not rise in rank on the chart. The ranks for the Army Air Corps are (beginning with the lowest:) 2nd Lieutenant, 1st Lieutenant, Captain, Major, First Colonel, Colonel, Lieutenant General and General. For Brigadier General, Major General, the Naval Air Corps they are: Ensign, Lieutenant, jg Lieutenant, Lieutenant Commander, Commander, Captain, Rear Admiral, jg Rear Admiral, Vice Admiral and Admiral.

The morning section is in the Army Air Corps and the afternoon section is in the Naval Air Corps. Some of the

boys in the morning section have risen to the rank of First Colonel, and in the afternoon section some of us are Commanders.

The table that follows shows how the two classes compare. We got the median the 5th highest and the 5th lowest.

This is the table.

#### A. M.

Median	5th Highest	5th Lowest
Reading	9.0 9.7	8.2
A. C.	7.1 7.9	8.2
A. R.	8.0 8.4	7.2
Lang.	9.5 9.7	9.2
Spelling	8.2 8.5	8.0
Average	8.4 8.5	7.9

#### P. M.

Median	5th Highest	5th Lowest
Reading	9.2 9.9	8.0
A. C.	7.0 7.5	6.6
A. R.	7.5 8.2	7.2
Lang.	9.7 9.9	9.5
Spelling	8.6 9.2	7.9
Average	8.2 8.9	8.1

### BOYS RELEASED

Since September 1st we have lost several boys in our school. They have gone home to enter school. These are some who have left:

James Cantrell from Bessemer City, Lee Holifield from Gastonia, Vernon Reinhardt from Gastonia, W. C. Boyd from Gastonia, Leroy Pruitt from Gastonia, Arthur Beal from Murphy, Thomas Baumgarner from Asheville, J. T. Jacobs from Laurinburg, Gene Connell from Concord, and Amos Myers from Wilmington.

We certainly hope that these fine boys will all do excellent school work this school term.

### B. T. U. Meeting

The two groups of the B. T. U. (Baptist Training Union) group met Sunday, September 17 to give their usual weekly programs. The program of the intermediate group was given under the leadership of Mr. Snyder of Concord. The program started off with the election of a new group leader. The former group leader was Thomas Baumgarner of No. 15 Cottage. Thomas left the Training School Thursday, September 14 for his home in Asheville, N. C. The leader is Bobby Flinchum of No. 15 Cottage.

The next part of the program was the Scripture Reading by Mr. Snyder. The text of the reading was from I Corinthians 1:10-18. He took a certain verse from this text to base his talk on. He took verse 15 which says, "Lest any should say that I had baptized also in mine own name," He made an interesting talk basing it on the phrase. "In Whose Name Should I Be Baptized."

Following the Scripture reading Mr. Snyder led the original group in prayer. The group had visitors from Cottage No. 1 and the visitors took part in singing of the program.

Next on the program the group had 4 representatives to read from their quarterlies. The name of the reading was, "Training for What?" The Lesson was divided into 4 parts, one for each boy. The four boys that were chosen to read from the quarterlies were in order: Billy Ray Day from Cottage No. 7, Charles Roland of Cottage No. 3, Jack Phillips of Cottage No. 7, and Hilton Reed of Cottage No. 15.

After the reading the group sang a song "The Banner of the Cross." The song was led by Jack Phillips and



Theodore Young. After the song the class was dismissed to go to the second groups meeting. The Intermediate groups meeting. The Intermediate group finished their program first and went in the eighth grade room to hear the other group in finishing their program.

The Junior group met in the eighth grade classroom under the direction of Mr. Hines, the eighth grade teacher. Mr. Iley the regular leader of the Junior group, went on an important trip and wasn't here for the group meeting. Mr. Hines generously agreed to take charge of the program and keep it going. The program parts were appointed ahead of time by the group leader, and it would have been ruined if a leader had not taken charge.

The program began with a song "When He Cometh" and was followed by another song, "In the Garden." These songs were led by Robert Gaylor, a member of the group. The Junior group also had visitors of No. 1 Cottage and these visitors took part in the program as if they were members.

Following the songs, Mr. Hines led the group in a Bible Quiz which was

very interesting. He also gave a very interesting talk and encouraged the boys to do right and live right. After the talk Mr. Hines led the group in prayer.

The program of the group was given and based on the story "An Exciting Day at School." The story was read and explained by Carlton Pate of Cottage No. 1.

The story was divided into parts and some of the boys were given parts to say. Hershall Duckworth had a speech about "A Surprise" Samuel Lynn also had another part of the story "An Arithmetic Problem," was told by one of the boys. Erwin Ewing gave a reading about "Two Boys Cut up in School."

Following the story Mr. Hines asked some questions about the story and they were asked and answered very well. McIver Horne also asked some questions and they were answered by Robert Gaylor.

The closing song was led by Robert Gaylor. The name of it was "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder." Rev. Mr. E. S. Summers led the closing prayer and then the boys were dismissed to go to their cottages.

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### NOT ALL IN THE PAY ENVELOPE

The pay envelope falls far short of explaining why the captain goes down with his ship, why the nurse faces death with her patient, or why the coal miner risks his life in gas and under a treacherous roof.

There is deep down in every human being the desire to take himself seriously and to be respected by his fellowmen. He knows that to be good at his craft means a long step in getting respect for himself. Employers will do well to remember that recognition of the human soul is the most important kind of recognition in the world.—Joliet Herald-News.

# FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL IS AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION

By Violet Moore In The Atlanta Journal

Montezuma, Ga., Sept. 12.—It's a brave and agile person who will undertake to unlock the wide front doors of a consolidated rural school on "opening day."

You have to consider how uncouth your obituary will appear in the county weekly—"trod upon and crushed to a pulp by three hundred pairs of thick-soled new school shoes."

But if you can make the lightning backward leap and observe the rush to the classrooms safely flattened against a corridor wall, you are likely to see things to make your heart do tricks.

Senior lads, a foot taller than last June, with a voice range that would shame Lily Pons. Thirteen-year-old girls, too old for pigtails, too young for lipstick. Giggling second graders with not a front tooth among 'em. Composed sixth graders. Junior girls with carefully arranged shoulder-length bobs already tittering in corners over pencilled billet-doux.

And the first graders, the little wide-eyed, baby-necked first graders, clutching their shiny new scissors and crayons, cutting their wary eyes around to take in the blackboards, the charts, the brightly colored pictures, the sandbox, and that unknown quantity, the TEACHER, who is to direct their destiny for nine long months.

Mothers crowd the corridors, stand in the classroom doorways, "I'm Edith Hale's mother, Miss Smith,"

or to a teacher new in the town, "You'll know my Helen. She has black curls and is a little weak in numberwork."

A woman will hail a seldom seen friend with, "You entering another this year? The baby! You don't say. Time flies, doesn't it?"

The merchant's wife checks off mentally the pieces of plaid and gingham bought from his meager wartime stock and the uses to which they were put. Occasionally a knot of sisters will attest to the fact that they were all, literally, cut from the same bolt for economy's sake. The variety owner manager recognizes the hundreds of yards of hair ribbon and the little striped T-shirts she sold during the past two weeks. The beauty parlor operator sighs a little and shifts her aching feet as she surveys the dozens of permanents which transformed stringy strands of adolescent hair into billowy waves.

Registration finally over, the crowd files into the auditorium through the two back doors. The ministers, Baptist and Methodist, are there to greet and bless them. The county superintendent speaks briefly on the privilege of beginning a new page in the story of life, and the P. T. A. president announces a reception for the teachers Wednesday next. Prospective pupils are asked to see the music teacher in her cubby-hole after dismissal.

The superintendent of the school, looking out over the faces, pink and tan and freckled, and the heads,

cropped and plaited and curled, talks pleasantly, and to the point concerning the relationship between the teacher and student, urges against tardiness, cautions parents to plan their children's high school programs to meet the requirements of a chosen college, pleads with the older students to remain in school and graduate with their class.

It is all routine, yet it is amazing that we, embroiled in a global war, can treat this tremendous thing that is happening this month all over the state with such casual unconcern.

One-fourth of the population of Georgia, white and Negro, is moving back to the classroom this month. The largest single item in the state's

expenditure of tax money is for educational purposes.

Over and beyond the difficulty of assembling enough qualified teachers, the discouraging aspect of unsuitable buildings, the fact that we are pouring our young men graduates into military machines instead of professions, the troubling problem of the 16-year-old who prefers factory work at prevailing high wages to a diploma—over and beyond our many real and desperate educational needs, there is so much to be thankful for.

All that makes us different from the bewildered people of Nazi Germany today is contained in that big red brick building up there on the hill.

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### THE PRAYER OF A SOLDIER'S CHILD

A little lad knelt by his bed  
 In reverent prayer engrossed,  
 "Dear God, bless eferyone," he said,  
 But bless my daddy most!"

The special favor seemed quite right,  
 For what do children know  
 Of that impartial justice  
 Which heaven must bestow?

When one is seven, God is real  
 And faith a guileless art,  
 And why should love not cherish most  
 Those nearest to the heart?

And deep within I feel that he  
 Who guards all souls with care,  
 Will work in some mysterious way  
 To grant that simple prayer.

—Alfred Grant Walton.

## PROTECT SCHOOL CHILDREN FROM AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENTS

School days are here again—thousands of children are walking along our roadways, and crossing streets. They are carefree and anxious to reach school on time. The safety of these children is of utmost importance.

Ronald Hocutt, Director of the State Highway Safety Division declared today, that, "The safeguarding of the children going to and from school is a responsibility of the school, the home and the community." and the community."

"This responsibility can be met, provided each of us are constantly reminded that although the volume of traffic is much less today, the hazard of careless driving continues to take its toll of life on our highways." continued Mr. Hocutt.

The following suggestions are recommended by the Director to parents and teachers for the protection of the school child pedestrian:

1. Select the safest route for children in towns and cities to walk to and from school.

2. Instruct children daily to cross streets only at intersections.

3. Permit children to leave home in time to reach school on time, but not with time to play along the streets or roads.

4. In rural areas children should be instructed to walk on the Left Side Of

The Roadway, and to always move out of the way of an approaching cars.

5. In cooperation with the local Police Department, special streets should be designated as school crossings. If possible, have this crossing guarded during certain hours of the day when children will be going or coming from school.

The Director of the Safety Division also urges Motorists:

1. Drive cautiously on approaching school zones in both rural and city areas.

2. Be on the alert for children who may be playing along or near the roadway.

3. At all times keep in mind that the child along the road or street may suddenly run into the path of the oncoming car.

4. The good driver assumes that every child playing on or near the street is about to dart in front of his car, and drives cautiously.

"Children can be trained to be good pedestrians. However, it requires the combined efforts of the school, the home, and the community. Let all of us put forth the necessary efforts to protect the school children of our State from automobile accidents this school year," urged the Director.

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Thinking is an adventure. Risks of being wrong are risks that involve only a temporary unhappiness. If you hesitate to react you often lose the glow of being right.—Dr. Henry Suzzallo..

# PLASTIC SURGERY REBUILDS BATTLE MUTILATED VETERANS

(The New Day)

Bushnell General Hospital, Brigham City Utah-- Not many weeks ago they were landing on the Normandy beachhead, pushing forward on the road to Rome, driving Japanese off Saipan, bombing Berlin, flying P40s.

In the plastic surgery ward at Bushnell hospital, as at Walter Reed, Valley Forge, O'Reilly and Lettermen General Hospitals, hundreds of World War Two veterans are having shattered and mutilated faces, burned and mangled bodies repaired to look like new. Highly skilled doctors with the most modern equipment are the soldiers' allies in this battle.

As I follow the doctor into the plastic surgery ward a cot was wheeled up the corridor to the door of an operating room. On the cot lay a wounded soldier whose face was half shot away. A bullet had pierced his chin, shattered his lower jaw, knocked out practically all his teeth, split his tongue, blown out the roof of his mouth, and emerged through the top of his nose. His nostrils were destroyed, his mouth was a wide irregular gap, scarred and bloody.

In the six weeks the patient had been at Bushnell much had already been done for him. An acrylic denture, transparent and moulded by one of the hospitals expert oral surgeons, formed the roof of his mouth and supplied him with a set of upper teeth. The denture, which also supported what was left of his upper lip, was held in place by air suction through his nose.

The two small pieces of seared flesh that were once his tongue had been cut loose from the bottom of his mouth where the raw tissue had grown together before he could be hospitalized. Membrane was grafted over the raw flesh to prevent a recurrence of the union.

His slit tongue was to be sewed together and although he is unable to speak now, eventually the soldier will suffer little speech impediment.

Bone from his hip will be used to rebuild his mandible and rib cartilage will restore the contour of his nose. Skin grafts from his abdomen will replace the scarred tissue on his face. Some day it will be difficult to detect that the soldier was ever wounded.

In the first operating room we entered a soldier from the Pacific theater who had lost his left eye a year ago was having an artificial eye inserted. Six weeks previously the eye socket had been relined with fresh skin from his right arm. The artificial eye was ingeniously designed to hold open the eyelid, the muscles of which had been destroyed. Soon it was difficult to tell the artificial eye from the real one.

In a second operating room an infantryman who had lost his right arm on D-Day was under a pentothol sodium anesthetic, applied with hypodermic syringe, having the skin scraped by a grafting knife in hairthin sheets from his left leg to be grafted over the end of the arm stump.

The arm had been amputated at a

field hospital on the Normandy beach-head and the stump soaked in a sulfa drug to prevent infection while the soldier was being transported to Bushnell.

The "free" graft today would be only temporary. In another month this skin will be removed and the original skin on the stump drawn down over the end. When that completely heals an artificial arm will be attached and the soldier removed from the hospital.

Other pieces of skin scraped from the thigh will be free-grafted over granulating wounds on the lower portion of his legs, erasing the scarred tissue. No sign of shrapnel wounds will retard the soldiers' progress as a civilian.

One of the most outstanding phases of plastic surgery is "tube" pedicle skin grafting. Among the patients in a ward was a fellow whose right ear had been shot off. To prevent his going through life with such a deformity an incision was made on his chest to secure a strip of skin and fat,

the sides of which were stitched together to form a solid cylinder of tissue about four inches long and one inch in diameter.

At the base of the cylinder, on the chest, the tissue was pressed and molded into the exact shape of the missing ear. A second incision was made three inches higher, on his neck, and one end of the tube attached there, being kept alive all the time by nourishment through the end still attached to the chest.

When this pedicle of flesh becomes well attached to the neck so it can be nourished there, the chest end, including the molded "ear" will be severed from the chest, swung up and set in place over the earhole on the boy's head.

While growing onto the head, the molded ear will be kept alive by blood from the neck. The "tube" will then be cut free from both the ear and neck, the incision will soon heal, and the soldier will have a new ear, indistinguishable from his other ear.



The fault-finding habit is a bad one. It is easily acquired and not only readily broken. We live in an imperfect world. Every thing is flawed and defective, and falls short of the ideal. People are all erring creatures, and their faults give us offense.

But the person who pays too much attention to the faults of people, or to the defects of the world, may become a chronic fault-finder, and then a grumbler. After that he may degenerate into a growler, and if he growls long enough, he will become a cynic—of no account to himself or to anyone else.

No one intends to become a nuisance when starting to find fault, but the habit grows until the mind becomes twisted and the heart sour.—Sunshine Magazine.

# THE ART OF UNDERSTANDING

By Edward H. Rowins

But each for the joy of working,  
And each in his separate star,  
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It  
For the God of Things as They  
Are!

—KIPLING.

From these concluding lines of the beautiful poem *L'Envoi*, one gains an insight into the heart of a truly great artist. Rudyard Kipling may never rank among the immortals of literature, for the larger part of his work is as mediocre as bits of it are brilliant. But of him this can be said—he knew men; he understood life. Therein he rose from mediocrity to become an artist, as all can who possess the golden quality of understanding.

To truly understand it is necessary for one to have more than mere knowledge about a thing. Facts as such mean nothing; facts interpreted by an enlightened mind and an understanding heart mean much. In an era of scientific achievement many are tempted to pursue the course of pure logic in their quest for the more abundant life, and in so doing are prone to be intolerant of those who are not so apt in adjusting themselves to the ever-presenting problems of the modern day.

It must be remembered, however, that this is a world primarily of persons, not of things; and only in terms of personality does the material world have value. Since the personal equation can never be completely divorced from any funda-

mental problem, the answer must be found not in cold, calculating logic, but rather in a sincere understanding.

Life is either a glorious adventure or a barren existence to the individual as it effects him personally, and so it is with all things. Under identically the same circumstances six different people will react in six different ways. Why? Because they are different. They were created so and they will function so. Each is a distinct entity, a personality unique. To be sure there are many qualities which are shared in common and these likenesses are what make possible social groups, but physically, psychologically, and in all ways there is no one standard. An appreciation of these differences is the first step in true understanding.

The individual should seek first of all to understand himself—"To thine ownself be true." Personal differences are not deficiencies unless one makes them that. Rather should they be a source of pride as representing an act of creative beauty distinct from all others. One should study himself that he may cultivate his talents and eliminate his shortcomings, for a healthy self-respect is the basis upon which fine character is built. The world is too great to serve the fancy of any one person, and therefore the individual must adjust his personality to the end that he may become an integral and harmonious member of society.

As one becomes consciously

aware of his differences, he will more readily understand the differences of others. Sympathy and tolerance are born of this understanding. To place oneself in another's position, to appreciate the circumstances which have stimulated his thought or motivated his actions is to understand—an understanding which is the inspiration of social progress. The great leaders of all time have been those gifted with the art of understanding, those able to read in the lives of their fellow men the hopes and aspirations, the fulfilment of which make life so real and satisfying. A mutual sharing of life's vital experiences is one of the most potent factors in bridging the gulf of individual differences. And one can share only to the extent that he can understand.

Finally, there comes the necessity for a proper understanding on the part of every individual of his relationship with his God. Man has never been, nor can he ever be, sufficient unto himself; and those who try are predestined to failure. No one can honestly face this all-important relationship without a deep sense of humility and reverence, the essence of all true greatness. No individual can hope to learn all, but in his search he will discover a new beauty—the beauty of creative living. And in this broader understanding he will be able to grow into a faith through which all things are possible. Hence, I am moved to say, that to understand is to live—an art worthy of the deepest devotion of all men.



### PRICE OF GREATNESS

Not everyone can be great in the worldly sense of being rich. But every one can be great in character, provided he is willing to pay the price of such greatness.

Perhaps the price that persons shun the payment of most is that of being lonely. The truly great have had to be very much alone: not alone in a monastic sense, but alone in their struggles to be true to their ideals. The crowd always seeks the easy or popular way. Very few achieve greatness because but few find themselves sufficiently strong to stand out against the majority: the majority, contrary to the common acceptance, is seldom right.

Because Noah was willing to stand alone, when no one else cared to follow the high road, he was enabled to save himself and his family, while those who lived according to the popular mode were drowned in the flood. Besides the saving of himself he became the father of a new race of people; thus sharing with Adam the honor of being the father of the human race.

Certainly this age is in need of new leaders!

—By James W. Barber.



# THE SUCCESSFUL FATHER

By Harry A. Wilmer

To be true to oneself, one must be true to one's people, for man cannot live by himself alone. Life is given to us, a soul is implanted within that life, the mind is developed through contacts with the other creations with which God has surrounded man. All these are ours to do with as we will. To us, alone, is given the power to understand our surroundings and develop our own characters.

The traditions of the past have been handed to us as a glorious heritage replete with sorrows and joys, failures and successes, defeats and victories. It is our responsibility to so conduct ourselves towards our neighbors that they will point with pride and say: "There is a perfect man."

In our home relations, we remember that though the father is the head, the mother is the heart of the family. At her feet we lay the homage of our tender care and loving kindness. When she is sad, we are sad, and when she smiles the whole household is happy.

Ours is the responsibility to live, so that when we die we have builded a heritage, by precept and example, which our children will be proud to emulate.

It is said that nothing succeeds like success. If that be so, then we fathers who hope that our families may be true to their heritage, true sons and daughters with an inspired zeal to serve their time and generation as truly loyal citizens, should sacrifice our easy, pleasurable in-

dulgences long enough to render some service to our community, to our church, our nation and our families.

It is not enough to know our history and traditions, alone. Those are of the past. They are the beacon lights by which we may shape our course when darkness encompasses us. To be understanding fathers who can be understood, to whom our children will come for counsel and guidance, we must seek to use the mind which God has implanted within us, not only to know the past, but to fathom the unfolding, changing ways of the present. Neither the world nor the creatures upon this earth stand still. An ever changing world has room for only those who can best adapt themselves to newer conditions.

Alas, too often we seem to forget that many things of our own young days are no more and, in retrospection, attempt to bind our children to an orthodoxy they neither know nor understand.

The responsibilities of fathers behoove us to know ourselves, to understand our children, to live their lives, to look at this world through their eyes, feel the throb of their pulse and leave our amusements long enough to find out what is really in the hearts and minds of our sons and daughters.

The Prussian law of "Verboten"—or "Forbidden," the old rules of "don't," the suppressions upon wife and children in the awesome presence of the lord and master—the

father—only tend to create irreparable breaches which may lead to family disaster.

Perchance you have expected a portrayal of how fathers should prepare their sons and daughters to carry on in the rituals and traditions of the family life, or stand staunchly by their people in their hour of need. It would be fitting indeed to so treat the subject. But, I feel that these responsibilities are so much more than this, in that the father must, as an individual, earn the respect of his children, his family and his community before he will be able to counsel and guide these dependents and observers in the great services for which God has destined them.

It should be the responsibility of the fathers to know, understand, and sympathize with their children, and through these cardinal virtues become the ideals and confidants of their children.

To those fathers who have been successful in their responsibilities, I dedicate the following:

When you have lived true to your God, your country, your family and your friends; when you have lived loyal to the ideals of your dreaming youth, faithful to the trusts your fellow men have reposed in you; when every thought and every act is measured by its value to those about you—then you will have achieved success.

---

### CRAFTSMANSHIP

An intellegent cutlery expert showed the writer two pearl-handled pocket knives—one American and one English. The American knife had three blades and a nail file and was priced at \$3.50. The English knife carried two blades and nothing else and its price was \$8.00.

The latter knife was the cheaper knife of the two, and a beauty. As the salesman said, it showed craftsmanship, while the American knife, while worth all of its price, was crude and clumsy, a mass production product.

In our search for employment why not a birth in the United States of a new pleasure in the results of fine, craftsman work as an offset in part at least for technological employment.? Such work obviously requires more labor per unit than does mass production. It is true that the mass can buy only mass production products, but doubtless there are hundred of thousands who can afford to save less and to buy— instead of mass production articals the fine goods of master craftsmen.

—By Dr. Rafmond Phelan.

# MY CREED

By Wm. P. Belote

I believe in God, the creator of all things, Who is omniscient, omnipresent and omnipotent.

I believe that God is the source of all justice, wisdom, love.

I believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ and that He is the mediator between God and man.

I believe that God manifests Himself to man in the quiet of the desert, the majesty of the redwood, the beauty and fragrance of the flower, the love of man for man, the laughter of children, the infiniteness of the universe.

I believe that man's spirit is a part of God, the Supreme Spirit.

"And God said Let us make man in our image, after our likeness."

"God is a spirit; and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

I believe in the brotherhood of man; that every man IS his brother's keeper.

I believe I should keep my spirit clean; through it God speaks to me.

I believe in the evolution of man—not in the Darwinian sense—men-

tal, spiritual, physical.

"Excelsior" (onward and upward is the divine plan.

I believe man gets out of life what he puts into it.

I believe that love begets love; indifference begets indifference; hate begets hate.

I believe in kindness and generosity in thought, word and deed.

I believe in the full enjoyment of life, ever trying to remember to keep my spirit clean.

I believe in self-respect; only two beings know me: God and myself.

I believe that it is futile to try and harm my fellow man, for I only harm myself in doing so. I may hurt his pride, his purse, his physical body, but I can not harm him; only he himself can do that.

I believe that if we will but allow our spirit to listen, those of our loved ones who have passed on will help us over many slippery places, for they have gone this way before; they too have been tempted and understand.

---

All that the world needs for guidance of its life could be written on two pages of a child's copybook. A few strong instincts and a few plain rules would set the world singing on its way, instead of tying it up in periodical blunders. Learning may need large space, thousands of volumes, vast experiment and failure and progress; but, strange to say, Wisdom carries but a small portion of such baggage.—Dearborn Independent.

# THE WILDERNESS

By C. F. Kleinknecht

It is said that man remembers one-tenth of what he hears, three-tenths of what he sees five-tenths of what he both hears and sees, and seven-tenths of what he reads. How should he distinguish between truth and error? The Bible says, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." (Thes. 1:21.)

Scanning the daily papers, one reads, "Arrests Decrease, Bootlegging and Racketeering Disappears," German Jews Slain by wholesale," or from other sources, "Increased Drunkenness Already Apparent," "German Jews Molested only for Violations of and by Officers of the Law," etc.

Listening to the radio, one hears of cure-alls of every description, many of which are composed of a small portion of some substance diluted to the vanishing point and sold under impressive names at fabulous prices. Far flung exaggeration, or falsehood, seems to be privileged and to enjoy the right of way. So-called news items apparently represent only the hatreds, likes or dislikes of individuals or sources through whom they are sponsored. No wonder confidence is shaken. The doctrine of Him who suffered an ignominious death for endeavoring to substitute Truth for Error. Love for Hatred and Prosecution, is totally ignored.

In plain language, many of the so-called news items appearing in the press today represent but individual hatreds, likes or dislikes, written up in modern fashion and disseminated to

the public as information. Facts and realities do not seem to enter into the scheme at all.

Now, going back to the seven-tenths of what one reads—that is assumed to be remembered and perhaps accepted as truth—one realizes the resultant sorry predicament of present-day civilization is caused through exaggeration and falsification so generally prevalent. Is it any wonder that so much of what was built on bubbles of falsehood has acquired wings and disappeared? This brings to mind the age-old saying, "Wrong forever on the Throne, Truth forever on the Scaffold."

Moses, in all likelihood, was enticed by the wilderness for the purpose of getting away from the fleeting shadows of man-made, inflated, balloon-like civilization or conditions, there to commune with God in quest for truth or something that actually was as represented. There, in the revelations of nature, he found consolation, peace and calm in the simplicity of everything.

Moses, no doubt, received much benefit through the environment of those plain, simple truths, where his contacts were confined to the great facts of nature, untarnished by falsification, where he could look life squarely in the face and see Truth in all her majesty. Now contrast that with the environment of this day and age, where confusion and strife reign and where it seems impossible for even the well meaning to discern be-

tween truth and error. Thus one may a brook a brook, and where Truth is  
 envy Moses as a wanderer in the on the Throne.  
 wilderness, where a tree is a tree,

---

 PASSIN' BY

When the evenin' fire is burnin'  
 An' the lights are way down low,  
 An' the old dreams come a-crowdin'  
 From the days of long ago,  
 There comes a sort of longin'  
 In the heart of ev'ry guy,  
 To make the burden lighter  
 O' the feller passin' by.

It ain't so much the money,  
 An' it ain't so much the style,  
 But just the way of givin'  
 Makes the other feller smile—  
 An' when we sort of chuckle,  
 An' get to wond'rin' why  
 We feel so gosh darn happy  
 Helpin' the fellers passin' by.

It ain't so much religion  
 Keeps the old world turnin' 'round.  
 But just the liftin' up o' folks  
 Who fall upon the ground:  
 An' sometimes in the darknes  
 To hear an humble cry  
 An' give the hand o' fellowship,  
 To the feller passin' by.

So beside the evenin' fireside,  
 When the lights are way down low,  
 An' the old dreams come a crowdin'  
 From the days of long ago,  
 There comes a sort o' fancy  
 That some day you and I  
 May be the feller passin'  
 The feller passin' by.

—Unknown

## SOMETHING EASY

(Selected)

Not long ago it was our experience to come in contact with a young man seeking a vocation. He was an alert looking youth, healthy and strong, and seemed sincere in his expressed desire to succeed in life. But alas, when questioned as to his preference of work, he replied that he "wanted something easy"—some form of employment that would not require much study or physical effort on his part.

Now, this youth impressed us as being representative of a number of young men and women of today who—Micawberlike—have an aversion to hard work and study, and are always waiting for something easy to turn up. This is unfortunate in that it throws increased duties and responsibilities upon the shoulders of those older people who do work hard and are willing to study arduously in order to improve their lot in life, and, perchance, provide pleasure-seeking youngsters with more luxuries, amusements, clothes, etc.

It was never intended that some people should figuratively break their backs at labor while others lead a butterfly existence, flitting about from this pleasure to that

amusement. If there is a law of equilibrium, and we believe such a law is operative in this universe, then each pair of shoulders must bear its individual burden and not shift the load to another.

There is no short cut to success in life. Should a humble carpenter be metamorphosed overnight into an affluent Wall Street speculator, we know that this transition has been effected by the breaking of some law, that it is seemingly an unnatural process.

The young man above referred to may yet learn the value of hard work, study and enterprise. If he desires to accomplish something in life, to be entitled to the better things in this world—things which must be earned to be enjoyed—he had better abandon his antipathy towards hard work and study, and dig right in with a fixed and steady purpose to succeed in life by his own efforts, to climb steadily upward as many great men have done and are doing, towards that pinnacle of success—a well lived life that enriches not only himself and family but contributes to the general welfare of fellow man and Nation.

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When a man dies they who survive him ask what property he has left behind. The angel who bends over the dying man asks what good deeds he has sent before him.—The Koran.

# EARLY TRAINING URGED

(Supreme Council Bulletin)

"A thing most people do not seem to realize or appreciate is the fact that crime has always a beginning in the individual, and that usually traces of it are apparent in childhood and youth," writes Fredrick J. Farnell, Public Welfare Commissioner of Rhode Island, in the United States Daily. "I can cite veritably hundreds of cases where we can trace the course of its progress from childhood with truancy, early manhood with petty larceny, and manhood with some more serious offense. It is a regular Pilgrim's Progress once a boy or girl starts on an anti-social course of conduct. Unless it is stopped in the very beginning it ends in the state prison.

"Consequently, it is evident that any effectual diminution of crime must be specifically directed toward juvenile delinquency. Various steps have already been taken in this direction, but they have not been thorough; in other words, we have dabbled, but have not wholeheartedly accepted the idea that

juvenile delinquency can be largely eliminated if the proper measures are taken.

"This is a standing challenge to science, the school, the home, social organizations, the law and the church, to eliminate conditions which breed the criminal of tomorrow. It is the duty of every community to see to it that youth — both boys and girls — have plenty of healthy opportunities to work off surplus energy in legitimate games, playgrounds, boys' and girls' clubs, Boy Scouts and similar organizations.

"Civic authorities by vigorous enforcement of child-labor laws, provisions for playgrounds, sports and games, strict inspection of commercial amusement centers; in short, by seeing that the community atmosphere is healthy and not permeated by dishonesty, would be playing their proper part in guarding and guiding of youth."

---

## THE LITTLE THINGS

In the present day of rush and drive there is serious danger of giving way to the temptation that we have not time to devote to the little duties of being thoughtful and kind. Not everyone who needs a cup of cold water is calling out to the world. The little pauses we make by the way are not wasted time. A word of sympathy, some little act that shows a friendly interest, may help the next hour to move more lightly and swiftly. And it is one of the most beautiful compensations in this life that no man can sincerely try to help another without helping himself.

Exchange.

## QUEEN ALICE

(Supreme Council Bulletin)

The little girl who walked the mazes of enchanted corridors, who hobnobbed with wonderland royalty and conversed with peculiar little creatures of the field, who performed incredible things in an incredible manner, has gone to another land where she may, perchance, again meet the kindly clergyman who immortalized her Christain name by penning that great volume of childhood—Alice in Wonderland.

Mrs. Alice Hargreaves passed away at Westerham, Eng., on November 16, 1934, in her 82nd year. As a girl of ten she enjoyed the close friendship of a brilliant young mathematician, the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, don of Oxford University.

Alice Pleasance Liddell was the eldest of three sisters, daughters of the dean of Christ College at Oxford. Doctor Dodgson, because of his ability to weave fantastic tales, found himself the center of interest with this trio of imaginative little girls. There were numerous boat rides on the Tames, "all in the golden afternoon," and while Doctor Dodgson piloted his young charges downstream along the peaceful English countryside, he related wondrous things about a mythical land where the impossible was the rule rather than the exception. Wide-eyed, the children clamored for more of these stories, thus

the clergyman was forced to chronicle the adventures of Alice—and today this volume is tremendously popular with children of all nations and of all ages.

In 1898, Doctor Dodgson, or "Lewis Carroll" as he was known to the literary world, passed away, leaving his manuscript, replete with original sketches, to Alice herself who, because of adverse circumstances, was forced to sell the precious work in 1928 to S. A. Rosenbach, an American collector, for a sum reputed to be \$77,000. Alice visited the United States in 1932 (the centenary of "Lewis Carroll's" birth), and was accorded unusual courtesies and attentions by a people who have become greatly attached to the little girl that many of them learned about in their childhood.

Alice has gone on, thirty-six years after the departure of her dear friend to "that undiscovered country." Her adventures, however, will continue to live in the hearts of happy childhood long after we of this generation shall have passed on, bringing delight to countless little ones and a comforting mental relaxation to many of those not so young.

Ever drifting down the stream  
Lingering in the golden gleam,  
Life—what is it, but a dream?

---

Useful attainments in your minority produce riches in your majority.



# DISCIPLINE

(Charity & Children)

One of the big troubles with the world is that discipline has broken down. Discipline means more than punishing a child corporally or otherwise. Discipline means law and order. It means living according to rules and regulations. Jesus gave the very essence of the meaning when he said, "If any man would come after me let him say no to himself and follow me." The word no is essential in discipline. Not only must the word no be used but it must be meant as well. Another expression of the Bible is train up a child according to his bent and when he is old he will not depart. The usual translation is train up a child in the way he should go which means the same thing and both mean according to his nature. The word train does away with any Johnnie-do-as-you-please-land. The argument of whether corporal punishment should be used or not has only to do with the method and not the fact of discipline at all. It is not the method but the fact that is of supreme importance. Although we abhor the very idea of child beating

we do know that discipline is absolutely necessary. The trouble with the world is that it has not been practiced. The fact that there has been a falling down in discipline has filled our jails with men and makes it impossible to tell a church member from a non-member. Parents and churches have forgotten how to say no and mean it. That holds good for all courts as well. There is a vast difference in the legal discipline of this country and England. In England the man who thinks of committing a crime realizes that he will certainly be punished for it. In this country he stands a good chance of escaping the penalty. This lack of discipline and the thought that he could get by gives you the disgraceful picture of Munich where Hitler told Chamberlain where to get off. Had discipline not fallen down internationally Japan would not have dared enter Manchuria and later China. Before lasting peace comes to this world people are going to have to learn the meaning of no.



Are you downcast and discouraged? Try doing good to someone who needs help, courage, cheer. You will be surprised at the mental uplift it will bring you. You may never know the encouragement such kindness gives to struggling soul. The highest worship of God is going for others.—Exchange.

## INSTITUTION NOTES

Just a few days ago we received a letter from Delma (Red) Gray, who was a member of the printing class a couple of years ago. Our friend, Red, has been in the United States Navy for quite some time, and seems to be enjoying the life of a sailor. Here are some excerpts from his letter, dated August 31st

"Just thought you might like to hear from old Red. How are you and all the boys in the print shop getting along these days? When you write, tell me who is running the new machine and just how many boys you have in the shop. Hope they are half as good as the ones you had when I was there. If those pictures you took of me last November were any good, please send me some of them. You must have heard of the invasion of Southern France. Well, believe it or not, old Red was right there in the thick of it. Let's hear from you soon. A real friend, Red."

—:—

John T. Capps, another former member of our crew of youthful printers, wrote us last week. His letter, from Somewhere in England dated September 3rd, reads:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Just a few lines this morning. Right now I am trying to figure out some way to keep warm. Have looked high and low for something to burn. No luck. Just thought I'd try to write a letter and forget about being cold. Last night and all day today we have had plenty of wind and rain, and it has been quite cold, but at the moment the sky seems to be clearing up, and perhaps before long the sun will come out and warm

things up a little.

"My wife was down the first of last week for a few days. She is fine, and I believe is getting lovelier every day. Sometimes I wonder if I deserve to have such a fine wife. Guess that's just one of the things that happen when you least expect it.

"Am not taking many pictures these days. Still have a roll of film in the camera which I put there about a month ago. I don't get out as much as I used to and can't take so many pictures. Maybe in a couple of months or so I'll be able to send you a new bunch of pictures—some that I know you will like.

"At present I am working with a few WAC's in the locator files of our post office, but hope to be back with the boys sorting mail next week.

"For some time I've been trying to get a certain camera, and thought maybe you might be able to help me. I want a Kodak 35 F3.5, with built-in range-finder and case. I could do a lot better with it than the one I now have, and can get plenty of films over here for it. A new one would cost \$88.65, including G. E. DW 48 Exposure Meter and case. I have found a chance to sell the camera I have now for about the same price the new one would cost. If you can find the camera for me, please let me know as soon as possible and I'll send you the money.

"I have just returned from dinner. Had some fine roast beef today. Guess I'd better look around and see if I can find some work to do. Remember me to all the folks at the School, and lots of luck to you. Pal, Johnnie."

Rev. R. Hoy Whitlow, pastor of the Harmony Methodist Church in Concord, was the preacher at the regular afternoon services on Sunday, September 17. The boys and the officials of the School were delighted to have Mr. Whitlow, and will look forward with great pleasure to a return visit from him.

The speaker used as his topic for his discussion with the boys, "Jesus, the Unseen Friend." For the scripture lesson he read several verses from the 14th chapter of St. John's gospel. He laid special emphasis upon the ninth verse, which reads as follows:

"Jesus saith unto him, 'Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip! He that hath seen me hath seen the Father, and how sayest thou then, Shew us the Father!'"

The speaker then explained that none may expect to see Jesus in person, but that we can and should know him through faith. Nevertheless, Jesus is always present in spirit. Only, one must tune his heart, his spirit to that

of the Christ if he hopes to know Him. The speaker illustrated the point by saying that at that very moment the air was literally filled with programs sent out from a thousand different radio stations from over the world, but without a radio and a receiving set at hand none were being heard. Yet they were there.

Mr. Whitlow then placed special emphasis on the fact that people's lives are always so changed and so much more Christ-like when those people decide to listen to the teachings of Jesus. These teachings may change one from being a "bully" among his companions to being kind and considerate of others; they lead one away from being selfish and self-centered to being most eager to help others.

In conclusion he advised every boy to take Jesus as his unseen Friend. In doing this he would find that he could overcome the temptations of life, no matter how great they may be. He stated every boy could have this Friend, regardless of a lack of other possessions of fame or fortune.

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## HOW TO BE HAPPY

Happiness is a habit. A bright, hopeful optimistic attitude of mind is essential to your own well being. There is a healing power in a single spiritual idea. Peace, poise, confidence, and contentment are the natural products of a happy disposition. Kindness and appreciation promote happiness. Generosity and good will have an uplifting influence. To be happy is not only your privilege, but it is your duty.

The power which you have to give happiness to others implies an obligation to do so. Happiness does not depend so much upon great material possessions as upon right mental attitude. There is nothing which will so surely produce happiness in your life and that of those about you as a uniform habit of kindness and appreciation.—Glenville Kleiser.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

Charles Blakemore  
 Thomas Brantley  
 George Hill  
 Fred Jones  
 Lewis Kerns  
 Landon McKenzie  
 Coy Crabtree  
 Bobby Hobbs  
 Billy Hammond

## COTTAGE No. 1

John Allen  
 Ralph Bailey  
 Walter Byrd  
 George Cox  
 Marion Cox  
 Ray Covington  
 Robert Gaylor  
 Howard Hall  
 Jack Harmon  
 William Lerschall  
 John Love  
 Harold Mckinney  
 Carlton Pate  
 Floyd Puckett  
 Tommy Ruff  
 Harry Thompson

## COTTAGE No. 2

Bobby Buchanan  
 Charles Byrd  
 Fred Coats  
 Delmas Jerrell  
 Jerald Johnson  
 Chester Lee  
 John McLean  
 James Norton  
 Gene Peterson  
 Hayes Powell  
 Marshall Prestwood  
 Jack Ray  
 Jimmie Sneed  
 Kermit Wright  
 Leroy Womack  
 Fred Bostian  
 Eugene Frazier

## COTTAGE No. 3

Charles Allen  
 William Brooks  
 George Bass  
 Craven Callihan  
 Earl Green

Jack Hensley  
 James Hensley  
 Rudy Hardy  
 Robert Helms  
 Cecil Kinion  
 Robert Lee  
 Jack Oliver  
 William Poteat  
 Charles Roland  
 Donald Redwine  
 Richard Tullock  
 Dwight Murphy  
 Preston Lockmey  
 David Eaton

## COTTAGE No. 4

Robert Blackwelder  
 Charles Carter  
 Burlin Edmonson  
 John Fine  
 Robert Hogan  
 George Hawk  
 James Hill  
 Paul Stone  
 Ray Smith  
 J. R. Truitt  
 Edward VanHoy  
 Lawrence Walker  
 Robert Walters  
 Raymond Fillyaw

## COTTAGE No. 5

Harold Cruse  
 Patrick Ford  
 Samuel Price  
 Thomas Sessions  
 Robert Wilkins

## COTTAGE No. 6

J. C. Cayton  
 Rufus Driggers  
 Richard Davidson  
 Vernon Foster  
 Ralph Gibson  
 Earl Gilmore  
 Stanford McLean  
 Charles Sellers  
 James Swinson  
 Leroy Wilkins  
 Nolan Morrison

## COTTAGE No. 7

Horace Collins  
 Charles Edwards

Ned Metcalf  
Jack Phillips

COTTAGE No. 8  
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9  
Raymond Bullman  
Leonard Church  
Ray Edwards  
Edward Guffey  
John Linville  
James Lowman  
Charles McClenney  
Edwin Peterson  
Leo Saxon  
J. B. Wilson  
Raymond Cloniger

COTTAGE No. 10  
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11  
Charles Alexander  
Odean Bland  
Donald Bowden  
William Guffey  
Edward Hambrick  
Jack Gentry  
Fred Holand  
Raymond Hunsucker  
Billy Lowery  
Arlon McLean  
James Phillips  
Alvin Porter  
James Ray  
Leon Rose  
Maxie Shelly  
J. W. Smith  
William Walker

COTTAGE No. 12  
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13  
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 14  
Edward Britt  
Clyde Bussel  
Reeves Lusk  
Elbert Ross  
Troy Morris  
Melbert Rice  
Bruce Sawyer  
J. H. Smith  
James Spence  
Milton Talley

COTTAGE No. 15  
William Bass  
Huston Berry  
Harold Coffey  
Bobby Flinchum  
R. V. Hutchinson  
James Knight  
Sam Linebarrier  
William Myers  
Clyde Shook  
Olin Wishon  
Robert Rivenbark

INDIAN COTTAGE  
Peter Chavis  
Frank Chavis  
R. C. Hoyle  
Lacy Jacobs

INFIRMARY  
Ray Taylor  
Lloyd Sain  
Clifford Shull  
Odel Cecil

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Though you may have known clever men who were idolent, you never knew a great man who was so; and when I hear of a young man spoken of as giving promise of great genius, the first question I ask about him always is, Does he work?

—John Ruskin.



# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 30, 1944

No. 39

## DON'T QUIT

There's a time to part and a time to meet,  
There's a time to sleep and a time to eat;  
There's a time to work and a time to play,  
There's a time to sing and a time to pray.

There's a time that's glad and a time that's  
blue,

There a time to plan and a time to do;  
There's a time to grin and to show your grit,  
But there never yet was a time to quit.

—Selected.

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

LEOK GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## INITIATIVE

1. Do you wait to be told what to do several times before you contemplate action?

2. Do you reason that having waited so long, you might as well wait a little longer?

3. Do you see things to do yourself, or let the other fellow discover them?

4. Do you see what ought to be done but lack the pep and the push and the courage to make a beginning?

5. Do you make frequent beginnings and fail to push things through to the point of real achievement?

6. Do you see what you can do, and are you enterprising enough to go ahead and do it?

7. Have you sufficient initiative to make use of the ability, energy and activities of others?

8. Are you able to subordinate in a proper manner, the will of others to your own will?

9. Are you able and prepared to take advantage of opportunity and circumstances?

10. Are you able to supply yourself and others with inspiration and enthusiasm enough to tide over hard places?

11. Are you able to carry on despite apparent set-backs?

12. Can you keep out of ruts?

If you have climbed one by one up these twelve rungs of the ladder, you possess initiative which will count in making you a leader among men—an executive of the first water and a success financially.—The Speakers Magazine.

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## MAKING THE BOYS COMFORTABLE

We are rapidly approaching the time of the year when all of the Training School staff members will need to be deeply concerned about the physical comfort of the boys in their care. Frequently it happens that a small boy will be neglectful of the question of physical comfort. This happens even in the best regulated homes. It is always necessary for adults to safeguard the children against unnecessary exposure. In other words, it is not enough for any adult to say that he would have provided for the comfort of a boy if he, the

boy, had made a plea for it. The thoughtful mother always senses the need for taking care of her children and so should we here at the school.

Here at the School we will try to make the buildings comfortable; we will try to give the boys an adequate supply of good food and we will also try to see that their bodies are kept warm and comfortable. Already the nights are becoming cooler and this will mean that the proper amount of blankets will need to be provided for the boys. Obviously, no boy can get a good night's sleep unless he is warm and comfortable. In the early mornings and on cold days, the boys should have adequate clothing so that they will not suffer unnecessarily from cold. Often a sweater or jacket can be worn. At an early date it will be necessary to provide winter underwear. The thoughtful cottage officer will be just as much concerned about the comfort of his boys as he is about his own comfort, and even more so.

It is our goal to keep sickness among the boys at a minimum. For a boy to be warm will do much to insure him against having tonsillitis, bad colds or other complications. In connection with this, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

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### DENTAL CLINIC FOR TRAINING SCHOOL BOYS

Dr. A. D. Underwood of the Dental Division of the State Board of Health has just completed a seven weeks dental clinic for the boys at the Training School. An excellent piece of work has been done during this time towards the physical improvement of the boys here at the School. Dr. Underwood has a fine understanding of the boys here and has been able to obtain from them the finest sort of cooperation. There are many evidences that a large percentage of the boys have profited greatly through this important clinic.

Here at the Training School the officials would like for the public to know that we lay great stress upon the physical welfare and health of the boys while they are here. Time after time boys have come to us suffering from malnutrition or from lack of clinical care of one sort or another. This is always true, more or less, of the boys from the underprivileged homes where there has been too much of neglect and indifference on the part of the parents. We think,

then, the first obligation is to enable a boy to become physically fit and full of life and vitality. This even precedes getting him started in school work or some other important work activity. It is generally recognized that good health is a basic need for all of life's activities. Through such a project as the dental clinic we believe we are approaching the whole health problem from the viewpoint of prevention. This makes the results of the dental clinic among young boys all the more significant.

Statistics reveal that there are in the United States today approximately eleven million soldier boys. They reveal further that four million young men were rejected because of physical defects, which means that approximately one out of four was incapable of rendering the highest patriotic service to his country. Statistics reveal also that for at least one out of four of these rejected for physical defects, their defects could have been remedied if attacked at the right time, and at least another million men could have had their general health and physical welfare raised to a point where they could have been made fit for military service through hospitalization.

We believe the dental clinic is making a valuable contribution to strong bodies and good health for the boys in our care. Too often they have wasted away their priceless possession, and here we attempt to restore what they have lost through neglect and malnutrition.

Below we are presenting a report of the recent dental clinic submitted by Dr. Underwood.

Report of 7 weeks ending September 22, 1944:

	White and Indian
Total number children inspected .....	367
Total number children treated.....	367
Total number return patients .....	73
Total number children referred to local dentist for treatment .....	3

Amount And Class of Treatment Itemized As Follows:

Number amalgam fillings .....	227
Number cement fillings .....	130
Number silver nitrate treatments.....	403

Number teeth extracted .....	216
Number children-teeth cleaned .....	304
Number miscellaneous treatments .....	162
Total Number Operations.....	1442
Number teeth extracted that were six year molars.....	28
Number of teeth filled that were six year molars.....	116
Partial Plates .....	6
Six tooth bridge .....	1

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### NEED FOR MORE PASTURE LAND

During the coming winter months almost every farmer in the piedmont section of North Carolina will face a shortage in hay crops and pasture grasses. In recent months the weather has been so unusually dry that most pastures have suffered greatly, and the hay crops are destined to be extremely short. This condition will affect the farmers in general and the dairymen in particular.

The intelligent farmers will do all they can to meet this emergency. In a large measure the only solution for the problem lies in the care and development of more pasture lands. If farmers are to have economical production of milk or meat, good pastures are essential. As a matter of fact, it may not be a question of purchasing hay for feed at any price, but rather a question of being able to get it at all, the shortage is so great.

In a recent survey by the U. S. Department of Agriculture in seven milk producing districts it was found that one-third of all the feed for cattle came from pasture, and the pasture cost was only one-seventh of the total cost of feed.

Farmers in this section of the state should plant pasture lands and grazing fields in some recommended types of seeds, and not just depend altogether upon what nature will do to meet the needs. It will probably be safe to plant a mixture of Rye Grass and barley, wheat or oats, or all of these. This can and should be done as soon as possible after a rain softens the ground, and before it is possible to plow in cultivated fields.

Extreme caution should then be taken not to graze too close or to the extent of destroying the sod.

The AAA program for 1945 will be largely soil conservation with

certain unlimited practices. Besides the payment for soil conservation which a farmer may earn, there is a payment of \$4 per acre for the establishment of permanent pasture. This practice is unlimited and farmers may receive the payment on any number of acres planted to permanent pasture.

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H. B. Bosworth, Area Forester for North Carolina, furnishes some very interesting information concerning the urgent need for wood in this country's war effort. Timber products have advanced to the forefront of the list of critical war materials. The South is expected to produce nearly half of the nation's lumber requirements in 1944. Here are a few reasons why wood has become such a necessary commodity:

More than fifteen billion board feet, nearly half of the country's estimated lumber production in 1944, will be used for boxes and crating, for military and civilian needs.

More than half of the cellulose used in making explosives comes from a wood base. Shells of rifle and machine gun size and also larger calibres, are packed in cartons made of wood pulp.

Planking for the decks of the "U. S. S. Missouri" required approximately 300,000 board feet of lumber. Some 30,000 pounds of paper were needed to draft plans for this huge battle-wagon.

National timber requirements for 1944 have been estimated to include thirty-six billion board feet of lumber and fourteen million cords of pulpwood.

Packages made from pulpwood protect Red Cross equipment, medical supplies and food in transit to the battlefronts.



# LOCAL HAPPENINGS

(Reported By Boys Of The School Department)

## Chapel Program

By John Allen

Friday, September 22, the School Section had its usual weekly gathering in the school auditorium. This week when we assembled together we had selections of songs which we sang.

To begin the program we sang "America, the Beautiful," one of our favorite patriotic songs. We sang another song, "Old Dog Tray," which was led by Mrs. Kiser, our third grade teacher.

Next on our program was a series of three songs sang by Jesse Hamilton of the second grade. He sang "The Soldier's Last Letter" to begin with. Everyone enjoyed the song very much, and they were so pleased with his singing that he sang two more songs. The name of these songs were "Have I Waited Too Long;" and, "The Bells Are Ringing."

After Jesse finished these songs, the boy and teachers in the audience sang more songs. These songs were, "Onward Christian Soldiers," and, "John Brown's Baby."

During the Program we had a story which was read by Mrs. Hawfield. The name of the story was, "Little Tinkling." It was a very good story. It was also very funny. The boys enjoyed the singing and the story very much.

We hope to have a gathering in the auditorium again soon. We hope to have much more singing as that is a favorite with the boys here.

## The B. T. U. Meeting

By John Allen

The Baptist Training Union had their usual weekly meeting Sunday, Sept. 24. The intermediate group and the junior group had their programs under the direction of their Baptist leaders. The two groups had visitors from the Receiving Cottage. These new boys that have come into the Receiving Cottage may never have gone to a young People's Meeting before in their lives.

The Junior Group started their program with a song. The name of this song was, "Revive Us Again." It was followed by another song which was, "The Church In The Wildwood." After these songs several boys gave speeches which were memorized from their quarterlies. The first part was, "A Pioneer for Christ," by Erwing Ewing. The second part of the speech was "The Task for a Patient Man." Samuel Lynn made a talk on "Christ for All," which was followed by an original talk by Robert Gaylor. The leader of the group, Mr. Iley, from Concord, gave a talk about "The Harvest." We were glad to have him back after being absent last Sunday.

At the end of the program they had a song, "In the Garden." In conclusion of the program was a prayer led by Mr. Iley, in which the whole congregation took part.

The Intermediate group started their program with a prayer by Mr. Snyder, their leader. Following the prayer the boys had reading from their

quarterlies. The boys who read from their quarterlies were (In order:)

George Guyton of Cottage No. 11, Bobby Flinchum of Cottage No. 15, and another part was read by another boy.

After the reading from the quarterlies the boys listened to a very interesting talk by Mr. Snyder. After the talk the boys were dismissed to go back to their cottages.

### Basket Ball

By William Poteat

Last Tuesday, a group of boys, under the auspices of Mr. Hines, held a game of basket ball in the School gymnasium. The Eighth Grade played the Seventh Grade. We had a nice game and in the latter part of the game, Mr. Hawfield, our superintendent, acted as referee. All the boys enjoy the games, and I'm sure they appreciate them very much. We sincerely thank Mr. Hines for making this possible.

The names of the boys who played were as follows:

(Eighth grade team,) Willian Poteat, Barney Mills, Gerald Johnson, Theodore Young, and Luther Shermer.

The Seventh Grade players are:

Elmer Godley, Nolan Overcash, John McLean, Harlan Warren, and Raymond Hunsucker. There was also substitutes, and a time keeper and score keeper.

The lads had a very nice game and if you know the players on each team, it would be needless to say the seventh grade won with a score of four to two.

Other players who are on teams are as follows:

Kermit Wright, Donald Redwine

Jack Phillips, Hayes Powell, J. V. Smith, Charles McCleney, Bruce Sawyer, Jeter Greene and William Andrews.

### Visiting Day

By William Poteat

The boys are always glad to see Wednesday come around for that is the day visitors are permitted to visit the boys. Not only the lads who are expecting people but the others get real joy out of seeing the happiness of the other lads, too.

Just about every Wednesday the 8th grade entertains the visitors by singing some hymns and patriotic songs, such as "There's A Star Spangled Banner Waving Somewhere," and the "Marines Hymn," etc.

The visitors always like to visit our grade and they always remark "What a nice group you have! And it surely inspires the boys to strive to make their room still better.

### Band Opens Again

By William Poteat

Since the band adjourned last year and Mr. Ledwith left there has been no band until just recently when Mr. Wilson of Concord accepted position as band master and now we are getting under way again.

When Mr. Hawfield called for volunteers about 50 boys asked to enter band work. There are only about 30 instruments so each boy is being given a chance so that no one is being slighted.

Some of the instruments, we are sorry to say, are having to be repaired because of previous ill treatment, but these are expected to be returned

soon. So until then we will have plenty of time to try each boy on an instrument, so that when the band gets under full sway, each boy will be with his own specific instrument.

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### THE REAL "IF"

If you can trust the Lord when all about you  
 Are going mad in search of gain and gold;  
 If you can look to Him when the World about you  
 Is sneering at the message He has told;  
 If you can feel His hand nor move without it;  
 Or led by Him don't murmur or reply;  
 Or believe His word and never doubt it;  
 And lied about, can pray for those who lie;  
 If you can make the Lord your master,  
 If you can make His glory your only aim;  
 If you can meet with failure and disaster  
 And still sing praises to His blessed name;  
 If you can set your heart on things above you  
 And forgetting the things that are behind;  
 Can run the race for Him who has loved you  
 And let the mind of Him be, too, your mind,  
 If you can turn your back on all earth's treasure  
 And count the world's reward as filth and dross;  
 And let Him use you of his own good pleasure,  
 And find your glory only in his cross,  
 If you can give your heart and mind and sinew,  
 To serve Him long after others are gone,  
 And holding to Him when there's nothing in you,  
 Except the faith which says to you "Hold on"  
 If you can talk with the King of Glory,  
 Or walk with Him and feel His sacred touch,  
 If you can give your life to tell His story;  
 If you can hide your hopes and aims and such  
 If you can find every passing minute,  
 With sixty seconds worth of service done  
 Yours will be the earth and everything that's in it.  
 And more—you'll reign with God's Eternal Son.

—M. M. Duncan.



# NEEDED MORE DOCTORS, MORE HOSPITALS MORE INSURANCE

By Clarence Poe, Editor Progressive Farmer

Every Southern State now needs a statewide campaign for three things: (1) To help reduce sickness everywhere by better supported public health programs. (2) To help farm folks who become sick by remedying the present dangerous and alarming scarcity of both doctors and hospitals serving rural areas. (3) To reduce the cost-burdens and debt-burdens of illness by encouraging all self-supporting families to carry hospital and medical insurance all the time.

The most striking new feature of all these movements is a realization that we can never solve these problems by community effort or county effort alone. Instead whole states must act to get Better Health...as they have previously acted to get Better Schools and Better Roads. And four things especially must be stressed:

1. Better-financed public health programs to reduce sickness.

2. More hospitals and doctors in rural areas.

3. Hospital and medical insurance for all families above the poverty level.

4. Some much more efficient and satisfying plans for insuring adequate hospital and medical care for the very poor—especially the fine class of poor whose pride and self-respect often prevent them from getting as good medical care as many paupers get.

Standing in the burying ground on the old home farm where I was reared, a cousin pointed to the grave

of a fine woman who had died of child-birth-complications and said to me: "Her doctor told me he could have saved her life if he had been called in time. But she and her husband were poor and not wanting to make a doctor's bill they couldn't pay soon, waited too late!"

Starting home from my city office a few weeks ago, a man going blind asked me to read the bus sign for him. "I am going to see an oculist for serious eye-trouble he says might have been easily checked when it started a few years ago," he said. "But I had a family who needed every cent I could make—and I put it off too long."

Sometime ago a renter moved on my farm. I found he had had two bad attacks of appendicitis but was risking a third attack (which might have been fatal) because he had not had money enough for an operation. On the other hand, when the wife of my farm foreman developed appendicitis recently she had hospital insurance, was operated on immediately and the insurance took care of all but \$11 of the two-weeks' hospital bill.

Last week a man who operates several farms said to me: "I had a sick Negro on one of my farms and found out it would cost \$17 to get a doctor's visit for him—\$3 for the visit and 50 cents a mile each way for the 14 miles the the doctor would have to travel." This is, of course, an extreme example; but a doctor's visit on my old home farm would now cost \$10—and the families far away from doctor's

offices are usually less able to pay than city families.

More doctors for rural areas—more hospitals serving rural areas—more hospital and medical insurance—these are the three supreme things to strive for. How shall we get them?

1. More Hospitals—More doctors and more hospitals go together. In a hospital a doctor can look after a half dozen patients in the time it takes to visit one patient 10 miles from his office. A well equipped doctor today, in fact, is not willing to practice except where a hospital is near. He wants the help of specialists and medical staff meetings to insure accurate diagnosis and treatment; also to provide much better nursing than the average patient can get at home. More and more must farm people carry the sick to hospitals where doctors are, instead of having doctors going in every direction to see the sick wherever they are.

2. More doctors—To get better doctor-care in any section, as just indicated, we must have hospitals available in that section. But we must also educate more boys—and especially more boys from our farms, villages, and small towns—for medical careers. "Our state is about 80 per cent rural, but only 3 per cent of our students are from farm homes," said the head of a leading Southern medical school. Medical education is so expensive and most rural students have so few resources for raising money, we must find ways to help capable but poor country boys become doctors by paying their way through medical school (in part or in full) in

case they will practice in the country.

3. More Insurance—Last but not least, we must have Southwide campaigns to get every family above the poverty-level to take out hospital and surgical insurance—insurance for example, such as my farm foreman carried in the case I mentioned where it paid all but \$11 of a two-weeks' hospital case which otherwise would have been a serious burden to him.

The Farm Security Administration has found it possible to provide group hospital insurance at \$12 a year per family and surgical insurance at \$8—just an illustration of how cheaply such protection can be provided where large groups cooperate through non-profit organizations. And must we not also have either outright medical insurance or "prepayment plans" whereby one can pay his doctor so much a year for necessary medical service—equalize the cost between good years and bad? When a national conference on rural health was held in Chicago recently, its four major conclusions were—

1. Farm people want a plan that will keep them well. Preventive medicine first.

2. They want their doctors to work together—under one roof if possible.

3. They want the program built around a community hospital.

4. How to pay? Spread the risk through insurance or "prepayment" plans.

Let's help the sick and the families of the sick through statewide programs for more doctors, more hospitals, more insurance.

# PRESIDENTS AND THE BIBLE

By Rev. Ralph V. Gilbert

"Above all, the pure and benign light of Revelation has had a meliorating influence on mankind, and increased the blessings of society. . . . It is impossible to govern the world without the Bible."—George Washington.

"The Bible is the best book in the world."—John Adams.

"I have always said and always will say that the studious perusal of the Sacred Volume will make better citizens, better fathers, and better husbands. . . . The Bible is the cornerstone of liberty."—THOMAS Jefferson.

"So great is my veneration for the Bible that the earlier my children begin to read it the more confident will be my hope that they will prove useful citizens of their country and respectable members of society. . . . The Bible is the book of all others to be read at all ages, and in all conditions of human life."—John Quincy Adams.

"The Bible—the rock upon which our Republic rests."—Andrew Jackson.

"It was for the love of the truths of this great and good book that our fathers abandoned their native shores for the wilderness."—Zachary Taylor.

"I am profitably engaged in read-

ing the Bible. Take all of this book upon reason that you can and the balance by faith, and you will live and die a better man. . . . The best book which God has given to man."—Abraham Lincoln.

"Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet anchor of your liberties; write its precepts on your hearts and practice them in your lives. To the influence of this book we are indebted for the progress made, and to this we must look as our guide in the future."—Ulysses S. Grant

"If you blot out your statute book, your Constitution, your family life, all that is taken from the Sacred Book, what would there be left to bind society together?"—Benjamin Harrison.

"No other book ever written in any other tongue has ever affected the whole life of a people, as the Authorized Version of the Scriptures has affected the lives of the English-speaking peoples."—Theodore Roosevelt.

"The Bible is the word of life—it is a picture of the human heart displayed for all ages and all sorts and conditions of men—I am sorry for the men who do not read the Bible every day. I wonder why they deprive themselves of the strength and pleasure."—Woodrow Wilson.

"There is no other book with which the Bible can be compared,

and no other reading that means so much to the human race. It is the support of the strong and the consolation of the weak; the dependence of organized government and the foundation of religion."—Calvin Coolidge.

"There is no other book so various as the Bible nor one so full of concentrated wisdom. Whether it be of law, business, morals or that vision which leads the imagination in the creation of constructive enterprises for the happiness of mankind, he who seeks for guidance . . . may

look inside its cover and find illumination. . . . As a nation we are indebted to the Book of books for our national ideals and representative institutions."—Herbert Hoover.

"I feel that a comprehensive study of the Bible is a liberal education for anyone. Nearly all of the great men of our country have been well versed in teachings of the Bible, and I sincerely hope that the habit of Bible study will be developed among the people."—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

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### THE IMPORTANCE OF A TRADE

The program of training at the Boys Training School has as one of its basic factors the training in various work experiences. It is regarded as a fundamental part of the total training program, for no matter how much else may be done by a boy in the way of academic school work, health and recreation and other areas of living, after all, unless a boy is able to do practical work and make a living for himself and others for whom he may be responsible, he can never be a real success in life as an individual, nor can he make his own contributions to the work of the world. Here at the Training School it is planned so that every boy receives training in one or more work experiences. In this process, however, it is not considered that the boy will become a highly trained expert but that there would be two things that he would learn. First, he would learn that it is honorable to work; second, he has explored the different work experiences so that he is better able to discover for himself what he finds most interesting to himself. One of the most important functions of the staff members of the Training School is to direct, guide and train the boys in the various activities. It is not always possible to permit a boy to do what he wants to do, because just as with adults in everyday life everyone finds situations where he must, for his own good, do numerous things which he dislikes or prefers not to do, but he does them because he feels the necessity to fulfill his obligations in this respect.—Exchange.

# IMPORTANCE OF GOING TO SCHOOL

By Clyde A. Erwin

Under the leadership of state government agencies and private organizations, Go to School drives are effectively progressing in at least 32 states from which preliminary reports have been received by the U. S. Office of Education and the Children's Bureau. Educational and governmental leaders are seriously concerned with the great educational deficit which is being piled up, during war time, by students of grade school and high school ages. Recent statistics compiled by the Bureau of Census show that of the somewhat more than 20,000,000 children in the United States between the ages of 7 and 15, inclusive more than 1,000,000 were not attending a school of any kind. Of the 2,000,000 6-year olds and of the 5,000,000 16- and 17-year-olds, about 30 percent were reported as not being in school.

Some significant facts appear, too, when we compare school attendance in urban communities with that in rural farm areas. The following figures tell us that:

Age Group	Per cent of children in school	
	Urban	Rural
6-year-olds . . . . .	79.7	56.5
7- to 15-year-olds . . . . .	96.5	88.8
16- and 17-year-olds.	75.6	58.5

A number of factors combined to create a situation wherein the schools have lost, in the last few years, about 1,000,000 children of grade school and

high school age. These reasons may be briefly listed:

First, is the inadequacy of State compulsory school attendance laws.

Second, is irregular attendance which is one of the contributing factors to failure and the resultant loss of interest.

Third, is inadequate or ineffective local attendance departments. Trained personnel who make it their business to keep in touch with children living in the school district would help raise the attendance figure.

Fourth, are children confined to their homes by a physical handicap, or illness, but who could carry on some school work if school authorities had adequate personnel to give guidance and direction to their work.

Fifth, are children kept out of school, illegally, to work at certain seasons of the year.

Sixth, is the relaxation of parental supervision due, in many cases, to wartime conditions of one kind or another.

The problem of achieving a much higher percentage of school attendance is one of the community and of the State as well as a problem of the schools. Other things being equal, the community and the State with the highest level of education will secure the greatest amount of economic advantages and riches, and more of the comforts and luxuries of an enlightened civilization.

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Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle that fits them all.

# DR. GEORGE W. TRUETT, CLAY COUNTY'S GIFT TO THE WORLD

By L. A. Martin

On my way to Murphy, driving along a lonely road near Hayesville, my attention was arrested a moment ago by a little sign board reading:

Birthplace

Dr. George W. Truett

1 Mile

As if my mechanical design, my car came to a dead stop, and then and there my emotions went into action, and I was literally led to the humble little mountain cottage where God's nobleman, George W. Truett, first saw the light of this world. I have been to the scene of his birth before; but this time, coming so soon after his passing, the place seemed like a sacred shrine. Then, too, when we come to a place like this—a home that has cradled greatness—we feel the swell of mixed emotions. For a moment you want to sit in the silence of your own thoughts and stare into space and wonder; then as you view the surroundings and observe the little home, and look upon the decaying and tumbled-in barn, your imagination is stirred. I could all but see the young boy Truett romping across the hills helping in the daily chores about the house; I could see him around the old decaying barn making his way to the hay rack; and, in my imagination, I could see him coming up the hillside from the old spring bringing a pail of water for his mother. In this amaginary world in which I live for the moment I can see and feel Truett breathing and living here; and in my

conversation with natives who still live to honor his name in the community of his birth, I can catch the ministry of his influence—an influence that is indelibly chiseled in the rocks of these eternal hills.

Leaving the little home, and coming back to the highway, I feel the urge to sit and ponder, and meditate upon the product of this home. As my mind follows my eyes in a wide sweep across these beautiful mountain ranges, and looking here and yonder in valleys below, and then turning again to the peaks and crags of these majestic hills, I find myself wondering again on the secret of his power, his great ministry, and his hold upon the people. I recall that it was only six weeks ago that I was in Dallas and read of his death in the Dallas papers, and all of the beautiful editorials and testimonials touching his life which I read in the Dallas papers that morning come to me now with deeper appreciation. I am thinking, too, of the great tribute paid him in the funeral oration of Dr. Louie D. Newton of Atlanta, and of the beautiful and tender article furnished The Biblical Recorder on the funeral itself by Dr. Forest C. Feezor of Fort Worth, Texas; and last, but not least, I am thinking of the beautiful tributes paid him by taxi cab drivers, and the man on the street, in the great city of Dallas, where this great man from these hills labored in one vineyard for forty-seven years.

Born here in poverty, and isolated

into a world that gave him little chance to climb the ladder to greatness and fame, George W. Truett became one of the world's greatest preachers, and one of God's chosen servants.

What is the secret of his life, what was it that placed him so high on the pedestal of fame, and how was it that he found so much favor with God?

I think I have found the answer, and I found it here today on the summit of rugged hills—hills that stand here as a monument to his memory.

Here on the lofty heights, away from pomp and ceremony; away from the rushing, maddening crowds of the city; and far from the greed and selfishness of the teeming millions in the world below—here on these mountain sides, one can think and feel and worship; men can gather strength and courage; they can find inspiration for high purpose and right living; they can see and feel beauty in all its

glory; they can nourish their souls in a great faith—here men can nestle close to the bosom of God. Such was the environment of George W. Truett, and it was an atmosphere like this, in my opinion, that lighted the torch for his faith and anchored his soul to things eternal.

Sitting here under the benediction of evening shadows, and watching a sunset that is already splashing its rays through valleys and across mountain peaks, I can better understand now what the Psalmist meant when he sang: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

It was the hills of God that gave Truett to North Carolina and to the world, and as I leave this sacred shrine I feel like saying of George W. Truett as Edwin M. Stanton said of Abraham Lincoln: "He now belongs to the ages."

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## SEVEN RULES FOR PATRIOTIC AMERICANS TO REMEMBER

1. Buy only what you absolutely need. Make the article you have last longer by proper care. Avoid waste.
2. Pay no more than ceiling prices. Buy rationed goods only by exchanging stamps. (Rationing and ceiling prices are for your protection.)
3. Pay willingly any taxes that your country needs. (They are the cheapest way of paying for the war.)
4. Pay off your debts—avoid making new ones.
5. Don't ask for more money for the goods you sell or for the work you do. Higher prices come out of everybody's pocket—including yours.
6. Establish and maintain a savings account; maintain adequate life insurance.
7. Buy all the War Bonds you can—and hold 'em.

—Littleton Independent.

# A QUIET TIME—BELIEVE IN GOD

(Quest)

Some things that we have long believed in are being tremendously shaken. We sometimes wonder how long they will hold together. Is there any power in the world that can keep them from falling to pieces? When we pick up the most recent paper our eyes are arrested by news of the most startling nature.

But let us hasten to say that there are at least some things that we can depend upon. They do not greatly change. God is still on his throne, and while not all is right with the world there is much of a most encouraging nature. His throne is secure. His Word is still being preached and believed and lived. Light still issues from the old message. Men and women are holding fast to the revelation brought to us by Jesus, and preached by such men as Paul and Augustine and Luther.

No century has been without its gospel heralds. They lived by the faith they preached. By deeds as well as words they showed that their hearts were fixed. No joy was like that the gospel brought them.

There is much in our time we cannot understand. Evil appears to have the whiphand. It is losing no chance to promote its cause. We must be as alert. The Kingdom does not come by either chance or ease. Jesus was careful to impress his disciples with the tasks they faced. Sweat and prayers were to be the conditions of success.

If some of us have labored under any other impression we must see the folly of it by now. We must believe in God, and we must prove that belief by a life that bears its scars. Living faith is not some quiet, self-possessed, ineffective thing. It is vital, active, aggressive, and ready to do the thing next at hand. If ever the church needed our unwavering loyalty that time is now.

*Prayers Almighty Father, Whose ways are past finding out, yet are ever for our goods—Grant us the peace of heart in committing all our ways to Thy purposing, and of trusting quietly and steadfastly in Thee; through Jesus Christ, Our Lord. Amen.*

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## Definitions:

A gossip is a person who talks to you about others.

A bore is a person who talks to you about himself.

A brilliant conversationalist is a person who talks to you about yourself.



# BLESSED BE THE WORDS

By Fred B. Acosta

Words are things; and a small drop of ink, falling like dew upon a thought produces that which makes thousands, perhaps millions think.

—Ford Byron

I find genuine delight and pleasure in the beauty of words—elegantly, smartly used either written or spoken.

There is nothing so enchanting, so compelling than words so arranged together in such a manner that they express and reflect a thought, an idea or a theme beautifully, happily, forcefully.

The words open up the heart.

The words carry the fragrance of intellect to limitless confines.

When I here a brilliant orator or an astute logician or a gifted conversationalist who uses florid language and is capable of giving that genius touch of delicate shades and distinction to his words, he arouses in me delightful emotion and intimate rejoicing.

When I read a literary masterpiece or a learned discourse couched in rhetorical fashion, my heart leaps with joy and satisfaction. Even a humorous phrase cleverly put or a witty saying thrills me.

The apt choice of words; the subtle discrimination in the use of synonyms and antonyms; the intelligent manipulation of metaphors, smiles, synec-

doches and other figures of speech; the facile faculty of expression; the lucid originality and grace of style; the skill in the element of finesse in the general usage—these are the essentials that contribute largely to the success and fortune of any-one entering any of the higher fields of human endeavor—either in the literary world or in the realm of politics and Statecraft; either in the profession of law, diplomacy or in the business and social life.

Not until the words were discovered did life on earth have any sign of bloom, frolic and merriment. It was mute and colorless. Human consciousness was dormant.

When man uttered the first words, the world fluttered with gladness and gratification. The thought took wings. The dormant consciousness began to enliven to give color and verve to the whole creation.

When man spoke, nature found expression. It made the angels sing, the stars twinkled, and the birds filled the air with melodious notes for the soul of man spoke.

The words convey the messages of the Great.

The words immortalize the Immortals.

The words are the priceless gift of the Infinite.

Blessed be the words.

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The great trouble with this country is that too many people are surveying problems when they ought to be solving them.

## A TRIBUTE

(Supreme Council Bulletin)

"Give for the living." These simple words were spoken and practice by one whose generosity was measured in terms of millions of dollars—the late Julius Rosenwald of Chicago.

This great philanthropist rose in life from a hustling little newspaper peddler on the streets of Springfield Ill., to be the head of the gigantic business enterprise. How he accomplished this remarkable transition is a story of sheer grit, perseverance, years of hard work, thrift.

That Mr. Rosenwald was a genius in the business world none can deny. That he had built up for himself, through long hard years, an enviable reputation for business acumen and executive leadership all fair minded people must unhesitatingly affirm. But the amassing of huge fortunes by the application of his own talents and efforts was far from being the motivated desire of his life. The paramount interest that actuated him was the good he could do with his money; the educational advantages he could bestow; the dire poverty he could alleviate; the lack of limitation he could assuage; the human lives he could save and brighten with new hopes. Thus this man gave most generously of his resources that his fellowmen might be made happier, might get out of life

some of those comforts that Mr. Rosenwald himself worked so hard for in his younger years. Like the late Nathan Straus his happiness lay in unselfishly serving others, and also like Mr. Straus he belonged to a race that has given to America many philanthropists in the business of financial worlds and not a few in the professional ranks.

Unobtrusively Mr. Rosenwald carried on his altruistic and educational work for many years and thousands upon thousands of people have reason to be grateful to him and revere his memory. It will be remembered that he financed the President's Advisory Committee on Education, giving \$100,000 for that purpose.

The philanthropist at the point of death requested, with characteristic modesty, a simple funeral and asked that no flowers be sent. Mr. Rosenwald does not need flowers placed upon his grave to attest the nation's love and grateful appreciation for his many beneficences. The enduring and "eternal" "Rosenwald foundation" is enshrined in millions of hearts which will never forget the man whose good deed knew no barrier of race or creed and whose hand was never withheld from aiding his less fortunate brother.

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Misfortune can't keep dogging us if we are only dogged enough.

# EDUCATION A MENTAL UNFOLDMENT

(Selected)

In teaching, perhaps more than in most professions, a frequent mental stocktaking is requisite for progress, and a self-questioning such as the following may profitably be pursued by the teacher who has a whole-hearted desire to build sincerely on right foundations. In the process of teaching, he may ask himself, is my thought more occupied with my pupil's abilities or his disabilities? Do I allow a sense of the seemingly incalculable distance between his present attainments and my ideal for him to becloud my thought regarding him? Or do I rather so visualize his capabilities, however undeveloped as yet, that the positive rather than the negative is ever uppermost in our inter course as a teacher and pupil? Is there—for there should be—the unceasing acceptance on my part of the fact that the possible development of individual faculties is unlimited—that there are no bounds to the achievements to which the pupil may aspire?

How urgently does the pupil need the inspiration of this positive, buoyant mental attitude on the teacher's part! A bewildered sense of his own shortcomings and of the immense distance he has to travel in the line of intellectual development will well-nigh overwhelm the student who sees only too plainly that his instructor's opinion of his aptitude and attain-

ments is even more unflattering than his own estimate of them. How quickly on the other hand, will a pupil respond to a teacher's vision for him of an ever-expanding mental horizon an unending progress, however few the steps already taken. All great teachers, differ as they may in temperament, methods, and salient traits, have this quality in common, namely, the transcendent ability to recognize the present mental equipment of each pupil, infinitesimal though it may be, as the visible arc of the perfect circle of his possible accomplishment. And this perfect whole will gradually emerge under the enlightened guidance of a teacher who is gifted with the vision to behold what "eye hath not seen." Then is not this constructive attitude on the part of the instructor more important even than eminent scholarship?

When the pupil is awakened to this perception of continual and unending mental unfoldment, he can do more for himself than any teacher can do for him, and he finds in all the experiences of his daily life opportunities for this gradual emergence from encumbering clouds of ignorance and disability. Let us, then, give him this faith in the unlimited development of his own faculties, and this will be a key that will open untold treasures. His real education will have begun.

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Human beings, like chickens, thrive best when they have to scratch for what they get.—Sunshine Magazine.

## POST-WAR TRAINING

(The N. C. Christian Advocate)

Hon. Josephus Daniels, editor of the News and Observer, Raleigh, in his address to the graduates at the University of North Carolina last week discussed a theme of which we are going to hear much the next few years. This leading citizen of the state has rendered a real service to the American people in bringing before them this vital issue on the commencement occasion at Chapel Hill.

"Already, while fighting is in progress there is propaganda to put the youth in uniform," he reminded the graduates. "There are not wanting those who approve the Mussolini and Hitler plan of introducing military training in the elementary schools. Others would confine it to those in the high schools.

"The argument is that it makes for physical strength and disciplines youth. True, but it was the athletic fields of Rugby—not compulsory drilling—that won the Battle of Waterloo. When all youths receive athletic training, as they should, they will be fit and ready for duties of peace and war," Daniels declared.

For long decades, if not centuries, Germany has had compulsory military training mixed in with their wars. This had gone on long before "Kaiser Bill" who saw the Fatherland thor-

oughly militarized as he dreamed of an empire extending from Berlin to Bagdad. The world knows the story. It was on this foundation that Hitler built his Europe and planned the present world war. How absurd to talk world peace and plan for universal military training.

Mr. Daniels continued with these wise words. He divided the advocates of compulsory military training into four classes: "Those who think the schools cannot insure physical fitness; those who lack faith that postwar wisdom can organize and undergird lasting peace; those who are congenital militarists, and those who wish standing armies ready for colonial exploitation or imperialism.

"It will be unpopular for a while to combat this un-American doctrine," he said "All the more reason for enlisting in a righteous cause and battling against permitting the evil of imperialism getting its foot under the tent of a democracy which militarism would endanger. This country was born in hostility to conquest and colonialism. The introduction of compulsory training would turn back the clock of self-government and democracy. Fight against it and all other encroachments upon individual liberty."

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The truest help we can render an afflicted man is not to take his burden from him, but to call out his best energy, that he may be able to bear the burden.—Phillips Brooks.

# EXPECT LOST COLONY DRAMA NEXT YEAR ON BIGGEST SCALE EVER

(Dare County Times)

The Lost Colony, Paul Green's gripping drama of the struggles of early English settlers to found a colony in the New World, may be resumed next season—in 1945. That is the hope of the Roanoke Island Historical Association which launched plans Friday, and will seek to raise a fund of \$150,000 for the purpose.

Governor J. Melville Broughton told an audience at Fort Raleigh today that the drama in its five years of successful operation had brought a million dollars of business to the section surrounding Dare County. Over 300,000 people have seen the show.

The Governor, who was recently elected chairman of the Association which sponsors the show, says the state should underwrite the play because of its great value not only commercially to the state, but because of its influence in moulding interest and appreciation for the history of the state and Nation's early beginnings.

Accordingly, the Association elected on its board of 21 directors, many of them outstanding citizens over the length and breadth of the state who have manifested interest in the play, and have advocated greater pride and interest in North Carolina's history and progress.

The Governor spoke at Fort Raleigh in commemoration of the birthday of Virginia Dare, first white child of English parents born on American soil, a daughter of the colony founded by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1587 of the third expedition, the first of which

was in 1584.

D. Bradford Fearing, known and loved universally and whose untimely death last year reminded all of the tremendous place he had occupied as a promoter of the Lost Colony, was honored by the presentation of a plaque placed in the Chapel at Fort Raleigh.

The officers elected today for the Roanoke Island Historical Association were J. M. Broughton, chairman, Melvin R. Daniels, vice chairman, C. S. Meekins, treasurer, I. P. Davis, secretary, and Martin Kellogg Jr., general counsel. Josephus Daniels of Raleigh was named honorary vice chairman, the only person in the state to hold this position, and Dr. C. C. Crittenden, of the State Historical Commission, was named historian.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Midgett, owners of the First Colony Inn at Nags Head, generously extended the courtesies of the hotel to the party Thursday night, and entertained Governor Broughton and party at a clam chowder, fish, and chicken dinner. Governor Broughton with Sam Selden and Billy Carmichael spent the night at the Midgett cottage. Those present at the dinner were Governor Broughton, Sam Selden, director of the Lost Colony, Billy Carmichael, controller of the State University; Dr. Frank Graham, president of the University; Roy Davis, Theo. Meekins, Melvin Daniels, John Ferebee, Harry P. Deaton of Mooreville, D. V. Meekins, Herbert Peele of Elizabeth City, and I. P. Davis.

# THE NOBLEST REVENGE

(The Paahao Press)

The don'test of all don'ts is—Don't try to get even.

The greatest of all time-wasting is time wasted on revenge. It not only is a waste of time, but also of gray matter, nerve force, vitality, soul-juice, and life reserves.

The desire for retaliation is the most dangerous lust that enslaves human beings.

When you want to hurt him who has hurt you, you want something that irritates you while you want it, disappoints you when you get it, and makes you feel mean after it's all over.

You can't get through this life without meeting people who injure you. There are those that snub you, those that betray you, those that cheat you, those that envy you, besides all the swarm of spiteful, malicious, weak, and venomous human mosquitos, worms and wasps. If you stop to chase each one of these to punish them, you will have no time for anything else.

If you allow yourself to think of them, they will poison you until your mind is as sour as buttermilk, your sleep ruined, and your hours of leisure turned from content to wretchedness.

Forget it!

It makes not so much matter whether or not you forgive an offense; the only satisfying thing is to forget it.

There's too much to do to stop and fight bees. Life is too rich to pauperize it by hate. Let it pass!

Doubtless your enemy needs a thrashing. But what's that to you? The question is. What do you need?

You need a peace of mind and contentment, and to keep thinking about him is to upset yourself.

When a man wrongs us, let us simply drop him. He's out of our life. Good-bye! There are plenty of others. As far as we are concerned, he is an undesirable citizen, and that's all there is to it.

Why redress injuries? They always redress themselves automatically better than we can redress them.

We don't realize the self-acting, automatic, equalizing efficiency of the spiritual world. It is far more actual than any medical device.

When a man does dirt, he gets dirt, by and by. Let him alone. Why bother?

Into what horrors of suffering has the desire for revenge plunged the world: Look at hideous Europe now. There mountains of mangled bodies are piled on the altars of revenge.

When Jesus spoke about turning the other cheek, he was not talking impossible idealism, but plain sense. The people who spiritually arrive are the forgetters.

Here is a sentence you may paint on your wall where you can see it day by day; on your ceiling where you can gaze on it when you wake up at night; on your mind where all your thoughts can read it as they pass by; and on your heart where every emotion can be shaped by it:

"An injury can grieve us only when remembered. The noblest revenge, therefore, is to forget."

# GENERAL MARSHALL AT HOME

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

Life in last week's number of this great national weekly shows the Chief of Staff of the United States Army at work in his garden. A page picture shows General Marshall clad in G I coveralls and boots, seated on a terrace wall at his home in Leasburg, Va. In a smaller picture the general is shown shoveling rotten crabapples from a wheelbarrow onto a compost heap near his vegetable garden where are grown tomatoes, corn beans, egg-plants, beets and squash. Think of the Chief of Staff of the greatest army ever assembled in the history of the human race clad in work clothes shoveling rotten crabapples out of a wheelbarrow in order to hasten the growth of a vegetable garden!

Another picture shows him hoeing corn. With sleeves rolled to his elbows he leans to his task as if he learned how to excel in this humble job when a lad at his boyhood home in Pennsylvania. In another picture he appears at home in citizen's clothes with two of his step-daughter's little children, one in his lap and the other standing by his knee while he tells them stories, perhaps the story

of Peter Rabbit or some mother goose rhyme.

With these glimpses of his home life in mind one can hardly visualize him as a man of war. Nevertheless, General George Catlett Marshall occupies a place among the greatest military leaders in the history of the United States and is now ultimately responsible for everything about the army—for its planes, its tanks, its food, its men, its spirit. He is especially responsible for its leaders. It was for him to appoint General Eisenhower, Bradley, Patten, Patch, Clark, and Collins to the commands where they have rendered such brilliant and conspicuous service.

Yet his home life and the proof that we have of his simple tastes and his appreciation of the ways of peace and the things that make a nation great, helps us to understand why at the very highest point of his attainments as a great military genius he was led the other day to tell postwar planners that he did not believe in a large peace time army. "A large standing army," said General Marshall, "has no place among the institutions of a modern democratic state."

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Some men are born old, and some never seem so. If we keep well and cheerful we are always young, and at last die in youth, even when years would count us old.—Tryon Edwards.

# BLIND MAN ERECTS HOME ON TINY INCOME

(The New Day)

A 75-year-old blind man recently completed a home he built by hand, financed by 19 years of saving on a \$2 weekly income from selling shoelaces.

Emil Jorgensen started saving money for a house after the winter of 1914, when he had to live over a coal shed and found it "awful cold," he explains.

"I made up my mind then and there it would never happen again. I was going to have my own home."

For 19 years he saved all he could from a total weekly intake of \$2. In 1933, he was able to purchase his plot of land for \$45. Five years later he bought \$75 worth of lumber and started to build.

He suffered many setbacks. Once his supplies were stolen. Another time a completed roof was burned.

"I had to pay cash for everything," Jorgensen recalled. "Every-

one thought I was being ridiculous. "A blind man building a home," they would say."

But today, six years later, Jorgensen has a home—a lace-curtained white bungalow with two bedrooms, a living room, bath, kitchen, plus a deep dry basement and an attic. The blind man, although he never had any building experience before, has even installed the water pipes, electric wires and heating plant by himself.

A native of Denmark, Jorgensen came to the United States in 1887. In 1917, after the death of his wife, cataracts formed on both eyes, leaving him totally blind. Since then he has lived alone.

As an insurance against loneliness in his new home, he has installed a radio in the living room, kitchen and bedroom.

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Did you know that:

A teakettle singing on a stove was the beginning of the steam engine.

A shirt waving on the clothes line was the beginning of a balloon, the forerunner of the Graf Zeppelin.

A spider web strung across a garden path suggested the suspension bridge.

A lantern swinging in a tower was the beginning of a pendulum.

An apple falling from a tree was the cause of discovering the law of gravitation.

If you think you can't do very much, and that the little you can do is of no value, think on these things.



## INSTITUTION NOTES

After an unusually long period of silence, we received a letter from William S. Morgan the other day. Bill, who used to be the chief linotype operator among the lads in the printing department, enlisted in the United States Navy in November, 1942, going directly to the Great Lakes Naval Training Station from the School campus. After completing basic training, he went to Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, to study radio, and is now rated as radio-man, third class, U. S. N. For about one year Bill was stationed at a submarine base at Kodiak, Alaska. For several months we received many letters from him, sometimes as many as three a week, and they were usually very interesting. We had not heard from Bill since March 1, 1944 and were beginning to wonder what had happened to him, when along came his most recent epistle, dated August 31st. Needless to say we were delighted to hear from our friend again. He writes in part as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Just received your nice letter and sure was glad to hear from you. Yours was the first letter I received here. Well, I suppose you want to know why I haven't written It's like this. On June 22, we received orders from the Commander of Submarine, Pacific, to pack up and leave for Mare Island, California. Due to bad weather we were delayed. My 28-day leave started on the 30th I caught the Army Air Transport at Seattle, Washington, for Charleston, South Carolina. When we got to Des Moines, Iowa, I met a lady whose son was in the Navy but was killed at Attu. She invited me to her home for a fine Fourth of July party. On the

morning of the 7th I reached home. You remember that I told you that mother had married again. Well, I met my step-father, and must say that he is a swell fellow. We went to Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, and had a great time for a few days. He let me use his car whenever I wanted to and the time passed by in a hurry.

Sure wish that I could have stopped by to see you, but the A. T. C. plane I was in flew over Winston-Salem at the rate of 180 per hour, and there wasn't anything I could do about it. It would have been swell to have seen you if only for a few minutes. Please say 'hello' to everyone at the School for me, and keep up the fine work you are doing.

"I'd write more but three pages is the limit. Write soon and tell me how things are with you. Always enjoy your letters immensely. Sincerely, Bill."

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Clyde A. Bristow, of Winston-Salem, who was a member of our printing class more than eighteen years ago, continues to live up to his reputation as one of the very best correspondents among the old boys of our acquaintance. For a number of years he has been piloting huge transfer trucks all over the country for the Roadway Express Company. At present he seems to be able to spend most of his time at home. In addition to writing a very nice letter Clyde usually encloses snapshots of his two youngsters. His most recent letter, dated September 4th, reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: It seems that I'll never get to come by and see you. Duties here have kept me pretty busy.

In fact, I haven't been out of town for some time.

"Am glad to report that our two children are well and healthy and getting along splendidly. The 'Missus' also. Our backyard garden yielded many quarts of tomatoes, corn, peas, peppers and beets. At present there are some peanuts out there being covered with grass. We plan to pull them later on.

"I enjoy the regular copies of The Uplift and can really keep posted on all the School events as well as happenings to 'the boys' in the service, who were at one time there at the School.

"George and I are still with Roadway. He is on a regular run while I have one of the home-every-night jobs now. In fact, I'm George's forman. Am in charge of a four-truck unit, and have to keep 'em rolling. In this unit are two brand-new K-7 Internationals with 28-foot Fruehauf trailers; one Dodge with a new Fruehauf trailer and an earlier K-7 with one of the older Fruehauf vans. All are in first-class condition at present, but we are holding our breath these hot days for our re-caps and synthetics.

"Mother and George's family are getting along O K despite the polio epidemic which is heaviest here. Sincerely hope this can be curbed soon. The medical folks in Hickory are really doing a grand and noteworthy job—don't you think?

"I just know those boys really enjoy that fine swimming pool on days like today—and memories of watermelon feasts on the lawn. Oh, boy!

"Am enclosing a few snaps made of the family last Sunday. Meanwhile, here's our best regards, Mr. Godown. Please remember me to Mr. Fisher and and the rest of the School folks whom

I know. Don't forget to let us hear from you when you can find it convenient. Promise to drop in at my first opportunity and see you. Your friends, The Clyde Bristow's."

—:—

Rev. R. F. Boyd, pastor of St. Andrews Presbyterian Church, Charlotte, N. C. was the visiting minister at the Sunday afternoon services at the School last Sunday, and the boys were delighted to have Mr. Boyd visit the School and speak to them.

Mr. Boyd used as a basis for his discussion the first nineteen verses of the third chapter of John, dealing with the conversation between Nicodemus and the Savior. The subject was "Rebirth."

Nicodemus was described as a man who stood high in his community in his day. He probably was one of the highest church officials in the community and was highly regarded by his fellow man. No doubt, he was a man of considerable learning. Yet, with all his accomplishments and positions, he still felt there was a woeful deficiency in his life, that he lacked something which kept him from being entirely satisfied and certain about life. After hearing about the teachings of Jesus, he decided that no doubt Jesus could supply this deficiency in the spiritual realm for him. The record shows that he went to visit the Master at night, and this probably was done because Nicodemus knew that Jesus was a very busy person. On the other hand, he may have visited Him that night because he was ashamed for his neighbors to see him in the company with Jesus.

At the beginning of the conver-

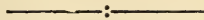
sation Nicodemus readily admitted that there was this shortage or incompetence, and he sought to find out what he could do to overcome this need, and to be strong and capable. Christ told him that he would have to undergo a spiritual rebirth, or rather a change in his viewpoint of life. He explained to him that it would have to be an inner change and that if he did not experience this rebirth he was hopeless, so far as salvation was concerned.

The preacher then declared that too often preachers shriek their responsibility of preaching plainly about the facts of religion. They almost suggest that all a person needs to do is to be a pretty good fellow, or just such as Nicodemus was, but he explained in this connection that there is still need for the spiritual experiences. He stated that it is not enough to be good just on Sunday and to engage in the evil practices on week-days.

Mr. Boyd reminded the boys of

the fact that little was ever heard about Nicodemus after this affair, but there was hope that Nicodemus decided then and there to believe on the Master. He explained that the most important thing for a person to do to be a Christian is to believe. He has the privilege of either accepting or rejecting the Master. In other words, it is not merely a question of being good or doing evil, but rather of believing, and if one believes in Christ naturally he will want to be good.

In conclusion, Mr. Boyd reminded the boys that it costs much for everyone to be a Christian. It means he will have to practice self-denial and make sacrifices time after time. We may feel that salvation is a free gift from God, but if we are to keep it we will have to pay the cost by practicing the teachings of Jesus. This was described as an individual matter determined by each person rather than groups.



It is not the critic who counts, nor the man who points out how the strong man stumbles, or where the doer of deeds could have done better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena; whose face is marred by dust and sweat; who strives valiantly; who errs and may fail again and again, because there is no effort without error or shortcoming, but who does actually strive to do the deeds, who does know the great enthusiasm, the great devotion; who spends himself in a worthy cause; who, at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat.

Theodore Roosevelt.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

(No Honor Roll)

### COTTAGE No. 1

John Allen  
Ralph Bailey  
Walter Byrd  
Leonard Bradley  
George Cox  
Ray Covington  
Robert Gaylor  
Howard Hall  
John Love  
Harold McKinney  
Carlton Pate  
Tommy Ruff  
Harry Thompson  
Harlan Warren

### COTTAGE No. 2

Bobby Buchanan  
Charles Byrd  
Fred Coats  
Delmas Jarrell  
Jerald Johnson  
Chester Lee  
John McLean  
James Norton  
Gene Peterson  
Hayes Powell  
Marshall Prestwood  
Jack Ray  
James Sneed  
Kermit Wright  
Roy Womack

### COTTAGE No. 3

William Brooks  
George Bass  
Craven Callihan  
William Doss  
Earl Green  
Jack Hensley  
James Hensley  
Rudy Hardy  
Cecil Kinion  
Robert Lee  
Jack Oliver  
Charles Roland  
Donald Redwine  
Richard Tullock  
Theodore Young

### COTTAGE No. 4

Robert Blackwelder

Charles Carter  
John Fine  
Eugene Grice  
Jack Gray  
Robert Hogan  
Bill Lewis  
Paul Stone  
Ray Smith  
J. R. Truitt  
Edward VanHoy  
Lawrence Walker

### COTTAGE No. 5

Thomas Barnes  
Jerome Duncan  
Patrick Ford  
Nolan Overcash  
Samuel Price  
Thomas Sessions  
Robert Wilkins

### COTTAGE No. 6

Rufus Driggers  
Richard Davidson  
Vernon Foster  
Kieth Futch  
Ralph Gibson  
Earl Gilmore  
Jesse Hamilton  
Billy Hawkins  
George Marr  
Stanford McLean  
Robert Mason  
Nolan Morrison  
Clay Shoe  
James Swinson

### COTTAGE No. 7

Robert Bradbury  
Horace Collins  
Charles Edwards  
James Knight  
Jack Phillips

### COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

### COTTAGE No. 9

Leonard Church  
Raymond Cloninger  
Ray Edwards  
Edward Guffey

### COTTAGE No. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11

Charles Alexander  
 Odean Bland  
 Donald Bowden  
 William Guffey  
 Jack Gentry  
 Edward Hambrick  
 Fred Holland  
 Raymond Hunsucker  
 Bobby Jarvis  
 Billy Lowery  
 Arlon McLean  
 James Phillips  
 James Ray  
 J. C. Rhodes  
 Clyde Rhodes  
 Leon Rose  
 Maxie Shelly  
 J. W. Smith  
 William Walker

COTTAGE No. 12  
 (Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

William Andrews  
 William Black  
 Raymond Britton  
 William Deal  
 Ervin Ewing  
 Eugene Frazier

J. B. Galyon  
 Vernon Harding  
 Robert Henson  
 Walter Neagle

COTTAGE No. 14  
 (No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 15

George Brown  
 William Bass  
 Jack Benfield  
 Robert Bluester  
 Huston Berry  
 Harold Coffey  
 Bobby Flinchum  
 Jimmie Knight  
 Charles Ledford  
 Robert Myers  
 Olin Wishon  
 Robert Rivenbark

INDIAN COTTAGE  
 (No Honor Roll)

INFIRMARY

Ray Taylor  
 Clifford Shull  
 Odel Cecil  
 Raymond Byrd



At five: the youngster says: "The stork brought us a new baby sister."

At ten: "My dad can lick any man twice his size."

At fifteen: "Girls are—blah!"

At twenty: "Just give me a chance, I'll show 'em!"

At twenty-five: "The system is all wrong there should be reform."

At thirty: "In a few years people will will wake up and demand their rights."

At thirty-five: "I'd be rich if I had stayed single."

At forty: "Give me another bottle of that hair tonic."

At forty-five: "I'm sick of reformers."

At fifty-five: "Thank God I've got a good bed."

At sixty: "I was mighty lucky to pick such a fine woman."

At sixty-five: "I feel as young as I did 20 years ago."

At seventy: "I don't know what these modern young people are coming to."—Morganton News Herald.



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# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 7, 1944

No. 40

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## PLAYING THE GAME

I do not know what I shall find  
On out beyond the final flight;  
I do not know what I shall meet  
Beyond the last barrage of night;  
Nor do I care—but this I know—  
If I but serve within the fold  
And play the game, I'll be prepared  
For all the endless years may hold.

—Grantland Rice.

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# The Uplift

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**A WEEKLY JOURNAL**

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## COLUMBUS DAY

A date familiar to each American which stands for more today than it did last year and the year before, when it comes to location. When Columbus discovered America on this side of the ocean there isn't a citizen who isn't glad he let it stay here! Hail to the founder of a country where men live to labor for their lives, ideals and traditions. We observe Columbus Day in honor of a man who never knew the importance of his discovery, who never lived to see the development of this land from unapproachable frontiers and wilderness to its present glory. And glorious it is as well you would discover were you to lose it.

We are accused of being sentimental over the idea of Columbus setting forth on that memorable voyage. We deal with the thought of a gusty wind forecasting a bit of weather ahead, of a silverlined surf cutting and breaking on a deserted beach, of a boat sailing a rolling sea perhaps under the same sort of fleecy clouds and under such a moon as comes with October today. There might have been bleakness there, with tossed leaves sweeping before a cold rain that warned of hardship to come for those who would try to conquer the wilderness. But what a day for Americans!—Mooresville Enterprise.

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## NEWS ABOUT TRAINING SCHOOL BOYS IN SERVICE

### 1. William Phifer Ballew.

Entered the Training School May 3, 1932.

Released August 2, 1935.

Staff Sergeant William Phifer Ballew is now reported as a prisoner of war in Germany. William entered the army December 8, 1942 and went overseas in the following April, 1943, going first to the British Isles.

A news dispatch from Morganton, dated September 9, 1944, is quoted as follows:

“Sergeant Ballew, missing in action in France since July 12, ap-

parently is well and safe, reports from the Broadcast (radio) indicate."

After returning to his home from the Training School William entered the public schools at Drexel and graduated from the high school there on May 5, 1939. He was managing editor of the *Booster*, the school's publication.

The School officials are delighted to learn of the good success and the impressive service record of this boy. He has acquitted himself with honor and credit both to the school and to himself. Since he is now a prisoner of war it is to be hoped that eventually he may be safely returned to his native land and that we may have the privilege of a visit from him.

## 2. Garrett Bishop

Entered the Training School September 2, 1936.

Released July 6, 1938.

Staff Sergeant Garrett Bishop has distinguished himself as a member of the Air Force, and in recognition of his outstanding record he has been awarded an Oak Leaf Cluster.

From the *Charlotte Observer* of July 14, 1944, we are presenting the following quotation:

"Staff Sergeant Garrett W. Bishop, of Charlotte, N. C., nose gunner on a B-24 Liberator bomber, has been awarded an Oak Leaf Cluster to the Air Medal for meritorious achievement while flying bomber combat missions over France and Germany. Sergeant Bishop has flown 14 missions over the continent, participating in the destruction of targets in Bretigny, Criel, St. Gabriel, Coutances, Laigle, Conches, and Guer. Most of these missions were in support of the European invasion. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ray M. Bishop, reside at Route 6, Charlotte, N. C., and his wife, Mrs. Garrett W. Bishop, resides at 5332 63rd St., Maspeth, Long Island."

While Garrett was at the Training School he stayed in the No. 4 cottage and worked on the barn force. He was in the seventh grade in school. When he left the School he went to live with his brother in New York City, where he was employed in a machine shop. In April, 1940, he was given an honorable discharge from further supervision.

The School is proud of his successful record, both in civilian life

and in the armed forces. We wish for him continued good luck and shall be delighted to have him visit the School at the end of the war.

3. William Henry Burke.

Entered Jackson Training School June 6, 1927.

Released September 3, 1929.

William Henry Burke, according to latest news reports, holds the rank of Ensign in the United States Navy. He has been in the Navy service since 1935, and he took the officers' training course at New London, Connecticut, specializing in some phases of engineering.

Our latest information stated that Ensign Burke was "on active duty somewhere in the Pacific with the United States Maritime Service." His wife and three children are residents of Staten Island, N. Y.

While this boy was at Jackson Training School he stayed in No. 10 cottage, and he worked on the chicken force.

4. James D. Causey, Jr.

Entered Jackson Training School March 15, 1934.

Released October 5, 1937.

The Charlotte Observer of Friday, June 4, 1943, carried a list of North Carolinians being held as prisoners in the hands of the Axis forces, as announced by the War Department in Washington on June 3, 1943. Among the names listed was that of James D. Causey, Jr., reported as a prisoner in the hands of the Japanese.

When James was released from the School he went to live with his parents, who were then living in Raleigh. He remained in the Receiving Cottage during the entire time he was here, being a house boy.

James made a splendid record at the School and reports indicated that he also made a good record at his home in Raleigh. Evidently he served an enlistment period in the Navy, which he entered as a volunteer in the fall of 1937, and from which he received an honorable discharge in May, 1938. Apparently, he had volunteered for the army or had been called into service, since the latest announcement came from the War Department.

## 5. Henry W. Cowan.

Entered Jackson Training School February 2, 1937.

Released July 18, 1939.

Information was received last April 2 that Henry Cowan, who came to the Training School from Belmont, is now stationed somewhere in England, where he is serving with an ordnance depot company. It is probable, of course, that he has since been transferred to France or elsewhere on the continent of Europe.

Henry is an outstanding example of how any young man, with good ability, by directing his life in the right way, regardless of previous handicaps, may become a fine citizen and make a worthy contribution to his country. At last reports, he held the rank of sergeant. His wife is the former Miss Viola Smith of Belmont.

While he was at the School, Henry stayed in Cottage No. 1; he was in the seventh grade of the school; he worked in the laundry, on the farm, and in the house. As a whole, "he made a good record."

## 6. David Cunningham.

Entered Jackson Training School June 19, 1940.

Released October 23, 1942.

David Cunningham came to the Training School from Jackson County and after a period of over two years he was released to join the army. For his basic training he was stationed at Camp White, Oregon. He continued in the service with the rank of private, and on September 26, 1944 information was received that he had been wounded in the Mediterranean theatre.

During his stay at the School, David was in cottage No. 9. He was on the honor roll 19 times out of a possible 26. He worked practically all of the time in the laundry where he made a good record.

\* \* \* \* \*

### THIRTY-EIGHT MORE BOYS JOIN THE CHURCH

At the evening services on Sunday, October 1, under the direction of Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Concord, thirty-eight boys from the Training School received the ordinance of baptism and were admitted to membership in that church. It was truly an impressive sight and an occasion filled with

untold possibilities to see a long stream of fine boys file in one by one to experience this sacred, significant ceremony of the church. In regard to this event there are some profound observations, as follows.

1. This, of course, was an outstanding event in the lives of these boys. It is hoped that for all of them that it marked another milestone in their spiritual growth and development. The ordinance of baptism is a sacred ceremony which has been established in the churches of the world designed to strengthen people in their vows and covenants with the Lord to live in conformance with the teachings of the Holy Scriptures. It is a ceremony to help both the strong and the weak, the young and the old to be steadfast and unwavering in their devotion to God, to the church, and to their fellowmen.

2. This group of boys had been carefully selected by Mr. Summers and members of the Training School staff. An earnest effort was made to select and guide these boys in this forward step just as any Christian parent would do for his or her own child. It has been the purpose of those who have been working on this project to select only the boys who voluntarily expressed a desire to become church members and those by their daily lives testify to their earnestness and sincerity. No one claims to be infallible in judging others at this point, but it is perfectly clear that if a boy is falling short in his moral and spiritual life, there is grave danger in harming him by having him enter the church. Joining the church is too sacred to be cheapened and trifled with.

3. Mr. Summers and the members of his church, by arranging for these boys to become church members, and have a church home have done a magnificent thing. For almost all of the boys, no doubt, it was their first and certainly it was their best opportunity to enter into this Christian fellowship. It is further evidence of the fact that the doors of this fine church and the hearts of its people are open to "one and all" regardless of his station in life. Mr. Summers has worked with these boys not merely for one or two Sundays in a biennium, but over a continuous period of time so that what has occurred should not be the out growth of a spasmodic, emotional impulse. And the prospects are there will be adequate follow-up work among the boys.

4. It is far better for any person to join the church early in life. A great majority of church members affiliated with the church of their choice in childhood, most of them coming through the Sunday Schools. It is a known fact that the best people in any community are those who belong to the churches.

5. There is every reason to believe that this will be a rich blessing to these boys. By their consecration they will be greatly strengthened to overcome their own temptations. Then, too, they no doubt will be an influence for good among the other boys at the School. And finally when they return to their homes, they should find it easier to associate with Christian companions; they should be able to exert a powerful influence for good in their own homes.

\* \* \* \* \*

For those of our readers who continue the good old reverent and grateful habit of saying "grace" at meals, we reproduce herewith an old French Canadian expression of thanks, clipped from one of our exchanges, which reads as follows:

"Be present at our table, Lord;  
Be here and everywhere adored;  
These creatures bless, and grant that we  
May feast in paradise with thee."



# LOCAL HAPPENINGS

(Reported By Boys Of The School Department)

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

Dr. Underwood the visiting dentist at the school, recently made a close check up on every boys' teeth at the school, approximately 375! He has left now from his twice annual visit, but I am sure he left some of the boys teeth in a much better condition.

Recently Mr. Hobby and a group of boys killed and prepared 6 nice hogs. The boys are now enjoying some of the sausage made from the hogs, and we are sure the pork chops, spare ribs, etc. are soon to follow. This will be a welcome addition to the daily menu.

Vacation days still aren't over. Mr. Godown, the printing instructor, recently left on a two week vacation to New Jersey. During his absence, Mr. Fisher, former printing instructor, and at present, Asst. Superintendent, presided in Mr. Godown's place.

The Band is making some head way now, under the auspices of Mr. Wilson. So far, only "black board learning" has been used, due to the fact that many of the instruments need repairs. They are expected to be back and ready for use within 2 weeks. We, and I speak for all the band boys, surely do hope so.

The second grade recently went on a hike or "Field Trip," under the auspices of Mrs. Morrison. The first stop they made was the apple orchard. They studied the different leaves as it is autumn, and they were interested

in the color of the leaves changing. The main object of the trip was to secure cat tails. They obtained some and brought them back to study them. They all enjoyed the trip very much.

—:—

Letter To Mr. Hawfield

Concord N. C.

September 27, 1944

Dear Mr. Hawfield.

I am a new boy that has come into the Receiving Cottage I would like to express my feelings of this institution and its workers. I like the officers and the boys. The officers are very interested in us boys. There is a wide variety of boys down here, some are from the farm while others are from the city. The Receiving Cottage does farm work which I like very much. I hope to make a good record here at the school and to continue it at home when I go back.

We play baseball, football, marbles, and horse shoes in our spare time. I enjoy all these games very much. We go to the gym to play basket ball some times. We go swimming every week. We also go to the show once each week. I appreciate all the recreation and training the school offers.

Yours sincerely,

Kenneth Staley

—:—

The Pilgrim

By J. W. Smith, 5th Grade

On a December day, in 1620 a little

ship anchored at Plymouth Rock, in Mass. And it was crowded with people from England, the king of England would not let them worship God as they pleased. At first the pilgrims went to Holland. Later, they found out that the Pilgrims were learning to talk Dutch. The people did not want to talk Dutch, so they moved on to America. These settlers were called Pilgrims because they traveled so far to get religion. The ship they set sail in was the Mayflower. They landed in December, a bad time to settle. It took them about a year to raise crops, grain and other vegetables. By the time it was time they could grow crops about all of the Pilgrims were dead. All of the Pilgrims would have died if it hadn't been for the Indians. The main leader was Squanto. Squanto was an Indian that Captain John White took to England. He could talk English. And so he could talk to the people. The Indian sold the Pilgrims corn and meat.

The Pilgrims had their own governor. His name was William Bradford. He served for nearly thirty years. He was a good governor. The Pilgrims buried their dead people at night because they didn't want the Indians to know how weak they were getting because they would prepare war. They would go to church with their gun in one hand and a Bible in the other hand.

—:—

#### Friday Morning Chapel Program

By William Poteat 8th Grade

The program, Mrs Kiser, leading the group in three patriotic songs. The first: "The Marines Hymn," the sec-

ond: "Anchors Aweigh and the last. "Army Air Corps."

Next on the program, Mr. Hines, read a portion of Scripture, from Matt. 3 Chapter 1st verse, through the fourth Chapter. After the reading he asked all the boys to assume an attitude of prayer. After the prayer, we had an **unusual program**. Mr. Hines asked for volunteers to come up on the stage and sing any song the volunteers chose. This is unusual because the usual procedure is group singing led by Mrs. Kiser.

The names of the lads who contributed to the program are as follows:

Jack Willis, 8th grade—"The Bells of St. Mary."

Raymond Bullman, 3rd grade—"The Old Man on the Hill."

Melvin Radford, 5th grade—"A Laughing Baby Boy."

Bruce Honeycutt, 5th grade—"I Had a Duck."

Fred Coats, 4th grade—"Trust and Obey."

All the lads enjoyed the singing. In conclusion, Jack Gentry and Theodore Young, played a few numbers on the harmonica. The selections were as follows: "Chinese Break-down," "River Brow," "You Are My Sunshine," and "There'll be Smoke on the Water."

#### Friday Afternoon Chapel Program

To begin with, I must state that this program was very unusual. The group usually sings as a whole but today, as you will see, the procedure was entirely different.

The program opened with Mrs. Kiser, leading the group in singing three patriotic songs. They are as follows: "Marines Hymn," "Anchors Aweigh," and "Army Air Corps."



After which, Mr. Hines, the school principal, read a portion of the Scripture and had prayer.

After the prayer, Mr. Hines asked for volunteers to go upon the stage and sing. The lads responded and made a very nice and enjoyable program. The ones who contributed to the program are as follows:

William Poteat, 8th grade—"Letter Edged in Black."

Hugh Cornwell, 8th grade—"Cabbage Head."

Raymond Hunsucker, 5th grade—"Woodpecker Song."

Theodore Young, 5th grade—"You Are My Sun Shine."

William Andrews, 5th grade—"The Frog in The Spring."

Billy Hawkins, 1st grade—"I am a Monkey."

Franklin Robinson, 1st grade—"Hop Hop Hop."

George Guyton, 4th grade—"I Found a Peanut."

James Stadler, 4th grade—"In an Old Dutch Garden."

Raymond Bullman, 3rd grade—"Old Man lived on a Hill."

After the singing, two boys played a few selections on the harmonica. They were as follows: "River Brow" (which is original) "You Are My Sun Shine," "Old Gray Mare," and "Smoke on the Water," by Jack Gentry.

Needless to say, all of the lads enjoyed the program immensley.



A nine-months-old child was trying to stand without holding. Frequently it lost its awkward balance and plopped to the floor. Some of these falls really hurt, but when the mother paid no attention to its crying, the child struggled to its feet and tried again. It was learning one of life's most valuable lessons: The determination to rise after every fall.

One never acquired this characteristic. Whenever life smacked him down he wanted to cry on someone's shoulder. When a child, his mother picked him up every time he fell, and babied him whenever he had a bump.

Another was not like that. When some cruel misfortune knocked every prop from under him, he struggled to his feet, slapped the dirt from his clothes, squared his shoulders, thrust out his jaw, and strode off with the gleam of battle in his eyes. His mother had paid very little attention to the minor bumps of his childhood.

Some animals are able to walk the day they are born; most of them within a month, but man uses about a year to learn this lesson. Perhaps God, knowing how often life will knock us to the ground, wanted to make sure that we would develop plenty of the determination to rise again.

—J. S. Royer In Sunshine Magazine.

# CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS AND HIS GREAT DREAM

By Ruth McCoy, Secretary to the Superintendent

As the son of a stolid, hard-working Genoan shopkeeper, Christopher Columbus' mind was always far from the task of wool carding, the trade by which it was always intended that he earn his living. His dreams were always of the sunset waters; he was steeped in the spirit, the knowledge, and lore of the sea. When still but a boy he signed to sail, thus ending years of longing for this moment.

For ten years Columbus sailed on all the known seas; ten years full of action and danger and delight. During this time Columbus grew to be a man of clear eye and assured bearing. He was fair in coloring and had reddish brown hair which turned a silvery white while he was still a young man. He was a striking figure and when under the glow of enthusiasm, he began speaking on the subject nearest his heart, he held an almost hypnotic power over his hearers.

It was at this time that Columbus married a young and beautiful lady of one of the best families of Portugal, Filipa de Perestrelo. It was on the island of Porto Santo, where he took his wife, that the dream was born which raised the humble Genoese sailor to the level of all the great dreamers in all the world. It was the dream of a New Earth. The idea was this: "The earth is round, therefore by sailing far enough westward it is possible to reach Cathay." It was simple, yet magnificent and daring.

The next long chapter in the story of Columbus is filled with treachery, disappointment, heartbreak and finally renewed hope. Following a plea for aid from King John of Portugal, that wily monarch secretly sent ships of his own to attempt the thing. This expedition, fittingly enough, failed because of the fears and superstitions of the seamen.

On the heels of this first shadow of the ill luck which was to be his so long came a second and more terrible trouble. Filipa, his wife, died. From that time forward, only one thing was of great importance to him, his dream. To this he dedicated himself, for this he sacrificed all the things that might have made life sweet. He bent all energies, all thoughts, to the one end; he plotted and schemed; he used wile and artifice, as well as faith and courage and indomitable persistence, in the pursuit of his goal, and in its service he never faltered.

There you have the spirit of the man who for the next years besieged the rulers of Spain, King Ferdinand of Aragon and Queen Isabella of Castile. When almost he despaired of ever securing their aid, the beautiful and gracious Isabella who had believed in him from the beginning, offered to pledge her jewels to finance the expedition.

It was the dawn of Friday, August 3, 1492, when out of the harbor at Palos sailed the three small ships, the "Santa Maria," the "Nina," and the "Pinta." Of all the eighty-seven

men on those three vessels, all men looked shoreward—perhaps their last look on Spain, save Columbus. He whom many called "The Madman of Genoa," stood on his deck alone, his eyes aglow with everlasting fire, and set indomitably toward the golden West.

Many times during that voyage the men, superstitious and ignorant, implored their admiral to turn back before they were all lost. To their pleading came no answer but the cool and rapt decision of their captain's "No!"

Mile and mile and mile, hours and days and months they sailed. It was as though the sea were interminable. On that night that was to mean so much, Columbus watched alone. As his eyes were straining through the night there gleamed into them a little spark of light,—one single flickering point of light that was not a star. He had seen the light on Guanahani... the answer to his dream! So, at the break of day on October 12, 1492, Col-

umbus saw the green shores of the island which he called San Salvador.

Much we know now that Christopher Columbus did not even dream. He never knew that he had found a New World. He died believing that he had found Cathay, never guessing how much more wonderful a find had been his; not a new way to an old world, but to a New World!

Columbus made three more voyages after this one to his "Cathay" and with the passing of the years his fame and fortune varied from the best to the worst. The important thing about the life of Christopher Columbus is that he was possessed of his dream, of a great vision. And so great a thing was that, that its echo in the world shall never cease. Side by side for centuries had life gone on in these two separate channels; side by side life might have gone on for centuries more, had it not been for a Genoese sailor, and the vision and the soul that was in him.

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It is not sad to grow old. It is rather a very difficult art, and one aquired by few.

To grow old is sad indeed if one's great desire is to hold back the receding years. . . to keep one's hair from growing white, or one's eyes from becoming dim, or the wrinkles from chiseling their way across the brow.

The most beatiful thing in life is an old soul made the better by experience, more indulgent, more charitable; loving mankind in spite of its wretchedness, and adoring youth without the slightest tendency to mimic it. Such a one is like an old Stradivarius whose tone has become so sweet that its value is increased a hundred fold, and seems almost to have a soul.

—Charles Wagner In Sunshine Magazine.



## WITH THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES



The following list includes the names, as they have come to this office, of members of the staff, former staff members, and former students of Stonewall Jackson Training School, who are now serving as members of the armed forces of the United States. It will be seen that four employees went into the service directly from the School campus. The others listed have, in some cases, been away from the institution for quite a number of years, joining the fighting forces several years after severing their connection with the School.

In checking over the list of our old boys, we find that practically one hundred per cent voluntarily enlisted in "Uncle Sam's" service, rather than wait to be called by the selective service system. It is also interesting to note that many of these fellows had been in their country's service several years prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

If any of our readers know of former Training School boys who are now in any branch of service, and can furnish definite information as to their present location, please notify the editor of THE UPLIFT, P. O. Box 32, Concord, N. C. We shall appreciate your co-operation.

### Staff Members

Brausa, Ralph J.	(Navy)	Patterson, James L.	(Army)
(d) Carriker, J. L.	(Army)	Query, James L.	(Army)
Liner, James H.	(Army)		

### Former Staff Members

(d) Adams, J. E., Jr.	(Navy)	(d) Poole, William E.	(Army)
Barrier, Major George L.	(Army)	Watson, Lt. James E.	(Navy)
Cleaver, James A.	(Navy)	Wingate, Lt. W. J.	(Army Air Corps)
Hollingsworth, Jesse G.	(Navy)	Webb, James H.	(Navy)
Parker, Lt.-Col. Samuel I.	(Army)		

### Former Students

Abernethy, Paul	(Navy)	Amos, Gerald	(Navy)
Adams, Clyde	(Navy)	Andrews, Julian	(Marine Corps)
Adams, Felix	(Army)	Andrews, Lewis	(Marine Corps)
Alexander, J. Mack	(Army)	Anderson, Raymond	(Army)
Alexander, Robert	(Army)	Ashley, Arthur	(Army)
Almond, Odell H.	(Navy)	Ashley, Cecil	(Navy)
Allen, Burl	(Navy)	Atkins, Howard L.	(Navy)
Allen, Julian Herschel	(Navy)	Atkins, Richard	(Army)
Allen, Grady C.	(Navy)	Atkinson, Hiram	(Navy)
Allen, Wayne	(Navy)	Atwell, Robert	(Navy)
Allison, John W.	(Navy)	Atwood, Earl	(Army)
Allred, James R.	(Army Air Corps)		

Bailiff, Wilson	(Navy)	Carter, Douglas	(Army)
Baker, John B.	(Navy)	Carter, Fred	(Army)
Ballew, Edward J.	(Navy)	Carver, Gardner	(Army)
(§) Ballew, William P.	(Army)	Causey, Floyd	(Army)
Barber, Winfred V.	(Army)	(‡) Causey, James D.	(Army)
Bargesser, James	(Navy)	Cecil, Virgil	(Army)
Barker, Jewell	(Army Air Corps)	Chapman, Charles	(Army)
Barkley, Joel	(Army)	Chapman, Edward	(Army)
Barnes, Norton	(Army)	Chattin, Ben	(Army)
Barrett, Allen	(Army)	Cherry, Herman	(Army)
Barrier, Carl	(Marine Corps)	Cherry, William	(Navy)
Barrier, William T.	(Navy)	Christine, Joseph	(Navy)
Bass, Homer	(Navy)	Cline, Wade	(Army)
Batson, Jack	(Navy)	Coats, Clinton	(Army)
Batten, John E.	(Navy)	Cobb, Frank E.	(Army)
Bishop, Garrett W.	(Army Air Corps)	Coffer, Robert	(Army)
Baynes, Howard	(Army Air Corps)	Coggins, Mack	(Navy)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)		Collins, Glenn L.	(Army)
Beach, Ernest L.	(Army)	Connell, Harry	(Army)
Beaver, Albert	(Army)	Connell, James	(Navy)
Beaver, Grover	(Navy)	Cook, William	(Navy)
(d) Beaver, Walter	(Army)	Cooke, George C.	(Army)
Bell, James	(Navy)	Cooper, Lake	(Army)
(d) Bell, William C.	(Navy)	Cooper, Dewell J.	(Navy)
Bell, William G.	(Navy)	Cooper, Walter	(Army)
Beheler, Reid	(Navy)	Corn, James	(Army)
Benson, John	(Navy)	Corn, William	(Army)
Blackman, William	(Army)	Cowan, Henry W.	(Army)
Bolton, James C.	(Army)	Cox, Howard	(Navy)
Bordeaux, Junior	(Army)	Cox, J. C.	(Marine Corps)
Bowman, Charles	(Army)	Craft, Arthur	(Army)
Branch, Glatley	(Army)	Crawford, Jack	(Navy)
Branch, Horace	(Army)	(d) Crawford, Louis	(Army)
Brantley, Elmond A.	(Marine Corps)	Crawford, Wiley	(Army)
Bray, Relons Odell	(Army)	Crumpler, John	(Marine Corps)
Briggs, Paul	(Marine Corps)	Cunningham, David C.	(Army)
Britt, Jennings	(Navy)	Cunningham, Jesse S.	(Navy)
Broadwell, William	(Navy)	Dalton, James	(Army)
Brogden, Norman	(Navy)	Daubenmyer, Nelsco.	(Army)
Broome, Jack	(Army)	Davis, Duke	(Army)
Broome, Paul	(Marine Corps)	Davis, Hubert	(Navy)
Broome, Shannon	(Army Air Corps)	Davis, James	(Army)
Brothers, William	(Naval Air Corps)	Deal, Paul	(Navy)
Brown Aldene	(Army)	Deese, Horace R.	(Navy)
Brown, Elbert M.	(Navy)	Detherage, James	(Army)
Brown, Harold	(Army)	Dodd, Carroll	(Army)
Bunn, Dewey	(Navy)	Donaldson, Harold	(Marine Corps)
Bunn, Homer	(Army)	Dorsey, W. Wilson	(Army)
Burke, Ensign William H.	(Navy)	Downes, George	(Army)
Burkhead, Dermont	(Navy)	Downes, William H.	(Army)
Burleson, Lacy C.	(Navy)	Driver, Malcom	(Army Air Corps)
Burrow, John B.	(Navy)	Drumm, Glenn	(Army)
Butler, Femmous	(Army)	Dyson, Fred	(Navy)
Butner, Roy	(Marine Corps)	Eaker, Arnold Max	(Army)
Cable, Nathan	(Army Air Corps)	Earnhardt, Donald P.	(Navy)
Capps, John T.	(Army Air Corps)	Erdmondson, Arthur	(Army)
Carter, Adrian L.	(Navy)	Edwards, Eugene	(Navy)

Elders, James R.	(Marine Corps)	Hall, Frank	(Army)
Elliott, John	(Navy)	Hall, Joseph	(Army)
Elmore, A. C.	(Marine Corps)	Hames, Albert	(Navy)
Ennis, James C.	(Navy)	Hames, William R.	(Army)
Ennis, Henry	(Marine Corps)	Hamilton, Leo	(Navy)
Ennis, Noah	(Navy)	Hampton, Robert	(Navy)
Ennis, Samuel	(Army)	(* ) Haney, Jack	(Marine Corps)
Eury, James	(Army Air Corps)	Hardin, Wilbur	(Navy)
Evans, John H.	(Army)	Hare, James M.	(Army)
Evans, Mack	(Army)	Harris, Edgar	(Army)
Everett, Carl	(Army)	Harris, Ralph	(Navy)
Everidge, Samuel	(Navy)	Hawkins, Bruce	(Navy)
Fagg, Julius, Jr.	(Army)	Hawkins, William T.	(Navy)
Faggart, John	(Marine Corps)	Head, Elbert	(Army)
(Enlisted 1929. Made Warrant Officer by Act of Congress, 1941.)		Heath, Beamon	(Navy)
Farthing, Audie	(Navy)	Hefner, Charles	(Army)
Faschnat, Mose	(Navy)	Hefner, Eugene	(Navy)
Fausnet, Bernard L.	(Army)	Hensley, David	(Army)
(†) Ferris, Russell	(Army)	Hensley, J. B.	(Navy)
Fisher, Edward	(Army)	Hendren, Isaac	(Navy)
Fisher, John H.	(Army)	Hendrix, John	(Army)
Flannery, John	(Army)	Henry, Charlton	(Navy)
(d) Freeman, Richard	(Army)	Hicks, Garland	(Army)
French, Ian	(Army)	Hicks, Odie	(Marine Corps)
Furches, William	(Marine Corps)	Hildreth, John	(Army)
Gaddy, William	(Navy)	Hill, Doyce	(Army)
Gaines. Robert	(Navy)	Hill, William	(Army)
Gardner, Horace T.	(Army)	Hines, Hubert	(Marine Corps)
Gardner, John	(Navy)	Hodge, David	(Army)
Gatlin, Britt C.	(Army)	Hodge, Dallas	(Army Air Corps)
Gautier, Marvin	(Army)	Hogan, Gilbert	(Army)
Gentry, William	(Navy)	Hogsed, John R.	(Army)
Gibson, Merritt	(Army)	Hoke, Bernice	(Navy)
Glasgow. Mumford	(Army)	Holland, Burman	(Army)
Glasgow, Norwood	(Navy)	Holland, Donald	(Army)
Glasgow, Ramsey	(Army Air Corps)	Hollars, Ralph	(Army)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1929-1933. Member China Expeditionary Force, '29-'32.)		Holloway, Hubert	(Army)
Glover, Henry	(Marine Corps)	Holmes, John	(Army)
Godfrey, Warren	(Army)	Honeycutt, Richard	(Navy)
Godwin, John T.	(Navy)	Hooks, Hubert	(Army)
Godwin, Paul D.	(Army Air Corps)	Hornsby, Thomas H.	(Navy)
Goodman, Albert	(Army)	Honeycutt, Nathaniel	(Army)
Goodman, George	(Army)	Howard, Jack	(Navy)
Gray, Delma C.	(Navy)	Hudson, Hoyette	(Army Air Corps)
Green, Eugene	(Army)	Hulan, Norman	(Navy)
Greene, Giles E.	(Army)	(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)	
Greene, Noah J.	(Navy)	Ingram, John E.	(Navy)
Gregory, Charles J.	(Army)	Irby, Earl	(Army)
Gregory, Roy	(Army)	Irwin, Raymond	(Army Air Corps)
Griffin, Charles	(Army)	Jackson, Edgar	(Marine Corps)
Griffin, James H.	(Marine Corps)	Jackson, William	(Navy)
Grooms, J. B.	(Army Air Corps)	Jenkins, Fred	(Navy)
Guffey, Lawrence	(Army)	Johnson, Clawson	(Army)
Hackler, Raymond	(Army)	Johnson, Coley	(Navy)
Hall, Brevard A.	(Army)	Johnson, Edward	(Navy)
		Johnson, Hugh	(Navy)

Jolly, James D.	(Navy)	Merritt, Edgar	(Army)
Jones, Mark Twain	(Navy)	(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)	
Jones, S. E.	(Marine Corps)	Merritt, Julian	(Army)
Jordan, James E.	(Army)	Michaels, J. C.	(Navy)
Journigan, Horace	(Navy)	Miller, Latha	(Navy)
Keen, Clinton	(Army)	Montford, James B.	(Army)
Keith, Monroe	(Army)	Montgomery, Samuel	(Navy)
Keith, Robert	(Navy)	Moose, Claude L.	(Marine Corps)
Kelly, Grady	(Army Air Corps)	Morris, Everett	(Navy)
Kelly, Jesse	(Army)	Morris, Jack	(Army)
King, Cleo	(Army Air Corps)	Morrow, Chas. W.	(Army Air Corps)
King, Frank L.	(Army)	Morrozoff, Ivan	(Army Air Corps)
King, Jesse	(Navy)	Morgan, William S.	(Navy)
King, Marvin	(Navy)	Murphy, Lemuel	(Army)
King, Thomas	(Army Air Corps)	Murphy, Norvelle	(Navy)
Kinley, Robert	(Marine Corps)	Murray, Edward J.	(Army)
Kirksey, Samuel	(Navy)	Muse, Robert	(Navy)
(d) Kivett, Clyde A.	(Army)	McBride, Irvin	(Army Air Corps)
Kivett, John	(Army)	McBride, J. Lee	(Navy)
Knight, Thomas	(Army Air Corps)	McCain, Edward G.	(Navy)
Knight, Thurman	(Army)	McCain, Edward G.	(Navy)
Koontz, J. Milton	(Army)	McColl, Vollie O.	(Navy)
Kye, George	(Army)	McCoy, Hubert	(Army)
Kye, James	(Army)	McDonald, Ralph B.	(Navy)
(‡) Lamar, A. C., Jr.	(Army)	McEntire, Forrest	(Marine Corps)
Land, Reuben	(Army)	McFee, Donald M.	(Army Air Corps)
Land, Wilfred	(Marine Corps)	McGee, Norman	(Army)
Landrum, Luther H.	(Army)	McHone, Arnold	(Navy)
Lane, Floyd C.	(Marine Air Corps)	McKay, John C.	(Marine Corps)
Langford, Olin	(Army)	McKee, Thomas R.	(Army)
Langley, William	(Army)	(Enlisted 1937)	
Laramore, Ray	(Army)	McNeely, Robert	(Army)
Lawrence, Robert	(Marine Corps)	(Enlisted 1933)	
Leagon, Harry	(Army)	McNeill, Preston	(Army Air Corps)
Ledford, Harvey L.	(Army)	McPherson, Arthur	(Navy)
Ledford, James	(Marine Corps)	McRorie, J. W.	(Navy)
Lemly, Jack	(Army)	Nelson, Larry	(Navy)
Lee, Valton	(Army)	Newton, Willard M.	(Army)
Lett, Frank	(Army)	(‡) Odom, David	(Army)
Lewallan, Paul R.	(Army)	Owen, Fred, Jr.	(Marine Corps)
Link, Bruce	(Navy)	(d) Owen, Howard	(Army)
Long, Loyce	(Army)	Owens, Leroy	(Army)
Long, Stacey L.	(Army)	Owens, Norman	(Army)
Mabe, McCree	(Army)	Oxendine, Earl	(Navy)
Martin, Willie H.	(Army Air Corps)	Padrick, William	(Navy)
Mathis, D. B. (Jack)	(Marine Corps)	Page, James	(Army)
(*) Matthews, Douglas	(Army)	Pate, Hansel	(Army)
Matthews, Harley P.	(Navy)	Patterson, James	(Navy)
Mattox, Walter	(Army)	Patterson, Joseph	(Navy)
May, Fred	(Navy)	Patton, Richard	(Navy)
May, George O.	(Army)	Payne, Joy	(Army)
Mayberry, Douglas J.	(Army)	Peake, Harry	(Marine Corps)
Medlin, Clarence	(Army)	Pearson, Fly	(Army)
Medlin, Ervin J.	(Army)	Pennington, Grady	(Army)
Medlin, Wade	(Navy)	Pickett, Claudius	(Army)
(‡) Medlin, Wilson	(Army)	Pittman, Hoyle	(Navy)

(d) Pittman, Ted	(Marine Corps)	Stallings, William	(Navy)
Pittman, Walter	(Army)	Stanley, Brown	(Coast Artillery)
Plemmons, Hubert	(Army)	Stepp, James H.	(Navy)
Pope, H. C.	(Army)	Stines, Loy	(Navy)
Porter, Frank J.	(Army)	Strickland, Robert W.	(Army)
Potter, Linwood	(Army)	Stubbs, Ben	(Army)
Presnell, Robert	(Army)	Sullivan, Richard	(Army)
Pyatt, Jack	(Marine Corps)	Sutherland, Jack	(Navy)
Quick, James	(Navy)	Sutton, J. P.	(Army)
Quick, Robert	(Army)	Talbert, Morris	(Navy)
Quick, Simon	(Navy)	(x) Taylor, Daniel	(Army)
Ramsey, Amos	(Army)	Tessneer, Calvin C.	(Navy)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)		Teeter, Robert E.	(Army)
Ransom, B. T.	(Navy)	Thomas, Harold	(Navy)
Rash, Burris	(Army)	Thomas, Richard	(Army)
Reavis, James	(Army)	Threatt, Sidi	(Army Air Corps)
(d) Reep, John	(Navy)	Tipton, Kenneth	(Navy)
Revels, Grover	(Navy)	Tobar, William	(Army)
Reynolds, D. C.	(Navy)	Troy, Robert	(Army)
Riggs, Walter	(Navy)	Tucker, Joseph	(Army)
Rivenbark William W.	(Army)	Turner, Lee V.	(Navy)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1933-1938.)		Tyson, William E.	(Navy)
Rhodes, Paul	(Army)	Uptegrove, John W. C.	(Army)
Robbins, John	(Navy)	Waldrop, Ned	(Army)
Rogers, Hoyt W.	(Army Air Corps)	Walker, Glenn	(Army)
Roberts, Lonnie	(Navy)	Walker, Oakley	(Army)
Robertson, John C.	(Army)	Walker, Robert	(Army)
Robinson, Perry	(Army Air Corps)	Walsh, Harold	(Army)
Rochester, Nicholas	(Navy)	Walters, Melvin	(Army)
Routh, Walter	(Army Air Corps)	Ward, Eldridge	(Army)
Russ, James P.	(Army)	Ward, Leo	(Army Air Corps)
Sands, Thomas	(Navy)	Ward, Robert	(Army)
Scism, Arlee	(Navy)	(Enlisted 1928)	
Seibert, Fred	(Army)	Ware, Dewey	(Army)
(*) Sexton, Walter B.	(Army)	Ware, Torrence	(Navy)
Seymore, Malcom E.	(Navy)	Watkins, Floyd A.	(Army)
Scott, Archie	(Army)	Watkins, Lee	(Army)
Shannon, William L.	(Navy)	Watson, Lieut. Lemuel	(Army)
Shaver, George H.	(Navy)	Watts, Everett	(Navy)
Shropshire, Hassell	(Army)	Watts, James	(Navy)
Sides, George D.	(Navy)	Watts, Boyce	(Army)
Simmons, Horace K.	(Navy)	Weaden, Clarence	(Army)
Sistar, Walter B.	(Army)	Weathers, Alexander, Jr.	(Army)
Sloan, Lonnie	(Army)	Webb, Charles R.	(Army)
Sluder, Wayne	(Army)	Webster, John D.	(Army)
Small, Clyde E.	(Army)	Whitaker, John H.	(Navy)
Smith, Jesse	(Navy)	(*) Whitaker, William E.	(Army)
Smith, Julius D.	(Navy)	White, Marshall	(Coast Artillery)
Smith, Ventry	(Navy)	Whitener, Richard M.	(Army)
Snider, Samuel	(Navy)	Whitley, John P.	(Navy)
Snuggs, Charles L.	(Navy)	Whitlock, Winfred	(Army)
Spears, James	(Navy)	Widener, Charles	(Navy)
Speer, Carl	(Navy)	Wilhite, Claude	(Army)
Springer, Jack	(Army)	Wilhite, George	(Army)
Stack, Porter	(Army)	Wilhite, James	(Army)
		Wilhite, Porter	(Army)



Williams, Everett L.	(Army)	Wooten, Charles	(Navy)
Williams, Samuel R.	(Navy)	Wrenn, Lloyd	(Army)
Williams, William R.	(Navy)	(†) Wright, George	(Army)
Williamson, Everett	(Navy)	Yarborough, Preston	(Army)
Wiles, Fred	(Army)	York, John R.	(Army)
(Enlisted 1927)		Young, Brooks	(Army)
Wilson, John C.	(Army)	Young, R. L.	(Marine Corps)
Wilson, Thomas	(Navy)	Young, William F.	(Army)
Wilson, W. J.	(Army)	Young, William R.	(Army)
Winn, J. Harvard	(Navy)	Ziegler, Henry F.	(Navy)
Wood, James L.	(Army)		
Wood, William T.	(Navy)		

## Former Students in Merchant Marine Service

Hammond, Edward	Smith, Glenn W.
Hill, Caleb	Stutts, Edward
Hillard, Clyde	Williams, Horace
Lambert, Jay	

- (†) Prisoner of war.
- (§) Missing in action.
- (•) Killed in action.
- (d) Discharged from active service.
- (x) Died while being held prisoner.

# A WELCOME FOR COLUMBUS

By Ruth I. Simon

Did the boats drop from the skies?" Excitedly the copper-colored natives questioned each other as they ran to the beach, their eyes straining far out across the water.

At the first light of the new day they had seen them. Larger than many canoes, they stood high out of the water, their great white wings waving in the wind. Fearfully the men on the beach watched as smaller boats were lowered and men, whose faces were covered with beards and their bodies with bright-colored clothing, climbed into them. More frightened than the wild parrots calling and chattering in the trees, the natives darted into the forest to hide as the boats came near their shore.

The small boats wound their way around the rocks, and grated against the sand. All seemed silent and deserted on the island, but many eyes were peering from the forest. They saw a man in the first boat, a man who was tall and straight, who carried himself proudly. His clothing was scarlet more brilliant than the paint with which they covered their bodies. His white hair gleamed in the morning sun. In one hand he carried a banner as large as the leaves on the banana trees.

As he stepped from the boat he fell to the ground and kissed it. The watching eyes grew more questioning. Other men followed their leader to the shore, each kneeling and joyously kissing the earth.

Still they watched as the man in scarlet, surrounded by his companions placed his banner on a near-by mound.

He spoke long and solemnly while another made strange marks on a sheet of white. The alert ears in the forest could hear the sound of his voice, but could not understand.

"San Salvador," he said and looked happily at the tropical beauty around him. They called their home Guanahani.

Then, when he and those with him had added marks to the white sheet, he spoke again. This time it seemed that he was not talking to those around him, but to someone far away. As he spoke his companions stood with closed eyes and bowed heads.

Surely these strange visitors could mean no harm. Curiosity overcame fear and silently the natives of Guanahani crept from the sheltering forest. When the prayer was ended the white men opened their eyes and saw them, these dwellers in the new world. Their painted bodies were straight and well-built, their eyes large and beautiful.

"They are Indians," said the leader. "We have reached an island near India, and these are the people of that land."

With wonder and fear the natives approached. Questioning fingers touched the beards, the clothing, the shin—and ready to dart again into the covering armor, but the bodies were alert of the forest. The visitors were kind. They did not frighten them, but instead they gave them presents—bits of glass, red caps, gay beads—all of which the natives thought more wonderful than anything they had ever seen.

In exchange the men of Guanahani

brought parrots, balls of cotton yarn, and shells. But nothing pleased or excited the visitors as much as the pins of yellow metal which the natives wore through their noses. "Gold," the white men called it, and by gesture eagerly asked from where it came. Motioning to the south, the natives tried to tell of a king who had much of the yellow metal. That made the visitors happy.

Two days the great boats remained in their harbor. The painted men visited them often in their swift can-

oes, each one hollowed from a single large tree. For their parrots, their cotton, and especially for their gold they received more of the beautiful beads. The boats filled them with wonder; and when, with spreading white wings they sailed from sight, Columbus and his men took seven of the natives with them to learn the Spanish language. Behind him Columbus left friends on San Salvador, the first island discovered in the new world.

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When President James A. Garfield was a young man, someone placed in his hand one day a printed slip, and he carried the slip with him all his life. It had the following sentences. Read them once a week:

Make few promises.

Always speak the truth.

Never speak evil of anyone.

Keep good company or none.

Never play games of chance.

Drink no intoxicating drinks.

Good character is above everything else.

Keep your own secrets, if you have any.

Never borrow, if you can possibly avoid it.

Do not marry until you are able to support a wife.

Keep yourself honest, if you would be happy.

When you speak to a person, look into his eyes.

Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper.

Live within your income.

Save when you are young, to spend when you are old.

Never run into debt, unless you see a way out again.

Good company and good conversation are the sinews of virtue.

Your character cannot be seriously hurt except by your own acts.

If anybody speaks evil of you, let your life be so that no one will believe it.

When you retire at night, think over what you have been doing during the day.

Never be idle. If your hands cannot be employed usefully, attend to the culture of your mind.—Selected.

# PROGRAM FOR TRAINING

(Selected)

The Young Citizen's League of South Dakota, under the direction of the state department of public instruction, has formulated a progressive program of citizenship for the schools of that state. It follows:

## *Patriotism*

Good citizens are patriotic. Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.—Lincoln.

I pledge alliance to the Young Citizens' League. I acknowledge the obligation that I owe to the state and to the country for the training which I am receiving. As an expression of my gratitude, I cheerfully pledge myself ever to uphold the ideals of the Young Citizen's League and to aid in its further development and improvement.

## *Duty*

Good citizens do their duty.

I will find out what my duty is and do it to the best of my ability.

I will vote at every election and be willing to hold office.

## *Courtesy*

Good citizens are courteous.

I will show courtesy in all my acts. I will be polite because good Americans are not rude people. I will do my best to help others.

## *Good Health*

Good Americans try to keep **good** health.

I will eat wholesome food and **take** enough exercise to keep me in **good** health.

I will try to always keep clean and neat.

I will try to protect the health of others.

I shall always try to be clean in body and in mind.

## *Sportsmanship*

Always play fair.

I will play hard to increase **my** strength and courage.

I will not cheat. I will try to **keep** the rules of the game.

I will be a quiet winner or a **cheerful** loser.

I will be sportsmanlike, **generous**, fair and honorable.

## *Truth and Reliability*

Good citizens are reliable and **trustworthy**. With good citizens able to trust each other our country **grows** better every day.

I will always be honest. I will **not** deceive or pretend.

I will take nothing that does **not** belong to me.

I will always do what I **have** promised to do.

I will always stand by the **truth** regardless of my likes or dislikes of people.

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Most people do what they are requested to do; successful people do a little more.—Selected.

# GRADUATES OF DUKE MEDICAL HEAR DR. KEEFER

(The N. C. Christian Advocate)

Sixty-nine young doctors, 54 of them newly created first lieutenants of the Army and junior grade lieutenants of the Navy, were graduated last Saturday morning from the Duke University School of Medicine in special commencement exercises.

Dr. Chester Scott Keefer, professor of medicine at the Boston University School of Medicine, delivered the commencement address, telling the young physicians that the successful physician is one who understands human beings and has interests other than the dispensing of medicines or the removal of diseased organs.

The speaker on this occasion has had a varied and prominent medical career. In addition to being professor of medicine in Boston University School of Medicine, he is director of Robert Dawson Evans Memorial Hospital in Boston, medical administrative officer of the committee on medical research of the Office of Scientific Research and Development, Washington, D. C., and physician in chief of the Massachusetts Memorial Hospital. Yet Dr. Keefer was so free from technical terms intelligible only to the medical profession that the ordinary layman could appreciate all he had to say.

After pointing out the many sources from which the young doctor would learn such as from their own experiences, from doctors around them, from their patients, from the achievements of the past as recorded in the books, ancient and modern, he

gathered it all up by saying "in other words we learn from one another."

The commencement speaker declared that recent advances in medical science have been made possible by applying the results of long years of research in the fundamental science and in the fields of clinical medicine.

"We have learned," said he, "how to make useful many of the facts which in themselves have appeared to be useless in the past. Physicians and biological scientists have been given an opportunity to develop the results of their researches and to explore new fields. As a result of the co-operative efforts of such organizations as the National Research Council of the National Academy of Science, and the Committee on Medical Research of the office of Scientific Research and Development, scientists have been brought together for the purpose of discussing problems and exchanging information.

"Programs of research have been started and the results have been developed. The results of these broad programs of research and development have been passed on quickly to the military forces and to civilians."

Dr. Keefer told the medical graduates that there are many problems concerned with health which they will be called upon to solve in the future, that in many ways the medical profession has an enlarging opportunity to be of additional service to the community.

# DR. McDONALD APPOINTED CHAIRMAN OF POLIO DRIVE AGAIN

(The Reidsville Review)

Dr. Ralph McDonald of Winston-Salem will head the State Infantile Paralysis campaign again for the third consecutive year, it was announced at state headquarters. His appointment has just been made by Basil O'Connor, of New York, president of the national foundation.

Under Dr. McDonald's chairmanship during the last two annual fundraising drives, the people of this state have contributed more than a quarter of a million dollars to the cause of the prevention and cure of infantile paralysis.

This summer Dr. McDonald set up the emergency fund committee at the onset of the polio epidemic. Through this committee the various county chapters of the national foundation of this state contributed \$50,000 from their funds toward the treatment of polio victims. Approximately \$250,000 was sent to North Carolina from the national foundation for use in combatting the epidemic.

Headquarters for this year's campaign will again be set up in Chapel Hill, and Mrs. Phillips Russell will serve again as Dr. McDonald's assistant and state secretary of the campaign.

Dr. McDonald said today that "it is now clear that by the time the pre-

sent polio epidemic runs its course the national foundation for infantile paralysis and its local chapters in the state will have spent more than a half-million dollars combatting this disease in North Carolina.

"For the first time in history every patient needing hospitalization has had it provided without delay and without regard for economic circumstances, and not a single victim had to go without the very best medical attention," he pointed out.

"The generosity and cooperation of the people of North Carolina in previous infantile paralysis drives have been a large factor in making this possible.

The national foundation for infantile paralysis has unhesitatingly provided for financing the fight against the epidemic until it is completely conquered. When the resources of our own local chapters in North Carolina were strained the national foundation sent in money by the hundreds of thousands of dollars to help stem the tide of the disease."

Dr. McDonald said he was confident the people of the state will "far exceed all previous records during the coming drive to raise funds during the last two weeks in January.

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Efficiency is only another name for doing the right thing at the right time.—Exchange.

# JUDGE CLARK GIVEN SPOT IN NATIONAL MAGAZINE

(The Reidsville Review)

The September issue of the American Bar Association Journal has on its cover a full-page picture of the late Walter Clark, for many years chief justice of the North Carolina supreme court, and there is a good story about him. The Journal for the past two years has been featuring soldier-lawyers who made their mark either in military or legal circles or both. Justice Clark is the 21st in the series.

The picture shows the judge in the uniform of a lieutenant colonel in the Confederate army. The biographic sketch is by George R. Farnum of Bosten, who evidently drew heavily upon the A. L. Brooks biography of the "Fighting Judge" for material.

Farnum opens his sketch with this comprehensive appraisal of his subject: "Walter Clark was an

unique phenomenon in the public life of modern America and one of the most striking figures that the South produced in the last generation. Many-sided in his interests and unorthodox in many of his activities, he was throughly consistent in all his aims and aspirations. A man of prodigious energy and great productivity, he exerted a powerful influence on the course of public affairs of his state and left a deep impression on the character of the administration of justice."

The Clark saga is too well known in this state and has been too fully covered in recent biographies to need further publicity at home. The bar association journal takes his story to lawyers all over the United States, and is good indirect publicity for North Carolina.

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## DO YOU READ YOUR BIBLE DAILY?

If so, you will probably welcome some helpful suggestions which the editor gleaned from his reading. Here they are:

1. Read slowly and reverently.
2. Read with the idea of finding a helpful message for the day.
3. Do not be discouraged if passages are obscure—many will be.
4. Underline passages that impress you as you read.
5. Pick out one short verse for the days meditation..
6. Keep inviolet the period set aside for daily reading—in the morning preferably.—Selected.

# HOW THEY GOT THAT WAY

(The Sunshine Magazine)

John D. Rockefeller, who made millions of dollars during his lifetime, started out in life hoeing potatoes at four cents an hour.

Basil Zaharoff, the great munitions dealer, was thrown into jail the first time he visited London. Thirty years later he was knighted there by the King of England.

The first time Greta Garbo ever posed for a motion picture camera, it was as a model for women's hats.

Lawrence Tibbett, internationally famous Metropolitan Opera star, first saw the inside of that building from the \$2.20 standing room space, because he couldn't afford to buy a seat.

Twenty dollars a week was all the salary Joan Crawford drew in her first job on the stage. She was a dancer in a road show which closed two weeks after it opened.

Charles Dickens, who later became one of the most famous and highest paid authors in the history of literature, got absolutely nothing for the first nine stories of his which were published. He received only five dol-

lars for his tenth story.

Andrew Carnegie, the great steel magnate who earned hundreds of thousands of dollars during his lifetime, was paid only two cents an hour on his first job.

Guglielmo Marconi had perfected his wireless to the stage where it was recognized as a trans-Atlantic transmission, and was a world sensation when he was only 27 years of age.

Sir Malcolm Campbell, the well-known auto racer and member of the board of directors of Lloyd's of London, was 19 when he devised the idea of libel insurance for newspapers. He was wealthy in his own right when he was 21.

Upton Sinclair, the author, was already earning an average of \$70 a week for writing short stories for boys' magazines at the age of 20.

Francis Yeats-Brown, famous soldier and author of "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," was only 19 years old when he joined the Royal Bengal Lancers.

---

## YOUR TASK

Like the star that shines afar,  
Without haste and without rest,  
Let each man wheel with steady sway  
Round the task that rules the day,  
And do his best!

—Johann von Goethe



## INSTITUTION NOTES

Millford Ward, formerly of Cottage No. 9 and one of our office boys, recently wrote us a brief note from Brevard. His letter reads in part, as follows: "I would like for you to send me about ten copies of The Uplift, and will pay you for them just as soon as I get them, if you will let me know how much they are. Am working in the cotton mill here and like my job very much. Tell all the boys in Cottage No. 9 'hello' for me. Your friend, Millford Ward."

—:—

Vernon Reinhardt, who was allowed to return to his home in Newton, a few weeks ago, recently wrote as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Just a few lines to let you know that I am getting along all right. I saw David Swink last Wednesday but didn't get a chance to talk to him. My brother is getting along fine right now. He hasn't given us any trouble lately. I am not going to school because I have to stay at home with my sister who is crippled, while my mother and other sisters work. Just wanted to tell you that the Training School certainly helped me a lot. Have you had the outdoor church service yet. I am looking for those Uplifts you promised to send me if I would write to you, so I can keep up with some of the old boys. Can't think of anything more to write just now, but will write again soon. Sincerely yours, Vernon Reinhardt."

—:—

D. B. (Jack) Mathis, a member of the United States Marine Corps, formerly of Cottage No. 13, recently wrote to Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Morris, officer and matron in charge of that

cottage. His letter, coming from the U. S. N. Hospital, Oceanside, California, reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. and Mrs. Morris: I want to take the pleasure to tell you that I have accepted Jesus Christ as my personal Savior. I want to thank both of you for your teaching and the many good things you did for me at the time when I didn't understand. I know now the thoughts of a fellow during his stay there. Am glad to say that I have changed completely in the last few months, and hope that neither of you hold anything in mind or heart against me for any trouble I may have caused. I think both of you are very nice. Please answer soon. Your friend, Jack Mathis."

—:—

While visiting his brother, William, some time ago, Clyde Hilliard reported that he had seen a number of former Training School boys in either Army or Navy uniform, but didn't recall their names. He did remember seeing Jack Morris, formerly of Greensboro, in New York City some time ago and that he was wearing an Army uniform.

Clyde has been in the Merchant Marine service for nearly eighteen months, and reports that he has traveled around quite a bit, spending most of his time in the Pacific area. He looked well and showed a fine attitude and most pleasing manner as he went about chatting with members of the School's staff of workers.

We were glad to see Clyde and to learn about Jack Morris. Jack entered the School, October 15, 1937 and was conditionally released to go to live

with his father in Greensboro, September 3, 1939. He was a member of the Cottage No. 3 group and was in the fourth school grade. While here, he was employed on the farm and on the barn force. Jack is now twenty-one years old.

—:—

Howard Owen, a former student here, stopped for a brief chat with old friends a few days ago. This was the first time he had visited us since leaving the School more than fourteen years ago. This young man entered the institution, December 7, 1926 and remained here until August 2, 1930, when he was permitted to return to his home in Canton. During his stay at the School he was a member of the Cottage No. 11 group, and worked in the dairy. At the time of admission he was placed in the second school grade and was in the sixth at the time of leaving.

Howard stated that he had spent eight and one-half years in the United States Army since leaving us. He was stationed in The Hawaiian Islands when the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941. This young man told us that he remained in the service until November 8, 1943, at which time he received an honorable medical discharge. He is now employed as driver of an oil tank truck for the Odom Oil Company, Spartanburg, S. C.

This 30-year-old young man is a nice-looking chap with a pleasing personality, and gives one the impression that his experience in the Army had done him a lot of good. We were glad to see him and to learn that he has been getting along so well since leaving us.

Mark T. Jones was at the School on September 22nd to visit his brother, Windley, of Cottage No. 9. He, too, was a member of this same cottage group several years ago. He stated that he had been given a Medical Discharge last May, after having served eighteen or twenty months in the United States Navy. The discharge, he added, was given on account of some trouble he had had with his eyes, but thought he would be able to get back into the Navy about the first of October. If not, he will likely be drafted, and he hopes to be assigned to the Navy should this occur.

Mark told us that he had seen several former Training School boys in the service, one of whom he recalled was Odie Hicks, who is in the United States Marine Corps. While here, Odie was in Cottage No. 9 and worked on the farm and barn force. He entered the School, October 1, 1936 and remained here until July 6, 1938, when he was conditionally released to return to Montgomery County to be placed to the best advantage by the welfare department of that county. Apparently Odie made good after leaving the School. On February 28, 1939, the superintendent of public welfare reported that he had gotten along "pretty well" and that he wanted to give him a try-out in a CCC camp, and therefore recommended he be granted a final charge from further parole supervision. The discharge was issued March 2, 1939.

—:—

Rev. Oren Moore, Jr., the pastor of McKinnon Presbyterian Church, of Concord, was the guest preacher for the regular afternoon services at the

of us are hopeful that Mr. Moore will find it convenient to take a regular place on our schedule, as was done by his predecessor, Rev. R. S. Arrowood. This would mean that he would alternate on the first Sunday with Rev. A. C. Swofford, of Forest Hill, Methodist Church.

Mr. Moore read for a lesson a selection taken from first chapter of Philippians, beginning with the 12th verse, and reading through the 21st Verse. His text for the occasion was the 21st verse, which reads as follows: "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

The speaker explained to the boys that we often hear the name Christian used and we find that people are urged to join churches on the theory that they are Christians, but we do not stop to think of all that is involved in connection therewith. In Paul's case, for him to be a Christian caused him a great bit of suffering, and yet he was faithful to all that it meant to be a Christian. He was cast into prison, chained to the guards, and his life had been endangered by wild animals, but with Paul the only thing that counted was his relationship to Christ. Paul even considered it an honor rather than a disgrace to be cast into prison if it meant that the gospel of Jesus would be extended.

Mr. Moore related a story based on Roman history, and in the story he reviewed the experiences of Diogenes, a Greek Christian. In the year 50 A. D. in the Roman empire the king had the power of life and death over his subjects. He demanded that Diogenes be brought before him so that he might suppress his Christian teachings. Already Diogenes had been tortured, disgraced, and was stooped with

his heavy burdens. He came before the king, however, in clean clothes and with humility and meekness, and with his white hair well trimmed. On his forehead was an X indicating that he was a Christian. The king asked Diogenes if he knew what he was going to do to repress and punish him further. Diogenes replied that the king could really do nothing beyond what he had already endured. He had already suffered every kind of pain, he had spent time in dungeons, but he reminded the king that if he was sent to the dungeons again there would be others to whom he could still carry the message. The king then warned him he would be stripped and sent away to a black and barren land in exile, but Diogenes only smiled. He said that if the king could really see his treasure he would have to become a Christian and travel the heavenly way with Jesus. If he were exiled in a barren land this would not separate him from the love of God. To any who might be there he would take the message of light. Now the king, of course, was angry because he found he could not subdue the spirit of Diogenes.

Through all this conversation, Diogenes always smiled and responded with these words, "For me to live is Christ, but to die is gain." He explained to the king that if he were slain it would mean that he would the sooner be with Christ in glory, which in fact was far better than anything the temporal world could offer.

The Christians today may not be called upon to endure all that the Christians of olden times endured, but they are the followers of Christ who endured the crucifixion on the cross. Hence, the Christians who are faithful to Jesus will find there is nothing

School last Sunday. The boys here were highly pleased with the message which he brought at that time, and all that anyone can do to drive them away from Christ.

\* \* \* \* \*

## COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

William Hammond  
William Hilliard  
Fred Jones  
James Perkins  
David Prevatte  
A. J. McGraw  
Charles Shore

### COTTAGE No. 1

John Allen  
Ralph Bailey  
Walter Byrd  
George Cox  
Marion Cox  
Liston Grice  
Robert Gaylor  
Howard Hall  
John Love  
Harold McKinney  
Thomas Ruff  
Harry Thompson

### COTTAGE No. 2

Robert Buchanan  
Charles Byrd  
Fred Coats  
Delmas Jerrell  
Gerald Johnson  
Chester Lee  
John McLean  
James Norton  
Eugene Peterson  
Hayes Powell  
Marshall Prestwood  
Jack Ray  
James Sneed  
Kermit Wright  
Roy Womack

### COTTAGE No. 3

William Brooks  
George Bass  
Craven Callahan  
Jack Hensley  
Rudy Hardy  
Robert Helms

Cecil Kinion  
Robert Lee  
Jack Oliver  
Charles Roland  
Richard Tullock  
Theodore Young  
Marvin Wally

### COTTAGE No. 4

Everett Benfield  
Robert Blackwelder  
Burlen Edmonson  
John Fine  
Jack Gray  
Robert Hogan  
William Hawks  
William Lewis  
Garnett Quessinberry  
Paul Stone  
John R. Smith  
J. R. Truitt  
Edward VanHoy  
Lawrence Walker  
Robert Walters

### COTTAGE No. 5

Randolph Ammons  
Thomas Barnes  
Curtis Butcher  
Earl Brigman  
James Gibson  
Earl Hoyle  
Nolan Overcash  
Thomas Sessions  
Robert Wilkins

### COTTAGE No. 6

Richard Davidson  
Vernon Foster  
Ralph Gibson  
Earl Gilmore  
William Hawkins  
Stanford McLean  
Nolan Morrison  
Franklin Robinson  
Clay Shue  
Charles Sellers

James Swinson  
Leroy Wilkins

**COTTAGE No. 7**

Robert Bradbury  
Horace Collins  
Charles Edwards  
James Knight  
Ned Metcalf  
Joseph Mitchell  
Jack Phillips

**COTTAGE No. 8**  
(Cottage Closed)

**COTTAGE No. 9**

Raymond Cloninger  
Ray Edwards  
Edward Guffey

**COTTAGE No. 10**

William Butler  
Evan Craig  
Jack Clifton  
Donald Clodfelter  
Robert Holbert  
John Lee  
W. C. Mills  
Jesse Parker  
Robert Yow

**COTTAGE No. 11**

Odean Bland  
Donald Bowden  
William Guffey  
James Phillips  
James Ray  
J. C. Rhodes  
Leon Rose  
Max Shelley  
Ray Shore  
Ray Shore  
J. W. Smith

**COTTAGE No. 12**  
(Cottage Closed)

**COTTAGE No. 13**

William Andrews  
Raymond Brittain  
William Black  
Ervin Ewing  
Vernon Harding  
Robert Henson  
Charles Shearin  
William Deal

**COTTAGE No. 14**

Everett Bowden  
Edward Britt  
Clyde Bustle  
Hugh Cornwell  
Daniel Crocker  
Lawrence Littlejohn  
Ray Morris  
Melbert Rice  
Bruce Sawyer  
James Spencer  
Eugene Simmons  
Milton Talley  
Lester Williams

**COTTAGE No. 15**

William Bass  
Jack Benfield  
Robert Bluester  
Harold Coffey  
Robert Flinchum  
James Knight

**INDIAN COTTAGE**  
(No Honor Roll)

**INFIRMARY**

Raymond Byrd  
Odell Cecil  
Lloyd Sain  
Clifford Shull  
Ray Taylor

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There is no good in arguing with the inevitable. The only argument available with an east wind is to put on your great-coat.—James Russell Lowell.



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# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 14, 1944

No. 41

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## THREE KINDS OF COURAGE

There's a course that nerves you in starting  
to climb  
The mount of success rising sheer;  
And when you've slipped back there's the  
courage sublime  
That keeps you from shedding a tear.  
These two kinds of courage, I give you my  
word,  
Are worthy of tribute—but then,  
You'll not reach the summit unless you've the  
third—  
The courage to try it again.

—Roy Farrel Greene.

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

LEOK GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## GENERAL BOOTH'S RULES OF CHRISTIAN LIVING

1. Consider your body as the temple of the Holy Spirit and treat it with reverence and care.
2. Keep your mind active. Stimulate it with thoughts of others that lead to doing something.
3. Take time to be holy with daily Bible reading and prayer.
4. Support the church of your faith. Mingle with others.
5. Cultivate the presence of God. He wants to enter your life and will as far as you let him.
6. Take God into the details of your life. You naturally call upon Him in trouble and for the bigger things
7. Pray for this troubled war-threatened world and the leaders who hold the destinies of the various nations.
8. Have a thankful spirit for the blessings of God—country, home, friends, and numerous other blessings.
9. Work as if everything depended upon work, and pray as if everything depended upon prayer.
10. Think of death not as something to be dreaded, but as a great and new experience where loved ones are met and ambitions realized.

—The Broadcaster.

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In last week's issue of The Uplift a report was made of the event when thirty-eight boys from the Training School were baptised, and joined the First Baptist Church, of Concord. This was described as an outstanding event in the lives of these boys.

We are quoting from the church bulletin of the First Baptist Church, of Sunday, October 8th, as follows:

### Welcome New Members

It was a glorious hour last Sunday night when thirty-eight of the boys from Jackson Training School were baptized into the fellowship of our church. We wish again to thank the superintendent, Mr. Hawfield, the principal, Mr. Hines, and all other

officers and workers of the school for their splendid Christian cooperation and helpfulness which have enabled our local churches not only to preach the Gospel to these boys but also to receive those who give evidence of being saved, into the fellowship of the churches of their choice. It is now our obligation, task and pleasure to try to develop and train these boys in Christian life and growth. In this our churches are also receiving the very finest cooperation from the school.

It is with humble thanks to God and with prayer to Him for wisdom and ability to furnish these boys a good church home that we welcome these fine boys as members of our church. Their names are as follows:

George Marr	Brice Hill Thomas
James Linebarrier	Harold Duckworth
Jack Benfield	Ray Edwards
William Guffey	Hugh Cornwell
Delmas Jerrell	Chester Lee
Robert Peavy	Evan Craig
Bruce Sawyer	David Brooks
Clay Shew	Samuel Linebarrier
Gerald Johnson	Jark Willis
Luther Shermer	Billy Hawkins
James Eller	Robert Helms
Leroy Wilkins	Harry Thompson
Bobby Jarvis	Joe Mitchell
James Holleman	Jack Lenwood Clifton
William Myers	Tommy Sessions
James Swinson	Billy Brooks
J. B. Galyan	John Fine
Edward Guffey	Charles Alexander
Ned Metcalf	Robert Mason

\* \* \* \* \*

### NATIONAL WAR FUND DRIVE

During the current week the people of the United States are being given an opportunity to make contributions to the National War Fund. The gifts to this worthy cause will no doubt be generous as well as universal. It is a cause which appeals to the hearts of all our citizens—young or old, poor or wealthy, and all races or creeds. It presents to every one an opportunity to show his or her appreciation for all that our gallant soldier lads are doing and also a chance

to share in the suffering and sorrows of humanity where war's desolations have been the greatest.

In this hour of crucial warfare when the soldier boys of this country are giving their lives at the rate of one every six minutes, surely we should meet this challenge with a great avalanche of gifts. These men who wear the uniform of their country have made and are continuing to make unlimited sacrifices, and they are doing it for us on the home front. They have left their homes and loved ones; they terminated their professional or vocational positions in order to serve in the armed forces; and many of them have been called upon to give up careers which were previously planned; their plans for a lifetime have been completely disrupted. Surely they deserve our hearty support.

Here at the School many of the boys have exhibited a desire to have a part in this drive. Some have given as much as two dollars out of their meager holdings. Incidentally most of the boys have a near relative or a close friend in the service, and for this reason they want to make their contributions. Their responses have been most inspiring.

Here are some of the things being done with money raised for the National War Fund:

"USO operates 3,035 service units for our armed forces. Monthly attendance over 30,000,000.

"USO-camp shows have 87 troupes giving performances in combat zones overseas. In hospitals and camps at home they entertain over 1,600,000 service men a month.

"United Seamen's Service follows the invasion forces; operates 82 rest centers and clubs throughout the world; 800,000 services to merchant seamen in 1943.

"Over 300 tons of recreational and educational supplies shipped to prisoners of war.

"Aid for nearly 25,000 Chinese war orphans and 20,000 families in famine-stricken Honan Province.

"Eight thousand and four hundred medical kits for Yugoslavia.

"Two hundred different kinds of operating instruments for Russian army surgeons.

"Canteens for 5,000 homeless children in Athens.

## THE UPLIFT

"One hundred and eight thousand dollars worth of dried milk for undernourished Norwegian children.

"3, 795,530 pounds of seed to replant the scorched earth of Russia.

"2,500,000 anti-malaria tablets flown to Yugoslavia.

"Aid to many of the 2,500,000 Polish refugees scattered around the world.

"American homes provided for 2,000 children evacuated from Europe."

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE TAR HEEL BOY

We are delighted to extend our congratulations to Mr. William D. Clark, superintendent of the Eastern Carolina Training School and Mr. Rhodes, managing editor, on the last issue of the Tar Heel Boy. It was a very attractive and interesting issue, dedicated to the Boy Scouts of America.

We are happy to learn that a new Scout Troop has been organized at Eastern Carolina Training School, and all of the Boy Scouts of Jackson Training School join in sending their heartiest greetings and best wishes to the Scouts at our sister institution. We note with interest that this new troop has an enrollment of ten boys, selected because of their fine records at the school.

Mr. Maples, the Scoutmaster, also has our best wishes in this new project. He has a grand opportunity, and in the fruitful years ahead many fine young men will remember his friendly inspiration and guidance.

\* \* \* \* \*

## RECENT REPORT INDICATES DAIRY HERD IN EXCELLENT CONDITION

We have just recently had the School's dairy herd thoroughly re-checked for mastitis. This was done under the supervision of Dr. D. C. Beard, veterinarian, of Concord. The results of his investigations show that only three cows in the entire herd had any traces of this disease.

The check was applied to every cow in the herd, so that none would

be overlooked. Proper treatment has been prescribed for the animals which showed slight traces of this devastating disease, and all necessary precautions will be taken.

This shows vast improvement in the condition prevalent in the herd a little more than one year ago. Dr. Beard expressed himself as being "highly pleased with the results."

\* \* \* \* \*

In order to rehabilitate men we must make it possible for them to recapture their self-respect. This can be done only by breaking with the past, by making prison life radically different than it has been by tradition and stubborn immutability. We must feed men adequately, clothe them adequately, shelter them in quarters that will not do dishonor to our standards of decency and humanity. We must remove all traces of the past, particularly those which bred conditions of degrading servitude. Then will we attain the first fruits of our efforts, the respect and good will and cooperation of the prisoners, and the development in them of self-respect and human dignity. Without these elements present, the resocialization of felons has but a meager prospect.

—Joseph W. Sanford, President, American Prison Association.



## LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported By Boys of the School Department

By Wiliam Poteat, 8th Grade

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have been painting all the wood work in Mrs. Morrison's second grade room. After two coats of white paint, we are sure her room will look much better.

Recently Mr. Hobby and a group of the dairy boy killed and prepared 2 fine Holstein beeves. The fine beef is now being distributed among the various cottages. We are sure it will be a welcome addition to the daily menu.

Mrs. Dotson's boys are working on a mural for the Thanksgiving season, which will be used in their chapel program. The boys are very much interested and the drawing is free hand. The mural consists of Pilgrims, shocks of grain, turkeys, and other things pertaining to Thanksgiving.

"Something new has been added," to quote a popular advertisement phrase, to our school library. Four Indian heads carved of wood and painted, were hung on a rack, just above two large pieces of wood, on which are mounted about 33 real arrow heads. These were carved and prepared by Mr. Hawfield's son.

Foot ball season is here again, and each cottage has been issued a football. The lads are enjoying it to the fullest extent. A regular schedule was drawn up by Mr. Adams. Now every Sat. both of our two fine atheletic fields are a scene of some mighty hard playing, for at the begin-

ing of the season it takes a little time to get the kinks out of the teams.

Mrs. Hawfield and her first grade group have another large mural in their room now in addition to the one they already had.

The mural tells of the life of "Little Black Sambo," and it pictures, tigers, Ma, Pa, and Little Black Sanbo himself. The mural is 18 feet by 8 and one half feet. It is to be used as a background for the first grades next program.

### Friday Morning Chapel Program

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

The program this week was under the auspices of Mr. Bass, 7th grade teacher.

The program opened with Mrs. Kiser leading the group in singing "Onward Christian Soldiers." After which Mr. Hines led the morning prayer.

After the prayer the program was turned over to Mr. Bass and his Seventh Grade group.

The first recitation was by Roger Barnes entitled: "He's Gone to War." Next Mrs. Kiser led the group in singing another song: "Anchors Aweigh." After which another recitation was given by John Linville: "England and Her Colonies," and the last one, "Pilgrims of the South West," was given by Robert Blackwelder.

After the recitations had been given the group stood and sang "America"

The program closed with the entire group saluting the flag.

**Friday Afternoon Chapel Program**

By John Allen, 8th Grade

The program this week was under the auspices of Mr. Bass, Seventh Grade teacher.

The program opened with Mrs. Kiser leading the group in singing: "Onward Christian Soldiers." After which the seventh grade repeated the 15th Psalm for the scripture reading.

After the scripture reading, the program was turned over to Mr. Bass and his Seventh Grade group.

First there was a poem by James Linbarrier, entitled "My Neighbor's Boy." Next Mrs. Kiser led the group in singing "The Marines Hymn."

After the song a recitation was given by Leo Saxon, entitled "England and Her Colonies." The group then stood to sing "America."

The program closed by saluting the flag.

**B. T. U. Meeting—Juniors**

By John Allen, 8th Grade

At the beginning of the program the boys bowed their heads in reverent prayer. After the prayer conducted by Mr. Iley, of Concord, they had several boys to take part in speeches from the quarterlies.

The contributions to the program were as follows: J.C. Cayton of Cottage No. 6 and Robert Gaylor of Cottage No. 11—"How Much Does A Bible Cost?"

Troy Morris of Cottage No. 14—"Our Bibles Cost Hard Work."

Bobby Long of Cottage No. 6 and Samuel Lynn of Cottage 7—"Men Went to Jail to Give Us Our Bibles."

Ervin-Ewing of cottage 13 and Herschall Duckworth of cottage 7—"Men Gave Their Lives to Give Us Our Bible."

Jack Hensley of cottage 3—"The Bible is for Everybody."

After the program Mr. Iley led a closing prayer. Mr. Snyder and Mr. Iley said the programs were the best yet.

**B. T. U. Meeting for the Intermediate Group**

By John Allen, 8th Grade

To begin with, Mr. Hines presented each of the 38 new members with a new quarterly. When these quarterlies had been distributed Mr. Snyder asked all of the boys to bow their heads reverently in prayer. After the prayer the program was turned over to a number of lads who had previously been assigned parts to say on the program. The ones who contributed to the program were as follows:

Ray Edwards, "The Door to the Church;" Luther Shermer, "How Much Does the Bible Cost;" Gerald Johnson, "Men Gave Their Lives to Give Us the Bible;" Robert Flinchum and Jack Willis, "Christ Established the Church;" Harold Duckworth, Jack Benfield, and Samuel Linebarrier, "Our Christian Growth in the Church;" Ned Metcalf and Hugh Cornwell, "The Best Way to Serve the World."

After the boys had delivered their parts, Mr. Hines distributed among them the church programs. The program closed with prayer by Mr. Snyder. It might be interesting to know that both Mr. Snyder and Mr.

They remarked that it was the best meeting yet.

—:—

## HOW WHITE MEN CAME TO NORTH CAROLINA

(An Essay)

By William Poteat and John Allen.  
8th Grade

Before 1492 the people of Europe knew nothing of the world but about the places where they lived and lands in and about the Mediterranean Sea and some parts of Asia. The superstitious people called the Atlantic Ocean, "The Sea of Darkness." They were afraid to sail far from the protecting shores by the fear of being devoured by great monsters. Many people believed the earth to be flat and if they sailed too near the edge they would fall off.

In 1492 a Geonese sailor, Christopher Columbus, in search of a new route to Cathay (China) by sailing west through the "Sea of Darkness," landed on the coast of a little island of the Bahamas group, October 12, 1492. When he landed, he thought that he had found the islands off the coast of Asia, known as the East Indies. This new world was later called America in honor of Americus Vesputius, an Italian explorer.

In 1524 a party of French explorers, led by Verrazano, landed near the mouth of the Cape Fear River and explored the coast for about 3 days. Verrazano wrote letters to the king describing the beautiful land and the Indians. The king was disappointed at the report of the finding of no gold or silver and so he sent

no more French ships to that part of America.

In 1584 Walter Raleigh sent out Philip Amadas and Arthur Barlowe in command of two small ships to find a good place for a colony. They landed on Roanoke Island, gave thanks to God, and took possession of the land in the name of the queen.

In 1585, after Amadas and Barlowe returned to England, Raleigh sent a fleet of seven ships under Sir Richard Grenville. After landing at Roanoke, they built a fort and named it Fort Raleigh. Instead of planting crops, they began to look for gold.

After a while their supplies began to run low. The Indians did not like the "palefaces" to disturb their hunting grounds, and so they planned to destroy the colony. When Governor Lane heard of this he sent forces to attack the Indians and killed some of them. This made the Indians hate the whites even more. Sir Francis Drake an English captain landed near Roanoke. Men went to see him and he offered to take them back to England.

In 1587, a group landed at Roanoke under Governor John White. On Sunday, August 13, they held the first known protestant religious service in the New World. Manteo, the friendly Indian, was baptized and entitled the Lord of Roanoke.

On Friday, August 18, a baby girl was born to Ananias and Eleanor Dare. This was Governor White's grandchild. Later after they left for England and returned 4 years later, he found the people gone and the fort in ruins. He never saw his little grandchild again. This colony was called "The Lost Colony."

In 1607, a group of men planted a



settlement at Jamestown, Virginia. This was the first permanent settlement in America, for England. Later settlers came down from Virginia (named in honor of Elizabeth, "The Virgin Queen") and settled in north-eastern North Carolina.

The settlers came to North Carolina where they settled near and on good river outlets and harbors. They

first came to the Albemarle region, what is now called Dare County. Later North Carolina was given its name in honor of Charles the first. It came from Carolus (Latin for Charles.) After this the colony was united, governed, and made a colony loyal to England. This is how white men first came to North Carolina and how it was settled.

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### TARDY RECOGNITION

Tardy recognition of Lief Ericsson, discoverer of America, is given by United States Senate Joint Resolution No. 8, authorizing the erection of a replica of a statue of Ericsson by A Sterling Calder on public grounds in the District of Columbia, which has been referred by the House to its Committee on the Library of Congress. The Resolution authorizes any association or committee, organized within two years within the date of the approval of the joint resolution, to erect the statue. Not more than \$20,000 may be appropriated from the U. S. Treasury at the end of the present war to prepare the site. The erection of the memorial must begin within five years from and after passage of the resolution, or the authorization is revoked.

Data accumulated during the past half-century proves conclusively that Lief Ericsson, a Scandinavian of Icelandic family, was the first known European discoverer of America. The Norse discoverer, son of Eric the Red, who colonized Greenland, visited the North American Continent in either 1000 or 1003 A. D. Those who hold to the first date state that he discovered America by accident when blown off his course on a return voyage from Norway to Greenland. Contenders for 1003 as the discovery year hold that he set out deliberately on a voyage to discover western lands and landed on a point, the surrounding area of which he called "Vinland," "Vineland" or "Wineland the Good." "Vinland" was undoubtedly a point on the eastern coast of North America.—Masonic Trestle Board.

# DR. SUSAN DIMOCK: PIONEER PHYSICIAN

By Lou Rogers in *We the People*

"Whatever strong-armed man  
hath wrought,  
Whatever he hath won,  
That good hath woman also reach-  
ed,  
That action hath she done."

Susan Dimock was not content to live in the hedged-in domain allotted to women of the last half of the nineteenth century. She aspired to accomplish things in a man's world and reached those heights in her short life.

Although Susan Dimock won fame in another state and is still little known in her native state, she belongs to North Carolina by birth and by residence for more than the first half of her life. This unusual child was born in Washington, N. C., April 24, 1847. Her father's people were from New England. He, himself, was editor of *The North State Whig*. Her mother taught school and managed "The Lafayette," the town hotel which also served as the home of this family.

Susan's paternal grandfather was a physician and the little girl went into rapture when his work was mentioned. Susan had a very dear friend, Dr. Satchwell, the family physician, who loaned her his books, took her with him on calls, and told her many stories of his days as a student. Susan drank it all in and before she was thirteen, had definitely decided that she would be a doctor.

Mr. Dimock died in the early stages of the war but his wife and

daughter remained in Washington until the town was burned by Federal troops in 1864. Mrs Dimock and Susan then went to Wilson where they lived for a short while, and then moved to Sterling, Massachusetts, to live with Mr. Dimock's relatives.

Before Susan was eighteen, she and her mother decided that they must be independent, and so they moved to Hopkinton, Massachusetts, where Susan took charge of a district school and her mother ran a boarding house.

The young teacher never forgot her desire to be a doctor and she continually read and studied medical books under the guidance of Dr. Pratt who recognized her talent in spite of the fact that she was a woman.

Back in North Carolina, Mrs. Dimock who had felt as her Tar Heel ancestors and relatives had felt, had ridiculed Susan and had tried to get "the queer ideas out of her head. Now that she was convinced that Susan was in earnest and that only the attainment of that mystifying ambition would bring her happiness, left no stone unturned in her efforts to help Susan realize that unusual aim. Mrs. Dimock never stopped between her work of feeding boarders and raising mocking birds for sale.

At the age of nineteen, Susan entered the New England Hospital for Women and Children, in Boston. Here she met Dr. Marie Zakrezewska, who loaned her books and helped in her medical training.

Another year went by, and Susan,

still hopeful and ambitious, applied for admission to the Howard Medical School for clinical study. She met "seeming" defeat simply because she was a woman. Refusing to be "stumped" she finally succeeded in gaining permission to attend Massachusetts General Hospital, provided that she attend on separate days from the medical students. Not satisfied with this unequal arrangement, she applied for admission to the University of Zurich in Switzerland, and she was accepted.

Susan was very happy in Switzerland for in spite of the long and difficult schedule, she was doing the thing dearest to her heart. She graduated from the University of Zurich with the class of 1871. Her dissertation was on "The Different Forms of Puerperal Fever." With this essay she included illustrative reports of the cases of this fever treated in the Zurich Hospital, and diagrams of the fever curves of the convalescent patients. For this, and her manifest devotion to her profession, she received a great deal of praise from other doctors.

Susan was not yet ready to come home. She continued her study in the hospitals of Vienna and Paris, and made another trip back to Switzerland before beginning her work in the United States.

While she was studying in Switzerland, Dr. Dimock was elected to membership in the North Carolina Medical Society. It was an honorary membership because she could not be present to take the examination. Her name was presented by her old friend, Dr. Satchwell. Dr. Satchwell must have been proud to have his protegee become the first woman member of the North Carolina Medical Society.

When the young woman doctor fin-

ally returned to America, it was to accept the duties of resident physician in the New England Hospital for Women and Children, in Boston. The hospital offered her board, doctor's office, and the generous salary of \$300 a year. She accepted on the condition that she be allowed time for some private practice. Due to the stress put upon it by Dr. Dimock, this hospital was one of the first to emphasize the importance of cleanliness.

In a short while Dr. Dimock became noted for her accurate diagnosis and keen judgment, and for her skill as a surgeon. At the end of her first year, the report showed that not a single maternity case at the hospital had been lost.

Her excellent ability as a doctor made Dr. Dimock even more aware of the importance of good nursing and she devoted a great deal of her time and energy to the training of nurses. It was she who, at this same hospital, organized the first graded school of nursing in the United States.

In the meantime, Dr. Dimock found time for lectures, music, art, books, flowers, and even pets. She was 100 per cent a doctor but she was possessed of all the womanly traits of gentleness, sweetness and cheerfulness.

So satisfactory was the work of Dr. Dimock, that at the end of her second year as resident physician, she was invited to renew her contract for three more years. Supremely happy, she accepted the offer but requested a five month's leave of absence that she might visit Europe and her professional friends in that part of the world. This leave was granted.

Her happiness at this stage in her life is clearly shown in this part of one of her letters, quoted from Gerald-

ine Coburn's story in the Raleigh Times:

"As for me, I have not one wish unfulfilled: nay; I am so fortunate, that if I had a ring I would, like Polverates, throw it into the sea. My practice is very large, and I have the utmost satisfaction of every kind in it."

Three days after her twenty-eighth birthday, Dr. Dimock, accompanied by her two friends, sailed from New York, April 27, 1875, on the Schiller. The steamer was bound for Cherbourg, on the Normandy Coast—Cherbourg! the same port that was to become a familiar name on Tar Heel tongues 69 years later.

The Schiller never reached Cherbourg. It struck a reef, during a dense fog and was wrecked on one of the Schilly Islands, off the coast of England. The violent sea and the ris-

ing tide swept the decks and carried away the victims. The Daily Sentinel's account of the wreck, printed May 15,

Only a few members of the crew and passenger list survived. Dr. Dimock's body, with others from the ill-fated ship, was washed ashore. It was returned to America and the funeral was held at the Church of the Disciples, in Boston. Eight eminent male doctors of Boston acted as her pallbearers, proof enough that Dr. Susan Dimock was already recognized as an outstanding young doctor.

Many years ago, a free bed at the hospital in Boston, where she was the honored and much loved physician, was established as a memorial to this brilliant doctor and skillful surgeon. Her native state should not let Dr. Susan Dimock be forgotten.

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## BIBLE GOES THROUGH BATTLES IN TWO WARS

A father and son in the service of their country met recently at an installation of the New York of Embarkation.

"Guess what I've here?" the son asked as he greeted his father, Master Sgt. Galan Swank, of Congers, N. Y., formerly of Minneapolis, Minn., and a top kick in the first AEF.

With that, the son, Staff Sgt. Marcell Swank, produced a Bible, bloody and sweat-strained, which his father had carried while fighting in the Argonne Forest in the last war.

When young Swank went overseas, his father gave him the Bible. It was with the son during nine bloody hours at Tjeppe and when wounded by shrapnel, he was pulled aboard a British destroyer.

Swank recovered, and, taking the Bible along, went to North Africa. He was at El Guettar in Tunisia when his outfit received the Presidential citation. Next came Sicily and Salerno and then the drive through Italy. Finally, Swank and his battered Bible were returned home.

# WAR MEMORIALS

By R. J. Pearse in *We The People*

War memorials will soon take a prominent place in our postwar planning. The reason for these is obvious: everyone is interested in commemorating the valiant deeds of our armed forces and those who gave their lives for their country. If this were a national issue, it could be answered by a national memorial, but this a personal matter. With over 10,000,000 men and women in service, it reaches into every city, town, hamlet, and village, and into millions of homes in the country, in the mountains, and places far from the beaten path. There is scarcely a man, woman, or child in the nation who is not personally interested in commemorating the service of these men and women in a lasting manner.

Our first thought for a fitting memorial is for a monument, a tablet, or a building all of which are permanent only to a degree. But when we consider a memorial in terms of hundreds of years, these fade into the background for permanency. Many appropriate monuments have been located in places which result in traffic hazards or where building trends of a town or city leave them in slum surroundings, and they must be moved from place to place, thereby losing much of their significance.

Buildings are of great importance, although we look upon a building a hundred years old as an antique; and with air conditioning, modern lighting, and other modern additions, even a building built twenty-five years ago is slipping into the "out-of-date" class.

Three things are outstanding in the requirements of a suitable memorial:

- 1—It must be appropriate;
- 2—It must be permanent;
- 3—It must not require maintenance that will shoulder posterity with a heavy load of expenditure.

In taking these three requirements into consideration, what more suitable selection can be considered than a memorial recreation park or forest, either town, city, county, or state controlled.

At the present time, even in the war effort, the people of the state are vacation hungry and need relaxation. They are demanding vacation and recreational areas where they can go to rest and play. There are many areas in the state of North Carolina where the people do not have access to any public recreational facilities within a 100-mile radius of their homes. Along the entire coastal area of the State, there are only two recreational areas—Cape Hatteras State Park and Fort Macon, the former to be a National Park but undeveloped, and the latter, small with limited facilities. There are many overlooked forests, lakes, reservoirs, and streams in the Piedmont section of our State which could be developed into public recreation areas.

In the Western part of the State, there are unlimited possibilities in the foothills and mountains for a wide variety of such parks or forests. All state parks and forests are refuges for wildlife, fish, and game and are natural arboretums. An example of this type of memorial is the Joyce Kilmer Memorial Forest, west of Lake Santeetlah in North Carolina, near

near the Tennessee line. This forest the Tennessee line. This forest brings to mind immediately

Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a tree."

Countless generations will come to use this forest and reverence its name. It would be this way with similarly named parks and forests. An appropriate monument or tablet could be located in the area. Individual units could be named in honor of local heroes, and their memory live through the ages.

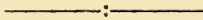
Besides being a lasting memorial of the person's service in war time, it would be a peace time haven for pleasure and relaxation. The benefit of such a recreational area within an hour's driving distance of one's home where thousands of people could go to enjoy natural beauty, to relax—play games, hike, have picnics, etc.—is apparent. Knowing that such an area would be part of the community for years to come, with age bringing more use and development, it would seem that such areas should be in the fore-

front of our thinking for suitable war memorials.

State park or state forest property is dedicated for the use of the public, and therefore, is a permanent institution. A well-selected site is one that is readily accessible from the public highways but also one that is so located that future expansion of highway or commercial requirements would not encroach upon the bounds or use of the area.

The Department of Conservation and Development of the State of North Carolina welcomes the placing of suitable areas in the hands of the department for well-planned development and operation. These parks or forests would be principally for the citizens of North Carolina and would be used only for recreational purposes.

Could there be selected a more fitting and lasting memorial than a beautiful state park or forest, becoming more attractive and beloved throughout the years living in the hearts of countless generations?



One of the finest mottoes in the world is "Try, try again." In fact, it must be the motto of everyone who does things, whether youth flying a kite or adult inventing a new machine.

When Thomas Edison failed the first or second or third time in his attempts to discover something new, he did not mind it a bit. He just kept on trying. It is said he made thousands upon thousands of trials before he got his celebrated electric light to operate. And this interesting story is told of him:

One day a workman, to whom he had given a task, came to him and said, "Mr. Edison, it cannot be done."

"How often have you tried?" asked Edison.

"About two thousand times," replied the man.

"Then go back and try it two thousand times more," said Edison. "You have only found out that there are two thousand ways in which it cannot be done."—The Sunshine Magazine.

# NAVY DOCTORS FIT BONES TO REPAIR SKULL

By Frank Carey in Victor News

Navy brain and nerve surgeons are working jig-saw puzzles in the human skull and are taking wandering "cushions" out of backbones in order to return men to duty.

The jig-saw puzzle technique is used to repair fractures of the skull. The doctors save the bone fragments, wash them, dry them and sterilize them. After a time they fit them back together again in the gaping hole in the skull.

The spinal "de-cushioning" process overcomes a type of painful backache which caused the discharge of many men during the first world war. Present-day surgeons are working a trick discovered only a few years ago and are returning 90 per cent of these patients to duty.

Many cases of disabling backache formerly were diagnosed as sciatica. They were subjected to months, and sometimes years, of the heat and rest cure. Now they can be cured in a few weeks by a fairly simple surgical operation that takes less than an hour.

A tiny disc of cartilage serves as a "cushion" between each two vertebra in the spine.

Sometimes, due to a simple strain from lifting or twisting, one of these discs becomes ruptured and dislocated.

The ruptured fragments press on some nerve shooting off from the spinal cord and cause the same painful backache that would occur if the nerve had been diseased. Simply by cutting out the ruptured disc, the

pressure on the nerve is removed—and the pain, or even paralysis, is eliminated in most cases.

Approximately 60 of these operations have been performed at San Diego hospital alone since January, 1943. Bedridden men who could not stand the pain of walking are able to walk without distress in a couple of days.

Violent activity is banned for a few months, but meanwhile most of these men can be returned to limited duty. The loss of a "cushion" does not impair the normal functioning of the spine.

The surgeons here don't have so many candidates for their "Mosaic" skull operations. Most of the skull fracture cases from combat areas have had broken skull fragments removed in overseas hospitals. When they get a skull fracture case firsthand, however, they employ this technique.

An 18-year-old sailor's skull was fractured last February when an airplane crashed into a navy barracks.

It was a compound fracture, and wood, plaster and hair were driven into the man's brain. The surgeons removed the pieces of broken bone, cleaned out the foreign material and treated the man for possible infection. Then they repaired the dura and closed up the wound.

They washed the bone fragments, boiled them and put them in an "autoclave" for further sterilization.

They stored them away until April,

then laid open the man's skull again, and fitted the pieces of bone into place. Where the fit was loose they cut thin shavings from the larger fragments, and tightened up the mosaic in the same way a carpenter would "shim" an opening between two pieces of wood.

The surgeons left it to nature to cement the parts together. The man is nearing recovery, and they believe he may be able to return to duty—as others have done before him.

In cases where skull fracture cases come minus the shattered bone fragments, the San Diego surgeons have another technique. The repairing bone is drawn from the uninjured part of the skull.

The skull consists of two separate layers of bone. The surgeons undermine the upper bone layer and turn it over into a gap, just as you'd turn the page of a book. Nature

gradually restores the original thickness of the bone.

A marine who had a chunk of his forehead shot away by shrapnel at Guadalcanal underwent such an operation. The hole was about two inches in diameter. Two months after the operation, the Marine was back on active duty.

One of the favorite stories around the hospital has to do with a Marine whose nose was repaired with a piece of cartilage taken from the rib of a living donor. He asked the doctor where he had picked up the spare part.

"From the rib of a sailor," the doctor replied.

The Marine apparently took pretty seriously the traditional rivalry between the sailors and the leather-necks.

"I know I'm never gonna like this schnozzle," he said.

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## MISTAKES

To worry ourselves and others about what cannot be remedied.

To consider impossible that which we cannot ourselves perform.

To attempt to mould all dispositions alike.

To expect protection for all our own actions.

To fail to make allowance for the fool and the inexperienced.

To fail to make allowance for the weakness of others.

To expect our standards of right and wrong to be accepted by all.

To expect uniformity of opinions in this world.

To measure the joy or sorrow of others by our own.

To yield when our conscience condemns.

To fail to help somebody, whenever and however we can.

To estimate by the exterior quality, when it is that which is within that makes the man.—By Albert Arthur Riggs



# OUR BRITISH HERITAGE

By Mrs. C. P. Rogers

In the mountains of western North Carolina there persists a most interesting vernacular which is a heritage from the England and Scotland of three hundred years ago. Its quaint Elizabethan flavor adds zest to the speech of the sturdy mountain folk, and along with it persist many customs and habits which are left over from an earlier age. Strangers smile at the use of such words as "hit" for "it" "yon way" for "over there," and "ye" for "you," not realizing that these are a survival of good usage from the era of Shakespeare and the King James Version. (It was the Cockneys who first dropped the H from "it") So in our corner of the Blue Ridge we are not surprised that a bag is still a "poke" or little pocket; our relatives are still our "kin" and our "swains go a-courting." A "donny gal" is a madonna-girl or unmarried mother; and a miller stirs the grist down in the hopper of his mill with a "toddick" or toddy-stick the same thing the squire used for stirring his toddy. These are only a few of the good old words which are now called dialect.

The mountain people still sing ballads and dance square-dances which go directly back to the early Scottish and English ballads and to the morris-dances, and the "callers" use the same English-French calls: "dosy do," (dos a dos or back to back) "sachay," (chassez), "promenade."

In the more isolated nooks of our highlands one finds the sun serves for a clock, the method of score-and-

tally is used for accounting, and most unusual of all, there are still survivals of picture-writing. Picture-writing was common in England long ago when illiteracy was the rule rather than the exception and the custom of calling all taverns by some such name as the Lion, the Bull, or the Three Jolly Sailors was universal because they could be depicted on the tavern sign-boards.

The following examples of ancient customs have come under my own personal observation. One prosperous old farmer and miner living in a far western county of North Carolina has never chanced to learn to read and write. He employs four or five men, and he keeps their work-time by drawing a perfectly recognizable picture of each man. Beside these he makes a diagonal mark for a half-days work and crosses it for a full day. The sun is his timepiece.

Another intelligent though illiterate old man runs a small store at a crossroads. He uses a rubber stamp to sign checks on his substantial bank account (these checks are made out by the honest payees, his customers). He keeps their bills by making pictures of articles purchased on credit. Not long ago this conversation was overheard as the storekeeper and a customer wrangled amicably over an outstanding bill:

"You been owin' me mor'n two months fer a passel o' goods you bought. Thar's plug terbaccar, a pair o' overalls, that play-pretty you

got fer yer last young'un, an' a cheese."

"I recon that's right, lessen the cheese. I haint never bought no cheese."

"Wal, thar 'tis," said the store-keeper, pointing to the ledger, "See

that thar circle?" Then looking closer and scratching his head, "No, by dad, yore right. I never seed the square hole in the middle! Hit war a grind-stone!"

And so it was!

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### THE SOLDIER ON CRUTCHES

He came down the stairs of the laughter-filled grill  
 Where patriots were eating and drinking their fill,  
 The tap of his crutch on the marble of white  
 Caught my ear as I sat alone there that night,  
 I turned—and a soldier my eyes fell upon,  
 He had fought for his country, and one leg was gone!  
 As he entered a silence fell over the place;  
 Every eye in the room was turned up to his face;  
 His head was up high and his eyes seemed aflame  
 With a wonderful light, and he laughed as he came.  
 He was young—not yet thirty—yet never he made  
 One sign of regret for the price he had paid.  
 One moment before this young soldier came in  
 I had caught bits of speech in the clatter and din  
 From the fine men about me in life's dress parade  
 Who were boasting the cash sacrifices they'd made  
 And I'd thought of my own paltry service with pride  
 When I turned and that hero of battle I spied.  
 I shall never forget the hot flushes of shame  
 That rushed to my cheeks as this young fellow came.  
 He was cheerful and smiling and clear-eyed and fine,  
 And out of his face a white light seemed to shine.  
 And I thought as he passed me on crutches: "How small  
 Are the gifts that I make if I don't give my all."  
 Some day in the future in many a place  
 More soldiers just like him we'll all have to face;  
 We must sit with them, talk with them, laugh with them, too,  
 With the sign of their service forever in view.  
 And this was my thought as I looked at them then;  
 Oh, God! make me worthy to stand with such men.

—Edgar A. Guest

# HOW TO ESCAPE HAY FEVER

By Howard Blakeslee in Victor News

Two New York physicians, A. P. Sperling and A. B. Berresford, have just published a book, "Know Your Hay Fever," and their advice is to escape the pollens. Running away is still the best remedy for hay fever, according to the two authors.

Second best is the inoculation of the offending pollens, if you can identify them. A book says 10 per cent of those taking inoculations build up enough tolerance to lose their sensitivity in three to 20 years. The other 90 per cent take the pollen treatments yearly, with varying relief.

There are other remedies, none adopted widely. Dr. Harry N. Holmes and Wyvona Alexander, of Oberlin College, tried heavy doses of vitamin C and reported relief for 88 per cent of the sufferers.

Dr. Myron Metzenbaum, of Cleveland, injected alcohol into the interior of the nasal turbinate bodies. He reported this desensitized the nose against pollens and other hay fever agents for periods ranging from a few weeks to one year.

The legend of eating clover honey in the spring and ragweed leaves in the summer for hay fever relief was investigated at the allergy clinic of the university hospitals of Cleveland. Some sufferers there ate pollen and got some relief, a proof that the legend was based on truth. But the pollen eating was not effective as inoculation.

These pollens are nearly indestructible; they have been found preserved in coal 250 million years old. Altitude is no protection against them; some

grow at high altitudes and they float in the air. Clouds of pollen have been reported 250 miles at sea and at 9,000 feet altitude.

A single giant ragweed plant, one of the principal offenders, produces million pollen grains per square foot of surface. It is estimated that 25 grains per cubic yard is enough to infect a hay fever susceptible person (320,000 persons per plant).

Hay fever runs the year 'round, but it is credited to midsummer because the majority of cases are caused by the pollens of four families of plants; ragweed, timothy, redroot, pigweed and sagebrush.

There are a great many other irritants. Cedar trees cause some winter outbreaks. Molds or fungi are a rather recently recognized source. Dr. Marie E. Morrow, of the University of Texas, has identified scores of species of molds from Boston and Chicago to Galveston, Texas, floating in the air up to the height at least of tall buildings. Physicians have identified cases of hay fever due to many of these molds.

The Lederle Laboratories published a report this year that the big four of the hay fever producers, ragweed, pigweed, timothy and sage, produce pollens which require only four remedies. These remedies are the pollen antigens for inoculation. There are a great many species of plants in this big four, with many varied forms of pollen, but according to the Lederle work, each of the four makes only one basic irritant for hay fever, the same from each variety of pollen.

Why the irritants produce hay fever is not known, although some of the steps in the disease are identified. There is first, the hay fever personality. Dr. Buenaventura Jiminez, at the university of Michigan, found that the students subect to hay fever stood five to 10 percent higher scholastic-ally than their unafflicted fellows

This personality of hay fever was described further by Dr. John Stokes of Philadelphia, as a person with feelings of insecurity and inferiority,

driving energy, refusal to compromise, higher than average intelligence, and continual tension.

Dr. Sperling, however, finds no evidence for hay fever personality. His studies were made on 985 city college of New York students, 231 of them with hay fever.

Microscopes have shown some fearful jagged shapes among the hay fever pollens, and some streamlined beauties, too.



### MY RAINBOW OF PRAYER

There's a rainbow that reaches to heaven;  
It's my beautiful rainbow of prayer;  
It carries my love to the father above,  
Then on to my boy over there.

This rainbow can span the wide oceans;  
No cannon can break its strong line  
Where'er he may be, on land or on sea,  
It will reach to that dear boy of mine.

May he cling to his end of this rainbow  
And send back his prayers and his love  
For it means oh, so much just to know he's in touch  
Every day with our Savior above.

Let our prayers from each end of this rainbow,  
Arching up to the heavenly throne,  
Draw us closer each day in a spiritual way  
Make us feel we are truly Christ's own.

May his heart keep with Christ as he follows  
The banner of freedom unfurled;  
May he hear Jesus say I am with you alway,  
Even unto the end of the world."

—Leon B. White

# GOVERNMENT DEBT

(Stanly News And Press)

Greeg Cherry, who is to be the next governor of North Carolina, told members of the State Association of County Commissioners in Raleigh last week that the counties of the state are rapidly liquidating their bond indebtedness, and predicted that within 20 years 66 of the 100 counties in the state will be free of debt. More than half that number are already out of debt, according to Mr. Cherry.

Since county governments have been relieved of their obligation to build and maintain roads, and since the major portion of the cost of operating schools is likewise borne by the state, there is every reason to believe that the time will eventually come when all counties will be debt-free. After all is said and done, county government is performing so few functions that there are many persons who feel that county lines should be abolished in many instances, and the number of county governments in the state reduced to about half the present number. Certainly this would be a step that would make tax reductions possible.

The state government, with its educational and highway obligations in addition to the other important functions which it performs, will find it difficult to get out of debt. But that should be a goal of each succeeding administration.

The federal government finds itself deeply in debt because of the war, and a finance expert last week pre-

dicted that the national debt will be at least 300 billion when the war is over. This expert, Dr. Marcus Nadler, professor of finance at New York University, declared that the public debt problem must be solved "the hard way"—through governmental economy, increased production and adequate taxes.

Dr. Nadler said that there might be some who would want to solve this "problem" by sleight-of-hand tricks, like inflation, but he warned that this would bring ultimate ruin to the country. All thinking men will agree with Dr. Nadler, for it will never do for this nation to fail to meet its obligation in a fair and square manner. While we thought at one time that the country would be ruined if the national debt went over 50 billion, we know now that this is not the case. The government should continue to levy adequate taxes, and a program of debt retirement should be sponsored by both political parties.

No one knows what the future is to bring in the way of prosperity, but it is a certain fact that governments, like individuals, should spare no effort to pay off obligations and get on a sound basis as soon as possible. At the present time, city, county and state governments should plan programs of economy in order that business firm and individuals may pay the bulk of their tax obligations to the federal government so that the war debts may be retired.

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He bids fair to grow wise who has discovered that he is not so.

# WE SHOULD NOW STEER A STRAIGHT AND HONORABLE COURSE

## The Word And Way And Central Baptist

It may be necessary, in time of war, to "play both ends against the middle," so to speak. Both military strategists and statesmen are justified, we suppose, in cunningly employing Machiavellian tactics in order to take every advantage of the enemy. Deception and double-dealing are recognized weapons of war.

But now that the way appears clear to an early victory it seems that we should begin to steer a straight and honorable course. Our national leaders should be sincere and should demand of our Allies sincerity. A peace based upon hidden agreements or commitments or upon carefully camouflaged purposes will not stand. We shall soon find ourselves in another war.

There are of course many many problems that will have to be solved. They are so multitudinous that one almost shrinks from attempting to look them squarely in the face. We could wish that some superhuman power might descend and take over the administration of tangled human affairs. In all reverence, we suggest that it would seem a good time for the Lord Jesus to return to establish His temporal reign and, in His divine wisdom and omnipotency, to straighten things out. But that rests with the decision of the great God.

In any event, it behooves clear-headed, Christ-directed men to think and to act with vision and zeal.

True Christianity has a great stake in the kind of world that shall emerge

now as the fighting ends. Christian mission, the entire enterprise of spreading the gospel and of building the Kingdom of God on earth, has a deep interest in the arrangements statesmen may make within the next year or so.

Primarily we are interested in a free world—free for those who seek peace and righteousness and democratic self-government. We must curb the force the residue of military aggression that may remain. But that force must not enslave good men any where at any time.

Walter Lippmann's book, "U. S. Foreign Policy—Shield of the Republic" is an extremely interesting and thought-provoking treatment. It can be procured at your Baptist Book Store. He proves that since our country has made world-wide commitments, it must be prepared by force and by proper alliances to back up those commitments. We agree. We only hope that our leaders have not made commitments which may prove embarrassing either because they are unworthy or because they are impossible of accomplishment.

Three matters give us concern. They are: our obligation to Britain, our relations with Russia and our intimacy with the Vatican.

While pleading for a "nuclear alliance" between Great Britain, Russia, China and the United States, Mr. Lippman says: "A British policy which rested on the refusal to recognize the necessary changes in the colonial and

imperial system of the nineteenth century would raise up against Britain insurgent forces in Asia, in the Middle East, and Africa. Britain could not count upon American support in resisting these forces." Quite right. And yet Mr. Churchill's public utterances indicate a determination to go right back to British economic imperialism even though England might relax her political control to a degree. For America to support such a policy seems to us not only to invite national disaster but also to shut the door almost completely to American missions in most of the world.

We must be friends with Russia. Eric Johnson made a speech recently in Moscow, copied in the current issue of Readers Digest that carries a world of good sense. Russia is an economic dictatorship, but in our judgement she is going to swing back much closer to our Americans ideals of democracy. Russia offers perhaps the most challenging field in all the world for evangelical missions. She will, in all likelihood go predominantly pagan,

Roman Catholic or truly Christian. We must encourage her to resist the threats and the overtures of the totalitarian Roman Catholic hierarchy.

The relations between our government and the Vatican give cause for great apprehension. Are we purposely or unwittingly forwarding the Pope's effort to get special privileges in Russia and the rest of Europe? Are we falling in the line with the expressed purpose of the hierarchy in America to preserve South America exclusively for Roman Catholicism? Religious liberty either in Russia or in Europe or in China or in Latin America certainly has no champion in the Vatican. If any move has been made by our government to achieve this expressed purpose of our fighting in this war, we have failed to obscure it. Every fresh report of collaboration with the Pope disturbs us. We believe we know what he is striving for. We confess we can not be sure of what our ambassador—without the official title or legal appointment—is trying to do in Rome.

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### BITS OF LIFE

"One man with courage makes a majority," once said "Stonewall" Andrew Jackson.

Don't make yourself the prophet of doom. The man who keeps saying it can't be done often finds himself interrupted by someone doing it.

The man who lives for himself is a failure. No measure of wealth or power can make him otherwise. Only those who live for others achieve success.

Most of the shadows in this life are caused by standing in our own sunshine.—Henry Ward Beecher.

# RELIGION IN THE HERE AND NOW

By Rev. Norvin C. Duncan in Morganton News-Herald

We are witnessing some of the greatest battles in human history. It wrings our hearts to see, even through news reports, the terribleness of those struggles; it wrings our hearts to see the pictures of our fine young men, and read below that they died in action. What the boys are actually undergoing is just about indescribable.

But we must view the present in the light of the future. We cannot explain all this, nor shall we try, but some things stand out clearly. All this suffering does mean much to the future welfare of mankind. The present is tragic, but the future would be more tragic without it. Not until our enemies suffer terribly, can they understand the folly, the stupidity, and the criminal character of their philosophy. A repentant Germany is the only kind of Germany upon which any order can be built for the future which will have within it something of an enduring order. For more than a hundred years Germany has kept the world in a state of war.

But equally tragic will be the future if we, in this present, do not become humbled in mind and heart, and come

out of it with a deep sense of our responsibility. We at home become jubilant over victories by our armies; a few of them and we become complacent; radio programs teem with wisecracks, as if wisecracks could remove the dangers and sufferings of our fighting men. We have noted that those in safest places do most of the bragging and wisecracking; our fighting men are sober, determined, and do their job; most of them hate our sentimentalizing over them. Unless we suffer we shall not be victorious; we shall not have the firmness to deal justice to our enemies, and not enough strength of character to show mercy. Let us hope that our soldiers will have much to say about the fruits of their victories. They have suffered, and in doing so have become far more capable of judging and acting than we who stay at home. We must not end this war with a feeling of pride, superiority, and haughtiness. We must not become imperialistic, but with a desire to serve. Let our present teach us to be humble if we would be powerful.



He is well along the road to perfect manhood who does not allow the thousand little worries of life to embitter his temper, or disturb his equanimity.



## INSTITUTION NOTES

We learned a few days ago that another of our former students, Hazen Ward, is serving in the United States Coast Guard. This young man, who is now thirty-eight years old, entered the School, February 24, 1922 and was permitted to return to his home, August 29, 1924. During part of his stay at the institution, he was a member of the Cottage No. 12 group.

Practically no information concerning this boy's activities after leaving us was received at the School until recently, when it was learned that he had served in the United States Army from May, 1925 until some time in 1940, when he received an honorable discharge. Hazen re-entered Uncle Sam's in August, 1942 and is now in a coast guard unit.

—:—

Jeff Gouge, formerly of Cottage No. 10, and a member of the bakery force, called at The Uplift office one day last week. He entered the School, October 1, 1936 and was conditionally released, February 12, 1938. He returned to his home in Newland, where he was employed at odd jobs for a couple of months. Jeff then went to Asheville and secured employment in a bakery, where he got along very well. Some time later the family moved to Canton, Ohio, where his father operated a restaurant and the boy worked for him for quite a while. Because of the good record he had made since leaving the institution, Jeff was granted an honorable discharge from further parole supervision, June 25, 1938.

In November, 1942, Jeff enlisted in the United States Navy, where he saw

considerable action. He was wounded, and in April, 1943, received a medical discharge. He is now driving a truck and operating a bingo game for the Southern States Shows, which is located in Kannapolis for a week. Being so near, he thought that he would run down to the School for a brief visit with old friends. Jeff looked well, and seemed delighted to see the members of the staff who were working at the School when he was here, and they were equally pleased to see him.

—:—

Last Sunday morning, one of the members of the School's staff of employees met Urban Hill in Concord. Urban, who is now twenty-five years old, entered this institution, September 1, 1934 and was given permission to return to his home in Kannapolis, August 10, 1935. He secured employment in a cotton mill in that city. Because of the highly satisfactory record this lad made after going home, the county welfare department recommended that he be granted a final release, October 12, 1935. Progress reports received on the boys showed that he was working regularly and was showing an unusually fine attitude.

Urban worked in the cotton mill about two years, and then decided to enlist in the United States Army. Following his basic training, he was assigned to a cavalry unit, and spent the greater part of his period of enlistment at Fort Meyer, Virginia. While on maneuvers at Biloxi, Mississippi, he received severe injuries of the wrist and forearm, and was given a medical discharge in May, 1942.

Since that time, he stated that he

had been employed in various parts of the country. He worked at the Hotel New Yorker, New York City, for quite a while, and for the past several weeks has been working at the Hotel Charlotte. Urban said that he had been married nine years, and seemed to take great delight in telling of his twin daughters, aged eight years.

Although he has been away from the School more than nine years, he seemed very much interested in its activities, and asked many questions about the officers and boys who were here when he was just a lad in Cottage No. 13.

We were delighted to see Wade Medlin, a former student at the School, a few days ago. This young fellow is in the united States Navy, having enlisted in that branch of service, July 13, 1943. He stated that he received his basic training at Bainbridge, Maryland and was then sent to Norfolk, Va., for further training. Having completed his preliminary studies, he was assigned to a merchant ship as a member of the naval armed guard, and is still serving in that capacity. Wade told us that he had made three trips overseas, one to Portugal, another to the Pacific and the Persian Gulf and one to England, and spoke about various ports visited in a most interesting manner.

Wade entered the School, August 1, 1941 and was conditionally released, August 7, 1942. He will be nineteen years old on October 8, 1944. During his stay with us, this lad was a member of the Cottage No. 15 group and was a member of the dairy force. He was in the seventh grade while here. His record at this institution was very good, and, having kept up the good work after leaving us, he was given an

honorable discharge, December 11, 1942. Upon returning to his home in Monroe he secured employment as carpenter's helper with a group doing construction work at Camp Sutton, for about three months; he then went to work in the post exchange at that camp, remaining there about six months. For five months prior to his enlistment in the Navy, Wade was employed in a cotton mill in Monroe.

In the course of conversation with this young fellow, we learned that he appreciated everything the School had done for him. He further stated that he had not gotten into any kind of trouble since leaving us. From his appearance and manner one would easily get the impression that he was a fellow who definitely had made good, and was willing to do his best to make continued improvement as he goes along life's highway.

—:—

Rev. W. V. Tarlton, pastor of the McGill St. Baptist Church of Concord, was the guest preacher at the Sunday afternoon service last Sunday. Mr. Tarlton has cheerfully accepted his place on the schedule and we look forward to his inspiring messages to the boys.

He used as a Scripture Lesson the first eight verses of the second chapter of Hebrews, and his text was a part of the third verse, which reads as follows: "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation,"

Mr. Tarlton explained to the boys that the salvation which Paul proclaimed to the Hebrews was the only salvation which had ever been described as "great." The divine revelation placed this label upon it, and, of course, reference is made to the salva-

tion which Christ came to bring to the world.

The speaker reviewed the event in Jonah's life when, contrary to his divine instructions, he bought a ticket to go to Tarshish. On his journey towards Tarshish, a storm arose and Jonah was cast overboard, and instead of getting to Tarsus he found himself at the great city of Ninevah with its population of more than a million. Here at Ninevah he preached before the king and poor people, so that many were converted. The city which had previously been doomed to destruction escaped this fate. This was indeed a great event, but it is not classed as equal to the salvation of which Paul was writing.

Mr. Tarlton then related about the experiences of Noah when God revealed to him that He was planning to destroy the people of the world because of so much evil. He advised Noah to take his family and the animals into an ark so that they might be saved from the great floods that were impending. It rained forty days and forty nights, but Noah and his group were saved. As great as this event was, it was still not equal to the "great" salvation.

The speaker then explained how the children of Israel, after spending many years in Egypt, were led out of Egypt to the promised land. On their way they came to the Red Sea with Pha-

roah's army surrounding them from behind. There was fear in the hearts of all, and they wished they had stayed in Egypt. Under God's power the waves of the sea were driven back and the Israelites went over on dry ground.

In a few minutes the forces of Pharaoh were swallowed up by the same sea. This was a great event, but still not as great as the salvation of which Paul was writing.

Mr. Tarlton then described the destruction of Sennacherib's forces. One hundred eighty odd thousand soldiers were stricken dead by the divine power, and this seems to have been a very great event, but still it did not equal Paul's salvation.

The salvation of which Paul was writing was described as "great," first because of what it cost. It was a salvation that was offered to the world through the only begotten Son of God. The Scriptures tell that Christ came into the world to bring a message that whosoever should believe on Him should not perish but have eternal life. Thus, it cost God the offering of his only begotten Son. This salvation is great because of what Jesus suffered for it. In the end He died on the cross of crucifixion not for His sins but for the sins of others. Then, finally, this salvation was described as great because of its reward, the hope of immortality. This is the great goal for all Christians.

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They only deserve a monument who do not need one; that is, who have raised themselves a monument in the minds and memories of men.—Hazlitt.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending October 8, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

Charles Blakemore  
Thomas Brantley  
Coy Crabtree  
Richard Cranford  
William Hammond  
Lewis Kerns

## COTTAGE No. 1

Thomas Ruff  
Walter Byrd  
Ray Covington  
Floyd Puckett  
Howard Hall  
William Lerschell

## COTTAGE No. 2

Robert Buchanan  
Charles Byrd  
Fred Coats  
Delmas Jerrell  
Gerald Johnson  
Chester Lee  
Howard Manus  
James McMahan  
John McLean  
James Norton  
Eugene Peterson  
William Phillips  
Hayes Powell  
Marshall Prestwood  
Jack Ray  
James Sneed  
Kermit Wright  
Roy Womack

## COTTAGE No. 3

George Bass  
William Doss  
Jack Hensley  
James Hensley  
A. J. McGraw  
Marvin Walls  
Theodore Young

## COTTAGE No. 4

Robert Blackwelder  
Burlin Edmonson  
John Fine  
Eugene Grice  
Jack Gray  
Robert Hogan

George Hawk  
William Hawk  
William Lewis  
Garnett Quessinberry  
Paul Stone  
John R. Smith  
Roy Swink  
Edward VanHoy  
Lawrence Walker

## COTTAGE No. 5

Harold Cruse  
Earl Hoyle  
Thomas Sessions  
Charles Shores  
Robert Wilkins

## COTTAGE No. 6

J. C. Cayton  
Rufus Driggers  
Richard Davidson  
Vernon Foster  
Keith Futch  
Ralph Gibson  
Earl Gilmore  
Stanford McLean  
Franklin Robinson  
Clay Shew

## COTTAGE No. 7

Robert Bradbury  
Horace Collins  
Herschell Duckworth  
Charles Edwards  
Samuel Lynn  
Ned Metcalf  
Joseph Mitchell  
Ray Naylor  
Jack Phillips

## COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 9

Leonard Church  
R. C. Combs  
Ray Edwards

## COTTAGE No. 10

(No Honor Roll)

## COTTAGE No. 11

Charles Alexander  
 Odean Bland  
 Donald Bowden  
 William Guffey  
 Alvin Hilton  
 Raymond Hunsucker  
 Arlow McLean  
 Clyde Rhodes  
 Leon Rose  
 Max Shelley  
 J. W. Smith

## COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 13

Raymond Brittain  
 Robert Hinson  
 Charles Shearin

## COTTAGE No. 14

Everett Bowden  
 Hugh Cornwell  
 Daniel Crocker  
 Landon McKenzie  
 Troy Morris

Bruce Sawyer  
 Grover Shuler  
 Eugene Simmons

## COTTAGE No. 15

Robert Bluester  
 Houston Berry  
 James Knight  
 Robert Rivenbark  
 Clyde Shook  
 Kenneth Staley

## INDIAN COTTAGE

Peter Chavis  
 Harold Duckworth  
 Alton Hammond  
 Marshall Hunt  
 R. C. Hoyle  
 W. C. McManus

## INFIRMARY

Odell Cecil  
 Clifford Shull  
 Ray Taylor  
 Raymond Byrd  
 Lloyd Sain

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 POWER OF HATRED

In one of the prayers we have been using this week occurs the phrase, "deliver them and us from the power of hatred." Few of us realize the tremendous flood of hatred dammed up in the world today. Too few also realize the power of hatred and the fact that the dam will burst and that awful destructive force will be let loose as a flood to destroy everything before it.

In a measure, it is confined by war and the necessities of conflict, but that will not last long.

Hatred is a destructive spirit, destroying all cooperation between men and groups of men. **It destroys governments, commerce, trust, good will;** it is the very antithesis of the Holy spirit in the world. It is a spirit at war with the spirit of God. It cannot be conquered in this world by organization, education or force.

Nothing but the Spirit of God, as it was evidenced by Jesus, at work in the hearts of individual men and women, can eventually defeat the power of hatred.

Well may we pray, "Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit."

—G. I. Hiller, In *The N. C. Churchman*.



c 364

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 21, 1944

No. 42

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## GIVING

God gives us joy that we may give ;  
He gives us joy that we may share ;  
Sometimes He gives us loads to lift  
That we may learn to bear.

For life is gladder when we give,  
And love is sweeter when we share,  
And heavy loads rest lightly, too,  
When we have learned to bear.

—Author Unknown.

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# The Uplift

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**A WEEKLY JOURNAL**

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

LEOK GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## GOOD HABITS

Now, while you have your pencil in hand, will you read the following list of good habits and check off as many as you can conscientiously subscribe to:

- Get the habit—of rising early.
- Get the habit—of retiring early.
- Get the habit—of eating slowly.
- Get the habit—of being punctual.
- Get the habit—of being grateful.
- Get the habit—of fearing nothing.
- Get the habit—of speaking kindly.
- Get the habit—of radiating sunshine.
- Get the habit—of speaking correctly.
- Get the habit—of seeking the sunshine daily.
- Get the habit—of closing doors gently.
- Get the habit—of neatness in appearance.
- Get the habit—of relying on self always.
- Get the habit—of a forgiving spirit.
- Get the habit—of being industrious.

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## BOARD OF CORRECTION AND TRAINING MEETS AT THE SCHOOL

On Wednesday of this week the North Carolina Board of Correction and Training will hold its quarterly meeting at the Jackson Training School. This is the first time the full Board has met here, although it has held other meetings at Raleigh and some other institutions of the state. We have looked forward to this event, and we take this opportunity to extend to the members a cordial welcome to the School. We will, of course, be delighted for them to study the situation and to give us the benefit of their ideas, especially along any lines of improvement.

The members of this Board were appointed by Governor Brough-

ton about a year ago, and they represent all sections of the state. They have jurisdiction over all institutions of correction and training in the state. By reason of the fact that they have jurisdiction over these institutions, devoted to the rehabilitation and training of the delinquent youth of the state, they have, of course, some very grave responsibilities. Whatever is done towards the training of these boys and girls with the view of making them worthy citizens will be to the credit of this Board. Likewise, any failures that may result because of any inadequacies or any failure to make proper provision will be their responsibility. They have a grand opportunity to render inestimable service in a field that needs the wisest counsel and leadership, and there is every reason to hope that the distinguished members of this Board are determined to exercise wisdom and foresight in the discharge of their duties.

The staff members of the institution naturally have the heaviest responsibilities with reference to the activities and operation of the programs at the various institutions. However, in matters pertaining to the general program and the budget there are certain limitations beyond which local officials cannot go, and whatever is done over and beyond this is in the hands of the business and professional men and women of the state who compose this Board. With reference to a great many of the details the scope and functions of the various departments of the School must be visualized and planned by local leaders, but in all instances they will need the hearty support and backing of the Board members. The goal of all concerned should be the operation of an institution that will do a good job and be a credit to those in authority.

Again, we extend our welcome to all Board members and to Mr. Leonard. We hope they will find it possible not only to attend the meetings which will be held at this institution annually, but that they may find it convenient to visit us frequently.

\* \* \* \* \*

## NEWS ABOUT TRAINING SCHOOL BOYS IN SERVICE

(Continued)

This is a continuation of the news items regarding boys in service

and carried in The Uplift on October 7th. Our purpose is to continue these reports from time to time on an alphabetical basis. Then, in case we receive reports of other boys not in alphabetical order, special reports will be made of them.

6. John Faggart.

Entered the Training School March 14, 1924.

Released, January 15, 1927.

Our information is that John entered the Marines in 1929. In 1939 he stopped at the School for a visit while on a furlough. He stated at that time that he had been in the service for 10 years and also that he planned to serve twenty years in all.

In August 1941 the Navy department announced "the promotion of Marine Gunner John H. Faggart, of Kannapolis, N. C., to warrant rank in the Marine Corps." Warrant officers are those who advance from the ranks and are given commissions as "Marine Gunners" by Congress.

John made a good record while he was at the School, and apparently has made good as a marine. While here he was placed in Cottage No. 9. A good part of his work was in the laundry.

He was released to his mother, in Kannapolis. We have no later information regarding his location.

7. Russell Ferris.

Entered the Training School, January 18, 1928.

Released, April 1, 1935.

Pvt. Russell Ferris, a member of 814 U. S. Army, formerly reported missing in action in the North African war area, has now been officially reported as a war prisoner of the Germans. Russell enlisted in the Regular U. S. Army through the Charlotte recruiting station. We have no further information regarding his training or rank in the Army.

Russell came to the School at the age of seven and one-half years, and after remaining here a little more than seven years he was released to the Welfare Department of Rockingham County for a home placement. Later reports indicated that he made a fine adjustment prior to his enlistment.

Russell will be remembered by the workers here as a quiet little

## THE UPLIFT

boy who stayed in Cottage No. 1. He advanced in school from the first grade to the seventh. Most of his work here was on the work line and in the library.

He was given his final discharge July 27, 1938.

### 8. J. B. Grooms.

Entered the Training School, September 1, 1934.

Released; January 21, 1936.

Staff Sergeant Joseph B. Grooms entered the service on August 18, 1941, and has seen much action in the South Pacific area. He has made an excellent record, and on different occasions he has received special commendations from his superior officers.

In the Charlotte News of February 12, 1943 we find the following news item about Joseph:

"By your conscientious hard work and ability and your complete willingness to submerge your own personal comforts and desires to further the common cause, you were highly instrumental in the recent completely successful operation of this group against the Japanese-held island of Wake. Because of your knowledge of your job and the highly efficient manner in which you performed it, you have aided in creating a very favorable impression on the Naval and Marine forces with which we were co-operating, thereby reflecting great credit upon your organization."

Again we note from the Charlotte Observer of August 29, 1944, the following:

"He (Joseph B. Grooms) has been awarded four Battle Stars for his Asiatic-Pacific campaign ribbon, and in addition, holds the Good Conduct medal. A graduate of Alexander Graham Junior High School at Charlotte, he was later employed by Western Union Telegraph company, after which he opened his own radio repair shop. His mother, Mrs. C. D. Grooms, lives at 1122 South Caldwell Street, Charlotte. His wife is the former Frances Thrasher of Charlotte."

While Joseph was at the School he was assigned to Cottage No. 10. In school he finished the seventh grade. Although most of his work was with Mr. Liske in the bakery, he had a special interest in radios and spent his extra time on this hobby.

He was given his discharge from this institution July 27, 1938.

**9. Brevard Hall.**

Entered the Training School, June 18, 1931.

Released, July 12, 1935.

Pvt. Brevard Hall of Charlotte first entered the Army in 1938 and served in the Panama Canal Zone for a period of 26 months, after which he was given an honorable discharge. In March 1944 he was called back into the service, and on last reports he was a paratrooper stationed at Fort Benning, Georgia. Before entering the paratroopers he was with the Field Artillery.

His wife and two children now reside at 908 North Poplar Street, Charlotte.

While here he was assigned to Cottage No. 14, and he worked on both the work line and in the library. He entered the second grade and had advanced to the sixth when he was released. He returned to his home in Charlotte and was granted his discharge on July 27, 1938.

\* \* \* \* \*

**UNITED WAR FUND DRIVE AT THE SCHOOL**

During recent days, the campaign to wage funds for the United War Fund has been on here at the School. We believe that response has been very fine, particularly as it relates to the boys themselves here at the institution. Many of them who have relatives or friends in the service have given generously to the cause. Indeed, they deserve special consideration. The staff members and neighbors in the community have joined in this project.

We are delighted to report that we have raised the total of \$153.00 from adult contributions and \$97.00 from the boys, making a total of \$250.00. There probably will be other contributions before the campaign closes. Incidentally, it might be stated that the contributions this year exceed those of the previous year.



## LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported By Boys of the School Department

### Painting Schoolrooms

By John Allen, 8th Grade

Mr. Alf Carriker, carpenter shop and painting official, has been painting the woodwork of several of the school-rooms. He has painted the wood parts of Mrs. Hawfield's first-grade room. She has fixed it up to look pretty and the painting has helped make it look pretty.

### Entertainment

By John Allen, 8th Grade

Saturday night Oct. 14, everybody at the Training School was entertained by the Southland Jubilee Quartet. These are four colored singers from WBT in Charlotte. They sang a variety of many songs of different kinds. They had several boys to go to the microphone and sing several songs with them. We enjoyed this very much and we hope to have them back again soon.

### New Shoes

By John Allen, 8th Grade

Mr. Fisher, Mr. Hawfield, and Mr. White have been busy for several days, beginning Oct. 12, in issuing shoes for the boys. There are approximately 375 boys to whom new shoes have been issued. Many pairs of shoes have been taken up to be repaired in the shoe shop. The shoes have been given to the grades, starting with the Eighth Grade and going down to the First Grade.

### Friday Morning Chapel Program

By John Allen, 8th Grade

Friday, October 13th, the fourth grade had the usual weekly program under the auspices of Miss Baird, Fourth Grade teacher.

To begin the program, the entire group bowed their heads in prayer which was followed by a song, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

After this song the Fourth Grade boys gave a play about fire. They called this play "The Fire." There were about 9 or 10 speakers in the program although all of the grade had part in it.

The play was followed by two songs by Bobby Jarvis, Brice Thomas, Thomas Ware, and Robert Wilkins. The name of the two songs were "The Stars of a Summer Night," and "There's a Long, Long Trail a Winding."

The boys enjoyed this program and we hope to have another one like it soon.

### Friday Afternoon Chapel Program

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

The program this week was under the auspices of Miss Baird and her fourth grade group. The program was about "fire prevention."

First on the program was a short devotion by J. C. Rhodes. It was the Twenty-third Psalm. Next was the Lord's Prayer.

After devotion, George Guyton lead the group in singing "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean."

Next the entire audience sang "My Country 'Tis of Thee."

Next the Fourth Grade presented a short play.

The characters are: "Fire," and "Match," "Gas," "Benzene," Kerosene," "Bon-Fire," "Cigarette," "Electrical Appliances," and "Paper."

After the program, two boys sang "There's a Long, Long Trail a Winding."

Jimmy Stadler also sang a selection, "Letter Edged in Black."

### Party

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

Wednesday night marked a very gala occasion for the lads of Cottage No. 10. The party was in honor of Mrs. Liske, (the matron of No. 10;) and Jimmie Cathcart, of Concord. Jimmie is six years old.

At the beginning of the party, Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Cathcart, and Mr. and Mrs. "Chinck" Cathcart, of Concord served refreshments to the boys, consisting of chicken salad sandwiches, pickles, apples, candy, oatmeal cookies, and a pepsi-cola each.

On Mrs. Liske's table was a large birthday cake. After the boys had eaten the first, the cake was cut and divided among the boys.

After the refreshments, the lads assembled in the sitting room and played various games, consisting of rook, and so on.

There was, also some dancing to the music of the new victrola in the sitting room.

The entertainers who danced with the boys are Betty Cathcart, Iris Cathcart and Clara Jo Cathcart.

The party lasted from seven until

eleven o'clock. All in all, the lads certainly enjoyed themselves.

Mrs. Liske and Jimmie received an unusual amount of presents. Mrs. Liske's consist in part, a manicure set, cook book, vases, quilt, etc.

After it was over, the lads expressed their appreciation to their host. Mr. Cathcart, for a most pleasant evening.

### B. T. U. Meeting, Intermediate Group

By George Hill, 8th Grade

The B. T. U. meeting was opened with a sentence prayer. There were five women and five men who visited the B. T. U. meeting, Sunday. They were from the First Baptist Church in Concord. Jack Benfield made a speech on part No. 1 "What a Church Letter Is." Ray Edwards and Gerald Johnson made speeches on part No. 3 "The Value of the Church Letter." Jack Willis and Evan Craig made speeches on No. 4 "A True Example." Luther Shermer also made a talk. After the speeches Mrs. Presnell and some other visitors made talks to the boys of the B. T. U. meeting. A song was sung by the boys after the visitors finished their talks. The name of it was "In The Garden."

After the song Gerald Johnson, Evan Craig, Sam Linebarrier, and Jack Willis expressed their thankfulness to the visitors for coming to the B. T. U. meeting. Mr. Snyder told the boys how many chapters of the Bible that the boys had read. The number of chapters the boys had read was 454. One boy had read 52 chapters. This boy's name was Theodore Young. After that Mr. Perry dis-

missed the boys of the B. T. U. meeting.

### Junior B. T. U. Meeting

By John Allen, 8th Grade

Sunday, October 15, the Junior Group of the B. T. U. (Baptist Training Union) began their usual weekly program with a song. The name of this song was, "Standing On the Promises," led by Robert Gaylor.

Mr. Iley, of Concord, the group leader, officiated and led the class in its usual speaking program. The group had a playlet with each of the following boys as characters: J. C. Cayton of Cottage 6, "Jim." Joe Mitchell of Cottage 7, "Mary." Bobby Long of Cottage 6, "Clarice." Robert Gaylor of Cottage 5, "Alfred." Erwin Ewing of Cottage 13, "Louis."

After the speeches there was a Bible Reading by 5 boys as follows:

Harry Thompson of Cottage 13, "Where Did Moses' Mother Hide Him?"

Brice Hill Thomas of Cottage 10, "How Did God Speak to Moses?"

Robert Gaylor of Cottage 11, "Who Went With Moses to Talk to the Pharaoh?"

James Holleman of Cottage 7, "Why Did Pharaoh Tell Aaron and Moses to Leave?"

Samuel Lynn of Cottage 7, "How Old Was Moses When He Died?"

After the Bible Reading, the class sang another song, "Since Jesus Came Into My Heart." Following the song Erwin Ewing led the group in prayer, and the group was assigned speeches for next week. After this the group was dismissed.

### "SQUANTO"

(An Essay)

By John Allen, 8th Grade

One day about 330 years ago the Indians, on the coast of what is now Massachusetts, were surprised to see a gigantic canoe with sails and without paddles, sailing into the harbor as if by magic.

"Squanto," an Indian boy, and several of his friends were standing on the beach looking at the strange craft. Slowly and cautiously, the captain coaxed these Indians to come aboard the vessel. After they had stepped onto the deck of the ship, they were made prisoners and taken back to England and sold as slaves.

Five years later this Indian boy escaped from his owner and was wandering in London. He met a London merchant who helped him to get back to his native land.

While he was away from home, a plague struck his people and killed almost all of them. Out of approximately five hundred, there were two who survived and lived to tell about the disaster.

He lived with another Indian tribe and had them as his people. His old tribe had buried many large stores of corn on their old grounds.

In 1620 the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. They stayed there for a long while and explored the lands around them. They didn't know how to plant and harvest crops and so their food supplies began to go down. Many of them died and if it wasn't for the buried stores of corn by "Squanto's" tribe, they would all have suffered.



Later "Squanto" came out of the forest and greeted the people and taught them how to plant, hunt, and fish. If it hadn't been for Squanto or his tribe, the Pilgrims would all have suffered and died.

### A BOOK REPORT

By John Allen and Jack Willis,  
8th Grade

Once a little ragged orphan boy stood in front of a store, cold and freezing. Nearby a widow was coming down the street to the store to buy a pair of shoes. She saw the small shivering boy looking into the window at the soft, warm-looking suits.

She asked the little boy what his name was and where he lived. "My name is Jimmy," said the boy, "and I haven't any place to stay." The woman had only five dollars, but she took the boy in the store and bought him a warm coat and a pair of shoes to warm his bare feet.

The widow took the boy by the hand and led him to her humble home. When the boy got inside the warm cozy house, he felt a thrill of warm thankfulness in his small heart.

The next day was to be Christmas Day and the boy thought of the poor widow whom he had been calling aunty.

That afternoon as he was in the yard playing in the snow, he saw a poor crippled squirrel lying in the cold snow, shivering. He lifted the poor thin creature and carried him, bundled in his arms to the fireside in the house. He built the squirrel a bed in a box next to the fireplace.

That night after Jimmy and the widow had gone to bed and asleep, Jimmy heard someone calling his

name. He got out of bed and followed the voice to the sitting room which was dark but for a candle in each window. The sparkling of the fire was reflected on the ornaments of the humble Christmas tree standing in the corner. Looking around he saw the little squirrel in the fireplace where the fire had died down. Going over to the fireplace he saw the squirrel digging in the fireplace with an ember of a burned stick.

When Jimmy knelt down beside the pet that he loved, the small creature looked up into his face and had a happy sparkling look in his eyes.

Jimmy went to work digging the clay filling between the stones in the fireplace. After about a half an hour of digging he lifted the heavy stone out of its place and saw a small box sitting in the hole. Lifting the box from the hole he found a small padlock on it. Taking the rock he broke the padlock from the box and lifted the lid.

What met Jimmy's eyes was a surprise that made his eyes widen and his mouth fall open. With an excited and trembling voice he called the old widow and showed her the box and told her how he found it in the fireplace.

What the old woman saw was enough to fill her heart with delight. In the box were several packages of diamonds and other jewels worth a fortune.

The next day the woman went up town and sold some of the jewels and bought an armful of many useful goods. The boy and the woman had enough money to last them for a long time, and they lived happily ever afterwards.

## THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR

Robert Bradbury, 5th Grade

The English colony of Virginia claimed the land in the Ohio valley. When Governor Dinwiddie heard that the French were building forts, he sent Washington there. This was his first important public work. Washington was born in Virginia on February 22, 1732.

The French commander told Washington he would not withdraw from the Ohio Valley. His refusal to go meant war. The English government sent from England General Braddock with some of the finest soldiers. General Braddock went to Virginia and added several hundred colony soldiers to his and appointed Washington lieutenant of the Virginia soldiers.

Washington told Braddock that the French and Indians would fight behind trees and bushes and they must do the same, but Braddock would not listen to him. As they were walking along they were mowed down by the hundreds. The English started running but the Virginians took to the bushes and did what they could. Washington tried to stop the English, but it was all in vain.

Washington had two horses shot out from under him and got four bullet-holes through the side of his coat. Braddock was killed.

General James Wolfe was the young commander who led the English in the battle of Quebec. When he was first ordered to America some of his enemies said he was mad. King George said he hoped Wolfe would bite some of his generals so they would be mad too. The French thought that Quebec would never be taken because it stood on a high bluff.

Wolfe discovered a way up the bluff and led his men to the top. He was badly wounded in the fight and died. The English captured Quebec in September 1759. But the war went on in England 4 more years and ended with the Treaty of Paris 1763 which gave us back all the territory except New Orleans and Spain got it. Thus France was out of the race for territory in America, and the race was between England and Spain.

## LIFE IN THE MIDDLE COLONIES

By Bruce Honeycutt, 5th Grade

The middle colonies were New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware. The English took possession of New York and New Jersey in 1664. It was already settled by the Dutch who lived in comfortable homes built of lumber and bricks. Most of the people who lived in the middle Colonies were farmers. They raised tobacco and food crops such as grain, potatoes, and vegetables.

They did little fur trapping in the frontier. They did a great deal of trading with the Indians.

The town of Philadelphia grew more rapidly than any other town in America. It had 12,000 population before it was fifteen years old.

There were very few slaves in the middle colonies.

The farmers, gardeners, and merchants had no work for them to do. They had many servants known as redemptioners. They were poor people whose fare across the Atlantic was paid, and they had to work to pay it back. They usually worked for five years.

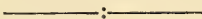
## THE SOUTHERN COLONIES

By Claywood Sparrow, 5th Grade

The houses were a little better than pens. They were covered with boards. The chimneys were built of sticks and covered with mud inside and out so the sticks wouldn't burn. They made balls and powder in the South. Porches were called verandas or galleries. If they needed more rooms, they added "shed rooms" There was one room on each side of the hall.

The pack of dogs slept on the porch or in the halls. Saddles and bridles were hung on the porch or in the hall. The door was covered with deer and bear skins. The chairs were made of wood with deer and bear skins for a bottom, with the fur side down so it could be easily washed.

They made a living by farming, whether a poor man and living in the backwoods, or a wealthy plantation owner. The crops were tobacco, rice and potatoes.



## A DAY

What does it take to make a day?  
 A lot of love along the way:  
 It takes a morning and a noon,  
 A father's voice, a mother's croon;  
 It takes some task to challenge all  
 The powers that a man may call  
 His own: the powers of mind and limb;  
 A wispered word of love; a hymn  
 Of hope—a comrade's cheer—  
 A baby's laughter and a tear;  
 It takes a dream, a hope, a cry  
 Of need from some soul passing by;  
 A sense of brotherhood and love;  
 A purpose sent from God above;  
 It takes a sunset in the sky,  
 The stars of night, the winds that sigh;  
 It takes a breath of scented air,  
 A mother's kiss, a baby's prayer.  
 That is what it takes to make a day:  
 A lot of loving along the way.

—William L. Stidger.

# SURGEONS CHANGE NERVE COURSE IN BATTLE WOUNDS

By Frank Carey in Victor News

Navy nerve surgeons have borrowed a page from the book of the highway engineer. They are restoring function to deadened muscle by setting up "detours" and "road blocks" in the human nerve system.

In battle wounds where a nerve is partly shot away, and the ends are too far apart to be stretched together, the surgeons change the course of the nerve.

By such "detouring," the undamaged parts of the nerve travel a shorter course than did the original nerve, and thus it is often possible to bring the cut ends together so that they can be sewed end-to-end. In numerous cases, navy men with an arm or leg virtually useless have been returned to duty.

Sometimes a nerve may be too far gone to be repaired. In many instances, the surgeons make a nearby nerve do double duty. This is accomplished by lifting a tendon from the muscle fed by the good nerve and attaching the free end of the tendon to the muscle in which the nerve is dead or damaged beyond repair.

This technique works particularly well in a case where a wrist has "dropped" due to damage to a nerve controlling the muscles of the outer side of the hand.

The "road-blocking" technique in the nervous system is something entirely different.

A nerve is made up of a number of fibers covered by a sheath—similar

to a telephone cable. Sometimes in a nerve injury only part of the nerve fibers are destroyed. Others remain undamaged.

Scientists have found that by pinching these good fibers—not cutting them—they cause nature to work overtime in order to overcome the interruption in the nerve fibers. The result has been a branching off of new fibers from the place of the pinching, causing the "reinnervation" of the muscle involved.

Pioneers who applied this technique performed surgical operations in order to reach undamaged fibers, and they pinched the fibers with fine forceps.

But within the past year or so, two investigators at California Institute of Technology at Pasadena began developing a technique without surgical incision.

Their method was to knead a muscle vigorously with a smooth, blunt instrument—such as the smooth round end of a mallet handle—concentrating on the point where the nerve entered the muscle.

The California investigators, Lieut. H. E. Billig Jr., U. S. N. R., and Dr. A. Van Harveld, reported successful use of this technique in a number of cases, including that of a woman who had been suffering from Infantile Paralysis of the legs for many years. They said the patient's muscle power greatly improved following the procedure.

Doctors here at San Diego Naval

Hospital are using both the surgical and manual methods, and Captain M. D. Willcutts, medical officer in command of the hospital, says the results so far are "very promising."

If the manual method can be further developed, he says, it offers great hope not only in cases of war wound damage, but in certain organic diseases such as infantile paralysis.

Asked about nerve "grafts" to repair major gaps in nerves—a technique employed by the Russians and some American surgeons in this war—the neurosurgeons at San Diego said:

"We have tried to avoid nerve grafts. The results so far have not shown this technique to be as good as that of getting the two cut ends of the nerve together by such methods as changing the nerve's course."

They said the whole approach to the treatment of injuries to the peripheral nerves—the nerves which feed the arms and legs—had changed since the last war.

"In that war," said Cmdr. Leonard T. Furlow, chief of the neurosurgical service. "It was the custom to wait for about six months before operating to see how much return of function a man would get after one of these nerves had been injured.

"Meanwhile, so much retraction of muscles would take place that it was oftentimes difficult to fix the nerve.

"Now, we explore right away and gain untold time. One great factor of aid in this respect has been the availability of new antiseptic drugs which cut down the chances of infection and allow early operations in such cases.,,"

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### LET SOMETHING GOOD BE SAID

When over the fair fame of friend or foe  
The shadows of disgrace shall fall instead  
Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,  
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow-being yet  
May fall so low but love may lift his head:  
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet,  
If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside  
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead  
But may awaken strong and glorified,  
If something good be said.

And so I charge ye, by the thorny crown,  
And by the cross on which the Saviour bled,  
And by your own soul's hope of fair renown,  
Let something good be said.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

# THE MILL THAT GRINDS

By Cora Achorn in "Finding Courage"

Lila Brundage turned off the main road onto a path leading to the little schoolhouse. The main road wound on around the hill below the school, and disappeared up the canyon beyond the little mining town.

Lila looked at her watch. She must not be late the very first day! She hurried up the path and caught a glimpse of boys and girls with books tucked under their arms standing near the school door.

"Good morning," she smiled cheerily as she flew up the steps to open the door. But the door was locked! Turning to the children crowding close, Lila exclaimed, "Why—it's locked!"

"Yes, ma'm," said one of the older girls; "my Mom said it would—" But the sentence choked in her throat as another girl gave her a jab with her elbow.

"Do any of you know where I can find the key?" asked Lila,

"It's down to the store," they all answered in unison. "The store" stood, big and square, just across the road at the foot of the hill.

Lila drew her forehead into a frown. "You children wait here while I go down and get it." She hesitated as a speeding car ground to a stop. A young man bounded out. "Here's the key," he exclaimed. "Sorry to have kept you waiting. I'm Matt Clevenger, Miss Raymond, and I wish you good luck with the school."

Lila looked puzzled. "But I'm not Miss Raymond," she declared; "I'm—I'm—Lila Brundage."

The young man was amazed. "So-o, that's why the door was locked!"

"Yes—I suppose it was," Lila replied curtly.

The tall young man stood looking down at Lila's slender stature with a quizzical expression. "Someone at the store said the school was locked, but I didn't ask why—just grabbed the key to unlock it. But, tell me, why did you come? Surely you know that the Clevengers run this place and everything in it? There hasn't been a Brundage here since your granddad left."

"Well, there's one here now," Lila challenged. Matt saw laughter in her eyes. Then suddenly she sobered. "The teacher who was assigned to this school is unable to come. I was sent in her place. This is my first school—I had to come, don't you see?" Lila bit her lip to keep back a sob.

Matt stepped up to the schoolhouse door and unlocked it. Lila followed close behind. At the door, she looked down the hill and over the tops of the low trees, musingly. "Pleasantville!" she declared. "Not a very appropriate name for a place where an old feud has been kept alive for goodness knows how long!"

Matt hesitated, then he answered. "It hasn't been alive for a long time. But now, with you here—well, we've got to go through it all over again!"

The next morning, before the school session began, the door opened with a jar. A man, tall and dark, with narrow shoulders, appeared in the doorway staring at Lila. "I'm David Clevenger," he began. "There's something you don't seem to understand about this town." He waited for a

reply, but there was none. Then he continued. "Folks of your name have not lived here for along time, and why you have to come is more than I can understand."

Lila stood challenging. "I explain all that to your son, when he brought the key." As she spoke her deep blue eyes shouted defiance.

Clevenger thrust his hand into his pocket. "Listen," he demanded; "nobody ever puts anything over on a Clevenger. What I say goes in this town. So out you go!" He placed a roll of money on the table beside Lila. "Here's a month's pay; take it and go!"

But as he passed through the door, he thought he heard a determined voice say, "I'm staying on. Running away never settled anything!"

Lila found the owner of the boardhouse waiting for her that evening. Twisting her apron in her nervous hands, she lowered her eyes as Lila stopped beside her. "I'm sorry, Miss Lila, I've got to ask you for your room. I'll be needing it tomorrow."

Lila showed no surprise, but there was a sinking sensation in her heart. She looked toward the little schoolhouse, and she saw how like a hungry wolf it looked, clinging to the side of a hill waiting to make its deathly leap upon its prey. She felt beaten. Clevenger would turn the whole community against her. She would have to leave. But wait—somewhere, before her coming, she had gathered strength for her coming. Presently she felt an exited flush.

Early in the morning she hastened to the little schoolhouse. She reached for a piece of chalk, and with book in one hand, she wrote on the blackboard:

"Courage is Resistance to Fear, Master of Fear. With Courage You can be Laughed at, Ridiculed, or Misjudged—Even to Stand Alone With All the World Against You."

Lila was brushing the chalk dust from her fingers when she was startled by the sudden thrust of the door. There stood the same tall, lank figure of David Clevenger. "You've come again!" she exclaimed.

Clevenger saw what she had done. The words on the blackboard riveted his attention, and he read them. He looked askance at Lila, then read them again. "You write that?" he demanded.

"Yes!"

"'Courage,' " he said, almost jeering. "I suppose you think you have it."

"Perhaps. At least I am not afraid."

"I can close this school—and put you out of a job."

"Yes, I know that—but you won't."

"What makes you so sure of that?"

"Because," answered Lila pleasantly, looking at the blackboard, "because you haven't the courage to be laughed at."

Clevenger gave a little laugh, and his cheeks flushed.

Lila spoke again, with an uncommon calm and certainty. "Before you go any further, Mr. Clevenger, perhaps you had better look at this." Reaching into her desk, she brought out a document and laid it before him. "I brought this, just in case it should be needed. I'm sorry it had to be done this way."

There was no sound save the crackling of the paper as he smoothed it out, as though his eyes deceived him. A new boundary line between the old Brundage and Clevenger homesteads,

marked in bright red ink, appeared to leap out from the white sheet.

"What does this mean?" cried Clevenger loudly.

"It means," said a perfectly reassured and deliberate Lila, "that the surveying instruments of today are a little more accurate than when the line was merely stepped off years ago, and someone taking long steps so as to include the much-desired spring on the Clevenger side of the fence."

"That's not possible!" Clevenger shouted.

"Here's the record," said Lila softly, as she brought out another substantiating document.

David Clevenger turned pale. But instead of anger, there came into his eyes a mellowness that was pathetic. He finally spoke in a wisper. "Your father knew?"

"Yes, my father knew this," Lila admitted. Then her voice spoke buoyantly. "The place is mine, now!"

Clevenger tried to speak. "It's a long way back," he said, huskily. "My grandfather was a small boy—and your grandfather was a small boy—a little younger. I remember him telling how he dragged your grandfather from the depths of the big spring.

Then threatened to kill him if he ever told it—afraid to be laughed at—because he'd saved the life of a Brundage!" Clevenger bowed his head and walked slowly to the window, a painful silent struggle distorting his face.

Presently Lila stood beside him.

Then, as though the words were forced out from his tightly drawn lips, "I've been a fool—an insufferable nuisance!"

Lila held out her hand to the man. "We have found courage together," she said. Then with a smile, as she looked confidently into Clevenger's eyes, "I'm going to send word to the boarding house that I'm not leaving."

"But you are!" shouted Clevenger, his face lighted as with a new inspiration.

"What?"

"You are moving up to the Clevengers. A big house, and a fine room for you! You stay right here; I'll send Matt and Dorothy for you right away. You'll like Dorothy—she's my daughter."

As David Clevenger passed quickly through the doorway, Lila's face beamed with a new joy. she quoted almost aloud, "God's mill grinds slow but sure."

—————:—————

It's the bad that's in the best of us  
 Leaves the saint so like the rest of us.  
 It's the good in the darkest-cursed of us  
 Redeems and saves the worst of us.  
 It's the muddle of hope and madness;  
 It's the tangle of good and badness;  
 It's the lunacy linked with sanity  
 Makes up, and mocks, humanity.



# PANAMA CANAL VITAL STREAM IN GLOBAL WAR

(The New Day)

Every American school child learns the peacetime value of world commerce, and knows in a general way of its strategic wartime use today for the rapid movement of fighting ships, troops and supplies.

But perhaps only enemy leaders, who planned matters differently, fully realize the essential role that the uninterrupted operation of the canal has played and continues to play in assuring the winning of the war by the United Nations.

There was no holiday in the Canal Zone on Tuesday, Aug. 15, to celebrate the 30th anniversary of the first historic voyage through the canal in 19-14 by the Panama Railroad steamship Ancon. But the men and women who have had a part in the construction or operation of the canal may feel a justifiable pride in its wartime performance.

Many divisions of the canal have worked day and night much of the time since December, 1941, and rush work has been the rule rather than the exception.

Soon after Pearl Harbor, the navy began rushing through the canal such units of the Atlantic fleet as could be spared to hold the thin line of sea defense in the Pacific, protecting the canal itself as well as the continental United States. The ships passed through. The line wavered but held.

Today battleships, cruisers and destroyers which have since transited the canal are blasting their way

nearer and nearer to the Japanese homeland.

The giant carriers of Task Force 58, carrying enough planes to turn back the Jap fleet passed through the canal.

The LST's and other amphibious fighting craft which have disgorged American soldiers and marines onto beaches from Guadalcanal to Siapan and Guam transited the canal en route to their points of attack.

Troopships bearing some of the men who are to hold and then turn the tide in the Pacific also used the waterway.

Of course, not all of the traffic has been Pacific-bound. One famous battleship has transited the canal three times since Pearl Harbor.

When the canal was built, it was recognized that facilities would be required for the repair of all types of seagoing vessels, and that supply depots and ship chandleries should be provided for ships using the passage. The terminal ports of Cristobal on the Atlantic side, and Balboa on the Pacific, have of necessity become busy supply and repair ports. Since the war, these facilities, centered in the mechanical division of the canal organization, have been greatly expanded to meet the demand for rush ship repair work of every nature.

The marine, dredging, municipal, electrical and locks divisions have worked at top speed. Ships moving to the war fronts were locked through the canal at night when circumstances

required. Men and women in administrative work have spent longer office hours and worked under greater strain.

Crowded living conditions have been characteristic of the Canal Zone during the last five-year period. At the beginning of the war, work on the Third Locks was in full swing, as well as work on certain protective

features for the canal. As a result, the force of the Panama Canal organization was practically tripled, reaching an all-time high of 40,000 employees about the middle of 1942. Since then, completion of some projects and modification of the Third Locks program has reduced the canal force to less than 30,000.

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### BETTER THAN GOLD

Better than grandeur, better than gold,  
 Than rank and titles a thousandfold,  
 Is a healthy body and a mind at ease,  
 And simple pleasures that always please.  
 A heart that can feel for another's woe,  
 And share his joys with a genial glow;  
 With sympathies large enough to enfold  
 All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,  
 Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere,  
 Doubly blessed with content and health,  
 Untried by the lusts and cares of wealth,  
 Lowly living and lofty thought  
 Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot;  
 For mind and morals in nature's plan  
 Are the genuine tests of an earnest man.

Better than gold is a peaceful home  
 Where all the fireside characters come,  
 The shrine of love, the heaven of life,  
 Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.  
 However humble the home may be,  
 Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree,  
 The blessings that never were bought or sold,  
 And center there, are better than gold.

—Abram J. Ryan.

# HOW TO STAY YOUNG

(Morganton News-Herald)

Few know how to be old; but no wise man or woman ever wished to be younger. There is thought for both young and old in the following:

I am young enough to have joys and sorrows, deep longings and high dreams, and many, many problems, but old enough to know there is a cause for every joy, a cure for every sorrow, a solution to every problem, and fulfilment for every aspiration.

I am young enough to desire success, but old enough to know it can never be attained at the cost of health or character.

I am young enough to want money, but old enough to know that true wealth consists not in abundance of things one possesses.

I am young enough to covet fame, but old enough to know that better than fame is the joy of spending oneself in self-forgetful, loving service.

I am young enough to enjoy a good time, but old enough to know one cannot have a good time if pleasure-seeking is put first in life.

I am young enough to be enthusiastic over people and things, but old enough not to let any enthusiasm run away with me.

I am young enough to love to play, but old enough to have learned that most fun is in having a hard task and seeing it courageously through.

I am young enough to want to be beautiful, but old enough to know true beauty comes from within.

I am young enough to seek far and wide for the Truth, but old enough to know that it is most often found in being faithful to the task in hand.

I am young enough to make many mistakes, but old enough to learn the lesson, forget the experience, and pass on to better things.

I am young enough to dread pain, sorrow, misfortune, but old enough to be grateful for their chastening, mellowing influence.

I am young enough to long for happiness, but old enough to know it tarries longest with us when we seek it least.

I am young enough to crave true friends, but old enough to appreciate them when I find them.

I am young enough to believe passionately in the goodness of the human heart, but old enough to keep that faith regardless of some disillusionment.

I am young enough to know the meaning of love, but old enough to realize it is the most priceless possession in life.

I am young enough to have simple faith in God, in His goodness, in His loving care over me, in His wise and beautiful plan for my life, but old enough to value this faith as the thing that gives life purpose and makes it worth living.

This clipping, I submit, is worthy of scrapbook preservation.

---

“You get what you want if you want it with both feet.”

# KNOWLEDGE IS POWER

(The New Day)

"Knowledge is power." This little three-word saying has risen from the depths of the Dark Ages, and is now thundering at the bulwark of Ignorance. The manpower market of the workday world is glutting with an oversupply of "unskilled labor." Boys who left school at ages of 15, 16, or 17 to seek employment in the myriads of defense plants at enticing and inflation-begetting wages are going to find their little dream-worlds of \$80 weekly pay checks rudely shattered, and are going to be flocking with hundreds of others to answer ads for dishwashers at \$15 per week when their jobs disintegrate into memories, and the doughboys come back from the battlefields to reclaim their positions. These young men are not going to relish accepting jobs at one third their war-time wages, if indeed, they are able to get jobs at all. All the decent jobs will be filled by well-educated, trained men, or by ex-servicemen. Those of you inmates who can afford it should take advantage of the time you have

to study. The library has some excellent self-help textbooks, and your parents or relatives will be glad to send you extra material you may need. A generalized education will be a great help to you to compete with the world-traveled service-men who have been trained in various capacities, and have been meeting circumstances which will enable them to face the problems of making a living with a wealth of sound experience. The uneducated youth of unproven worth will forever be relegated to the manual labor and relief ranks unless they take immediate steps to improve their positions. At least a high-school education, or its equivalent in practical knowledge, will be required by the majority of postwar employers.

Young men of America, and especially inmates of various penal institutions, it is imperative that you act now to arm yourselves with knowledge to protect your and your children's futures, and to enable yourself to endure the unsettled years ahead.

---

## PUT YOUR IDEAL INTO YOUR WORK

No matter what your work is you can put your ideal into it. You can link the plainest, humblest task with the loftiest aspirations. There are blacksmiths who can shoe a horse in a way that puts to shame many a writer of books. There are girls who darn stockings with more of the spirit if the artist than someone else puts into her painting. The love of excellence for its own sake together with unselfishness and faithfulness are enough to glorify the commonest toil.—Bethany Home Messenger.

# BROUGHTON FAVORS BROAD HEALTH PLAN

(Exchange)

A state-sponsored nation-wide medical and hospital care program for all races and classes was advocated last Saturday night by Governor Broughton of North Carolina in an address before the graduating class of the Medical College of Virginia, in Richmond.

Such a program is needed, he said, "to grow a greater America in the peace that is to come, and to avoid what many consider the evil consequences that would result under a federally-sponsored and controlled socialized medical program."

A federal program, he said, would result in "fantastic cost to the taxpayers and limited political manipulation. Failure of the individual states, cities and communities to provide a sound, progressive health program would invite Federally socialized medicine in some of its worst aspects."

"Those who are opposed to socialized medicine and all its works . . . must ponder the fact that all over this earth, including conservative England and our less conservative America, there is a deep-seated and growing human urge and insistence for a program of welfare, security and health available to all people, regardless of financial circumstances.

"One is shocked by the figures which reveal the scarcity of doctors and hospital facilities in the remote and rural areas of our land, and the unavailability of these services and facilities to millions of people in the

low income brackets," he said.

Citing selective service figures on deferments because of physical unfitness as showing a need for medical care "from the cradle to the grave," Broughton said:

"Substantially over 4,000,000 young men have been rejected for military service by reason of physical defects. An analysis of these figures shows that 25 per cent of these rejections—more than 1,000,000 men—are prevented from military service because of remediable defects. At least another 1,000,000 would have been capable of service had they received adequate treatment and hospital care in their early years."

A careful analysis of industrial populations "would present a picture no doubt equally graphic," he said. "Shortage of manpower, absenteeism, and other gravely disturbing problems are in a considerable measure due to physical defects of a presently or earlier remediable character."

"Can America continue to be strong enough for the challenge of war or robust enough for the opportunities of peace upon so large a percentage of physical disability even among its youngest group of citizens?"

The complete medical care program would offer regular, periodic and free examination of school children; hospital and medical care for rural areas, a broad encouragement of medical care and hospital treatment on the basis of regular small payments, es-

establishment of state-supported medical schools to supply doctors and surgeons in more adequate numbers, and a program of co-operation with the Federal government.

---

### SERVICE

It is just a short, two-syllable word,  
 Almost as common as ever is heard,  
 Yet 'tis one that millions of hearts has stirred:  
     Service.

In all professions, competitive strife,  
 In church and in school, in all modern life,  
 There's scarcely a term more frequent or rife  
     Than service.

From earliest dawn of history's page,  
 Down through each and every epoch and age,  
 What has done most weary hearts to assuage?  
     Kind service.

What does one call it when used as a "quip,"  
 When from it all deeper meaning we strip?  
 Or, when to secure it one needs must "tip?"  
     "Lip" service.

Our nation's defenders willing to bleed,  
 Fighting and punishing selfishness, greed,  
 We proudly honor and wish them God-speed  
     In war service.

Honestly rendered, unselfish, with zeal,  
 No action of man has greater appeal;  
 No other type can as fully reveal  
     "Heart" service.

Being a servant is blessed indeed,  
 When as such humbly we follow the lead  
 And example of Him who gave us this creed:  
     True service.

E. E. Hedbloom.

## A WORTHY CREED

By Frederick B. Acosta.

I believe in One Supreme Being that rules the universe, clothed with three divine attributes—omniscience, omnipresence and omnipotence. I call Him God.

I believe that God is the source of eternal justice, unfathomed wisdom and inexhaustible love.

I believe that God manifests Himself to man in myriad forms, in the blade of grass, the fragrance of a rose, the laughter of a baby; in fact the whole realm of nature and in the infiniteness of the universe.

I believe that the spirit of a human being is a spark emanated from God and as such is imperishable, I am, therefore, a part of that Supreme Spirit.

I believe in the perfect development of man: physically, mentally and spiritually.

I believe that conscience should be kept clean, undefiled and inviolate,

because through it God speaks to man.

I believe that man should respect himself before he can respect anybody (self-respect should be guarded).

I believe that in the pursuit of health and happiness, two potent factors should be considered—pure and exalting thoughts for the mind, and wholesome and nutritious food for the body.

I believe that kindness and generosity should be expressed not only in words but also in thought and action.

I believe in the full enjoyment of life according to one's possibilities and means.

I believe in the onward progress of mankind in order to attain a better and higher state of life. It is the divine plan.

I believe in two mottoes: Education only ends as life ends, and Cleanliness is next to Godliness.

---

There are two things that declare, as with a voice from heaven, that he that fills that eternal throne must be on the side of virtue, and that which he befriends must finally prosper and prevail. The first is that the bad are never completely happy and at ease, although possessed of everything that this world can bestow; and that the good are never completely miserable, although deprived of everything that this world can take away. The second is that we are so framed and constituted that the most vicious cannot but pay a secret though unwilling homage to virtue, inasmuch as the worst men cannot bring themselves thoroughly to esteem a bad man, although he may be their dearest, friend, nor can they thoroughly despise a good man, although he may be their bitterest enemy.—Colton.

# THE BEST ADVICE IN THE WORLD

(The British War Cry)

(A word of personal testimony by a Corporal Technician in the United States Army.)

I stood on a platform and kissed my wife good-bye. That final wave and the look in those eyes said, "I'll be waiting for you, darling. Hurry back as soon as you can.

Then and there I resolved by God's help that when I was tempted to do something rash I would stop and think.

Months have passed. The war isn't over yet, and I am many miles away from the best wife in the world. Have I been lonesome or homesick? Yes! Have I been tempted to follow the crowd? Certainly! The devil has set many snares for me. Many times he has whispered subtly, "Have a good time; she'll never know." In my memory the answer comes back as clear as the call to attention. I see that diminishing figure and that smile, and the tear-laden eyes. I hear the final

words, "Good-bye and remember to pray. Keep your trust in God."

Never in the wide world has better advice been given. If you don't believe it, try it.

That's why I don't rush for the canteen when they say, "Beer is on." When the dice are rolling, I'm not there. That is why I say, "There is only one woman in this world for me."

"Dull, dry, monotonous," I hear you say. Yes, I know you crave excitement but when the bottom falls out of everything, hunt me up, and I'll point out the real thing.

If I'm not around, dig down in your kit bag for the New testament that your minister gave you when you left home—the one you have been ashamed to let anyone know that you possessed. It is a guide book to true happiness in Christ who died in order to give each man the blessings of purity, true freedom, and real joy.

---

## MY LIFE

My life shall touch a dozen lives before this day is done—  
 Leave countless marks for good or ill ere sets the evening's sun;  
 From out each point of contact of my life with other lives  
 Flows ever that which helps the one who for the summit strives.  
 Does love through every handclasp flow, in sympathy's caress?  
 Do those that I have greeted, know a new-born hopefulness?  
 Are tolerance and charity the keynote of my song,  
 As I go plodding onward with earth's eager, anxious throng?  
 My life must touch a million lives in some way, ere I go  
 From this dear land of struggle to the land I do not know,  
 So this is the wish I always wish, the prayer I always pray;  
 Let my life help the other lives it touches on the way.

—Square and Compass.



## INSTITUTION NOTES

A number of quite chilly mornings have made it necessary to start furnace fires in the various buildings at the School. At the Trades Building we probably went longer without a fire than at any other place at the institution, but a few cold mornings this week sent a couple of young firemen to the boiler room "on the double."

—:—

Considerable grading has been done around the recently-erected building in the rear of the Swink-Benson Trades Building, which greatly improves the appearance of that section of the campus. This building is being used as a storage place for lumber, paints, farm implements and garden tools, and is in use daily. This has been an important addition to the School's group of buildings.

—:—

Torrence C. Ware, formerly of Cottage No. 10, called on friends at the School last Sunday evening. He is now a first-class seaman in the United States Navy. He told us that he had taken active part in the invasion of Italy and France. In the latter action he was slightly wounded, but his injuries were not serious enough to keep him on the side-lines very long. He is now with a navy amphibian force, and expects to get into action soon. Torrence told us that his brother, Dewey, also a former student here, is in the Navy, and at present time is located in the Pacific area.

—:—

John T. Capps, Jr., who for the past eighteen months, has been writing us quite frequently from England, where he was stationed as a member of the

U. S. Army, has been transferred to France. A letter from him "Somewhere in France," dated October 6th, which was received a few days ago, reads as follows: "Bet you will be surprised to hear from me over here. Have been here a few days and like it just fine, except that I miss my wife. We have a pretty nice set-up here in the way of living quarters. Our unit has a house to itself and I was lucky enough to get a room by myself. There's one thing that makes it tough for me here, and that is I can't speak a word of French, but perhaps I'll be able to learn enough to get by after a while. Hope you received my last letter, and that you may have some luck in getting a camera for me. Will write a longer letter a little later. Haven't received any mail since coming over here. Hope some comes along pretty soon. Give my regards to all the folks at the School. Your old Pal, Johnnie."

—:—

Samuel and William Kirksey, of Gastonia, formerly of Cottages Nos. 8 and 5, respectively, made a brief visit to the School last Sunday afternoon. Both of these boys have been away from the institution for several years, and, so far as has come to our knowledge, have made quite satisfactory adjustment after returning to their homes.

William, the older of the two, was in a United States Navy uniform, and stated that he had been in that branch of service for about two years. He is a member of the armed guard aboard a merchant vessel. He reported having made several trips overseas as

part of large convoys, but said the vessel on which he was serving had encountered no difficulties of any consequence.

Samuel reported that he had been employed for quite some time in the warehouse of the Akers Transfer Company, Gastonia, and was getting along very well.

Both boys seemed glad to see old acquaintances at the School, and asked many questions concerning the activities of the institution since they left us. They also requested that copies of *The Uplift* be sent them occasionally.

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read Matthew 25:1-13, and as the text for his message to the boys he selected the 13th verse—"Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh."

We often hear the expression, "We know not the hour," and as we journey through life we are impressed by the truth of this statement. Every hour we are being tested in some way. Emergencies arise in every life from time to time. New roads and new doors open daily to every individual.

Some of these doors, continued the speaker, lead to happiness, while many others do not lead to the higher places in life. It is our duty, early in life, to consider the best course to follow when these opportunities present themselves. The story is told of a young man who left home. Shortly thereafter, he returned to his father.

When asked what caused him to return his reply was, "I seemed to be getting along fine until I came to the forks of the road. Then it was that I was bewildered. I did not know which way to go. To choose the wrong road would have led to disaster, so I decided to return to my father." Life constantly holds opportunities. Many men are not going to be able to make the proper decision because they did not begin to make preparation for the great decisions in life when they were young.

In the Bible story just read, said Rev. Mr. Baumgarner, we note an air of expectation. The characters referred to were anticipating a great event—a wedding feast. Life is always like that. We are constantly looking toward the future.

This story tells us that both the wise and the foolish virgins fell asleep, but upon being suddenly awakened, the wise ones were ready for the coming of the bridegroom, for they had made proper preparation. So it is with us. In youth we must prepare to take our respective places in the world as we grow older. There is a place for each individual and each one must try to prepare himself to fill that place satisfactorily.

There is always something to look forward to, continued the speaker. The farmer, when he plows, is not merely interested in turning over a certain amount of land, but is looking toward the harvest. Young people are not always particularly concerned about things of the past. They are looking forward with joy and pleasure to what the future holds for them. He further urged the boys before him to make up their minds to live every day of this marvelous life just as fully as possi-

ble; to feel that each new day is a new opportunity, and to grasp it and make the best of it. It is necessary to grow along with the opportunities presented in order to be able to deal with all the situations which may confront us later in life.

This is the true spirit of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, said Rev. Mr. Baumgarner. He said to his disciples: "Go ye, and preach the gospel to all nations." He did not want them to return to their homes and spend the rest of their lives in reflecting upon the wonderful days spent with him. It was his plan for them to give other people the opportunity to hear of the things he had told them.

As Jesus went about preaching and teaching, said the speaker, he wanted to impress upon his listeners the important part watchfulness and pre-

paredness should play in their lives. It is the crises that comes to one's life that reveals true character. The parable read shows that we cannot borrow another's religion, like the foolish virgins who wanted to borrow oil for their lamps. When the last night of life approaches, we cannot borrow another's hope of heaven.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Baumgarner stated that no man knoweth the hour of opportunity, and called the boys' attention to the fact that, like the wise virgins, they should prepare themselves to meet any emergency that life has to offer. When the end comes, we should be ready to give an account of our lives. What a joy it will be to know that we have lived in such a manner that God will receive us into His heavenly kingdom.

---

I stood at the crossing of two streets one day,  
 Watching humanity plod along its way;  
 Just in a dream I stood there thinking  
 What would I do if I had a new beginning.  
 I wouldn't hesitate to do my part,  
 I'll try my best, with all my heart;  
 Time is better spent in trying,  
 Tears won't help, so what's the use of crying?  
 I would buckle down for all I'm worth,  
 For there's no waste on this old earth;  
 I've pondered long and it is clear,  
 It's just a waste of time to shed a tear.  
 If I saw a job and it wasn't my care,  
 I wouldn't pass by and leave it there,  
 I'd do it joyfully—and with a meaning,  
 That's what I'd do with a new beginning.

—Selected.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending October 15, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

Charles Blakemore  
Thomas Brantley  
Coy Crabtree  
Ralph Cranford  
William Hammond  
Lewis Kerns  
Eddie McLain  
James Perkins

## COTTAGE No. 1

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 2

Robert Buchanan  
Charles Byrd  
Fred Coats  
Delmas Jerrell  
Gerald Johnson  
Chester Lee  
James McMahan  
John McLean  
Harold McKinney  
James Norton  
Marshall Prestwood  
Jack Ray  
James Sneed  
Kermit Wright  
Roy Womack  
Carlton Pate

## COTTAGE No. 3

William Brooks  
James Graham  
Jack Hensley  
James Hensley  
Rudy Hardy  
Robert Helms  
Cecil Kinion  
A. J. McCraw  
Jack Oliver  
Robert Peavy  
Charles Roland  
Donald Redwine  
Richard Tullock  
Theodore Young

## COTTAGE No. 4

Robert Blackwelder  
Leonard Bradley  
Burlin Edmondson

John Fine  
Eugene Grice  
Robert Hogan  
George Hawk  
Thomas Ruff  
Roy Swink  
John R. Smith  
J. R. Truitt  
Edward Vanhoy  
Lawrence Walker  
Robert Walters

## COTTAGE No. 5

Earl Brigman  
Lawrence Hopson  
Earl Hoyle  
John Love  
Samuel Price  
Robert Wilkins

## COTTAGE No. 6

J. C. Cayton  
Rufus Driggers  
Richard Davidson  
Vernon Foster  
Keith Futch  
Ralph Gibson  
Carl Goard  
George Marr  
Stanford McLean  
Nolan Morrison  
Clay Shew  
James Swinson  
Leroy Wilkins

## COTTAGE No. 7

Robert Bradbury  
James Knight  
Ned Metcalf  
Joe Mitchell  
Eugene Murphy  
Jack Phillips

## COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 9

Raymond Bullman  
Leonard Church  
Ray Edwards  
Edward Guffey

John Linville  
 Charles McClenney  
 James Stadler  
 Walter Byrd  
 Liston Grice

COTTAGE No. 10  
 (No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11

Odean Bland  
 George Cox  
 George Cox  
 Robert Gaylor  
 William Guffey  
 Alvin Hilton  
 Fred Holland  
 Raymond Hunsucker  
 Arlow McLean  
 James Phillips  
 Alvin Porter  
 James Ray  
 J. C. Rhodes  
 Leon Rose  
 J. W. Smith  
 William Walker

COTTAGE No. 12  
 (Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Eugene Frazier  
 Robert Hobbs  
 Robert Hinson  
 Charles Shearin

COTTAGE No. 14

Clyde Bustle  
 Edward Britt  
 Hugh Cornwell  
 Daniel Crocker  
 Reeves Lusk  
 Bruce Sawyer  
 Hubert Smith  
 J. H. Smith  
 Eugene Simmons  
 James Spence  
 Milton Talley  
 Howard Hall  
 William Lerschall

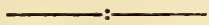
COTTAGE No. 15  
 (No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

Frank Chavis  
 Peter Chavis  
 Alton Hammond  
 R. C. Hoyle  
 Marshall Hunt  
 Lacy Jacobs  
 Carl Lochlear  
 Clyde Roe Lochlear  
 W. C. Mc Manus

INFIRMARY

Odell Cecil  
 Ray Taylor  
 Lloyd Sain



Despise not any man that lives,  
 Alien or neighbor, near or far;  
 Go out beneath the scornful stars,  
 And see how very small you are.  
 The world is large and space is high  
 That sweeps around our little ken;  
 But there's no space or time to spare  
 In which to hate your fellowmen.  
 And this, my friend, is not the work for you;  
 Then leave all this for smaller men to do.

—Sam Walter Foss.



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# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 28, 1944

No. 43

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## PLUCK WINS

Pluck wins! It always wins! though days  
be slow  
And nights be dark 'twixt days that come and  
go.

Still pluck will win; its average is sure  
He gains the prize who will the most endure;  
Who faces issues; he who never shirks;  
Who waits and watches, and who always  
works,

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND  
INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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# The Uplift

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**A WEEKLY JOURNAL**

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

LEOK GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## SOME GOOD RULES TO OBSERVE

- Learn to like what doesn't cost much.
  - Learn to like reading, conversation, music.
  - Learn to like plain food, plain service, plain cooking.
  - Learn to like fields, trees, woods, brooks, fishing, rowing, hiking.
  - Learn to like life for its own sake.
  - Learn to like people, even though some of them may be as different from you as the Chinese.
  - Learn to like to work and enjoy the satisfaction of doing your job as well as it can be done.
  - Learn to like the song of the birds, the companionship of dogs, and laughter and gaiety of children.
  - Learn to like gardening, carpentering, puttering around the house, the lawn, and the automobile.
  - Learn to like the sunrise and sunset, the beating of rain on roof and windows, and the gentle fall of snow on a winter day.
  - Learn to keep your wants simple. Refuse to be owned and anchored by things and the opinions of others.—Selected.
- 

## BOARD MEETS AT THE SCHOOL

On Wednesday, October 18, the State Board of Correction and Training held its quarterly meeting at the Jackson Training School. Almost every member of the Board was present for this occasion. We were delighted to have these men and women here at this institution.

Mr. C. A. Dillon, of Raleigh, Chairman of the Board, presided over the meeting. Mr. Samuel E. Leonard, the North Carolina Commissioner of Correction and Training, served as secretary. Other members attending the Board meeting were as follows:

Mr. J. J. Barnhardt, Concord  
Mr. Herman Cone, Greensboro  
Dr. Rachel D. Davis, Kinston  
Mrs. Howard G. Etheridge, Asheville

Mr. W. N. Harrell, Wilson  
 Mr. T. A. Haywood, Rockingham  
 Mrs. Clarence Herr, Chapel Hill  
 Mr. Gordon C. Hunter, Roxboro  
 Dr. A. M. Proctor, Durham  
 Mrs. Thomas L. Riddle, Sanford  
 Dr. William Marvin Scruggs, Charlotte  
 Dr. W. A. Stanbury, Winston-Salem  
 Miss Gertrude Weil, Goldsboro

Mrs. R. H. Latham, a member of the State Board of Public Welfare, represented Dr. Ellen Winston, who could not be present.

\* \* \* \* \*

## NEWS ABOUT TRAINING SCHOOL BOYS IN SERVICE

(Continued)

This is a continuation of the news items regarding boys in service and carried in The Uplift on October 21st. Our purpose is to continue these reports from time to time on an alphabetical basis. Then, in case we receive reports of other boys not in alphabetical order, special reports will be made of them.

10. Jack Haney, Burlington, N. C.

Entered the Training School, October 2, 1937.

Released, July 17, 1941.

Pvt. Jack Haney made the supreme sacrifice as a soldier for his country. News of his being killed in action was carried in the Charlotte Observer of September 16, 1944. We have no details of his death except that he was "killed in action in the South Pacific." He had been a member of the U. S. Marine Corps for a period of about two years.

The entire School was deeply grieved by this sad news, and his many friends join in expressing their deepest sympathy to his relatives, and especially to his parents, in their bereavement. Truly, he gave his life in a noble cause, and his name is duly inscribed in the annals as one who faced the enemy without flinching. Our service flag bears a golden star dedicated to his memory.

While Jack was at the School he stayed in No. 10 Cottage. He

worked some in the bakery, some in the laundry, and some on the farm. When he left the School he returned to his parents in Burlington. After making a satisfactory adjustment in his home, he was granted a final discharge on June 11, 1942.

11. Sgt. Hoyette S. Hudson, Charlotte, N. C.

Entered the School, December 15, 1934.

Released, April 5, 1936.

Sgt. Hoyette Hudson joined the American Air Force on January 18, 1943. After training at Lowery Field, Colorado and Lored, Texas, he received his wings August 30, 1943. He went overseas in January 1944 as a member of the 15th AAF and was stationed in Italy. According to recent reports he is a tail gunner on a Liberator and has seen much action over enemy territory.

A news report in the Charlotte Observer of August 29, 1944 stated that Hoyette "has recently been awarded the Purple Heart for injuries received in action." This happened during an attack on the airfield at Bad-Voslau, Austria, when an enemy anti-aircraft shell scored a direct hit on his airplane, almost disabling it completely. In January, 1944, Hoyette had already "earned the Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters.

When he left the School he returned to his home in Charlotte. Later he married, and has one daughter. Prior to entering the armed forces he worked as an electrician for the Austin Electric Company in Charlotte.

He was given his final discharge on April 17, 1940.

12. Raymond Irvin.

Entered the School, February 16, 1932.

Released, January 10, 1936.

Sgt. Irvin enlisted in the army May 6, 1940. After spending two years as an M. P., in Hawaii, he was transferred to the Air Corps and was sent to the New Guinea area as a waist gunner with the Fifth Air Force.

The Charlotte News of October 25, 1943 carried the following news:

"Sgt. Raymond M. Irvin of 511 W. 11th St. has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross by Lt. Gen. George C. Kenny, Commander of the Allied Air Forces in the Southwest Pacific.

## THE UPLIFT

The medal is for 'extraordinary achievement' while participating in 200 hours of operation flight missions in the Southwest Pacific Area."

Again on February 23, 1944, the Charlotte Observer carried a report that Raymond Irvin had been "awarded the Silver Star for gallantry in action" over Wewak, New Guinea, on September 15, 1943. He had to his credit 44 combat missions and had completed 300 combat flying hours, with three Jap Zeros to his own credit.

Raymond returned to the States and was sent to Miami Beach for a rest treatment. Later he was accepted as an air cadet for training as a Liberator pilot. A news dispatch of October 3, 1944 stated that he "had been appointed a squadron leader in the corps of cadets with the rank of Aviation Cadet Sergeant at Army Air Forces Pre-Flight School at Maxwell Field, Alabama, where he is completing an intensive course in military, academic and physical training."

While at the School, Raymond was assigned to Cottage No. 3. He worked in the laundry most of the time. When he left he was in the 7th grade. Several progress reports indicated that he made a fine record after being released, and on October 21, 1938 he was issued a final discharge.

### 13. William (Billy) R. Langley.

Entered the School, January 16, 1931.

Released, November 15, 1933.

Pfc. William Langley has spent several months in the U. S. Army. We have very little information concerning his record. A news dispatch sent to the Charlotte Observer in September 1944, stated that William had been wounded in action in the Mediterranean Theater. We have no information as to the nature or the extent of his wounds.

When Billy left the School he returned to his home in Wake County. Within a few weeks he entered a CCC camp, where he made a good record for "fine conduct."

\* \* \* \* \*

## SUPERINTENDENT ERWIN GIVES FACTORS FOR NON-SCHOOL ATTENDANCE

In a recent letter to editors of State newspapers, Supt. Clyde A. Erwin gave a list of factors responsible for non-attendance upon the

public schools and pointed out that this problem is one for the local community, the state, and the schools to work together on.

"Community approval," Superintendent Erwin stated, "and recognition of the value of education will do much toward selling the go-to-school program to the children toward whom it is directed. Local publicity, civic support of school and individual efforts of an audible nature will do much to help the schools in securing and retaining a greater number of children who should be in grade school or in high school."

The factors contributing to non-school attendance, as listed by Superintendent Erwin, are as follows:

First, is the inadequacy of State compulsory school attendance laws.

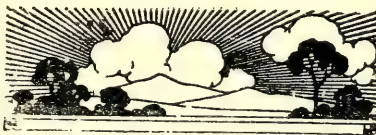
Second, is irregular attendance which is one of the contributing factors to failure and the resultant loss of interest.

Third, is inadequate or ineffective local attendance departments. Trained personnel who make it their business to keep in touch with children living in the school district would help raise the attendance figure.

Fourth, are children confined to their homes by a physical handicap, or illness, but who could carry on some school work if school authorities had adequate personnel to give proper guidance and direction to their work.

Fifth, are children who are kept out of school, illegally, to work at certain seasons of the year.

Sixth, is the relaxation of parental supervision due, in many cases, to wartime conditions of one kind or another.



## LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported By Boys of the School Department

### Boys Receive Underwear

By Jack Oliver and Ray Edwards

Recently the Training School has had a period of cold weather. The superintendent gave orders to issue underclothing to the boys for winter use. Each boy received one suit of underwear to begin with. Later they will receive another. It has been quite cold since the underwear was given out, and we know the boys were very glad to have it on during the cold weather.

### Basketball Game—Saturday Evening

By Sam Linebarrier, 8th Grade

Some of the Eighth Grade boys went to the gymnasium the other night, and thoroughly enjoyed a game of basketball. The Eighth Grade boys played the boys of Cottage No. 3, in a close game. These are the boys who played on the Eighth Grade team: Sam Linebarrier, Robert Flinchum, Jack Benfield, Kenneth Staley, Robert Bluester and James Knight. The opposing team's players were as follows: Billy Brooks, Craven Callahan, Jack Oliver, Robert Helms and Robert Lee.

The score was a tie. We had a very nice game, and we expect and look forward to going again. The acting referee was Luther Shermer.

### Basketball Game—Saturday Afternoon

By Barney Mills and Harold McKinney

Last Saturday afternoon, the Eighth Grade and Cottage No. 3 had a nice

game of basketball. Mr. Hines supervised the game. We had four referees, each refereeing one quarter of the game. The referees were: Barney Mills, Gerald Johnson, William Poteat and Luther Shermer.

The players are as follows: Eighth Grade—Gerald Johnson, Harold McKinney, William Poteat, Barney Mills, Charles McClenney, Harlan Warren and Ray Edwards. Cottage No. 3—Robert Helms, Charles Roland, Billy Brooks, Robert Lee, Richard Tullock, Jack Oliver, Donald Redwine and Craven Callahan.

The score was 10 to 8, in favor of the Eighth Grade.

### Music Group Sings

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

Mr. Hines, our school principal, took a group of lads to sing a number of selections at the Southside Baptist Church, Concord. The boys took over the entire musical program. First there was a trio by Theodore Young, Robert Helms and Billy Brooks. It was "An American Prayer." The entire group sang "The Banner of the Cross." William Poteat sang a solo next on the program. It was "An Evening Prayer." Then the group sang a number of selections. They were: "In the Garden," "In My Heart There Rings a Melody" and "Somebody Did a Golden Deed." The boys who participated in the program were: Theodore Young, Robert Helms, Billy Brooks, William Poteat, Luther Shermer, Bobby Jarvis, Gerald Johnson, Evan Craig, Samuel Linebarrier, Jack Benfield and Robert Flinchum.

## New Boys in Our Day School

By Charles Blakemore and James Perkins

We have received several boys in our day school. Mr. T. R. Adams gave them a test to find out which grades they will be in. Their names are as follows: A. J. McCraw, Charles Shore, Paul and Carl Church, Thomas Styles, Worth Craven, Gordon McHan, Gene Hawkins, Carlton Wilcox, Robert Woodruff, and Kenneth Staley.

There are several others which will start to school later. They are all getting along fine. We enjoy seeing young boys having a chance to learn something that will do them some good when they grow older. When they go out of Jackson Training School they will have all kinds of opportunities ahead in life.

## B. T. U. Meeting of the Junior Group Group I

By Jack Oliver, 7th Grade

The Fourth and Fifth Grade group of the Junior B. T. U. held their usual weekly program, Sunday afternoon, October 22nd, with 100% attendance. To begin with, the group sang a song, "In the Garden." Afterwards Mr. John Puckett made a talk on "How to Pray." Following that Mr. M. L. Isenhour led them in prayer. Then each boy had a prayer to offer. After each boy had finished, Mr. Puckett closed the prayer. Theodore Young was leader.

Next on the program were five speeches by the boys as follows: (1) "The Book in Our Churches and Colleges," by Bobby Jarvis and Theodore Young; (2) "The Book in Needy Places," by Robert Helms; (3) "Better

Church Buildings in Which to Teach the Book," by Harry Thompson; (4) "Better Teaching of the Book," by Walter Neagle; (5) "Training for Service in Obeying the Commandments of the Book," by J. C. Cayton.

After these speeches Mr. Isenhour had a talk on "What Baptist Training Union Means." In this talk Mr. Isenhour made many good and helpful suggestions. The boys received much from this talk, and it was given for the good of the boys. After Mr. Isenhour had finished his talk the boys were dismissed to go to their cottages.

## Junior B. T. U.—Group II of Junior Group

By Ray Edwards and Sammy Lynn

The program opened with a song, "When He Cometh." Next Mr. Iley asked the lads to recite their parts. First Robert Gaylor said "The Book in Our Churches and Colleges." Next Sammy Lynn gave two parts, "The Book in Needy Places" and "Better Church Buildings in Which to Teach the Book." Then Robert Gaylor gave another part, "Better Teachings of the Book." Ervin Ewing said a part entitled "Training for Service in Obeying the Commandments of the Book." All of the boys sang a song entitled "Since Jesus Came Into My Heart." J. B. Galyan dismissed the group with a word of prayer.

## B. T. U. Meeting—Intermediate Group

By Robert Flinchum, 8th Grade

The B. T. U. meeting was held as usual last Sunday. Mr. Snyder opened the program with prayer after Mr.

Hines had called the roll. We had almost 100% present, only one boy absent. After the prayer the boys said their parts. Ned Metcalf was in charge of the program. The first part, "Commissioned," was by Ned Metcalf and Evan Craig. The second part, "Lighted Church Houses," was by Bruce Sawyer and Hugh Cornwell. The third part, "Strengthened Churches," was by Samuel Linebarrier and James Linebarrier. Luther Shermer and Charles Roland said the fourth part, "Varied Contacts," and Robert Flinchum and Robert Hensley said the fifth part, "The Heart of it All." The boys in our group read 510 chapters in the Bible last week. We sang a song, "Loyalty to Christ." After the song, Mr. Synder dismissed the group.

### Basketball Game

By Gerald Johnson, 8th Grade

On Monday night the boys of Cottage No. 2, under the auspices of Mr. Hines, had a very enjoyable time. Mr. Hines had promised that he would take them over to the gymnasium if they would hurry and get through with their work. They were fast in their work and were soon through.

Mr. Hines invited three eighth grade boys from Cottage No. 3 to play with us. The eighth grade team was as follows, and the points they made: Charles Allen 0, William Poteat 0, Gerald Johnson 3, Harold McKinney 0, Harlan Warren 0. There were two substitutes for the eighth grade—Robert Furr and Eugene Bowers. The opposing team and the points scored were as follows: Kermit Wright 4, Jack Ray 6, Carlton Pate 0, Delmas Jerrell 0, John McLean 0. There

were two substitutes—James Sneed and Melvin Radford.

The game was played very nicely. Our referee was Luther Shermer. The best thing about the game was good sportmanship. The game ended with a score of 10 to 3 in favor of the other team. It was an enjoyable game and everyone had fun.

### Musical Program

By William Poteat and John Allen

Wednesday morning all of the rooms assembled in the auditorium where the boys on the program for Wednesday afternoon sang their songs.

Mrs. Kiser led the group in singing three songs, "Marine Hymn," "Anchors Aweigh," and "God Bless America." Jimmy Stadler sang a solo entitled "Coming in on a Wing and a Prayer," after which a duet was given by Tommy Sessions and Patrick Ford. It was "There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding." After that a group of lads in the eighth grade gave a selection entitled "There's a Star-Spangled Banner Waving Somewhere." The boys who sang in the eighth grade group are: William Poteat, Luther Shermer, Gerald Johnson, Evan Craig, Charles Allen, Jack Gentry, Harlan Warren, Jack Willis, Thomas Barnes, Ray Edwards, Sam Linebarrier and Jack Benfield.

It was a very good program and all the lads enjoyed it very much.

### Friday Morning Chapel Program

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

The program opened with the First Grade singing "Jesus Loves Me." Next the Second Grade sang "Auld



Lang Syne." It was led by Jimmy Sellars. Then the Third Grade sang "Uncle Ned," led by Mrs. Dotson. Then Mrs. Dotson led the Fifth and Seventh Grades in singing the songs, "The Marines' Hymn" and "Artillery Song." After that the Sixth and Eighth Grades sang "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," and it was led by Harlan Warren and Jack Willis. Afterwards the whole group sang "America the Beautiful."

Mr. Hines, the principal of our school, asked for volunteers to go up on the stage individually and sing. William Poteat sang "The White Cliffs of Dover." Eugene Peterson sang "Old Shep." Tommy Everhart sang a song entitled "1778." James Swinson and Charles Sellers sang "There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding." Last on the program Brice Thomas sang "I Ain't Gwine to Study War No Mo." That concluded the program.

**Friday Afternoon Chapel Program**

By Luther Shermer, 8th Grade

The program opened with Brice Hill Thomas singing "I Ain't Gwine to Study War No Mo." Next a duet was given by Patrick Ford and Tommy Sessions. It was entitled "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean." Raymond Bullman sang "John Henry." Ralph Gibson sang "Anchors Aweigh." Earl Brigman sang "Marines Hymn." Franklin Robinson sang "There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding." George Guyton sang "Hitler's Song," and Ervin Ewing sang "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." The First Grade sang "I Am a Monkey." The Second Grade sang "There Are

Many Flags in Many Lands." The Third Grade sang "The Bells Are Ringing," and the Fourth Grade sang "We Will Keep the Red, White and Blue." The program ended with Patrick Ford and Tommy Sessions singing "In the Garden."

**Barbecue**

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

Wednesday afternoon marked a very gala occasion for all of the lads at the Training School. All the lads assembled in front of Cottages No. 1, 2 and 3 for an outdoor picnic, consisting of two barbecue sandwiches, one oatmeal cookie, one Coca-Cola, slaw, potato salad and dressing for each boy. After the other food had been served, Mr. Hobby brought ice cream from the dairy and each boy received one cone of ice cream.

The occasion was in honor of the Board of Trustees meeting at the School. After the ice cream was eaten, a number of boys gave a program. Twelve Eighth Grade boys sang "There's a Star-Spangled Banner Waving Somewhere." We all sang "God Bless America," "The Marines' Hymn" and "Anchors Aweigh." Jimmie Stadler sang a solo, "Coming in on a Wing and a Prayer." Jesse Hamlin, a Second Grade boy, sang "For Me and My Gal." Next followed a duet by Patrick Ford and Tommy Sessions, "There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding."

After the program, Mr. Godown took pictures of the group.

All of the boys enjoyed the occasion, and I am sure they appreciated it very much.

**Birthday Party**

By Evan Craig, 8th Grade

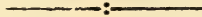
The lads of Cottage No. 10 recently enjoyed a gala occasion, when Mrs. Hawfield, wife of the superintendent of the School, had a birthday party at No. 10. It was a surprise party for Mr. and Mrs. Hawfield. Neither of them knew anything at all about it.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Liske had invited Mr. and Mrs. Hawfield down for supper. The teachers had arrived a short time before, and when Mr. and Mrs. Hawfield entered the Cottage and sat

down in the living room, the teachers came in singing "Happy Birthday."

Mrs. Hawfield was surprised to find that anyone knew it was her birthday. Mr. and Mrs. Liske had the boys sing "Happy Birthday." Then the boys ate their sandwiches and drinks. Then they played games, such as Rook, Anagrams, Set-Back, the Ouija Board and Peanut Basketball. There was also some dancing. Delicious refreshments were served.

The games continued until about 10 o'clock. Then the boys went to bed. Everyone had a nice time.

**ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME**

The farm home of tomorrow, as it is envisioned by experts in the construction field, will be a modern, well-planned house with all of the comforts and conveniences now enjoyed by the city families.

Rural electrification is expected, of course, to have a lot to do with this. It has been demonstrated in all areas where electricity has been made available, that a home modernization program follows almost immediately.

These experts say that the soldiers, when they come home, after getting used to running water, showers and other comforts, will demand that their homes be improved.

Today statistics show, there are only 11 percent of farm homes which contain indoor plumbing. After the war it is expected that practically all new farm homes will have plumbing and it will be put in many old farm houses as well.

The old idea that a modern barn was more important than a modern home is expected to be discarded by the younger farm generation who have learned to like comforts. They are expected to insist that the phrase "all the comforts of the home" be demonstrated in the houses in which they live.

—The Morganton News-Herald.

# EVE OF ALL-HALLOWS

By H. E. Zimmerman

One of the merriest times in all the year is that of Halloween. Because of so many other counter attractions in this age it is not celebrated to the extent it once was; yet its celebration has far from died out. The festival is replete with legendary lore, many of the legends being rather far-fetched yet none the less heartily believed in.

The name of the festival was formerly spelled "Hallowe'en," but Webster's Dictionary now gives it "Halloween." The name means "hallowed even." Christian leaders in 834 A. D. changed the date of All Saints' Day from May to November 1. They reasoned that if the people go to church on that day, they will not have time to celebrate heathen festivals, and in time will forget them. As the people could no longer hold that festival on All Saints' Day, they celebrated part of it the evening before.

In Great Britain the word used for "saints" is "Hallows," or "Hallowed Ones," and from them the name for the fete has become "All Saints' Eve." In Scotland the day was known as "Hallowmass," and the night before as "Hallowe'en." That country, more than any other one, is responsible for the development of the customs of Halloween and for keeping them alive. The words "All-Hallows" strike a chord which thrills to the spirit of mirth; yet, with that mood, there come thoughts of the brave martyrs (All Saints) for the cross.

In Scotland it is the custom to take a lighted candle and go alone to a

mirror. An apple is then eaten before it, the person combing his or her hair at the same time. The face of that person's conjugal companion to be, is supposed to be seen in the glass peeping over his or her shoulder. It is also a common thing for one to steal out unseen and sow a handful of hemp seed, harrowing it into the soil with anything convenient, and repeating over and over: "Hemp seed, I sow thee, hemp seed, I sow thee; and him (or her) that is to be my true love, come after me and pull thee." Looking over his or her left shoulder, the person was supposed to see the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp.

Another diversion is a kind of divination with dishes. Into one dish clear water is placed, in a second foul water, and in a third none. A person is then led blindfolded to the hearth where the dishes are arranged in a row. He then dips his left hand into one of the dishes. If it happens to be clean water the future wife will come to the bar of matrimony a maiden if in foul water, a widow; if in the empty dish, no marriage at all. This is repeated three times, the dishes being changed each time.

In Ireland "burning the nuts" is a favorite charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay the nuts on the fire. According as they burn together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be. If a nut cracks or jumps, the lover will prove unfaithful; if it begins to blaze or burn, he has

a regard for the person making the trial; if the nuts, named after the girl and her lover, burn together, they will be married.

In France All Saints' Day is celebrated much like the American Decoration Day, as being in memory of the noble dead, and their monuments are decorated. Louisiana, once part of France's colony by that name, is the only state in the Union which makes All Saints' Day a legal holiday.

In his poem, "The Pumpkin," Whittier must have had in mind the Halloween festival, when he wrote:

"When wild, ugly faces we carved  
in its skin,  
Glaring out through the dark with  
a candle within,  
When we laughed round the corn-  
heap, with hearts all in tune,  
Our chair a broad pumpkin, our  
lantern the moon,  
Telling tales of the fairy who  
traveled like steam,  
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with  
rats for her team."

Pumpkin pie is one of the chief articles of the Halloween feast. There is an interesting legend about the origin of pumpkin pie: It is said that a pioneer who had never seen a pumpkin found one and carried it

home, in the belief that it got its yellow hues from particles of gold absorbed from the earth. Knowing that metals are extracted from baser things by heat, he had his wife cut it up and put it into a kettle, so it would melt. The contents of the pot soon became a yellow, pulpy mass, and in his excitement he plunged in both hands, but quickly dropped the mass because it was too hot, letting it fall into a pan of dough, rolled out for an apple pie. Peeved, his wife said, "You have made your pie, now you shall eat it," and thrust it into the oven to bake. Still believing a sheet of gold would come from the mass, he waited patiently. He was disappointed in his expectations, but oh that tantalizing aroma! He bit into the golden mass and tasted it. He then cried out in ecstatic glee, "Oh, Min, it's a pumpkin pie!"

As the cat is associated in legendary lore with Halloween, we give our readers a cat problem, which they may puzzle over. One dark Halloween night a witch came to a certain town with 6 baskets and 25 black cats. Each basket was filled with cats, and there was an uneven number of cats in each basket. How did the witch fill each basket with an uneven number of cats, when she had only 25 cats?

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Build a little fence of trust around today;  
Fill the space with loving work and therein stay;  
Look not between the sheltering bars upon tomorrow,  
But take whatever comes to thee of joy or sorrow.

—Selected.

# GOD ON THE BATTLEFIELD AN ARMY CHAPLAIN'S STORY

By Gary Bousman in the Chicago Theological Seminary

I had just completed a trip through a revolving door. The cold December air began to cool my cheeks as I tried to disentangle myself from the current of Christmas shoppers on the sidewalk.

Just then I received a terrific blow on the back—a blow that sent me forward with a bound and a bad disposition. Turning around quickly, I discovered the offender to be my old friend Bob—. Before I could put my emotions into words, I was greeted with: "How are you, Gary? Say, I hear that you have been on Guadalcanal. What's it like?"

I could not answer Bob's questions as fast as he could throw them at me. I suggested that we renew our acquaintance over a soda.

By the time we had placed our orders, Bob had begun digging out the story of my experiences as a chaplain. I told him of the rainy spring day in 1941 when I reported to the commanding officer at Camp Grant, Illinois. How could I forget the juggling act that I had put on that day as I tried to balance my cap, raincoat and orders in one hand and give a snappy salute with the other. It was not such a good act at that, for the cap had slipped from my hand and rolled across the colonel's desk.

My assignment as hospital chaplain at Camp Grant brought many and varied experiences. Counseling opportunities were unlimited. Several times I was called into the operating

room. (The first time I almost became a patient myself.)

For a while there were no Red Cross representatives in the hospital. I had to carry on with many of the welfare and recreational activities. During the first few weeks I received the equivalent of a post-graduate course in social work.

For example, I learned that it is not always wise to take an interviewer's word at its face value. A certain red-haired corporal taught me that lesson when he presented me with a telegram which he had received from home. The wire read: "Grandmother is dead. Come home at once."

It seemed almost disrespectful to ask the local Red Cross chapter for a confirmation of the message. But when the answer came back a few hours later I learned the value of such investigations. The representative in the corporal's home town had wired back: "Grandmother is dead. Quite dead. She died three years ago."

Sunday services were held in the recreational hall. The piano lacked two keys and sometimes a pianist. Until our hymnals arrived we used mimeographed sheets or anything that contained the words to a hymn.

Hymn books or no hymn books, the men responded. They wanted to worship, and they wanted to know about God. In my preaching, counseling and visitation I discovered that religion plays a vital part in the life of many an American soldier. I was amazed

at the number of men who drifted into my office to discuss religious matters. In my civilian parish I had hardly seen anything to compare with it.

Shortly after the war broke out, I was sent to Hawaii. The sight of the oil-soaked shores of Pearl Harbor, of a huge battleship lying helpless on its side, and of the row upon row of white crosses at Schofield Barracks laid upon me my first real impression of war. Until then war was something that "couldn't happen here." But now it had happened.

My battalion was spread out along the shores of Oahu. I spent much of my time in the command car that had been assigned to me. I loaded my car with old magazines, writing paper, jig-saw puzzles and Testaments. I also carried a large box of candy, cigarettes and toilet articles.

On Sundays I conducted three, and sometimes four, services at isolated positions. Often the attendance was small, but the worshippers were sincere.

Our services were always held in the open air—usually in the shade of the algaroba trees. Once in a while we managed to find some benches, but as a rule the men sat on the ground. I carried along a folding organ, a cross and candlesticks, and a white sheet which served as an altar cloth. The altar was erected on a box or anything else that might serve the purpose.

I had Christmas dinner aboard ship. A few days later we landed on Guadalcanal. The New Year was ushered in with fireworks (ack-ack).

On the 8th of January we started marching to the front, I cannot forget that day. The tall cocoanut trees

seemed to look down upon us as if to say, "Good luck, soldiers."

It is a strange feeling as one starts off to battle. You look around at healthy young men, and you wonder how many of them will come back on their own power. You even wonder whether you will come back yourself.

At about 5:30 p. m., on January 11th, I suddenly found myself in the thick of a small skirmish. A squad or more of Japanese were attacking our column as we moved up to take our position in the front lines.

The sound of the bullets as they passed by made me so homesick that I wanted to kick myself for getting into such a mess. The incident is not important except it was my first time under fire. For the next three weeks I had many similar experiences. It did not take me long to learn the sound of enemy fire. It took even less time to fall on the ground when I heard it.

In war somebody always gets hurt. The battles in which you take part, see your first wounded soldier, you develop a strange mixture of emotions. Sympathy, fear, disgust and righteous anger "like a hell-broth boil and bubble." Adrenaline flows into your blood. Unexpected energy arrives, and you forget that you have not slept for two nights. Your fears subside from time to time as you move from litter to litter.

On the afternoon of January 12 a small group gathered around a grave on the slope of a hill, and I conducted my first burial on the field of battle. We got down on our knees not as an act of respect, but more as an act of protection. In the edge of the jungle a sniper could not let up his deadly business while prayers were being offered to God.

We marked all the graves with crosses, which we made by tying one small stick across another. Often a helmet or bayonet helped identify the spot.

Before three days of fighting had ended, my dispatch case was loaded with wallets, rosaries, fountain pens, pencils, dice and other gadgets that fill the pockets of an average American soldier. The effects of the men that I buried were tied up in handkerchiefs and later turned over to the proper authorities.

One can hardly fail to notice the part that religion plays in men who are continually confronting danger. It is no uncommon sight to see a Catholic man holding his rosary tightly or a Protestant reading his Testament. I heard men pray aloud, and I saw them bow their heads in silence. I dare say that few of them had ever

heard of Schleiermacher, Barth, Wierman or Niebuhr but they had heard of God. You could not tell them about God and they understood.

After you have seen these men in action, after you have seen how real religion is to them, you begin to lose interest in questions as to whether God is an infinite or omnipotent. An all important fact stares you in the face; for here is a force so strong that it moves men to lay down their lives for others. Your theology becomes simple and God becomes real.

Bob listened to my story with patience. I had not intended to monopolize the conversation. An hour had passed, and it was time to say good-bye.

As I walked home that afternoon I thought of many things that I would have told Bob had I had the time. But, alas, time is rationed too.

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### WATCH THE CORNERS

When you wake up in the morning of a chill and cheerless day,  
And feel inclined to grumble, pout or frown,  
Just glance into your mirror and you will quickly see  
It's just because the corners of your mouth turn down.

Then take this symple rhyme,  
Remember it in time:

It's always dreary weather, in countryside or town,  
When you wake and find the corners of your mouth turned down.

If you wake up in the morning full of bright and happy thoughts  
And begin to count the blessings in your cup,  
Then glance into your mirror and you will quickly see  
It's all because the corners of your mouth turn up.

Then take this little rhyme,  
Remember all the time:

There's joy a-plenty in this world to fill life's silver cup  
If you'll only keep the corners of your mouth turned up.

—Lulu Linton (1902).

# LASTING PEACE

(The Orphans' Friend)

History shows very clearly that all wars and revolutions follow the same pattern, though the late Mark Twain in broad humor described it as lies agreed upon. It is true that history, being written in many instances by partisans, reflects prejudices and even falsities sometimes, yet in the main history truthfully depicts the great human movements and their underlying causes.

Since the world began, it is reasonable to believe, humans have had their wars and their revolutions because of greed, fear, and racial or class conceit. The motives that led the Nazis and the Japs into attempts at world conquest are the same as those in the feudal ages—and further back into prehistoric time. The cave man was far less culpable than the present day savage clothed in the habiliments of contemporary civilization, for obvious reasons. Ancient cave man was ignorant and inexperienced; the modern edition, still ignorant, is more sophisticated.

Victory over the forces of feudalism and destruction will soon be an accomplished fact. It is recognized by good leadership that the democratic public is almost as unprepared to resume the job of peace rebuilding as it was to meet aggression when it erupted.

But history does not slavishly follow the same pattern, and that is how humanity progresses. Firmly established reactions hang on a long time and are hard to displace, but the intangibles of truth, justice, righteousness never surrender.

There has never been a time when some nation was not engaged in preparation for war of aggression, but in the past nobody seemed to think about preparing in advance for peace, consequently wars have usually ended without any planned provisions for civic progress. What a post-war time the predatory had, how everything exploitable was grabbed!

The public is beginning to be peace-planning minded in far greater degree than ever before. The Peace Planning Commission is doing excellent work. The urge they are stressing is for local surveys to meet conditions brought about by the return of millions from the armed forces again into civilian life; the marketing of surplus war stocks, and the increased unemployment, and so on.

The commission is hitting pay dirt when it urges even the smallest employers to survey and plan their environment. This is quite different from the old way when little business coasted and waited fearfully to see what was going to happen.

Rationing has few friends. If price ceilings could be killed enough dirty looks have been cast at them to have killed them long ago. We cannot do half the riding that we desire; it irks people with things to sell not to be able to gouge the consumer. Always there are people seeking to make the sky the limit. That is how inflations are born and create deflations which skin the public so thoroughly that the purchasing potential approaches nil.

History always repeats itself but here is the difference: it does so on a



higher spiral. This greater demand for planning and making the peace a better one represents the spiral of progress.

These facts obtain: raw materials exist in abundance; science constantly converts what has been considered refuse and unusable material into a variety of uses; machinery for making things grow in number and efficiency, developing opportunities for new enterprises and consequently new employments; increase of purchasing demands through increasing populations. The big factor is that there are so many things to be done and so many workers available to do them. The problem is to harmonize supply and demand.

The true implications of democracy are that everybody counts: the little fellow as well as the big one; the humble worker as well as the big shot; the one who knows little as well as the one who knows prodigiously much. Spiritually the great ones have once been little; the little fellows are on the way to be great. There is much demagoguery and cant afoot. All are not sincerely interested in the common good who cry aloud. Hitler's Aryan purity is not the only example.

By and large there is an increasing desire for a higher world. More people need and desire it. The planning, so far as the general public is concerned, is general and vague, but greater numbers are becoming convinced that there is something they can do about it and stand ready to do it.

This war is far worse and more costly than its predecessor called the "World War," because of its then peak intensity and spread. The next war—should there be one—would make the current one pale into insignificance. The infant "buzz-bomb" a-borning is already greatly destructive. What could its perfected offspring be a generation hence?

It promises well that so many begin to think of a planned and equitable peace economy. The old idea of the chamber of commerce with its coattails afire in the attempt to land a new industry without regard to anything else beyond the "boosting" end, is "out." The needs of the community and the public expansion of opportunity is the true end to work from.

It is growth and natural expansion that is needed; not boom and inflation.

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### TRIBUTE TO THE FLAG

I have seen the glories of art and architecture and of river and mountain. I have seen the sunset on the Jungfrau and the moon rise over Mount Blanc. But the fairest vision on which these eyes ever rested was the flag of my country in a foreign port. Beautiful as a flower to those who love it, terrible as a meteor to those who hate it, it is the symbol of the power and the glory and the honor of millions of Americans.

—Senator George F. Hoar.

# THE NAVY HAS A BIRTHDAY

By Jasper B. Sinclair

October 27 is Navy Day, a date set aside for paying tribute to the brave men and ships of our Navy who sail the seven seas in defense of our free way of life, as well as securing public recognition for the work of the Navy in times of peace and war.

Two reasons prompted the selection of this date by the Navy League of the United States. October was the birth month of the Continental Navy early in the struggle for liberty. And the twenty-seventh is the birthday of President Theodore Roosevelt, so much of whose lifetime was devoted to the upbuilding of the modern American Navy.

The Navy developed slowly in the early days. It had its beginnings on October 13, 1775, when the Continental Congress authorized the fitting out of two armed vessels for the protection of the trade of the Colonies.

On that date Congress authorized two vessels to be prepared for sea "to be employed in such manner, for the protection of the United Colonies, as the Congress shall direct." Subsequent legislation provided for additional ships and the men to man them during the Revolution.

Under the Constitution, the Department of War was established on August 7, 1789, giving the Secretary of War authority over all naval forces, ships, and naval affairs. An act of Congress to provide a naval armament was approved on March 27, 1794. Four years later Congress established on April 30, 1798 the Department of the Navy, with full authority over all the men and ships that sail the seas under

the Stars and Stripes.

The colonists had made history at sea shortly before the official founding of the Continental Navy, however. It was off Machias, within sight of residents on the Maine coast, that the first British flag was hauled down at sea in the liberty-winning struggle. On May 12, 1775, the sloop "Unity," in command of Captain Jeremiah O'Brien, captured the British armed tender "Margaretta." That was the first chapter in a long and unbroken line of glorious traditions in the lifetime of the American Navy.

On September fifth that year the schooner "Hannah" sailed from Beverly, Massachusetts. It was in command of Nicholson Broughton who, curiously enough, had been commissioned an Army captain by General Washington. Luck was with the "Hannah"; the next day it captured a British vessel.

The "Hannah," owned by Colonel John Glover, officially ranks as the "mother ship" of the Navy. It was Colonel Glover who, with his battalion of fishermen from Marblehead, Beverly, and other Massachusetts ports, later rowed General Washington's army across the ice-choked Delaware River on that historic Christmas night crossing.

The early days of the Navy have been more or less forgotten in the magnificent work performed by our men and ships in writing the present-day headlines of history. But the early days should not be forgotten. And Navy Day is a time for remembering the pioneers.

## DID YOU KNOW

(The Mecklenburg Times)

That there are 25 counties in Eastern Carolina with liquor stores?

That last year these counties sold across the counter \$22,297,524.24 worth of liquor?

That this is an average of nearly \$1,000,000.00 for each of these 25 counties?

That in addition to these sales, North Carolina spent last year for wines the sum of \$10,526,148.80?

That North Carolina spent last year for beer the sum of \$33,964,158.00?

That these figures in the aggregate total the vast sum of \$66,797,831.05?

That these figures represent an expenditure of more than twice as much as we spent on the public schools of North Carolina last year?

That this vast sum of money is more than three times as much as contributed for religious purposes by every church, of every denomination, in North Carolina last year?

And did you know that this sum of money now spent and wasted on liquor, and in many instances wasted in riotous living and sending prodigal sons into far countries, could be diverted into channels that would make for more wholesome living, and making a better world in which to live?

And did it ever occur to you that this \$66,797,831.05 would build in North Carolina the following:

100—\$100,000 churches distributed

throughout the 100 counties of the state.

100—\$100,000 High Schools distributed throughout the 100 counties of the State.

100—\$100,000 Hospitals for the relief of suffering humanity in each of the 100 counties.

100—\$100,000 Libraries for the intellectual development of all the 100 counties of the state.

100—\$100,000 Play Grounds for the merriment, happiness and physical development of the children in the 100 counties of the state.

And has it occurred to you that after building all of these churches, high schools, hospitals, libraries and play grounds in all of the hundred counties of the state, we would still have the sum of Sixteen Million, Seven Hundred Ninety-seven Thousand, Eight Hundred and Thirty-one Dollars and Five Cents left to send to the Millions of Undernourished Children of Europe?

Which of the two objectives are more important—poisoning our bodies with alcohol and blighting the lives of our future citizenship, or making some contribution that will lift us to a higher plane spiritually, intellectually and physically?

Do these things ever enter into your thinking, and if so are you willing to do something about it?

—From To-morrow.

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Advice to a fool goes in at one ear and out the other, for this reason: there is nothing in between to stop it.

## BELL OF THE "LUTINE"

(The Christian Science Monitor)

Wartime restrictions may have silenced its voice, but they cannot dim the seafarer's interest in the bell of the Lutine at Lloyds of London.

Every time there is a report of a vessel lost at sea, this bell is tolled to inform the insurance brokers at Lloyds of the latest marine disaster. It is joyfully rung whenever a ship already reported lost at sea belatedly shows up at some port of call.

It was originally the ship's bell of the British-owned Lutine, one of the sunken treasure ships of yesterday. The Lutine sank off the Isle of Terchilling in the North Sea in the year 1799. An estimated \$6,000,000 in gold lies in the hold of the Lutine, some of which has already been salvaged.

Divers long ago stripped the vessel of much of its metal in places that were easy of access. At that time

the ship's bell was also recovered and presented to Lloyds.

Just before the outbreak of the present war there were reports that the Lutine's gold was again to become the object of salvage experts. The work was expected to be carried on by the Billiton Tin company of the Netherlands, using their new tin dredger, Karimata, in this latest attempt to salvage the Lutine's treasure.

Employing the most modern diving methods known, it was expected that the eighteenth century treasure of the Lutine would shortly have been brought to the surface after nearly a century and a half in Davy Jones' locker. But the war ended that hope, assuring that the gold of the Lutine would remain submerged for at least a few more years.

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### THE IMPOSSIBLE

You cannot bring about prosperity by discouraging thrift.

You cannot strengthen the weak by weakening the strong.

You cannot help small men by tearing down big men.

You cannot help the poor by destroying the rich.

You cannot lift the wage earner up by pulling the wage payer down.

You cannot keep out of trouble by spending more than your income.

You cannot further the brotherhood of man by inciting class hatred.

You cannot establish sound social security on borrowed money.

You cannot build character and courage by taking away men's initiative and independence.—Exchange.

# ONATAH

(Highways of Happiness)

Long, long ago and Indian grandmother said it was not necessary to plant corn seed, nor to hoe the fields, for once each year Onatah, the Spirit of the Maize, would come and walk about the fields, and the corn would spring up wherever her feet would tread.

Onatah was an Indian fairy. She had jet black hair and a dusky, charming face, just like white fairies. Wherever she went sturdy stalks of corn would grow and wave their green banners in the breezes. Occasionally, her sisters, the Spirits of Squash and Beans, would roam over the fields with her, and whenever their feet touched the earth squash vines and bean plants grew, and the hills became more lovely.

One day Onatah wandered far away in search of the early morning dew with which to water her corn, and while she was away Hahgechdaetgah, the Evil Spirit of the Earth, spied her and ran after her. He dragged her away to his gloomy cave in the Earth and sent his fire monsters to destroy her beautiful cornfields.

As Onatah lay weeping in the dark cave, she cried, "Oh, warm, bright Sun! If I may walk once more upon the Earth, never again will I leave my fields of maize."

The little birds heard her cries,

and they quickly flew straight up into the blue sky where the Sun lived. The Sun loved Onatah very much, and wanted to help her. So he sent many little beams of light to search the damp Earth until they found Onatah in the cave. They helped her to escape, and led her back to her cornfields.

Onatah took loving care of her fields. If they were thirsty, she sought the morning dew for them. When the flame monsters came and tried to destroy them, she would seek the skies for cooling breezes to save them. All the little birds who lived near became her friends and loved her dearly that they would follow her back and forth through the fields, preventing the insects from eating the roots of the grain.

When the harvest time came again, what did Onatah do? She was so grateful that she had been rescued from the cave, and that the little birds were all so friendly and helpful to her, that she scattered her first gathered corn all over the fields that the birds far and near might gather for a Thanksgiving feast.

And so it is that the grains which the birds did not find would grow up in great fields of new maize, for Onatah had touched them with her own hands.

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What sunshine is to flowers, smiles are to humanity. They are but trifles, to be sure; but, scattered along life's pathway, the good they do is inconceivable.—Selected.

# POWERFUL MOTOR FUEL REVEALED BY SCIENTIST

(New Day)

Secrets of the world's most powerful motor fuel the almost fabulous triptane which has four times the horsepower of 100 octane gasoline, were announced to the American Chemical Society by Dr. Charles F. Kettering of General Motors.

Censorship about a year ago permitted announcement of triptane's existence. Today Dr. Kettering reported General Motors has in operation a medium-size plant producing 5 to 10 barrels of the precious stuff a day for military and official aviation experiments. The method of manufacture is still a secret.

"A considerable number of engine tests," Dr. Kettering said, demonstrated remarkable gains.

"With triptane containing added tetra ethyl lead they have amounted to as much as four times the power and to as much as 25 percent gain in fuel economy over 100-octane gasoline.

"A twelve-cylinder Allison airplane engine has been operated on triptane blends at an output of well over 2,500

horsepower, although its rated horsepower with 100-octane gasoline is only about 1,500."

The new fuel for best results needs engines specially designed. General Motors is manufacturing it to experiment in inventing new types of automobile and airplane engines.

Triptane is made from petroleum. The cost, Dr. Kettering said, is still relatively high. It came down from a laboratory cost of over \$3,000 a gallon a few years ago to a recent price of \$35. Present costs are presumed to be lower.

Chemists who heard the report today said the first peace use for triptane is likely to be in aviation. Passenger planes will be able to fly both farther and faster with this fuel.

The chemists suggested triptane may usher in air express planes flying non-stop coast to coast is the stratosphere, at speeds now economically out of reach. One of triptane's virtues is marked increase in power in planes using the supercharging in high altitude flying.

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Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle never know.—Charles Kingsley.

# DECISIVE DAYS

(Selected)

Do not let political ambition confuse the issue.

Review the principles which are the backbone of our nation's strength and renew your faith in them. Reread the Bill of Rights (the first ten amendments to the Constitution).

Be tolerant of minority opinion but vigilant against those who would undermine our country's foundations.

Be not afraid to see the situation, so far as you can, as it really is.

Let us understand that wherever the principles which constitute the life of our country are jeopardized, our own lives and the lives of all who would live by this freedom are in danger also.

Today, when all minds are filled with the same anxiety, apprehension, and a feeling of a certain helplessness, let us summon ourselves to a purpose.

The freedom, the genius, the foundation of our nation are imperiled. The fate of the principles of life in which we believe hangs in the balance. To meet this situation, Americans must

prepare. What, then, shall we do? Here is my opinion:

1. Let us generously give to relieve the awful suffering of those abroad who are defending the ideals by which we live.

2. Let us support those who are resisting our common enemy.

3. Let us strengthen the unity of our nation:

a. By remembering its reason for being—

Freedom of thought.

Freedom of speech.

Freedom of worship.

Representative government.

b. By placing our national safety above all political partisanship.

4. Let us be forward-looking and constructive in all our conversation; not backward-looking, destructive and critical.

5. Finally, let us try without self-righteousness to maintain the highest personal integrity, that those who might waver may be strengthened by us to see and do what is right.

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To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury; and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable; and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasion, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious grow up through the common. This is to be my symphony.—William Henry Channing.

## INSTITUTION NOTES

A fine beef from our own herd of Herefords was slaughtered last Wednesday morning. We are all looking forward to another nice beef dinner next Sunday.

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The boys in our textile plant are being kept busy these days. Every loom is humming all day long, weaving sheeting. Our information is that large quantities of this material is being turned out daily, and will continue to be made for quite some time.

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Superintendent S. G. Hawfield, Mrs. James Kiser, a member of our staff of teachers, and a group of boys, were the guests of the Concord Rotary Club at its regular dinner meeting at the Hotel Concord, last Wednesday. These lads, directed by Mrs. Kiser, rendered a program of songs, recitations and readings. Reports coming to this office are to the effect that the boys' efforts were well received by the Rotarians, and that they all had a grand time. The boys composing the group were: Charles Allen, Sam Linebarrier, Ray Edwards, William Poteat, Luther Shermer, Gerald Johnson, Evan Craig and Jimmie Stadler.

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Eunice Eugene Byers, a former student, who left the School in 1924, called at The Ulift office last Wednesday. Shortly after leaving the institution, he enlisted in the United States Navy, and spent the greater part of his time in California when not at sea. He made brief visits to the School during that time when on leave. In 1941 or 1942 he was called back into service, this time being assigned to the coast Guard, but was

later given a medical discharge. Eunice then became interested in aviation and became engaged in civilian flying. He piloted a plane from the Pacific Coast to Savannah, Georgia, and while in the eastern section of the United States, decided to visit relatives in North Carolina and to look up old acquaintances at the School. This young man is now thirty-eight years old, and has the appearance of one who would make a good impression anywhere.

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Some of the boys on the outside forces are now digging sweet potatoes. While we have not received any information as to the yield expected from this year's crop, we have had the privilege of seeing and tasting some of the potatoes issued to the cottages and found them to be of nice size and excellent quality.

Just a few days ago we were at the office and saw a youngster place on the scales the largest sweet potato we have ever seen. It weighed exactly eleven pounds. Not being familiar with past agricultural accomplishments in this section, we are not going to "get out on a limb" and make the statement that this is the largest sweet potato ever grown in this community. We do know, however, that it is a record-breaker for the Training School farm. Whether larger ones have been grown or not, we are confident that everyone will agree that an 11-pound sweet potatoe is some "tater."

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Superintendent Hawfield recently received a letter from Homer L. Bass, a former student at the School, who



is now in the United States Navy, stationed at Camp Peary, Williamsburg, Virginia. Homer's letter reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Hawfield: Just a few lines to let you know that I haven't forgotten you. Am well and hope you are the same. How is everything at the school these days? Hope everybody is getting along fine. Please tell all the boys 'hello' for me, and that I'd like to hear from them. Am still at Camp Peary and don't know when I'll leave. I like it up here very much. One nice thing about being stationed here is that I have some people living in Richmond and can go to see them twice a week.

"I sure would like to see you and Mrs. Hawfield. Met Mr. Brausa up here last week. He is now a second-class musician. Mr. Hawfield, I would appreciate it very much if you would send me The Uplift once in a while. Until I see you again, may God keep you safe always. I am forever your friend, Homer L. Bass."

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Jennings Bryan Freeman, a former student at the School, called on old friends here last Sunday. He entered the institution, August 12, 1925 and was permitted to return to his home in Washington, N. C., August 31, 1927.

Upon being admitted to the School, Jennings was placed in Cottage No. 2, and when Cottage No. 14 was opened in the Spring of 1926, he became a member of the group of twenty-eight boys assigned to that cottage. For a short time he worked in the printing department and on the barn force, but during the greater part of his stay with us he was employed as house boy. We recall Jennings as a very pleasant, hard-working youngster, who was a

great favorite with both the boys and the officials of the School.

Jennings is now a young man of thirty-two years, and still possesses that pleasing personality which won for him so many friends at the School. Upon meeting him, his appearance immediately gives one the impression that he is a fine young man—one who has gone out into the world and really made good.

For quite some time after going back to Washington he was engaged in a farm supply business and did considerable electric work. He has been the owner of his own electrical business for several years and has been quite successful in that line of work. In conversation with some of the School officials, Jennings stated that it was his intention to enlarge his business after the end of the war, specializing in electric refrigeration.

All who met Jennings last Sunday were delighted to see him and to learn that he had been getting along so well since leaving the School, especially those of the "old-timers" who knew him as a youngster here about nineteen years ago.

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William Lane, of Cottage No. 10, recently received a letter from his brother, James, who is in the United States Navy, and is located at the Naval Hospital, Long Beach, California. He has the rating of H. A. 2-c. In this letter he gave his brother some excellent advice with reference to taking advantage of the opportunities offered by the School.

James entered the School, April 16, 1937 and remained here until March 14, 1942, when he was conditionally released to go to work for a farmer near Stanfield, in Stanly County. He

made good down there, and was granted a final discharge from parole supervision, January 12, 1943. His next move was to go to live with an aunt in Hickory, where he continued his good record. While in Hickory he was employed by an undertaker. During that time he visited friends at the School, and the improvement in his appearance and the fact that he seemed to have acquired considerable self-confidence was quite noticeable. At that time he stated that he was getting along well with his work and liked it very much. It is probably quite safe to assume that the training he received in the funeral home is largely responsible for his rating of Hospital Apprentice in the naval hospital.

While at the School, James was in Cottages Nos. 6 and 13. For a while he was employed on the farm, and as he grew a little older and acquired more experience, was assigned to the barn and tractor forces. He is now eighteen and one-half years old.

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Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, visited the School last Sunday afternoon, bringing with him as guest speaker for the regular afternoon service, Rev. Mr. McGeahey, pastor of Sugaw Creek Presbyterian Church. For the Scripture Lesson he read Matthew 14:22-31, and the subject of his helpful and inspiring message to the boys was "Doing What Seems to be Impossible."

The speaker began by telling the boys that what he was going to tell them was not a story of his own, but one taken from the Bible, and that he was going to preface his remarks by an illustration or two of things he had seen or read other than the one selected from the Holy Book.

He first told of a fire in a nearby

city. The houses were built very close together. One day his next door neighbor's house caught on fire. Being so close to his own home, it was not a very pleasant feeling. In addition to feeling sorry for his neighbor's loss, there was the possibility of his own home burning. As the house next door was burning, he saw a colored man pull a huge door off the hinges so that it was possible to carry out a very large refrigerator. That man had done something which seemed impossible for a human being to do.

Another illustration of doing the seemingly impossible things was the development of the wireless. In early days it required a long time to send messages across the ocean. A man named Cyrus Field dreamed a dream—that of laying a telephone cable across the ocean. People said it could not be done, but he did it. Then came the time when Marconi was experimenting with the wireless. Again people said messages could never be sent without wires, but Marconi proved that it was possible to do it. Another man had an idea that a huge ditch could be dug across the Isthmus of Panama. This was looked upon as an impossible idea. As in the other instances, the canal became a reality simply because a man resolved to do something that practically everyone said was impossible.

In the Scripture Lesson, said Rev. Mr. McGeahey, we find the story of a man who did what seemed impossible. Peter walked upon the water. There were certain reasons why Peter was able to do this amazing thing, and the speaker listed them as follows:

First: Peter did the thing that seemed utterly impossible because he had a definite goal. He wanted to go to-

ward the Master, and was able to walk straight to Jesus on the water. How foolish it is for people to keep on going nowhere. The reason many people do nothing in life is because they simply do not know where they are going.

Second: Peter forgot all about himself. He could have said, "If I try this thing, people will laugh at me and say that I am a fool." He forgot there was such a thing as a law of science which says if anyone tries to walk on the water he will sink and drown. He just went out and did it.

Third: Peter forgot his surroundings, such as the people in the boat and the waves which tossed the ship. He just climbed out of the boat and walked on the water to Jesus. So it is all through life—people who succeed are those who have somewhere to go, and then strike out toward success. Of course, it is possible for one man to choose the right course and another to select the wrong one. The right road leads to life and the wrong one leads to death.

Fourth: Peter forgot all about himself. He did not stop to consider what might become of him should he try to walk on the waves. His only thought was to walk to the Master, and, keeping this thought uppermost in his mind, he accomplished that which he

set out to do. How often, when faced with difficulties, we say we cannot do a certain thing, and how foolish it is for us to make such a conclusion when we have not tried. In the great war going on today, men are doing things they never dreamed were possible. They are doing the things that thousands of people had said could not be done.

If a man has a goal and really has the desire to attain it, continued Rev. Mr. McGeahey, he must forget himself and bend every effort toward reaching that goal. He must not listen to people around him saying that it cannot be done, but press on toward the realization of his dreams. His interest should be centered on doing just one thing at a time—and doing that to the very best of his ability. If we try to do first one thing and then another, we shall never learn to do anything very well.

In conclusion, the speaker urged the boys to try to apply the four rules mentioned to their daily lives, adding that they would find they could do most anything by following them. The finest thing, said he, is to love Jesus Christ enough to abide by his teachings, and to allow our lives to be governed entirely by them. There is no higher goal in life.

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Though outwardly a gloomy shroud,  
The inner half of every cloud  
Is bright and shining;  
I therefore turn my clouds about  
And always wear them inside out  
To show the lining.

—Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending October 22, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

Charles Blakemore  
Thomas Brantley  
Coy Crabtree  
Ralph Cranford  
William Hammond  
Fred Jones  
Lewis Kerns  
Edward McLain  
David Prevatte

## COTTAGE No. 1 (Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 2

John Allen  
Robert Buchanan  
Charles Byrd  
Fred Coats  
Delmas Jerrell  
Gerald Johnson  
Howard Manus  
John McLean  
Harold McKinney  
James Norton  
Hayes Powell  
Marshall Prestwood  
Jack Ray  
James Sneed  
Kermit Wright  
Roy Womack

## COTTAGE No. 3

Charles Allen  
William Brooks  
Earl Greene  
Robert Helms  
A. J. McCraw  
Jack Oliver  
Robert Peavy  
Charles Roland  
Richard Tullock

## COTTAGE No. 4

Robert Blackwelder  
Leonard Bradley  
Burlin Edmondson  
John Fine  
Robert Hogan  
George Hawk  
William Hawk  
Eugene Hudgins

William Lewis  
Thomas Ruff  
Paul Stone  
Roy Swink  
John R. Smith  
Edward VanHoy  
Lawrence Walker

## COTTAGE No. 5

Randolph Ammons  
Curtis Butcher  
Thomas Barnes  
Lawrence Hopson  
Earl Hoyle  
John Love  
Noian Overcash  
Samuel Price  
Robert Wilkins

## COTTAGE No. 6

Rufus Driggers  
Thomas Everhart  
Vernon Foster  
Ralph Gibson  
William Hawkins  
George Marr  
Stanford McLean  
Nolan Morrison  
Clay Shew  
James Swinson  
Leroy Wilkins

## COTTAGE No. 7

David Brooks  
James Knight  
Ned Metcalf  
Joseph Mitchell

## COTTAGE No. 8 (Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 9

Raymond Bullman  
Conrad Cox  
Ray Edwards  
Edward Guffey  
John Linville  
Edwin Peterson  
J. B. Wilson  
Ray Covington  
Liston Grice

COTTAGE No. 10

Robert Holbert  
Robert Yow

COTTAGE No. 11

Charles Alexander  
Donald Bowden  
Jack Gentry  
William Guffey  
Fred Holland  
Raymond Hunsucker  
Arlow McLean  
Clyde Rhodes  
Leon Rose  
Maxie Shelley  
Ray Shore  
J. W. Smith  
William Walker

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Robert Hobbs  
Rufus Massingill  
Charles Shearin  
Harry Thompson

COTTAGE No. 14

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 15

Frank Bass  
Robert Bluester  
Harold Coffey  
William Holder  
James Knight  
Charles Ledford  
Gordon McHan  
William Myers  
Clyde Shook

INDIAN COTTAGE

James Chavis  
Peter Chavis  
Frank Chavis  
Marshall Hunt  
R. C. Hoyle  
W. C. McManus  
Leroy Lowery

INFIRMARY

Odell Cecil  
Raymond Byrd  
Lloyd Sain  
Ray Taylor

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COUNT THAT DAY LOST

If you sit down at set of sun  
And count the acts that you have done,  
And, counting, find  
One self-denying deed, one word  
That eased the heart of him who heard;  
One glance most kind,  
That fell like sunshine where it went—  
Then you may count that day well spent.

But if, through all the livelong day,  
You've cheered no heart, by yea or nay—  
If, through it all  
You've nothing done that you can trace  
That brought the sunshine to one face—  
No act most small  
That helped some soul and nothing cost—  
Then count that day as worse than lost.

—George Eliot.



Caroline

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 4, 1944

No. 44

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## MY PRAYER

Let me labor and not weary  
Of the work that I should do.  
Let me bear a brother's burden,  
That his strength he may renew.

Give me faith at every sunset,  
Give me hope at morning light,  
That my love for all my brethren  
May be gracious in God's sight.

—Selected.

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT NOVEMBER

- 1—American Art Week, 1-7.
- 1—All Saints' Day.
- 1—National Authors' Day.
- 1—New excise tax effective, 1942.
- 2—North and South Dakota joined the Union, 1889.
- 5—Father-and-Son Week, 5-12.
- 5—American Education Week, 5-11.
- 7—Election Day.
- 7—First air express shipment from Dayton, Ohio to Columbus, Ohio, 1910.
- 8—Montana joined the Union, 1889.
- 10—U. S. Marine Corps organized, 1775.
- 11—Armistice Day, World War I ended, 1918.
- 11—Washington joined the Union, 1889.
- 12—Red Cross Week, 12-18.
- 13—Robert Louis Stevenson born, 1850.
- 16—Oklahoma entered the Union, 1907.
- 18—Congress adopted Standard Time, 1883.
- 19—Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, 1863.
- 21—North Carolina joined the Union, 1789.
- 21—Christmas Seal campaign opens.
- 23—Thanksgiving Day.
- 28—First U. S. Government post office erected, 1783.
- 29—Coffee rationing in effect, 1942.
- 29—Louisa May Olcott born, 1832.
- 30—U. S. Patent System established, 1836.

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## AMERICAN EDUCATION WEEK—November 5-11, 1944

American Education Week, annually sponsored by the National Education Association, the American Legion, the United States Office of Education and the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, will be observed throughout the nation this year on November 5-11.

The purpose of American Education Week is to call the attention of the public once each year to the vital role of education in the life

of our democracy, a statement issued by the National Education Association discloses. The first observance was celebrated in 1921.

The general theme of this year's observance is "Education for New Tasks." The day-by-day topics are as follows:

Sunday, November 5th—Building Worldwide Brotherhood.

Monday, November 6th—Winning the War.

Tuesday, November 7th—Improving Schools for Tomorrow.

Wednesday, November 8th—Developing of an Enduring Peace.

Thursday, November 9th—Preparing for the New Technology.

Friday, November 10th—Educating All the People.

Saturday, November 11th—Bettering Community Life.

—N. C. Public School Bulletin.

\* \* \* \* \*

### EDUCATION IN THE WAR PERIOD

During the week beginning November 5 and extending through November 11, the people of the entire nation will observe what has been designated as American Education Week. The general theme for this week's observance is "Education For New Tasks." During the week numerous programs will be presented for civic clubs, PTA assemblies, church groups, and in the public schools, dealing with the various phases of the significant occasion. It will be a time when the minds of the people will be focused anew upon education and the part that it has played and should play in the life of the nation.

It is fitting that proper observance should be made of this movement, because education touches the lives of all our people, and it has had a profound influence on the development of our national life. The observance of American Education Week this year assumes probably a greater significance than has ever been true in the history of the country. Before our own eyes we have seen the tremendous effects of training and educating the youth of the nation for the successful prosecution of the war. We have seen the youth of the land mobilized into a great military machine to oppose and beat down the forces of tyranny. They have been taught all the arts of warfare, and these have been mingled with their previous training and fortitude and courage so that today the world realizes that the American army and the American navy constitute the world's greatest military machine of all time. It could not have happened with-

out the vast process of education in colleges, in camps, and other training situations.

At the same time, we have noted a very amazing situation arise to confront the public schools of the land. Many of our teachers have gone into other more remunerative positions. Many of the young people have been diverted from the usual and the generally accepted challenge of education. This has affected the colleges and the high schools. The impact against the public schools has been so great that many have realized that education is again at the cross-roads, but this is not the first time in history of our nation that education has faced a crisis or a challenge. What we shall do in this situation, of course, will depend on the vision, the understanding, and the statesmanship of our educational leaders. Many will, no doubt, fail to maintain the proper perspective or understanding of the currents or influences that shall prevail in this critical year. Many will be inclined to claim that there is no problem or that there is no need for worry, but that at the conclusion of the war the nation will fall back into the usual ways of normalcy without effort on the part of anyone. Others will, of course, plan for the new day and will seek to visualize on a broad basis the scope and function of education in the post-war world.

It has been said:

“Education is not for an hour—not for a day— but for life. If education is for life it should fit us for living.”

“A child’s education starts long before he enters the school. His early education is the family education. A family educates well or ill, according to its outlook on life, and this is a matter both of ideal and culture.”

“All education is for service, and he who finally renders the best service to his fellow-men is truly educated.”

“Education is building day by day, the opening of the mind to meet all condition, a strengthening of character.”

“Isocrates said, ‘Whom do I call educated, since I refuse this name to those who have learned only certain trades or certain sciences or have had only certain faculties developed? First, those who manage well the daily affairs of life as they arise, and whose judgment is accurate at the expedient; then, those who associate in dignified and honorable fashion with all whom they come in contact, bearing easily and good-naturedly what is unpleasant or offensive in others and softening as much as possible

## THE UPLIFT

their own asperities of manner. Further, those who never become the slaves of pleasure and who by misfortune are never unduly cast down, bearing themselves in their presence manfully and in a manner worthy of our common nature. Fourthly, and most important of all, those who are uncorrupted by good fortune and who do not lose their heads and become arrogant, but, retaining control of themselves as intelligent beings rejoice not less in the goods they have acquired at their birth than in the benefits that have been cast in their way by chance. Those whose souls are in harmonious accord, not with one of these things, but with all of them, these, I say, are wise and perfect men, possessed of all the virtues. This is my opinion with regard to educated men'."

"Therefore, an ideal education is not the amount of book learning that one acquires, nor the amount of reading that one may do, nor the ability to follow any given trade successfully. It is more than this—it deals in the ethical, since conduct is three-fourths of human life. The aim must be to make men true in thought and word, pure in desire, faithful in act, upright in deed. We must understand that the highest good does not lie in the possession of anything whatsoever, but that it lies in power and quality of being, and that what we are, and not what we have, is the guiding principle."

\* \* \* \* \*

### NEWS ABOUT TRAINING SCHOOL BOYS IN SERVICE

(Continued)

This is a continuation of the news items regarding boys in service and carried in the Uplift on October 28th. Our purpose is to continue these reports from time to time on an alphabetical basis. Then, in case we receive reports of other boys not in alphabetical order, special reports will be made of them.

#### 14. Wyatt Wilson Medlin.

Entered the School, May 15, 1934.

Released, January 4, 1936.

Pfc. Wilson Medlin after serving for a period of about 3 years has been reported as being held a prisoner of war by the Germans. Our information is that he landed in England in August, 1942, and was later transferred to the North African war theater. Apparently he had made good in the service, having advanced to the rank of private first class.

Pfc. Medlin entered the service at Fort Bragg and received his preliminary training at Camp Blanding, Florida. He was sent overseas to England, and from there he was sent as a member of the U. S. forces which landed at Casablanca, Morocco. This was the first big contingent of allied forces to land in North Africa.

Wilson remained at the School almost two years. During that period of time he was a member of Cottage No. 15 and worked in the School's dairy. After being released he went to his home in Belmont where he secured employment in a textile plant. Reports indicated that he made a successful adjustment, and on November 10, 1937 he was issued an honorable discharge.

16. Donald M. McFee

Entered the School, December 15, 1938.

Released, May 26, 1941.

Staff Sergeant Donald McFee has now completed 50 missions over enemy territory as a tail gunner on a B-24 Liberator, and he has returned to the United States for re-assignment. At the present time he is on a 21-day furlough at his home in Salisbury, and at the conclusion of his furlough he will report to the Redistribution Center in Miami, Florida.

Donald entered the army in June, 1943, and during his army service he has participated in numerous war activities. For a young man of only 19 years, he has really had some exciting experiences. He has been awarded four gold stars for having participated in four phases of the invasion—one in North Africa, one in Italy, one in Southern France, and one in the Reich itself. He has been awarded the air medal with four oak leaf clusters, and his fighting group has been singled out for the presidential citation. Later this citation will be officially presented to him as an individual.

Recently a news dispatch gave this report from Sergeant McFee himself:

“Over the target (Friedrichshafen, Germany) we ran into a curtain of enemy flak. Suddenly I felt a dull thud in the small of my back. Turning around I found a piece of flak, about one and one-half inches in diameter lying on the floor behind me and realized that it had been the cause of the dull thud.

“If it hadn't been for my flak suit I probably wouldn't be telling you about this now.”

Sergeant McFee received his training at the Army Air Base, Harlingen, Texas. While at the School Donald was a member of No. 2 Cottage. He completed the 7th grade here. Part of the time he worked in the print shop. When he left the School he went to his home in Salisbury where he was employed as a printer with the Salisbury Post. On the basis of his good record at home he was issued a final discharge October 4, 1941.

17. David Odham.

Entered the School, March 15, 1934.

Released, October 5, 1937.

Pvt. David Odham spent about 3½ years at the Training School. A news dispatch from the War Department dated June 3, 1943 stated that Pvt. Odham was being held as a war prisoner by the Japanese. We do not have any additional information about his service record.

While at the School, David was a member of No. 5 Cottage group. He spent most of his time as a house boy, and spent the remainder of his time here in the carpenter shop. Records indicate that he made a good record here and after he was released. On April 18, 1940 he was issued an honorable discharge.

18. Norman Owens.

Entered the School, November 4, 1931.

Released, August 5, 1935.

Corporal Owens, after spending almost four years at the Training School, returned to his home in Statesville and then entered the armed services of the United States. We have only meager information regarding his service record. However, a dispatch from the War Department dated September 12, 1944 stated that Corporal Owens was wounded in action in the Mediterranean theater. This is the last information we have of him.

While at the School, Norman was in Cottage No. 13. Part of the time he worked in the laundry. Upon being released from the Training School he returned to his home in Statesville where he re-entered the public schools and did some high school work. He was issued a final discharge February 11, 1939.

# LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported By Boys of the School Department

## Trouble

(An Essay)

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

The world today as a whole is filled with trouble. Wars, strife, race hatred, and many other forms of trouble are present.

This nation has trouble. The average American as an individual has troubles. There is no "Eutopia" on earth. Anywhere on earth you go you will still confront trouble of some sort.

History from the very beginning has been a continued story of troubles. The ancient "Cave man" had his troubles. He had to flee from savage beasts, and securing his daily food was a constant worry.

On up in civilization, about the middle ages the Europeans had their worries. The Ottoman Turks were hampering and demoralizing their trade with the East, which eventually led to the discovery of America.

Trouble in individual life is illustrated best with the life of a Genoese sailor, Columbus. He had trouble getting ships. He worked for years, getting people to understand his side of the question.

After he did get ships his troubles still weren't over. He was finally cast into prison, and died poor and miserable.

Later on, the settlers had troubles. They had trouble with Indians, trouble with the mother country, trouble with early colonial governors, trouble with the king, and many other minor and less important troubles.

Still later this nation had more trouble which led to war. The problem of slavery, Civil War, Sherman's raid through the South, and many other troubles made life hard on the people.

The First World War and now the present day World War were troublesome.

There has always been trouble in this world, and in all probability there will always be trouble.

I think the story of the early North Carolina settlers best illustrates how we can overcome trouble.

The Albemarle section began growing right after 1607.

At first the settlers got along without any worry or trouble and the colony prospered.

But it was not to last for long. Soon the Indians became unfriendly, and the result was the Tuscarora War which lasted about two or three years. Mass slaughter by the Indians was enough to get anyone disheartened but the settlers stuck to it.

Later they had trouble with their neighbor, Virginia. North Carolina had no good harbors and so had to ship the tobacco through Virginia ports. Virginia became jealous of North Carolina's prosperity and forbade them to ship by their ports any more. Also they had disputes over the boundary line.

North Carolina had trouble with pirates. Along the coast, they would lurk and prey on incoming and outgoing ships laden with cargo.

The most famous of these Pirates were, "Blackbeard" or Edward Teach and Major Stede Bonnet. Bonnet was

captured near Cape Fear and taken to Charleston to be hung.

Blackbeard was captured and killed by Maynard. So piracy soon ceased, and North Carolina breathed easier again.

But their trouble still wasn't over. They had trouble with the Lords Proprietors over the new laws and taxes levied upon them.

The settlers overcame all of these problems and soon North Carolina was settled.

To conclude this article I might quote from a song a few lines.

"Troubles may come, and troubles may go, But are you down hearted? No! No! No!"

### Football

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

Saturday marked another full afternoon of football. All the lads enjoy playing very much and even though they're not experts, they try hard.

The scores of the games Saturday are as follows:

#### (No. I League)

Cottage 2 vs. Cottage 5—score: 2-0, favor Number 2.

Cottage 3 vs. Indian Cottage—score: 6-0, favor Indian Cottage.

Cottage 4 vs. Receiving Cottage—score: 54-0, favor Receiving Cottage.

#### (No. II League)

Cottage 10 vs. Cottage 15—score: 7-6, favor Number 10.

Cottage 9 vs. Cottage 11—score: 13-0, favor Number 9.

Cottage 13 vs. Cottage 14—score: 13-0, favor Number 14.

### Chapel Program

By Bill Hilliard, 8th Grade

Friday's chapel program was presented by a group of eight boys. The boys participating in the program were William Poteat, Sam Linebarrier, Jimmie Stadler, Luther Shermer, Charles Allen, Gerald Johnson, Evan Craig, and Ray Edwards.

The group opened the program with a selection of songs, "Shortenin' Bread," and "Swinging on a Star." William Poteat then sang two solos, "White Cliffs of Dover," and "Dance With a Dolly," after which Gerald Johnson recited "Arathusa's Beau." William Poteat and Sam Linebarrier presented their Silverware Symphony, William Poteat using a pair of large spoons, and Sam Linebarrier playing the harp. Their selections were, "She'll Be Coming Round the Mountain" and "Chinese Breakdown." Jimmie Stadler then sang two solos, "Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair" and "Oh! What a Beautiful Morning." The group ended their program with a song, "There's a Star-Spangled Banner Waving Somewhere."

In the afternoon three boys gave a selection "An American Prayer."

Theodore Young, Robert Helms and Billy Brooks participated in the singing.

Everyone enjoyed the program very much.

### B. T. U. Intermediate Group

By Evan Craig, 8th Grade

The Intermediate Union of the B. T. U. met on October 29 at 4 o'clock. First there was the roll call, and I am sure that Mr. Snyder was proud that



the entire group attended. Mr. Snyder gave a short talk based on the third chapter of St. John. He said that we must be born again. He pointed out the fact that Nicodemus had gone to the Lord and said that he was seriously interested in his soul. He asked, "Lord, what can I do that will cause my soul to go to heaven?" The Lord said unto him, "Ye must be born again for except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." Nicodemus said unto him, "How can a man be born when he is old?" Jesus said, "Except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Then Mr. Snyder said that all present were members of the church and had been born again. He said that he believed that we were all sincere in it. Proof of that is that we all attended the B. T. U. meeting.

Then the boys said their parts. They were as follows: (1) "Our Frivolous Age" by Harold Duckworth, leader of the group; (2) "Does It Separate Me from the Church" by William Myers and Jack Benfield; (3) "Does It Leave Regrets?" By James Eller and Hilton Reid; (4) "What Would Jesus Do?" by Gerald Johnson and John Fine; (5) "When We Know We Should Not" by Ray Edwards and Jack Willis. Everyone had memorized his part thoroughly.

Mr. W. W. Perry, the assistant leader of the group, was also present, and he stated, "I am always glad to come out here to the Jackson Training School to help you boys because I know that you are all sincere in it or you would be out playing instead of attending the B. T. U. meetings." He continued, "A knowledge of the Bible

without a college education is far more important than a college education without a knowledge of the Bible."

Harold Duckworth started a sentence prayer. Others participating in it were as follows: Ned Metcalf, Sam Linebarrier, Ray Edwards, Hilton Reid, Gerald Johnson, Kenneth Staley, Charles Roland, and William Poteat. Then Mr. Perry closed the prayer, and the meeting closed.

### B. T. U. Meeting of the Junior Group

By Gerald Johnson, 8th Grade

The meeting opened with a short prayer by Mr. Puckett. After that the lads who had parts were requested to proceed with the program. The lads who participated in the program were as follows: George Guyton and Billy Brooks, "The Christian Needs A Chart;" Next Jack Phillips and Joe Mitchell, "Get Acquainted With Your Chart;" Next Brice Hill Thomas and Tommie Sessions, "Learn Your Chart;" Next "The Bible Comes First;" Harold Duckworth and Earl Gilmore; "The Bible is Our Friend." Ray Daye gave a talk, too.

After this the boys joined in on a song "In my Heart There Rings a Melody." Mr. Iley asked if any of the lads would participate in the prayer, and the boys that participated were as follows: Theodore Young, Robert Helms, Joe Mitchell, Earl Gilmore, J. C. Cayton, and Tommie Sessions. After that George Guyton made a talk which everyone enjoyed. The program ended, and everyone went back to his respective cottage.

**Basket Ball Game**

By Gerald Johnson, 8th Grade

Saturday a group of boys from Nos. two and three had a game of basketball which everyone enjoyed. The team for number two was as follows: Gerald Johnson, Delmas Jerrell, Kermit Wright, Jack Ray, Carlton Pate, Chester Lee, and James Snead. Number two had two substitutes from number

fourteen who were Hugh Cornwell and Bruce Sawyer. The number three team was as follows: William Poteat, Robert Lee, Charles Roland, Rudy Hardy, Robert Helms, and Cecil Kinion. There were no substitutes for number three. Our referee was Luther Shermer. All of the boys showed good sportsmanship and had a very nice time. The score was 22-6 in favor of Number 2.

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### WHAT DID YOU DO TODAY ?

What did you do today, my friend, from morning till night?  
 How many times did you complain, that rationing is too tight?  
 When are you going to start to do all the things you say?  
 A soldier would like to know, my friend,  
 What Did You Do Today ?

We met the enemy tolay, anl took the town by storm,  
 Happy reading it will make, for you tomorrow morn.  
 You'll read with satisfaction the brief communique,  
 We fought, but are you fighting?  
 What Did You Do Today ?

My gunner died in my arms today, I feel his warm blood yet;  
 Your neighbor's dying boy gave out, a scream I'll never forget.  
 On my right a tank was hit, a flash and then a fire,  
 The stench of burning flesh, still rises from the pyre.

What Did You Do Today, my friend, to help us with the task?  
 What right have I to ask you this, Did you work harder and  
 longer for less, or is that too much to ask ?

What right have I to ask you this, you probably will say,  
 Maybe now you will understand, you see—I died today.

—Lt. Dean Shatlain.

# NOVEMBER IN NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY

(We The People)

## It Happened in November

- Nov. 1, 1792. Site for University of North Carolina chosen.
- Nov. 2, 1734. Gabriel Johnston qualified as Colonial governor of North Carolina.
- Nov. 2, 1795. James K. Polk was born in Mecklenburg County.
- Nov. 3, 1898. The Red Shirt Campaign began.
- Nov. 8, 1784. William R. Davie introduced bill to establish University.
- Nov. 9, 1865. Jonathan Worth defeated W. W. Holden for Governor.
- Nov. 12, 1776. Constitutional Convention opened at Halifax.
- Nov. 17, 1753. The Moravian vanguard arrived at Wachovia.
- Nov. 18, 1781. Last of British troops finally abandoned Wilmington.
- Nov. 22, 1718. Lieutenant Robert Maynard killed the famous pirate Blackbeard.
- Nov. 22, 1789. North Carolina ratifies the Federal Constitution at Fayetteville.
- Nov. 22, 1850. Calvin H. Wiley offers bill to create office of State Superintendent of Schools.
- Nov. 25, 1896. First R. F. D. in U. S. began at China Grove.
- Nov. 28, 1775. Shipload of British tax stamps arrived at Brunswick.
- Nov. 29, 1817. Archibald D. Murphey makes his first school report.
- Nov. 30, 1865. North Carolina ratifies the 13th amendment to the Constitution.

November is an important month in the history of North Carolina. A glance at the list of events printed on this page will show that a number of important steps in the forward progress of the state were taken during other Novembers, or projects previously started reached a climax during this month in other years.

The oldest date in the list is November 22, 1718. On that date, two hundred and twenty-five years ago, Lieutenant Robert Maynard ended the career of the famous pirate, Edward Teach, who was known as Blackbeard. Teach had terrorized coastal shipping for many years. At one time he lived at Bath. He was reported to have been in league with Governor Eden of North Carolina during a part of the time he was engaged in piracy. With the help of two ships, furnished by the Colony of Virginia and commanded by Maynard, the pirates were cornered and Blackbeard was killed in a sword battle with Maynard on the date indicated.

Two hundred and nine years ago on November 2, Gabriel Johnston, a Scotchman, qualified as Colonial Governor of North Carolina. Going into office in 1734, Johnston governed the Colony for many years, got along with people unusually well, and was instrumental in bringing the Scotch Highlanders to the Cape Fear Country following the suppression of the Highland Clans by the British King. As a Scotchman, Johnston used his influence to bring the Highlanders to North Carolina. They settled the Cape Fear region from Wilmington to Fayetteville.

On November 17, 1753, one hundred and ninety years ago, the twelve Moravians sent out from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, reached their destination in what is now Forsyth County. They came from the Moravian settle-

ment in Pennsylvania following a visit of Bishop Spangenburg to North Carolina. After travelling over the Colony from Edenton to what is now Forsyth County, the Bishop decided that was the place he wanted his brethren to settle. The Moravians purchased 100,000 acres of land and sent twelve men in covered wagons from Pennsylvania to North Carolina to prepare for the settlers who later followed. They called their settlement Wachovia which became one of the most prosperous groups in the Colony.

A number of events leading to and connected with the state's part in the Revolutionary War happened in November of other years. On November 28, 1775, the first load of the hated British tax stamps arrived on board *The Diligence* in the port of the old town of Brunswick, which has since been abandoned. Opposition was so great to this new form of British taxation that the stamps were not taken off the ship. A little less than a year later, November 12, 1776, the revolt against the mother country had gone so far that the convention which wrote the state's first constitution convened in the town of Halifax. On November 18, 1781, a month after the surrender at Yorktown, when the nation won its independence, the last of the British soldiers in North Carolina moved out of Wilmington. From the time of the surrender at Yorktown until November 18, these British soldiers under Major James Craig had been quartered in Wilmington and gave the citizens of that section of the state a great deal of trouble. Eight years later, on November 22, 1779, North Carolina finally joined the union of states by ratifying the new constitution at the convention held in Fayette-

ville. North Carolina was next to the last of the thirteen original states which ratified the constitution.

Four events in the educational history of North Carolina have anniversaries that fall in November. On November 8, 1784, William Sharpe of Rowan County introduced the first bill for the establishment of the University of North Carolina. This bill was not passed, but a later bill introduced by William R. Davie was passed five years afterwards and Davie is known as the "Father of the University." On November 1, 1792, the site for the University was chosen by a committee which selected the present location at Chapel Hill. The basis on which the present public school system of the state is established was contained in the report of Archibald D. Murphey, which was made to the legislature on November 29, 1817. While the public school system was not set up for another twenty-two years, the system that was established followed the recommendations of the Murphey report. On November 22, 1850, Calvin Henderson Wiley offered the first bill in a General Assembly for the creation of the office of State Superintendent of Public Schools. The first bill did not pass, but later one was enacted and Wiley became the first Superintendent of common schools in the state.

Three events connected with the Civil War happened in November 1865. On November 9, 1865, the conservative groups in the state, who had fought for the Confederacy, defeated W. W. Holden for Governor, and elected Jonathan Worth. Worth, of course, was later displaced by the reconstruction gang in Congress and Holden was then appointed governor under the reconstruction administra-

tion. On November 30, 1865, North Carolina ratified the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution, giving Negroes a right to vote and other rights of citizenship which was required by the Federal Constitution.

One of the three North Carolina born presidents of the United States, James K. Polk, was born on November 2, 1795, in Mecklenburg County. His parents moved to Tennessee during his boyhood and he attained national prominence as a citizen of that state. He became president in 1844.

On November 3, 1898, the campaign of the Red Shirts began in North Carolina. This was the campaign which finally overcame Negro domination of North Carolina politics and restored the government of the state to the Democrats with the election of Aycock two years later.

Another event of national importance happened in North Carolina on November 25, 1896. On that date, the first Rural Free Delivery in the United States was started at China Grove in Rowan County.

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### THE DREAMS AHEAD

What would we do in this world of ours,  
Were it not for the dreams ahead?  
For thorns are mixed with the blooming flowers,  
No matter which path we tread.

And each of us has his golden goal,  
Stretching far into the years;  
And ever he climbs with a hopeful soul,  
With alternate smiles and tears.

That dream ahead is what holds him up  
Through the storms of a ceaseless fight;  
When his lips are pressed to the wormwood's cup,  
And the clouds shut out the light.

To some it's a dream of high estate  
To some it's a dream of wealth;  
To some it's a dream of a truce with Fate  
In a constant search for health.

To some it's a dream of home and wife;  
To some it's a crown above;  
The dreams ahead are what make each life—  
The dreams—and faith—and love!

—Edwin Carlyle Litsey.

# GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR

By Robert Earl Mead

To millions of Americans, the name of Douglas MacArthur brings to mind only the heroic defense of Corregidor, and the dogged fight of the American armies in the Pacific to throw the Japs ever backward, from island to island, until the Philippines are again freed. Few Americans realize, however, how vast and important is General MacArthur's contribution to the science of modern warfare and to the shaping of the modern American army, nor how, for five uninterrupted years, from 1931 to 1935, General MacArthur, as Chief of Staff, devoted himself to the deepest study and analysis of every aspect of modern war.

Douglas MacArthur was born at Little Rock, Arkansas on January 26, 1880, and is the son of the late Lieutenant-General Arthur MacArthur. He was appointed to the United States Military Academy on June 13, 1899, and was graduated at the head of his class on June 11, 1903, with the highest grades any cadet had made in 25 years. As an outstanding cadet he was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers, into which gravitate most West Point intellectuals.

He was successively promoted to the grade of First Lieutenant on April 23, 1904; to Captain on February 27, 1911, to Major on December 11, 1915; to Colonel of Infantry, National Army, August 5, 1917; to Brigadier General, National Army on June 26, 1918; to Brigadier General, Regular Army, on February 27, 1920; to Major General on January 17,

1925. He was appointed Chief of Staff, with the rank of a full General, on November 21, 1930.

After having served nearly five years as Chief of Staff, he reverted to his permanent rank of Major General, October 1, 1935. He retired on December 31, 1937, but was recalled to active duty as a Major on July 26, 1941. He was given the temporary rank of Lieutenant General on July 27, 1941, and of a full General on December 18, 1941.

Shortly after General MacArthur graduated from the United States Military Academy, he was assigned to duty in the Philippine Islands. He there devoted himself with particular zeal to his engineering duties. Upon his return from these islands, he was attached to the Second Battalion of Engineers at Washington, D. C. and at the same time served as Aide to President Theodore Roosevelt until August, 1907. He then successively served in the office of Chief of Engineers, until November 1, 1913, and as a member of the General Staff Corps until September, 1917. While attached to the General Staff Corps, he accompanied the American expedition to Vera Cruz as Assistant to the Engineer Officer.

Finished soldier that he was, during World War I, he was anxious to get into the hottest of the fight overseas. In September, 1917, he was appointed Chief of Staff of the 42nd Rainbow Division, at Camp Mills New York, and accompanied the division to France on October 17, 1917. He served with the 42nd Division in Van-

coulere Training Center, in the Luneville Sector, in the Baccaret Section, in the Esperance Souian Sector, in and in the Champagne-Marne and the Aisne-Marne defensive actions until August, 1918.

General MacArthur was ordered to the Philippine Islands in September, 1928, where he commanded the Philippine Department to September 19, 1930. After his return to the United States, he commanded the Ninth Corps Area, San Francisco, until he became Chief of Staff of the Army in October 30th., 1930. Upon completion of his tour as Chief of Staff on October 1, 1935, he was appointed Military Adviser to the Philippine Commonwealth Government, and later was made Field Marshal in the Philippine Army.

At his own request, General MacArthur was retired from the Army with the rank of General on December 31, 1937, remaining with the Philippine Army as Field Marshal. General MacArthur was recalled to active duty on July 26, 1941, and was designated as Commanding General of the Far East Command, to include the Philippine Islands, the forces of the Commonwealth of the Philippines, and other forces which might be assigned to it, with headquarters at Manila.

After the Philippine conquest by the Japanese forces, on direct orders of President Roosevelt, he broke through the encircling Jap blockade, to Australia, there to assume the command of the United Nations forces in the Southwest Pacific. For the conspicuous gallantry displayed by him in the face of the overwhelming enemy troops, the President awarded him, in the name of the Congress of the United States, the

Congressional Medal of Honor, on March 25, 1942.

This signal decoration was however one of many bestowed upon him during his brilliant career as a soldier, and which include, the Distinguished Service Cross with Oak Leaf Cluster for heroism in the salient du Feys, in France, in 1918; the Distinguished Service Medal with Oak Leaf Cluster; the Silver Star with six Oak Leaf Clusters; the Purple Heart with Oak Leaf Clusters; the French Legion of Honor (Grand Cross); the French Croix de Guerre, with Palm and Gilt Star; the Belgian Order of the Crown (Commander); the Italian Croce di Guerra; the Italian Order of the Crown (Cavaliere de Gran Croce); the Mexican Order of Military Merit (1st. Class); the Yugoslavian Grand Cordon of the white Eagle; the Polish Grand Cordon of Polonia Restituta; the Grand Cross of the Czechoslovakian Order of the White Lion; the Hungarian Grand Cordon of the Order for Military Merit; the Roumanian Great Cross in the Order of the Faithful Services, and the Equadorian Star of Abdon Calderon, (First Class). He has also received the French decorations of an Honorary Corporal of the 8th. Regiment of the Line, with Legion of Honor Bourragere, and an Honorary 1st. Class Private of the Battalion de Chasseurs—Algins, with the Militaire Fourragere.

General MacArthur has been married twice, the first time to Mrs. Louis Brooks of Philadelphia, in the year 1922, from whom he was divorced in 1929. While in the Philippine Islands, in 1935, his mother introduced him to Mrs. Jean Marie Faircloth, of Nashville, Tennessee. He

married Mrs. Faircloth in the chapel of the Municipal Building, in New York City, on April 30, 1937. From this second marriage, there is one son, Arthur MacArthur, who is now four years of age.

While MacArthur's life is replete with great daring and dramatic behavior in the presence of battlefield death, the truly great story of his life does not lie therein. It is in his cool, relentless study during his period of service in Washington, from October, 1930 to October, 1935; his profound endeavor to predict the character of the war he believed was inevitable; his gallant, never-ceasing endeavor to make those in high places and low places believe him; his never-tiring effort to have his beloved country prepared for that inevitable day.

How well did he predict! How few believed him: "Garand rifle," "armored corps," "air power," "four-army plan," "mobile striking force," "industrial mobilization;" yes! even "total war," were to MacArthur inescapable realities of a not too far distant future, but to too many other Americans, empty phrases that could mean nothing in a world of disarmament and world courts.

General MacArthur is a professional soldier. As a modern General, he must be deeply grounded in many sciences. He must be a mathematician. He must have a good grasp of physics. He must understand, and often apply, diplomacy. He must be ward of the law. It is no longer permitted that the battle chieftain be a law unto himself. He is but the servant of the law, a weapon of the civilian government of whose army he is a part. His duty is not the making of

governmental policy but the enforcement of a policy formulated by the duly established government. He is not authorized to declare war. He is ordered to win the war in which his government has seen fit to embark.

MacArthur studied the World War's battles, and foresaw the armored task force of bombing plants, and tank and supported motorized columns as the weapons of revived mobile war. It is to be understood that he did not see alone. Specialists in every field developed with the Staff their individual ideas. It was on MacArthur's shoulders, as the Chief of Staff, that the responsibility rested for making decisions for war in a period of peace. He could not take unto himself the pleasure that was Billy Mitchell's, of heartily throwing away his entire career for one clear vision. Far too grave is the responsibility of the Chief of Staff. Too many other motions of the machine that is the Army of the United States depend on him. The Chief of Staff cannot so readily make a martyr of himself, and thereby shirk his greater responsibility, while MacArthur came as near to making himself a second Billy Mitchell as any man could, he never lost sight of the greater goal of his country's preparedness for the inevitable day. Much of his careful planning is to-day bear-steady freeing of the islands of the Pacific from the invading Japs. When the final story has been told, and Japan shall have been forced back within her own island boundaries, you may be certain that the brilliant military mind of General Douglas MacArthur shall have played a monumental part in the final victory.



# PREJUDICE AND THE PAROLEE

By Col. Charles B. Booth

There is a diversity of opinion, even among those most closely concerned with the solving of prisoner problems and parole relationships, as to whether the world is actually less prejudiced toward the ex-prisoner than in the years of the immediate past, and as to whether some persons are not lulled into a false sense of optimism far greater than is merited by the circumstances that actually obtain.

Some claim that the emergency arising from wartime labor shortages has temporarily caused employers to overlook the records of prison sentences, and employ a man or woman solely on the basis of ability to do a given task, rather than on recommendations as to character, experience, personal integrity and former employment record. To some extent this is true. But there are others who hold that there has been a steady, and in recent years increasingly marked willingness to believe that the former prisoner can rise above his record of yesterdays and give a service so useful and so honest that the old failures will seem to be nullified, and useful only as a measuring stick by which the individual himself may gauge his own improvement in conduct.

None of us but has a weakness, perhaps so inherent that it will always exist to our dying day, but it can be so surrounded with strengths and so

buried beneath creditable accomplishment, that it will cease to be of consequence in the sum total of our experience. The honest earning of a living makes for self-respect, for the winning of the confidence of others, for the filling of a useful office in the structure of society, and for opening the door to a realization of satisfaction and mental tranquility. To each person should come this opportunity, and few there be who stand more in need of its beneficial influence than do those who have stumbled in the way of life.

This is not a plaint asking that the way of the transgressor be made easy. It will never be easy. Of that we can be absolutely sure. This is a plea that walls of prejudice and denial of opportunity shall not be allowed to raise themselves as a forbidding barrier to bar the upward progress of humanity, and hinder, or utterly disorganize, the onward march of those who could find their way useful, purposely living. This is a plea that asks that all individuals, whatever the experience of their yesterdays, be accorded the right to know that the world, will hold out to them, without prejudice, an opportunity to make a living, creditably, and with those satisfactions that are deservedly the reward of integrity of purpose and honesty of effort.

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“An atheist cannot find God for the same reason that a thief cannot find a policeman.”

# THE HIGHEST PATRIOTISM

(Watchman-Examiner)

Our history has in it many thrilling incidents of ideal patriotism. The hangman's rope which finished the earthly life of Nathan Hale has become a golden girdle of fame. This twenty-year-old school teacher regretted that he had but one life to give to his country. His last earthly requests were for a Bible and the service of a minister of the gospel, which they refused him. Down through the years this country has had other young men equally as dedicated to God and to their country's best interests. There are many in this generation who are filled with a great yearning to see their country attain to its God-ordained greatness. We want such idealists and they ought to be assured that their country has need of them. Let the cynic be thrown for the nuisance that he is. Let the true patriot be encouraged for the blessing he may become.

What is a true patriot? Certainly not the man who only feels the thrill of patriotism when the drums beat, armaments are displayed, wealth

boasts, the schools parade, classes wage a civil war, or deadly deeds are done in freedom's name. The zeal of a real patriot does not wait upon external excitement. He is most worthy of his country who loves it and refuses to live on it because he aims to live for it. The highest patriotism is that which seeks a land full of the knowledge of God and His Word, which derives therefrom a determination for justice between man and man, which fills the native air with the love of Christ, and makes it as much of the kingdom of heaven as praise and prayer can create. For that which would be most delightful unto our God would be best for man's estate. He serves his country best who serves the Lord with all his heart. In this attitude life's duties are consecrated to the common good, and such heroes of to-day are the builders of a great tomorrow. The permanent blessings in our nation's life are the result of noble Christian living.

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Happy is the man who has that in his soul which acts upon the dejected as April airs upon violet roots. Gifts from the hand are silver and gold, but the heart gives that which neither silver nor gold can buy. To be full of goodness, full of cheerfulness, full of sympathy, full of helpful hope, causes a man to carry blessings of which he is himself as unconscious as a lamp is of its own shining. Such a one moves on human life as stars move on dark seas to bewildered mariners; as the sun wheels, bringing all the season with him from the south.

—Henry Ward Beecher.

# BENJAMIN BREWSTERS REPLY

(The Chicago Tribune)

Here is an account of the only known instance in which Benjamin H. Brewster, Attorney-General of the United States during President Arthur's administration, was ever taunted in court of the disfigurement of his face. It occurred during the trial of an important suit involving certain franchise rights of the Pennsylvania Railroad in Philadelphia. Mr. Brewster was then the chief counsel for the railroad. The trial was a bitterly contested affair, and Brewster at every point got so much the best of the opposing counsel that by the time arguments commenced his leading adversary was in a white heat. In denouncing the railroad company, this lawyer, with his voice tremulous with anger, exclaimed: "This grasping corporation is as dark, devious and scarified in its methods as is the face of its chief attorney and henchman, Benjamin Brewster!"

This violent outburst of rage and cruel invective was followed by a breathless stillness that was painful in the crowded courtroom. Hundreds of pitying eyes were riveted on the poor scarred face of Brewster, expecting to see him spring from his chair and catch his heartless adversary by the throat. Never before had anyone referred to Mr. Brewster's misfortune in such a way, or even in any terms, in his presence. Instead

of springing at the man and killing him like a dog, as the audience thought was his just desert, Mr. Brewster slowly arose and spoke something like this to the court: "Your Honor, in all my career as a lawyer I have never dealt in personalities, nor did I ever before feel called upon to explain the cause of my physical misfortune, but I will do so now. When a boy—and my mother, God bless her, said I was a pretty boy—when a little boy, while playing around an open fire one day, with a little sister, just beginning to toddle, she fell into the roaring flames. I rushed to her rescue, pulled her out before she was seriously hurt, and fell into the fire myself. When they took me out of the coals my face was as black as that man's heart!" The last sentence was spoken in a voice whose rage was that of a lion. It had an electrical effect, and the applause that greeted it was superb, but in an instant turned to the most contemptuous hisses, directed at the lawyer who had so cruelly wronged the great and lovable Brewster.

It is interesting to note that Brewster rose to great heights in his profession, while that lawyer's practice in Philadelphia afterward dwindled to insignificance that he had to leave the city for a new field.

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We should give as we would receive, cheerfully, quickly, and without hesitation, for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.—Seneca.

# EDUCATION AND OUR FUTURE

By Katharine F. Lenroot

We are more conscious than ever before of the education needs of our day. Our vast complex civilization, requires skill in every phase that we occupy. Skill is required in handling machines, in caring for finances, in running even a simple farm. To do these complex things, we need a complete education which also creates a better citizenship.

The years spent in four years of high school are of value to the nation for through it, our boys and girls learn to become self-supporting, valuable citizens. In order to make a living and lead useful lives, we must learn a great many things while we are young, though we must continue to learn as long as we live. Education can be divided into two parts; that which is gained while we are in school and that which we get after we have left school. The longer time that boys and girls continue the first, or school part of their education, the better are their chances to profit by the second or later phase.

Everyone must know how to read so he can keep informed intelligently of the events of the world. Everyone must know how to write so that he can conduct both social and business correspondence. Every person must know how to use figures, necessary in all business relations. Also, all persons should know how to keep healthy, how to do some useful work that will pay his way in the world. All these lessons are well organized in the grade and high school classes that are open and free to all of America's youth.

From the Department of Interior, we find that a boy who quits in the

grammar school has an annual wage of \$500 that by the time he is 45, increase to \$1500. The high school graduate starts with \$1000 and increases to \$2,500 by the time he is 45 while the college graduate starts out with \$1500 and ends with \$5,000 by the time he is 45. From the standpoint of money, the added years in school are a benefit.

But education gives us a richness, a vast association of ideas and events. We are better able to enjoy concerts, movies, lectures, and the companionship of friends and neighbors. The process of education is to get knowledge and thereby understanding. Our Democracy needs good thinkers, intelligent voters and good, balanced citizens. Our social science classes teach us the principles of citizenship, the history of our wonderful country and the part we can play as parts of that country. The English classes teach us the wonderful writings of story tellers, both of our own country and of other countries as well. The English and grammar classes also teach us to speak and write correctly.

Our United States has long recognized the splendid benefits of schools, and many kinds have been established. The kindergarten, the elementary, the grammar schools, junior and senior high schools, vocational schools, Colleges and Universities and University Extension for students who haven't time to attend the University or college. Then there are many special schools for the physical handicapped. These schools enable the deaf, the blind and the crippled to become use-

ful citizens. Many industrial communities have evening schools where working boys or girls can add a high school education to their elementary school training. All this helps our boys and girls to become better citizens.

Our freedom and peace, our vast governmental machinery, our enormous industrial plants and our government are built up by the use of intelligence, planning, skill and creativeness that had at one time, to be learned and used.

Schools help young people enjoy life and earn their living; the more they go to school, the brighter their minds grow, the more capable they become. If a boy or girl learns to read well, every thing that man knows is open to him. Democracy is a world that means all of us is a sharer and a helper.

Civilization is the chief aim of all mankind, to make our world a fit and healthy place to live in, to arrange a better world than ever in the past, and to leave the world happier than we found it.



### SAME STORY

It is becoming the "same old story" everywhere. Cases of "juvenile delinquency" are on the rise, and cause after cause is cited as the root of the trend. The primary cause, of course, is directly with the parents who ignorantly, willfully, or carelessly neglect the moral and spiritual training of their children. But other factors enter in, even where the home is at least nominally moral and Christian. An exchange lists these "main causes" of juvenile delinquency: 1. The "comics," a "cheap, silly drivel, producing and feeding abnormal emotions." 2. Radio programs for children filled with crime and violence. 3. The movies. 4. The liquor traffic. 5. War work by mothers who leave children to run on the streets. 6. Broken homes—divorce. 7. Neglect of the church by parents, and no insistence upon the children's attendance. The first four of the causes listed have not received their due share of the blame for the rise in delinquency of the young, but it is time that we realized the really vicious reading matter and "entertainment" so readily accessible to the young.

—Church Advocate.

# REPAINTING THE NATIONAL CAPITOL

(Dutch Boy Quarterly)

During the past three years, various government agencies have stressed from time to time that, despite the war, necessary maintenance painting should not be neglected. On the contrary, it has been pointed out that to paint where paint is needed is the patriotic duty of every citizen responsible for the upkeep of property.

The fact that this official advice is also the official practice was made evident last summer with the announcement that Congress had appropriated \$40,000 for the repainting of the National Capitol in Washington, D. C. The job, which required approximately 2,000 gallons of paint and the services of 35 painters, was begun early in August and is just now being completed.

A number of interesting facts regarding the paint job are contained in a recent news release. It is pointed out, for example, that the painting of the dome and the central portion of the building, which is constructed of sandstone, involved the coating of some 58,000 square yards of surface. Two coats were applied. The north and the south wings of the structure, being of marble, did not require paint.

Contrary to the general impression, the dome of the Capitol is not painted white but a light gray which causes it

to appear more luminous when it is flood-lighted, although flood-lighting is, of course, not being employed in wartime. The paint on the central portion of the building is of a tint which harmonizes not only with the dome but also with the two unpainted marble wings.

Painting of the exterior of the dome, which contains nearly 9,000,000 pounds of cast iron in its construction, is obviously no job for a novice brush-hand. For this work, the government employs men skilled in the handling of scaffolding and rigging and accustomed to working on difficult surfaces high above the ground. Experienced structural steel painters meet these specifications precisely.

The bronze figure of Freedom, which stands sentinel on the top of the Capitol's dome was not painted but did receive a "bath" of linseed oil as a part of its refurbishing. The statue is nearly 20 feet high and weighs approximately 15,000 pounds.

The last repainting of the National Capitol took place in 1939 at a cost of approximately \$30,00. The 1944 appropriation of \$40,00 was based on wartime costs which in respect to labor are considerably higher than they were before the war.

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## ASCENT

Delve not so deep in the gloomy past  
 That life's bright sands cave in and bury thee;  
 Better it is to make a ladder fast  
 Against a star, and climb eternally.

—Charles G. Blanden.

# STRENGTHEN THEIR WILL TO WIN

(The News Herald)

General Eisenhower put it this way:

"The only thing needed for us to win is for every man and woman all the way from line to the remotest hamlet . . . to do his or her full duty."

One duty we have is to keep up the world-wide force of American generosity—a weapon for victory and a powerful influence for the peace—a force needed now to win the victory and prepare for the peace to follow.

For our own men, nothing else assures them quite so well that the folks back home are back of them all the way.

For our Allies, nothing else tells them in quite the same way that the statesmanship of the American people is still the friendly and constructive influence that has built for us everywhere whose reservoirs of good-will which have symbolized these United States as a nation everyone can respect and trust.

The National War Fund offers opportunity to the American people to give—not lend—for our own and for our Allies. For our own, it means:

The USO, a home away from home,

for men and women of our armed forces in their off-duty hours.

USO-Camp Shows which keeps them laughing, United Seamen's Service which provides recreation and serves the needs of our seamen in ports all over the globe.

War Prisoners Aid for thousands who languish in prison camps and whose lives are bounded by barbed wire.

Care and rehabilitation for child war victims.

Food for those whose lands were stripped by the Axis hordes.

Medical aid for the under-nourished and ill.

Shelter for many victims of ruin and pillage.

Clothing for those whose homes and belongings have been swept away by war.

Assistance and aid in starting life anew for thousands who have escaped from the terrors of Axis occupation of their homelands.

These and millions of other acts of kindness demonstrate to our Allies your concern and so strengthen their will to win.

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Every period of life has its peculiar temptations and dangers. But youth is the time when we are most likely to be ensnared. This pre-eminently, is the forming, fixing period, the spring season of disposition and habit; and it is during this season, more than any other, that the character assumes its permanent shape and color, and the young are wont to take their course for time and for eternity.—J. Hawes.

## INSTITUTION NOTES

Here are some interesting facts concerning Robert Lee Kinley and Herschell Allen, former students at the School, who have been serving in Uncle Sam's armed forces for quite some time:

A recent AP item in The Charlotte Observer listed Corporal Robert Lee Kinley, of Charlotte, a member of the United States Marine Corps, as having returned home from overseas service on a furlough. He was being cleared through the re-classification and re-distribution center at San Diego, California. The news item further stated that most of these Marines who were coming through at that time were members of the Second Marine Regiment, and had seen action in five campaigns—Tulagi, Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Saipan, and Tinian.

An announcement was made in August that Robert had been wounded in action on July 2nd.

The Charlotte News, issue of October 20, 1944, carried a picture of Herschell Allen, Carpenters Mate, Third-Class, United States Navy. He is now home on a 30-day leave, visiting his parents in Charlotte, after eighteen months of active duty in the Mediterranean area, where he served on an LST.

Herschell, who is now nineteen years old, has been in the Navy for about twenty-six months. He was permitted to leave the School, January 9, 1942, at which time he returned to his home in Charlotte. During his stay with us he was a house boy in the Receiving Cottage, and was in the seventh school grade at the time of leaving.

Mr C. B. Barber, our budget officer, recently received a letter from A. C. Elmore, formerly of Cottage No. 5, who has been in the United States Marine Corps since December, 1941. He spent about two years in the Pacific area and saw considerable action against the Japs. Some time ago he wrote that of all the engagements in which he took part, the toughest were those at Bougainville and Tarawa. He is now stationed at Marine Barracks, Klamath Falls, Oregon, and his letter from that location reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Barber: Just a few lines to let you know that I received the Uplifts this morning, and thanks a million for sending them. I always enjoy reading them.

"I trust you are in the best of health these days. As for me, I am just fine. Have received quite a few copies of The Uplift since you have been sending them. I have about thirty in my locker now. I always save them for there are always two or three Marines who want to read them. They say they like the short stories and poems. I don't blame them, for I like them also.

"Well, friend, I don't know very much more to say. My wife is getting along fine. She still lives in San Francisco, California. Wish I could find a place up here to rent so I could have her with me, but finding a house around here is like looking for a needle in a haystack.

"Hoping to hear from you soon, will close with the best wishes and kindest regards to all the folks at the School. Your friend, A. C. Elmore."



Ivan A. Morrozzoff, who was a member of our printing class several years ago, continues to write us at intervals. He is a member of an engineer corps in the United States Army, and has been stationed in India for more than a year. His latest letter contained a number of snap-shots, taken in the Himalaya Mountains in Asia. We are always glad to hear from this young man, and greatly appreciate the fact that he has not forgotten our weakness for collecting pictures. His letter, dated October 4th, reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Just a few lines to let you know that I am well and have not forgotten you or the rest of the folks at the old school. As usual, I don't seem to get in the mood for writing unless my address changes—and it has happened again. This time the A. P. O. number is 689 instead of 493. Am now somewhere on the Ledo Road, in the Assam Province. There is very little difference in the weather here than where I was stationed before. It is a little cooler at night. Am glad we moved for I was beginning to get tired of the other place.

"I don't think I ever told you about my visit to Darjiling, up in the Himalayan Mountains. It sure was beautiful. I saw the two highest mountains in the world—Mt. Everest, 29,141 feet, and the second highest, Kanchanjanga, 28,156 feet. I was lucky enough to get a picture of Kanchanjanga, but Mt. Everest was too far away. When I get the films developed will send you a couple of prints. I am sending you some pictures which I snapped some time ago. They did not turn out so good. It was during the monsoon season and the weather was not any too fair. They were taken at 7,800 feet, and it seemed that

the clouds were always hiding the best views, but you can get some idea of the beautiful Himalayas. Darjiling is a very beautiful town, known the world over for its fine tea. The natives are Gurkhas, but to me they are just about like the people of Tibet. They are very friendly people, and laugh most of the time. The children are very shy. Since coming to India I have also visited Bombay and Calcutta. They are interesting cities, but very dirty.

"Well, this is about all the news I can think of at present. Please remember me to everyone at the school. Here's wishing you lots of luck, good health and everything. Let's hear from you soon. Your old friend, Ivan."

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Rev. James W. Fowler, pastor of Kerr Street Methodist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read I Corinthians 13:1-13. As a text for his message to the boys, he selected the 11th verse: "When I was a child, I spake as as child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child, but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Fowler told the boys that he was going to mention the names of Moses, Jesus Christ, the Apostle Paul, King George of England, Napoleon, Franklin D. Roosevelt and Thomas E. Dewey, men prominent in the history of the world. The interesting thing about these men, he added, is that at one time they were boys. They had all the problems peculiar to boyhood, and lived very much the same as do the boys of today.

The only way to get men, continued

the speaker, is to grow them out of boys. Growing is a natural law, both physically and spiritually, and every boy should realize that day by day he is becoming a man. The next thing we want to consider is how to become the right kind of men. This can be done only if we are careful of the things we do as boys. As we grow, we must learn to put away, step by step, the childish things.

We expect little children to do childish things, said Rev. Mr. Fowler, but when they grow up, we expect different things of them. He illustrated how a child may do thoughtless or foolish things by telling his listeners the story of "Epaminondas," pointing out the thoughtless things done by the little darkey in this familiar tale. Those things, he added, were acts of thoughtlessness. The little boy meant to do right, but, like hundreds of other little boys, he did not stop to think what he was doing. As a boy grows into manhood, he must learn to put away childish things.

The next question that a boy should think seriously about, continued the speaker, is "What kind of a man do I want to be?" We have some good advice along this line of thought from the words of the Apostle Paul, who said the right kind of man should "be gentle to all." This was illustrated by a story told of the late President Theodore Roosevelt, told by an old Negro guide who was with Roosevelt's party as a guide on a bear-hunting trip down in Mississippi. It had been the custom of some hunters to have their dogs corner the bear, and for some of them to rope him from each side. This was done, and the guide told Roosevelt to shoot the animal. He refused to do so, saying

that he would never shoot any animal without giving it a chance. In addition to being a good President, the popular "Teddy" was also a real sportsman. He was gentle and kind, not wishing to take unfair advantage of man or beast.

Rev. Mr. Fowler then stated that a real man must have courage. He must not be afraid to do the right thing, regardless of consequences. He gave this definition of a gentleman—"A gentleman is one who has the power to run over people, but does not do it." We must be considerate of others at all times, always remembering that they have certain rights as well as we.

In conclusion, the speaker again reminded the boys that the only way God gets men is to grow them out of boys, and urged them, while in the process of growing, never to lose sight of the fact that they should strive to grow and develop along the lines laid down by the teachings of Jesus Christ.

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Henry Dubois, of Durham, who was a student at the School in 1916, called on friends here last Tuesday. As a lad he came to the institution from Kannapolis, and was placed in Cottage No. 1. He stated that during his stay at the School he assisted in the construction of Cottages Nos. 2 and 3, and worked part of the time as office boy. Since leaving the School, Henry has engaged in various types of work, and has gotten along well. At present he is employed by the Hunnewell Soap Company, as manager of a district composed of North Carolina, South Carolina and Virginia.

Henry is married and has two sons.

He seemed to take great delight in telling of his boys—Walter Edward Dubois, a captain in the United States Army, serving with General Mark Clark's Fifth Army in Italy, and Henry Dubois, Jr., a member of the United States Navy.

In conversation with some of the officials, Henry stated that this was the first time he had visited the School in ten years. He expressed his appreciation of its growth and the fine work being carried on here.

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### Hallowe'en Party

Another outstanding event in the lives of the youngsters at Jackson Training School was the boys' annual Hallowe'en party, held on October 31st. The bell was rung at 4:30 p. m., as a signal for the usual school-room and work activities to cease, and promptly at 5 o'clock the cottage lines assembled, and the party was on. The weather was just fine and everybody was ready for a good time.

A booth had been erected near the bakery, and was trimmed with bright-colored leaves, cornstalks and other decorations appropriate to the season. At this booth, with the cry of "come and get 'em while they're hot," Messrs. J. C. Fisher and Alf Carriker were busily engaged dispensing that popular American delicacy generally referred to as "hot-dogs"—the only dog that has been known to feed the hand that bites it—and how those boys did come and get it!

As the boys filed past the booth, each one received at least four hot-dogs, with slaw and all the trimmin's. The first time around, each lad received two "dogs," and then proceeded to the next stand to get an ice-cold

Coca-Cola. Going around again, two more "pups" were issued, together with a fine double-decker oatmeal cookie and a bottle of the popular drink called Dr. Pepper. In addition to these, the boys were given generous helpings of pop-corn and peanuts.

When such events as these occur at the School, it means that some members of our large "family" must be called upon to do extra work, but everybody usually enters into the spirit of the occasion, gladly doing his or her part. It was necessary for Mr. Liske and his bakery boys to put in a lot extra time baking more than 1,500 rolls and the oatmeal cookies, roasting the peanuts and preparing the slaw, while Mr. Carriker and his youthful carpenters erected and decorated the booth. They all did a fine job, and we are grateful for their efforts toward making the party a success.

In addition to the local people already mentioned, a number of friends on the outside added greatly to the day's pleasures. The pop-corn was donated by the Ritz Variety Store, Concord: the Concord Bottling Company, Concord, furnished the Coca-Cola: and the Dr. Pepper Bottling Company, Charlotte, gave the Dr. Pepper drinks. These fine friends have followed this custom for a number of years, and we wish to take this opportunity to express our appreciation for their kindly interest in our boys.

Among our special guests at the party were Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Boger, the former, our superintendent for twenty-nine years; Mr. T. V. Talbert, a member of the School's staff of workers for many years; and Dr. R. M. King, of Concord, our attending physician.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending October 29, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

Charles Blakemore  
 Thomas Brantley  
 Coy Crabtree  
 Ralph Cranford  
 William Hammond  
 William Hilliard  
 Fred Jones  
 Lewis Kerns  
 Edward McLain  
 James Perkins  
 David Prevatte

COTTAGE No. 1  
 (Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 2

John Allen  
 Robert Buchanan  
 Charles Byrd  
 Walter Byrd  
 Delmas Jerrell  
 Gerald Johnson  
 Chester Lee  
 Harold McKinney  
 John McLean  
 James Norton  
 Hayes Powell  
 Carlton Pate  
 Marshall Prestwood  
 Jack Ray  
 James Sneed  
 Harlan Warren  
 Roy Womack

## COTTAGE No. 3

William Brooks  
 Craven Callahan  
 Charles Earp  
 James Graham  
 Earl Green  
 Rudy Hardy  
 Robert Helms  
 James Hensley  
 Jack Hensley  
 Cecil Kinion  
 Jack Oliver  
 Donald Redwine  
 Charles Roland

COTTAGE No. 4  
 Leonard Bradley

Robert Blackwelder  
 Jeter Green  
 Robert Hogan  
 George Hawk  
 Eugene Hudgins  
 William Lewis  
 Garnett Quessinberry  
 Thomas Ruff  
 Roy Swink  
 John R. Smith  
 Edward VanHoy  
 Larry Walker

COTTAGE No. 5  
 Lawrence Hopson  
 Robert Hensley  
 Robert Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 6  
 Rufus Driggers  
 Vernon Foster  
 Ralph Gibson  
 Jesse Hamlin  
 George Marr  
 Stanford McLean  
 Clay Shew  
 James Swinson  
 Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 7  
 Hubert Black  
 Robert Bradbury  
 David Brooks  
 Bruce Honeycutt  
 James Knight  
 Ned Metcalf  
 Joe Mitchell

COTTAGE No. 8  
 (Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9  
 Raymond Bullman  
 Leonard Church  
 Ray Erwards  
 Liston Grice  
 Edward Guffey  
 Charles McClenney  
 Edward Renfro  
 James Stadler

## COTTAGE No. 10

William Butler  
Evan Craig  
Frank Hensley  
Robert Holbert  
Robert Yow

## COTTAGE No. 11

Odean Bland  
George Cox  
Robert Gaylor  
Jack Gentry  
Alvin Hilton  
Fred Holland  
Raymond Hunsucker  
Clyde Rhodes  
Leon Rose  
Max Shelly  
William Walker

## COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 13

William Andrews  
William Black  
Ralph Bailey  
Marion Cox  
Ervin Ewing  
Robert Hinson  
Robert Hobbs  
Charles Shearin  
James Southern

## COTTAGE No. 14

Everett Bowden  
Clyde Bustle  
Hugh Cornwell  
William Ferguson  
Lawrence LittleJohn

William Lerschell  
Troy Morris  
Melbert Rice  
Bruce Sawyer  
Jerry Smith  
J. H. Smith  
Eugene Simmons  
James Spence  
Howard Hall

## COTTAGE No. 15

Frank Bass  
George Brown  
Robert Bluester  
Houston Berry  
Jack Benfield  
William Holder  
James Knight  
Charles Ledford  
Gordon McHan  
William Myers  
Hilton Reid  
Clyde Shook

## INDIAN COTTAGE

Jack Bailey  
Peter Chavis  
Harold Duckworth  
R. C. Hoyle  
Marshall Hunt  
Carl Lochlear  
Clyde Lochlear  
W. C. McManus

## INFIRMARY

Lloyd Sain  
Raymond Byrd  
Clifford Shull  
Ray Taylor  
Odell Cecil

---

 TRY AGAIN

It's just the view from where you sit  
That makes you fear defeat;  
You can view life from many isles—  
Why don't you change your seat?"

—Selected.



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*W.C.  
Rosen*

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 11, 1944

No. 45

## THE DEBT

For the youth they gave and the blood they  
gave,  
For the strength that was our stay,  
For every marked or nameless grave  
On the steel-torn Flanders way—  
We who are whole of body and soul,  
We have a debt to pay.

For the youth they gave and the blood they  
gave  
We must render back the due;  
For every marked or nameless grave  
We must pay with a service true;  
Till the scales stand straight with even  
weight  
And the world is a world made new.

—Thoedosia Garrison.

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

LEOK GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## THE VICTORY WHICH IS PEACE

When navies are forgotten  
And fleets are useless things,  
When the dove shall warm her bosom  
Beneath the eagle's wings;

When the memory of battles  
At last is strange and old,  
When nations have one banner  
And creeds have found one fold;

When the Hand that sprinkles midnight  
With its dust of powdered suns  
Has hushed this tiny tumult  
Of sects, and swords, and guns,

Then hate's last note of discord  
In all God's world shall cease  
In the conquest which is service,  
In the victory which is peace.

—Frederick Lawrence Knowles.

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## ARMISTICE DAY

November 11th of this year marks the 26th anniversary of the armistice between the Allies and the Central Powers of Europe after what is now known as World War I. It is quite appropriate that the people of the United States celebrate this occasion with all the feeling and splendor that is possible. That was a day which marked the end of hostilities on the battlefronts of Europe. History has recorded it as probably the bloodiest and most costly war in the history of the world. History has also shown in these few brief years how utterly futile war between nations can be.

Yet, at this time our warmest tributes go to the soldier lads of World War I who went through the agonies of pain and even death

for the cause which they held to be dearer than life itself. This is not a time to appraise either the effectiveness or the results of their victories, because if there have been failures in the wake of the war, it has not been due to any failures on the part of the soldiers in the trenches. Many, indeed, were the heroic deeds performed by these brave and gallant young men who at that time were the flower of the nation. Never in the history of the world did the deeds of valor performed by soldiers shine with greater lustre, nor did the currents of patriotism and loyalty to a high ideal run deeper or swifter than they did in the hearts of the soldier boys of that time. Although they did not, in their day, have the implements of warfare equivalent to those of this day, nevertheless they had all the spiritual qualities of great soldiers, measured by any standard.

Truly, the first Armistice Day was an occasion for boundless joy. Yes, it was an occasion which can only be understood by those who, at the time, participated in the operations of warfare, or those who had relatives in the conflict. The day was celebrated by the tolling of bells, the blowing of whistles, the beating of drums, and the exhibition of flags. It was the day when anxious parents and other kinsmen knew that in a few brief weeks their soldier boys would be returning to the firesides in their homes and to their regular professional and industrial life. No other day in the history of this nation has ever been marked by such jubilation and satisfaction.

Of course, the anniversary this year, when it seems that the same haughty forces of tyranny and oppression have almost been beaten into submission again, assumes a greater significance than ever before. The soldiers of today are fighting and bleeding and dying for the same ideals that inspired the boys of a generation ago. We in America have pledged in sacred covenant that we will use our resources and our manpower to fulfill all the hopes and aspirations of the fighting men of 1918. There is not the faintest chance that we shall falter in our devotion to the cause until the day of complete victory is at hand, and there will be liberty and justice for all throughout the world.

\* \* \* \* \*

### BOOK WEEK TO BE OBSERVED NEXT WEEK

The third week in November is usually set aside to be observed as

**Book Week.** The primary objectives of this event are, first, to stimulate a greater interest in the reading of good books; second, to encourage the purchasing of many new and modern books to be placed on the library shelves of the country; and third, to promote an appreciation for the history and literature of the world as they have been recorded in books.

It would hardly be possible to over-estimate the part that good books have played in the advancement of civilization throughout the ages. Through the books which have been published from time to time mankind has been able to keep a record of great events of history, of advancements in the fields of science, and the progress of our social development. Probably the greatest treasure in books is represented in the literature that has been written by the intellectual and fluent hands of writers in the field of prose and poetry. Some have written for children, some have written for the advanced scholars, and the many books that we now have come to us out of the richness of the lives of these authors, for, truly, they have lived and felt all they have tried to put into their books.

Happy is that home where books are cherished and where there is opportunity for an abundance of reading. Happy is that individual person who can lose himself in the pages of a great book. On the other hand, it is pitiful when people in the homes have no appreciation for the messages of books. Only those who consciously cultivate the habit of reading ever become deeply interested in books.

Throughout the history of mankind great men have testified to the fact that good books played a great part in their early lives. Abraham Lincoln profited greatly from the reading of a few books—the Bible, Shakespeare, Aesop's Fables, Robinson Crusoe, Pilgrim's Progress, a history of the United States, and Weem's "Washington." The careers of many young men in the United States have been completely changed by the marvelous life-story of Abraham Lincoln. Cotton Mather's "Essay to Do Good" is said to have influenced the whole career of Benjamin Franklin.

When Senator Petterson of Alabama went to California on horseback in 1849 he took with him a Bible, Shakespeare and Burns' poems. He said those books which he read and thought about on the great plains forever after spoiled him for reading poorer books. "The silence, the solitude," he said, "and the strange flickering light of the camp-

fire seemed to bring out the tremendous significance of those great books; and I treasure them today as my choicest possessions."

Many a rich man has discovered late in life that in accumulating his wealth he failed to provide for the intellectual and spiritual training of his boy. Many will testify that in their abundance, habits have been formed and fostered which have culminated in sin and degradation and perhaps crime. On the other hand, if proper provision had been made for good books, these men might have saved their sons.

Most parents do not realize to what extent their children are influenced by the reading of good books, for many a life would have been different if the child had been encouraged to read and study the inspired and invigorating life-stories of men and women who have really done great things in the world, especially those who have succeeded under difficulties. No doubt, there is nothing that will take the place of reading stirring biographies of the world's great people. It is wonderful to be able to live intimately with heroes, to commune constantly with those whom we admire, to be able to summon into our presence those whose triumphs over poverty and hardship can be an encouragement and spur us from laziness into ambition. The young boy who reads the life story of Lincoln will say to himself, "If Lincoln in the wilderness could get an education with all his handicaps, why cannot I do it?"

In contrast to the helpful and wholesome influence of good books, the world in recent years has witnessed the widespread evil effects of such a book as *Mein Kampf*, of which Hitler is the author. In this book we note the devastating influence of a book that is permeated with a philosophy of hatred, prejudice and violence.

Here at the Jackson Training School we now have in the library approximately 2, 500 well-selected and modern books. Our purpose all along has been to give the boys here an opportunity to become acquainted with many good books. From our observation we note that most of the boys really enjoy the books. It would be impossible to understand fully just how much influence these good books are having in the rehabilitation of these boys. If they acquire an appreciation of good books and the habit of reading during their brief stay here, it should be a great factor in the future towards their development as successful citizens.

## ON CASHING WAR BONDS

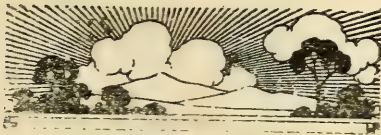
The Treasury Department in making it possible for national banks to cash War Bonds perhaps did so on the theory that it would be a service to the public. Such may be the case, but our observation is that it is causing many people to cash in War Bonds who, except for this convenience, would otherwise hold on to them.

Most of us at times have the urge to spend money for things which we think we need, and could often be postponed without affecting our wealth and well being. When such an urge comes it is a simple matter to go to the local bank and cash in a bond or two to get money to buy a new dress, suit or other wearing apparel that we could do without.

It is just as essential to aid the war effort to hold the bonds we have already purchased as to purchase new bonds. If, by the cashing of our War Bonds we would be the means of failing to provide weapons and munitions to our soldiers who are fighting a death battle we would think long and hard before turning these bonds back to the government and asking for money in exchange.

There may be instances where it becomes necessary to secure additional funds due to sickness or hospital bills, but these seem to be about the only cases where it would be justified. In such cases the Treasury Department in cooperation with local banks has rendered a service to the public, but if we are conscientious in our efforts to bring the war to a speedy end we should hold on to every bond possible and buy as many more as possible.

The Catawba News-Enterprise.





## WITH THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES



The following list includes the names, as they have come to this office, of members of the staff, former staff members, and former students of Stonewall Jackson Training School, who are now serving as members of the armed forces of the United States. It will be seen that four employees went into the service directly from the School campus. The others listed have, in some cases, been away from the institution for quite a number of years, joining the fighting forces several years after severing their connection with the School.

In checking over the list of our old boys, we find that practically one hundred per cent voluntarily enlisted in "Uncle Sam's" service, rather than wait to be called by the selective service system. It is also interesting to note that many of these fellows had been in their country's service several years prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

If any of our readers know of former Training School boys who are now in any branch of service, and can furnish definite information as to their present location, please notify the editor of THE UPLIFT, P. O. Box 32, Concord, N. C. We shall appreciate your co-operation.

### Staff Members

Brausa, Ralph J.	(Navy)	Patterson, James L.	(Army)
(d) Carriker, J. L.	(Army)	Query, James L.	(Army)
Liner, James H.	(Army)		

### Former Staff Members

(d) Adams, J. E., Jr.	(Navy)	(d) Poole, William E.	(Army)
Barrier, Major George L.	(Army)	Watson, Lt. James E.	(Navy)
Cleaver, James A.	(Navy)	Wingate, Lt. W. J.	(Army Air Corps)
Hollingsworth, Jesse G.	(Navy)	Webb, James H.	(Navy)
Parker, Lt.-Col. Samuel I.	(Army)		

### Former Students

Abernethy, Paul	(Navy)	Andrews, Lewis	(Marine Corps)
Adams, Clyde	(Navy)	Anderson, Raymond	(Army)
Adams, Felix	(Army)	Ashley, Arthur	(Army)
Alexander, J. Mack	(Army)	Ashley, Cecil	(Navy)
Alexander, Robert	(Army)	Atkins, Howard L.	(Navy)
Almond, Odell H.	(Navy)	Atkins, Richard	(Army)
Allen, Burl	(Navy)	Atkinson, Hiram	(Navy)
Allen, Julian Herschel	(Navy)	Atwell, Robert	(Navy)
Allen, Grady C.	(Navy)	Atwood, Earl	(Army)
Allen, Wayne	(Navy)		
Allison, John W.	(Navy)	Bailiff, Wilson	(Navy)
Allred, James R.	(Army Air Corps)	Baker, John B.	(Navy)
Amos, Gerald	(Navy)	Ballew, Edward J.	(Navy)
Andrews, Julian	(Marine Corps)	(§) Ballew, William P.	(Army)

Barber, Winfred V.	(Army)	Carver, Gardner	(Army)
Bargesser, James	(Navy)	Causey, Floyd	(Army)
Barker, Jewell	(Army Air Corps)	(†) Causey, James D.	(Army)
Barkley, Joel	(Army)	Cecil, Virgil	(Army)
Barnes, Norton	(Army)	Chapman, Charles	(Army)
Barrett, Allen	(Army)	Chapman, Edward	(Army)
Barrier, Carl	(Marine Corps)	Chattin, Ben	(Army)
Barrier, William T.	(Navy)	Cherry, Herman	(Army)
Bass, Homer	(Navy)	Cherry, William	(Navy)
Batson, Jack	(Navy)	Christine, Joseph	(Navy)
Batten, John E.	(Navy)	Cline, Wade	(Army)
Bishop, Garrett W.	(Army Air Corps)	Coats, Clinton	(Army)
Baynes, Howard	(Army Air Corps)	Cobb, Frank E.	(Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)		Coffer, Robert	(Army)
Beach, Ernest L.	(Army)	Coggins, Mack	(Navy)
Beaver, Albert	(Army)	Collins, Glenn L.	(Army)
Beaver, Grover	(Navy)	Connell, Harry	(Army)
(d) Beaver, Walter	(Army)	Connell, James	(Navy)
Bell, James	(Navy)	Cook, William	(Navy)
(d) Bell, William C.	(Navy)	Cooke, George C.	(Army)
Bell, William G.	(Navy)	Cooper, Lake	(Army)
Beheler, Reid	(Navy)	Cooper, Dewell J.	(Navy)
Benson, John	(Navy)	Cooper, Walter	(Army)
Blackman, William	(Army)	Corn, James	(Army)
Bolton, James C.	(Army)	Corn, William	(Army)
Bordeaux, Junior	(Army)	Cowan, Henry W.	(Army)
Bowman, Charles	(Army)	Cox, Howard	(Navy)
Branch, Glatley	(Army)	Cox, J. C.	(Marine Corps)
Branch, Horace	(Army)	Craft, Arthur	(Army)
Brantley, Elmond A.	(Marine Corps)	Crawford, Jack	(Navy)
Bray, Relons Odell	(Army)	(d) Crawford, Louis	(Army)
Briggs, Paul	(Marine Corps)	Crawford, Wiley	(Army)
Britt, Jennings	(Navy)	Crumpler, John	(Marine Corps)
Broadwell, William	(Navy)	Cunningham, David C.	(Army)
Brogden, Norman	(Navy)	Cunningham, Jesse S.	(Navy)
Broome, Jack	(Army)	Dalton, James	(Army)
Broome, Paul	(Marine Corps)	Daubenmyer, Nelso.	(Army)
Broome, Shannon	(Army Air Corps)	Davis, Duke	(Army)
Brothers, William	(Naval Air Corps)	Davis, Hubert	(Navy)
Brown Aldene	(Army)	Davis, James	(Army)
Brown, Elbert M.	(Navy)	Deal, Paul	(Navy)
Brown, Harold	(Army)	Deese, Horace R.	(Navy)
Bunn, Dewey	(Navy)	Detherage, James	(Army)
Bunn, Homer	(Army)	Dodd, Carroll	(Army)
Burke, Ensign William H.	(Navy)	Donaldson, Harold	(Marine Corps)
Burkhead, Dermont	(Navy)	Dorsey, W. Wilson	(Army)
Burleson, Lacy C.	(Navy)	Downes, George	(Army)
Burrow, John B.	(Navy)	Downes, William H.	(Army)
Butler, Femmous	(Army)	Driver, Malcom	(Army Air Corps)
Butner, Roy	(Marine Corps)	Drumm, Glenn	(Army)
(d) Byers, Eugene	(Navy)	Dyson, Fred	(Navy)
Cable, Nathan	(Army Air Corps)	Eaker, Arnold Max	(Army)
Capps, John T.	(Army Air Corps)	Earnhardt, Donald P.	(Navy)
Carter, Adrian L.	(Navy)	Edmondson, Arthur	(Army)
Carter, Douglas	(Army)	Edwards, Eugene	(Navy)
Carter, Fred	(Army)	Elders, James R.	(Marine Corps)

Elliott, John	(Navy)	Hackler, Raymond	(Army)
Elmore, A. C.	(Marine Corps)	Hall, Brevard A.	(Army)
Ennis, James C.	(Navy)	Hall, Frank	(Army)
Ennis, Henry	(Marine Corps)	Hall, Joseph	(Army)
Ennis, Noah	(Navy)	Hames, Albert	(Navy)
Ennis, Samuel	(Army)	Hames, William R.	(Army)
Eury, James	(Army Air Corps)	Hamilton, Leo	(Navy)
Evans, John H.	(Army)	Hampton, Robert	(Navy)
Evans, Mack	(Army)	(*) Haney, Jack	(Marine Corps)
Everett, Carl	(Army)	Hardin, Wilbur	(Navy)
Everidge, Samuel	(Navy)	Hare, James M.	(Army)
Fagg, Julius, Jr.	(Army)	Harris, Edgar	(Army)
Faggart, John	(Marine Corps)	Harris, Ralph	(Navy)
(Enlisted 1929. Made Warrant Officer by Act of Congress, 1941.)		Hawkins, Bruce	(Navy)
Fanslar, Hubert J.	(Army)	Hawkins, William T.	(Navy)
Farthing, Audie	(Navy)	Head, Elbert	(Army)
Faschnat, Mose	(Navy)	Heath, Beamon	(Navy)
Fausnet, Bernard L.	(Army)	Hefner, Charles	(Army)
(‡) Ferris, Russell	(Army)	Hefner, Eugene	(Navy)
Fisher, Edward	(Army)	Hensley, David	(Army)
Fisher, John H.	(Army)	Hensley, J. B.	(Navy)
Flannery, John	(Army)	Hendren, Isaac	(Navy)
(d) Freeman, Richard	(Army)	Hendrix, John	(Army)
French, Ian	(Army)	Henry, Charlton	(Navy)
Fuches, William	(Marine Corps)	Hicks, Garland	(Army)
Gaddy, William	(Navy)	Hicks, Odie	(Marine Corps)
Gaines, Robert	(Navy)	Hildreth, John	(Army)
Gardner, Horace T.	(Army)	Hill, Doyce	(Army)
Gardner, John	(Navy)	(d) Hill, Urban	(Army)
Gatlin, Britt C.	(Army)	Hill, William	(Army)
Gautier, Marvin	(Army)	Hines, Hubert	(Marine Corps)
Gentry, William	(Navy)	Hodge, David	(Army)
Gibson, Merritt	(Army)	Hodge, Dallas	(Army Air Corps)
Glasgow, Mumford	(Army)	Hogan, Gilbert	(Army)
Glasgow, Norwood	(Navy)	Hogsed, John R.	(Army)
Glasgow, Ramsey	(Army Air Corps)	Hoke, Bernice	(Navy)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1929-1933. Member China Expeditionary Force, '29-'32.)		Holland, Burman	(Army)
Glover, Henry	(Marine Corps)	Holland, Donald	(Army)
Godfrey, Warren	(Army)	Hollars, Ralph	(Army)
Godwin, John T.	(Navy)	Holloway, Hubert	(Army)
Godwin, Paul D.	(Army Air Corps)	Holmes, John	(Army)
Goodman, Albert	(Army)	Holt, Archie	(Army)
Goodman, George	(Army)	Honeycutt, Richard	(Navy)
(d) Gouge, Jeff	(Navy)	Hooks, Hubert	(Army)
Gray, Delma C.	(Navy)	Hornsby, Thomas H.	(Navy)
Green, Eugene	(Army)	Honeycutt, Nathaniel	(Army)
Greene, Giles E.	(Army)	Howard, Jack	(Navy)
Greene, Noah J.	(Navy)	Hudson, Hoyette	(Army Air Corps)
Gregory, Charles J.	(Army)	Hulan, Norman	(Navy)
Gregory, Roy	(Army)	(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)	
Griffin, Charles	(Army)	Ingram, John E.	(Navy)
Griffin, James H.	(Marine Corps)	Irby, Earl	(Army)
Grooms, J. B.	(Army Air Corps)	Irwin, Raymond	(Army Air Corps)
Guffey, Lawrence	(Army)	Jackson, Edgar	(Marine Corps)
		Jackson, William	(Navy)



Jenkins, Fred	(Navy)	May, Fred	(Navy)
Johnson, Clawson	(Army)	May, George O.	(Army)
Johnson, Coley	(Navy)	Mayberry, Douglas J.	(Army)
Johnson, Edward	(Navy)	Medlin, Clarence	(Army)
Johnson, Hugh	(Navy)	Medlin, Ervin J.	(Army)
Jolly, James D.	(Navy)	Medlin, Wade	(Navy)
Jones, Mark Twain	(Navy)	(‡) Medlin, Wilson	(Army)
Jones, S. E.	(Marine Corps)	Merritt, Edgar	(Army)
Jordan, James E.	(Army)	(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)	
Journigan, Horace	(Navy)	Merritt, Julian	(Army)
Keen, Clinton	(Army)	Michaels, J. C.	(Navy)
Keith, Monroe	(Army)	Miller, Latha	(Navy)
Keith, Robert	(Navy)	Montford, James B.	(Army)
Kelly, Grady	(Army Air Corps)	Montgomery, Samuel	(Navy)
Kelly, Jesse	(Army)	Moose, Claude L.	(Marine Corps)
King, Cleo	(Army Air Corps)	Morris, Everett	(Navy)
King, Frank L.	(Army)	Morris, Jack	(Army)
King, Jesse	(Navy)	Morrow, Chas. W.	(Army Air Corps)
King, Marvin	(Navy)	Morrozoff, Ivan	(Army Air Corps)
King, Thomas	(Army Air Corps)	Morgan, William S.	(Navy)
Kinley, Robert	(Marine Corps)	Murphy, Lemuel	(Army)
Kirksey, Samuel	(Navy)	Murphy, Norvelle	(Navy)
(d) Kivett, Clyde A.	(Army)	Murray, Edward J.	(Army)
Kivett, John	(Army)	Muse, Robert	(Navy)
Knight, Thomas	(Army Air Corps)	McBride, Irvin	(Army Air Corps)
Knight, Thurman	(Army)	McBride, J. Lee	(Navy)
Koontz, J. Milton	(Army)	McCain, Edward G.	(Navy)
Kye, George	(Army)	McColl, Vollie O.	(Navy)
Kye, James	(Army)	McCoy, Hubert	(Army)
(‡) Lamar, A. C., Jr.	(Army)	McDonald, Ralph B.	(Navy)
Land, Reuben	(Army)	McEntire, Forrest	(Marine Corps)
Land, Wilfred	(Marine Corps)	McFee, Donald M.	(Army Air Corps)
Landrum, Luther H.	(Army)	McGee, Norman	(Army)
Lane, Floyd C.	(Marine Air Corps)	McHone, Arnold	(Navy)
Lane, James E.	(Navy)	McKay, John C.	(Marine Corps)
Langford, Olin	(Army)	McKee, Thomas R.	(Army)
Langley, William	(Army)	(Enlisted 1937)	
Laramore, Ray	(Army)	McNeely, Robert	(Army)
Lawrence, Robert	(Marine Corps)	(Enlisted 1933)	
Leagon, Harry	(Army)	McNeill, Preston	(Army Air Corps)
Ledford, Harvey L.	(Army)	McPherson, Arthur	(Navy)
Ledford, James	(Marine Corps)	McRorie, J. W.	(Navy)
Lemly, Jack	(Army)	Nelson, Larry	(Navy)
Lee, Valton	(Army)	(d) New, William	(Army)
Lett, Frank	(Army)	Newton, Willard M.	(Army)
Lewallan, Paul R.	(Army)	Odham, David	(Army)
Link, Bruce	(Navy)	Owen, Fred, Jr.	(Marine Corps)
Long, Loyce	(Army)	(d) Owen, Howard	(Army)
Long, Stacey L.	(Army)	Owens, Leroy	(Army)
Mabe, McCree	(Army)	Owens, Norman	(Army)
Martin, Willie H.	(Army Air Corps)	Oxendine, Earl	(Navy)
Mathis, D. B. (Jack)	(Marine Corps)	Padrick, William	(Navy)
(*) Matthews, Douglas	(Army)	Page, James	(Army)
Matthews, Harley P	(Navy)	Pate, Hansel	(Army)
Maddox, Walter A.	(Army)		

Patterson, James	(Navy)	Smith, Jesse	(Navy)
Patterson, Joseph	(Navy)	Smith, Julius D.	(Navy)
Patton, Richard	(Navy)	Smith, Oscar	(Army)
Payne, Joy	(Army)	Smith, Ventry	(Navy)
Peake, Harry	(Marine Corps)	Snider, Samuel	(Navy)
Pearson, Fly	(Army)	Snuggs, Charles L.	(Navy)
Pennington, Grady	(Army)	Spears, James	(Navy)
Pickett, Claudius	(Army)	Speer, Carl	(Navy)
Pittman, Hoyle	(Navy)	Springer, Jack	(Army)
(d) Pittman, Ted	(Marine Corps)	Stack, Porter	(Army)
Pittman, Walter	(Army)	Stallings, William	(Navy)
Plemmons, Hubert	(Army)	Stanley, Brown	(Coast Artillery)
Pope, H. C.	(Army)	Stepp, James H.	(Navy)
Porter, Frank J.	(Army)	Stines, Loy	(Navy)
Potter, Linwood	(Army)	Strickland, Robert W.	(Army)
Presnell, Robert	(Army)	Stubbs, Ben	(Army)
Pyatt, Jack	(Marine Corps)	Sullivan, Richard	(Army)
Quick, James	(Navy)	Sutherland, Jack	(Navy)
Quick, Robert	(Army)	Sutton, J. P.	(Army)
Quick, Simon	(Navy)	Talbert, Morris	(Navy)
Ramsey, Amos	(Army)	(x) Taylor, Daniel	(Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)		Tessneer, Calvin C.	(Navy)
Ransom, B. T.	(Navy)	Teeter, Robert E.	(Army)
Rash, Burris	(Army)	Thomas, Harold	(Navy)
Reavis, James	(Army)	Thomas, Richard	(Army)
(d) Reep, John	(Navy)	Threatt, Sidi	(Army Air Corps)
Revels, Grover	(Navy)	Tipton, Kenneth	(Navy)
Reynolds, D. C.	(Navy)	Tobar, William	(Army)
Riggs, Walter	(Navy)	Troy, Robert	(Army)
Rivenbark William W.	(Army)	Tucker, Joseph	(Army)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1933-1938.)		Turner, Lee V.	(Navy)
Rhodes, Paul	(Army)	Tyson, William E.	(Navy)
Robbins, John	(Navy)	Uptegrove, John W. C.	(Army)
Rogers, Hoyt W.	(Army Air Corps)	Waldrop, Ned	(Army)
Roberts, Lonnie	(Navy)	Walker, Glenn	(Army)
Robertson, John C.	(Army)	Walker, Oakley	(Army)
Robinson, Perry	(Army Air Corps)	Walker, Robert	(Army)
Rochester, Nicholas	(Navy)	Walsh, Harold	(Army)
Routh, Walter	(Army Air Corps)	Walters, Melvin	(Army)
Russ, James P.	(Army)	Ward, Eldridge	(Army)
Sands, Thomas	(Navy)	Ward, Hazen	(Army)
Scism, Arlee	(Navy)	Ward, Leo	(Army Air Corps)
Seibert, Fred	(Army)	Ward, Robert	(Army)
(*) Sexton, Walter B.	(Army)	(Enlisted 1928)	
Seymore, Malcom E.	(Navy)	Ware, Dewey	(Army)
Scott, Archie	(Army)	Ware, Torrence	(Navy)
Shannon, William L.	(Navy)	Watkins, Floyd A.	(Army)
Shaver, George H.	(Navy)	Watkins, Lee	(Army)
Shropshire, Hassell	(Army)	Watson, Lieut. Lemuel	(Army)
Sides, George D.	(Navy)	Watts, Everett	(Navy)
Simmons, Horace K.	(Navy)	Watts, James	(Navy)
Sistar, Walter B.	(Army)	Watts, Boyce	(Army)
Sloan, Lonnie	(Army)	Weaden, Clarence	(Army)
Sluder, Wayne	(Army)	Weathers, Alexander, Jr.	(Army)
Small, Clyde E.	(Army)	Webb, Charles R.	(Army)

Webster, John D.	(Army)	Wilson, John C.	(Army)
Whitaker, John H.	(Navy)	Wilson, Thomas	(Navy)
(* Whitaker, William E.	(Army)	Wilson, W. J.	(Army)
White, Marshall	(Coast Artillery)	Winn, J. Harvard	(Navy)
Whitener, Richard M.	(Army)	Wood, James L.	(Army)
Whitley, John P.	(Navy)	Wood, William T.	(Navy)
Whitlock, Winfred	(Army)	Wooten, Charles	(Navy)
Whitten, Thomas M.	(Army)	Wrenn, Lloyd	(Army)
Widener, Charles	(Navy)	(‡) Wright, George	(Army)
Wilhite, Claude	(Army)		
Wilhite, George	(Army)	Yarborough, Preston	(Army)
Wilhite, James	(Army)	York, John R.	(Army)
Wilhite, Porter	(Army)	Young, Brooks	(Army)
Williams, Everett L.	(Army)	Young, R. L.	(Marine Corps)
Williams, Samuel R.	(Navy)	Young, William F.	(Army)
Williams, William R.	(Navy)	Young, William R.	(Army)
Williamson, Everett	(Navy)		
Wiles, Fred	(Army)	Ziegler, Henry F.	(Navy)

(Enlisted 1927)

Former Students in Merchant Marine Service

Hammond, Edward	Smith, Glenn W.
Hill, Caleb	Stutts, Edward
Hillard, Clyde	Williams, Horace
Lambert, Jay	

- (‡) Prisoner of war.
- (§) Missing in action.
- (\*) Killed in action.
- (d) Discharged from active service.
- (x) Died while being held prisoner.

## LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported By Boys of the School Department

The Fifth Grade boys want to express their appreciation to Mr. Hawfield and the cottage officers for the nice and most enjoyable Hallowe'en Party. We liked every bit of it.—Randolph Ammons, for the Fifth Grade.

Again something new has been added to the school library. Mr. Hawfield and Mrs. Miller, our school librarian, ordered two hundred and sixty-three new books from the State Board of Education, in Raleigh. All of the lads appreciate them very much.

Last Friday at chapel, both the morning and the afternoon sections practiced a few new hymns. Mrs. Kiser led the singing and Mrs. Liske was our pianist.

### New Boys

By William Poteat and John Allen, 8th Grade

New boys were sent out from the Receiving Cottage last Tuesday, after a two weeks' period of instruction. They were placed in our day school Wednesday morning. The boys were placed in the grades as follows. Harold Bates, from Asheville, and Shelton Best, from Lumberton, were placed in the eighth grade. Jack Wilkins was placed in the fifth grade. Knox Norton and Luther Cable were placed in the fourth grade. Woodrow Davenport was placed in the third grade, and Bobby Woodruff was put in the second grade. We all hope these boys

will learn a lot and enjoy their activities while they are here.

### Basketball Game

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

The boys from the Receiving Cottage and the boys of Cottage No. 15 enjoyed a nice game of basketball last Tuesday night, in the gymnasium. Not all of the boys on the Receiving Cottage team were really in that cottage. The Receiving Cottage beat No. 15 by the score of 12 to 8. The players were: Receiving Cottage—James Perkins, Charles Blakemore, William Hammond, William Poteat and Charles Allen. Poteat and Allen are in Cottage No. 3, but they are in the eighth grade and so they played on the Receiving Cottage eighth team. Cottage No. 15—Kenneth Staley, Robert Bluester, Samuel Linebarrier, Jack Benfield and Frank Bass. The boys enjoyed Mr. Hines' cooperation in directing the game.

### Dairy Boys Vaccinated

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

All of the boys of Cottage No. 15, who work in the dairy, went to Concord last Tuesday to receive a vaccination "shot." The purpose of this shot was to enable the boys to work without fear of catching tuberculosis germs.

**Movies**

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

The regular feature attraction last Thursday evening was "Hi! Neighbor!" All of the boys enjoyed it very much, and we hope to have more interesting attractions to come.

**Hallowe'en Program—Tuesday  
Morning**

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

First, Mrs. Kiser, the third grade teacher, read a part of the story of Joseph, after which she requested all the boys to bow their heads in prayer.

After the prayer, the third grade sang two songs, entitled: "Hallowe'en Fun" and "Hallowe'en."

Next, a poem was given, "Pumpkin Pie," by Horace Collins. A short story was given by Sammy Lynn, and a solo was sung by James Swinson. It was "This is Hallowe'en." Finally, a poem was given by Stanford McLean. It was "Mr. Jack O'Lantern."

Next on the program was a play entitled "The Problem Goblin." The characters were as follows: Witch, Mrs. Kiser; Mother Goblin, Maxie Shelly; Father Goblin, Daniel Eaton; Problem Goblin, Horace Collins; Helen, Robert Gaylor; Henry, Hayes Powell; Harry, Howard Manus; Mary, Sammy Lynn; Jane, Nolan Morrison.

All of the boys enjoyed the program very much.

**Hallowe'en Program—Tuesday  
Afternoon**

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

The program this week was under

the auspices of Mrs. Kiser and the Third Grade.

Mrs. Kiser read a portion of Scripture from the 19th Psalm.

After the devotional, a number of selections were given by a group of boys, as follows: A poem, Mr. Jack O'Lantern," by Walter Byrd. A short story by Raymond Bullman, a solo, "This is Hallowe'en," by James Swinson, and another poem by Horace Collins. It was entitled "Pumpkin Face."

Next, a play was presented by a number of boys. It was entitled "Problem Goblins." The characters were as follows. Witch, Vernon Harding; Mother Goblin, Robert Yow; Father Goblin, Fred Holland; Problem Goblin, Kermit Wright; Helen, Craven Callahan; Harry, Roy Womack; Mary, Leroy Wilkins; Jane, Donald Redwine.

All the lads enjoyed the program very much, and we all look forward to another.

**Hallowe'en at the School**

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

In the Encyclopedia Americana, Hallowe'en is given as "All Hallows' Eve," the evening of October 31st or festival of All Saints, which falls on November 1st. In northern England it is called "Nut-Crack Night," but at Jackson Training School, Hallowe'en is just plain fun.

School was out at 4:30, and all the boys assembled in front of the bakery. First, two hot-dogs and a Coca-Cola were given to each boy. After these had been consumed, all of the boys then received two more hot-dogs, an oatmeal cookie, a Dr. Pepper, one extra large bag of peanuts and another of pop-corn.

Needless to say, all of the lads enjoyed this very much. We certainly appreciate Mr. Hawfield's interest in us.

### Band

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

The new band is making progress under the direction of Mr. Wilson and his two youthful assistants, Bob Wilhelm and Guy Beaver.

The names of the boys in the band at present are: William Poteat, Theodore Young, J. C. Rhodes, cornets; Charles McClenney, R. C. Hoyle, melophone; Earl Hoyle, alto horn; Thomas Sessions, R. C. Combs, trombones; Charles Roland, Bruce Sawyer, baritone; William Andrews, upright bass. A few of the other instruments are being repaired.

The boys are getting familiar with their instruments now and an attempt was made yesterday to play in unison. Soon we hope to have a nice band.

### Special Music

By John Allen, 8th Grade

Last Sunday night marked a very happy occasion for four of the boys of the Training School. These boys went to Concord and sang with the choir of the First Baptist Church. Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of this church, came over that evening at about 7:30 and took the boys who were scheduled to go to the church.

During the service these boys sang two songs by themselves. The names of the boys are as follows: Robert Flinchum, Jack Willis, Jack Benfield and John Allen.

The names of the songs that were sung by these boys were as follows: "Have Thine Own Way, Lord" and "Stepping in the Light."

The boys enjoyed the opportunity to go and sing in this church and hope to go again sometime.

### Basketball Game

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

Friday Night marked a very gala occasion for the lads of the Receiving Cottage and the Indian Cottage. They had a very nice game of basketball in the gymnasium. The Indians lost to the Receiving Cottage by the score of 24 to 14. The players were as follows: Receiving Cottage—William Hilliard, center; Coy Crabtree and Fred Jones, guards; William Hammond and Gene Watts, forwards. Indian Cottage—Frank Chavis center; Leroy Lowert and Allen Hammond, guards; Peter Chavis and Marshall Hunt, forwards.

### Hobbies

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

Some time ago there appeared in "Local Happenings" an article about the nice scrap books being made by a group of boys. Hobbies seem to be "catching," for now a group of boys have made stamp collections. Boys who have made exceptionally good ones are: R. C. Hoyle, Hilton Reid, James Lochlear, Houston Berry Harold Duckworth and Hugh Cornwell.

### Intermediate B. T. U. Meeting

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

The program put on for Mr. Snyder by the Intermediate group this week was a very nice one. It was a study of the life of John the Baptist.

First, there was an introduction by Ned Metcalf. Next, Evan Craig gave a selection entitled "Conditions of the

Time." Bruce Sawyer gave a talk on "John, the Man." "John, the Herald of Christ," was presented by Hugh Cornwell. Kenneth Staley and James Linebarrier gave brief talks on "John's Last Days." Last on the program was an original talk by Samuel Linebarrier. It was entitled "What Shall My Service Be?"

Mr. Snyder said it was the best meeting they have had yet.

### Boys Sing Again at South Side Baptist Church

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

A group of boys, under the auspices of Mr. Hines, went to Southside Baptist Church, last Sunday night to sing and worship. When the boys arrived they were given a most cordial welcome by Rev. Mr. Davis.

Due to lack of time, the boys were able to sing only three songs. The entire group sang "Stepping in the Light" and "Praise Him, Praise Him." After these two songs, a solo was given by William Poteat. It was entitled "An Evening Prayer."

Needless to say, all of the lads enjoyed this trip very much. The names of the boys who went were as follows: Gerald Johnson, Sam Linebarrier, Jack Benfield, Robert Flinchum, Kenneth Staley, Evan Craig, William Poteat, Jack Oliver, Earl Green, Craven Callahan, James Graham, Rudy Hardy, Cecil Kinion, Donald Redwine, William Brooks, Robert Helms, and Charles Earp.

### Benjamin Franklin's Service in U. S. History

By William Whisnant, 5th Grade

Benjamin Franklin is one of the

great men of our history. We have already learned about him as a boy. He told the story of his boy-hood himself. He was a printer's boy in his brother's shop. That was in Boston. When he was seventeen, he ran away from Boston and went to Philadelphia. When he died he still claimed it as his home. He had some money, and when he got to Philadelphia he went to a cheap store and bought himself three loaves of bread. We can imagine him going down the street with two loaves under his arm, and he was eating off the third one. When he passed by a certain house a pretty young girl giggled at him. He did not know that some day the same girl would be his own wife. When he arrived he did not loaf the streets. He got him a job printing. His favorite study was the English language. He liked grammar and writing, too. In Franklin's time, he owned his own print shop. He had a regular paper. "Poor Richard's Almanac" was the favorite of the people. The almanac contained information about the weather and the seasons. It had witty sayings and wise proverbs that the people liked to read.

He liked to help others get an education. He started a circulating library so that poor boys could borrow books to read. He was one of the men who helped to build the University of Pennsylvania. Franklin stayed in England from 1757 to 1775, looking after the interests of Pennsylvania. He told Parliament that we would never pay the Stamp Tax. The greatest service that Franklin ever rendered was in getting France to aid the struggling colonies. America owes a great deal to France. It was Franklin who saved the day.

## Washingtons Winter at Valley Forge

By Robert Bradbury, 5th Grade

Washington moved southward from the Hudson to Philadelphia, but his army was too small to hold the city.

The English soldiers spent the winter of 1777-1778 in the city, while Washington and his men starved and froze twenty miles away at Valley Forge.

Congress didn't have much money to feed and cloth the soldiers. The men built log cabins to protect themselves from the cold, but they somehow managed to pull through.

The next spring, 1778, the American were bitter fighters than they had been before.

Their strength was due partly to the confidence that Von Steuben's drilling had given the men.

In October, 1777, an English Army, under General John Burgoyne, was captured by the American Forces at Saratoga, on the upper Hudson.

In February, 1778, the French made a friendly alliance with the United States and joined in the war against England.

## The War for Independence

By Ralph Putnam, 5th Grade

The War for Independence was the most important war that was ever fought in history. The Americans did not mind paying tax for a while, but when they had to start buying stamps from England before they could sell their land, they grew tired of it. England sent a shipload of tea to Boston harbor. A band of men, led by Samuel Adams, disguised themselves as Indians and they dumped the tea into the harbor.

Colonists said they would not drink the tea on hand but put it into their cellars and let it ruin. This made the English mad so King George sent eight hundred soldiers to seize their ammunition, but this was prevented by the famous ride of Paul Revere. Colonists set off in the dark night for Concord.

General Gage was surprised, and the British were driven back.

This led to the freedom of the Americans.

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The world is gentler to the ones  
Whose gentleness  
Glows 'neath the warmth of winter suns,  
And strives to bless.  
For goodness in us helps behold  
In other souls the glint of gold  
That cannot bartered be, or sold—  
Rare pricelessness!

—Strickland Gillilan.



# INDUSTRIAL ARTS IN POSTWAR EDUCATION

David J. Swartz

There is a philosophy of educational guidance that can be summed up with these dicta: If the students are bright, give them an academic course. If, however, they are discipline problems or have a very low intelligence quotient, program them for industrial arts, that is, for shopwork, mechanical drawing, and the like.

This was the thought years ago: with little change it is the philosophy of today. Why this is so and how this policy originated is a long story, but it can be briefly summarized as an inadequacy in planning a custom-made educational program based on the need of individual students; inability to dislodge superfluous but vested subject interests from the school program to provide the necessary time and space for industrial arts; bias primarily founded on the idea that one loses social caste by working with one's hands; and ignorance on the part of those who make curricula as to what are the content, philosophy, and psychology of the industrial arts. Fundamentally, though, this entire line of thought is based on gross ignorance of the obligations owed, by a system of free schools in a democracy, to its students in particular and to society in general.

Whether we like the thought or not, the fact remains that this is fundamentally an industrial civilization. Remove its industrial phases and what is left is an empty shell. Therefore, it behoves our edu-

cational leaders to see to it that full justice is done the industrial phases in our curriculum.

It took a war to make the schools conscious of the fact that in their elaborate curricular setup there was a gaping void. It is the failure to provide sufficiently for instruction in the industrial arts. That is why, soon after the war began, the War Department sent out an urgent call for the schools of our country to close this gap and to provide training in a variety of preinduction training courses which are by their very nature fundamentally part of the industrial arts philosophy.

We are now faced with a serious question. Will this respectability given the industrial arts by the War Department and the needs of the war industries vanish after the war? Will the stroke of midnight, that is, the declaration of peace, banish the Cinderella of the school curriculum back to its pots and pans?

The answer, naturally, must and should be in the negative, if thinkers in the field of the industrial arts will only take the lead and provide constructively and partially for the inclusion of the industrial arts in the postwar educational-planning program. They must do a number of things, most important of which is to show the natural placement of the industrial arts in the general education setup. A suggested plan is advanced for the high schools in this article.

Life's activities may be divided

into two spheres: earning a living, and living with others in a democratic world. There is, indeed, a relationship between these two, but broadly viewed there can be no doubt that they are separate fields.

Thousands of different ways of earning may be divided into four large groups: commercial, industrial, professional, and agricultural. Every job or position may be classified in one or more of these divisions. It may seemingly be difficult to locate certain jobs in one of these specific categories, but trial will show that these doubtful instances straddle two or more classifications or are in the unskilled-labor category.

Since New York is by far and large a manufacturing area, we can readily omit consideration of the agricultural division and make provision for it only in those sections of the city where the environment is conducive to interest in that field. This is true, as well, of other sections of the country.

Thus, we are left with three groups of earning a living and consideration of living with other in a democracy. This would indicate the nature of the curriculum for a part of the high-school course. On that basis the following is suggested for the first year.

1. An overview or general or survey course—or whatever one desires to call it—that will provide the student with a simple understanding of everyday commercial knowledge and an appreciation of or introduction to the various large or common activities and specializations that constitute the commercial world.

2. An unprepared survey course in industrial or practical arts that will acquaint the student with simple

tools and common materials, provide him with skill in their manipulation, teach him something of the process of conversion of materials for human use, introduce him to consumer education, and open up vistas of possible future specialization in this field or suggest it as an outlet for leisure activity.

3. A survey course in academic work, consisting essentially of science and mathematics and providing an introduction to the various specializations constituting the professions. Here the student should be provided with a through groundwork of simple mathematics, primarily arithmetic, together with a thorough practical knowledge of the scientific basis of the environment of everyday life. Weaknesses in these fields should be diagnosed and proper remedial instruction applied. At the same time the student should be introduced to the simple facts concerning the various professions as possible vocations.

4. A course in language expression and comprehension, oral and written (the writer consciously avoids calling this course English.) The ability to express oneself clearly is the aim of this course. The knowledge gained here should be put to use in all other school work.

5. A course in the social studies consisting of an understanding of the life of the people in this country; a study of the natural environment and resources of this country, and the interrelationship with other countries and peoples of the world; a study of the effect of all this to develop a clear understanding of the worth of living in a democracy such as ours, with some reference to the past and the future but emphasizing the present.

6. A group of minor courses, minor only in the matter of time devoted to their study, consisting of health education, hygiene, music, and art.

7. Character education and moral training should be a part of the entire curriculum but should not be presented as a separate course.

This, in effect, would provide for four periods of prepared work each day, one period unprepared, and one for the miscellaneous group in No. 6. The content of these courses is merely indicated; experts in specific fields would be the ones to develop courses of study in these fields, based on the philosophy and viewpoint of this suggested plan.

The usual high-school day consists of eight 45-minute periods. In practice most students do not spend the entire school day in a classroom with formal instruction, since they have one or more periods assigned to the study hall. Have these study halls real value as we see them in practice? Why should not the prepared subjects be given more than five periods a week so that little or no home preparation would be required but more supervised study would be provided at the expense of discontinuing the study halls entirely? Then, again, why cannot the period be 60 minutes in length to include a portion each day for supervised study? If the study hall idea is retained, why must it be one large room, usually the auditorium? Why cannot it consist of several rooms, each supervised by a teacher with a different specialization, for example, commercial study room, language-expression study room, social-studies study room, etc? Then students can be programed for particular

study rooms in relation to their specific weaknesses.

There are certain values to the suggested first-year curriculum, for example, elementary steps in developing the individual for the good of society; guidance; providing a round-out education that slights no field yet emphasizes none; low cost of equipment and materials; no specialization of studies in the immature years of the student's life; practical nature and value of the studies; general conformity with the large principles indicated in the earlier part of this article.

In the second year some provision should be made for individual abilities. Thus, in this year the student would follow a curriculum similar to that of the first year except that he would be dropped from that course in which he showed least ability to improve from instruction. In place of the subject dropped, the student would be programed for one year of typewriting. We need not go into the values of this form of writing as a requirement for all students, be they future housewives, office boys, shopkeepers, or executives. Not one of the many educators with whom the writer discussed this article objected to this specification.

English as a language of comprehension and expression should be continued in the second year. No student should be dropped from this course for failure in the first year. Specialized instruction should be given to remedy particular weaknesses. No student should be dropped from a second year in the social studies.

In the third and fourth years there should be real specialization,

and several curriculum arrangements should therefore be provided. All students would take English, which now should include appreciation of literature (modern as well as classic) and at the same time continue the work of expression and comprehension.

In these years, students planning to enter college should be given those subjects that are preparatory. Every effort should be made to force all colleges to have the same preparatory requirements, differing only as to the classification of the college as academic, technical commercial, and the like. Further, every effort should be made to see to it that these preparatory requirements are sane and practical and conform with the principles previously described.

Students interested in commercial work should be permitted, in the third year, to pick a specialization for example, accounting, stenography, sales, advertising, or whatever experts in commercial education suggest as fields of specialization. Similarly, students interested in industrial work should be permitted to pick a shop of specialization, for example, metal, electrical, woodworking, arts and crafts, mechanical drawing, domestic science, needlecraft, etc.

In the fourth year, students preparing for a profession or for entering college should pursue a course similar to that of the third year. In the fourth year, for those interested in commercial or industrial work, two courses of action should be provided. (1) They could be transferred to a vocational school for one but no more than two years of specialized instruction. (2) Certain commercial work,

such as stenography, advertising, and certain industrial work, such as drafting, arts and crafts, could well be part of the work of a regular high school, and such students could continue for the fourth and possibly the fifth year in the high school of their original registration. It will be noted that the subjects given as examples require no exceptional equipment. Subjects offered by the vocational schools should be only those that require exceptional, elaborate, or expensive equipment; all other vocational subjects should be taught in regular day high schools. Putting this idea into practice would mean the discontinuance of vocational schools as they exist today and would limit them to postgraduate or semipostgraduate work, as recommended by the recent Regents' Inquiry. Since they would receive only mature and seriously interested students, this would make an ideal teaching setup for the vocational schools and at the same time serve to conserve the taxpayers' money.

Education is both a science and an art. Naturally, its valid science factors cannot be debated. Since art depends in part on viewpoint and experience, the art factors of education may be argued pro and con. Therefore, the writer does not believe that his thesis in its entirety will be accepted by every reader, especially since its presentation was handicapped by the effort to adapt so much into so small a space. However, he will feel most successful if he has diverted the thought of some of his readers into a consideration of the postwar teaching problems of our high schools.

# RECREATION PLAYS BIG PART IN LIVES OF ALL CHILDREN

By Sherwood Gates

Our values in a democracy are all related to the needs or wants of persons. Things are made for persons, and the worth of things is to be judged by what they contribute to the welfare of persons. What are houses, or lands, or machines, or industrial plants, or coal mines, or city tax funds, or books, or pictures, or colleges worth apart from persons?

Even when we as social workers profess to place the needs of growing persons at the center of our thinking, many take such a narrow view of values that they overlook, and thus leave uncontrolled, some of the most powerful influences and impacts that play upon persons in their development. We assume, for example, that moral affairs are affairs apart from the broad stream of daily experiences, that moral knowledge has only incidental connection with ordinary knowledge. We divide life into the practical and the ideal, the material and the spiritual. One of the results of this is that we develop a confined and distorted view of selfhood and character, and how effective and worthy character is developed. Classifying economic relationships, for example, as practical and material affairs, and certain other affairs as ideal and spiritual. We fail to recognize the all-powerful relationship between "making a living" and "making a life." We expose children and young people through preachment and instruction to social ideals, and overlook the anti-social make-up of the organi-

zations and institutions in which ideals are developed and acquired.

The only fruitful way for parents, educators, and social workers to think of morals is that they are as broad as acts which concern our relationship with life. Potentially this includes all our acts, for every act modifies the person; every act stimulates and breeds inclination, desire, attitude, and want.

To realize that our human nature itself is the product of social living is to realize the most potentially significant fact of our lives together as human beings. Our major task, then, as educators in the best sense—for all social workers are educators, influences of human life—is study together the problem of the kinds of persons who are being produced in and by our communities, and the further problem of how we can so organize our communities in the interest of producing well-living human beings that the human product and the resultant social life will be what we want them to be.

It is in connection with this principle that the only way a person learns the art of cooperative, creative, democratic living is by actually living in and with democratic groups, that social workers come upon the most complex of all their problems. The problem is this: Group ways conflict. The variety of influences that beat upon the child do not make a unified impression. Some of these influences are stimulating and helpful; some are cruel, oppressive, and unsympathetic;

some are democratic; some are autocratic. The home may be democratic, the school autocratic. The school may be democratic, business and industry dictatorial and oppressive. We are here simply noting the confusion and conflict in our culture. It is in this confusion that we expect the child to learn what life is and how it should be lived. It is in this confusion that he becomes a person, a character. As social workers we are often seemingly blind to this confusion.

The home expects the school to educate children in and for life. The school becomes absorbed with the details of the three R's and attempts to shove back upon the home the responsibility for producing character. Both the home and the school then try to shift the responsibility to the church, the Scouts the Y's, the Camp Fire Girls, and similiar organizations. In all this shifting of responsibility, we overlook the fact that business and industry are teaching children and youth most of what they know about the meaning and values of life, that the movies are the "training schools of millions," that the newspapers are and periodicals are educating still more millions, that the play groups and playgrounds and recreation centers are producing character, and that the officials of city, county, state, and federal governments are teaching the young the rules of citizenship, whether rightly or wrongly.

What is our solution? The individual home is practically helpless. The individual school wields far less influence than it thinks. The individual church is just as helpless as the home and the school. An adequate community-wide, year-round recreation program for all children and youth is

only one factor, albeit a much more important factor than we have yet recognized, in producing well-living persons. When finally we come to the point of taking seriously the business and the art of living, we shall find that the only adequate solution to our problem is for the community, as a total community, to recognize itself as educator, as the "maker or breaker of life," and so to organize its whole range of social and cultural resources that persons growing up in it will achieve worthy and satisfying selfhood.

In closing the preceding statement we could have said "achieve worthy and satisfying character," for character is not less than the total person in all his make-up and manifestations. To say it another way—One does not have character; he is a character. Character is not something added to the person; it is the person. One does not teach a boy to plow or a girl to sew, and then give them a course in morals or character. While one is learning to plow or to sew, one is also becoming some sort of a person. Character, selfhood, is won through social participation. Every experience makes its impact upon it. The fundamental principle involved in this emphasis is that of participation in community life that of fellowship, in the work and play and recreation of life, with older persons who know and practice the "ways" of abundant, competent, joyous living: that of winning in sight understanding appreciation and skill through direct taking part in the daily realities of life.

We have already noted that in this community participation, the child is faced with conflicting group ways and practices. One solution the child

may develop is that of shifting his response to meet the demands of each group. This is not the only possibility. He may find himself so much more at home in one of the groups than in any other of his groups—so much more satisfied, so much more interested, so much more rewarded with position and prestige in the group—that this particular group is the center of his social and moral world. In an earlier and simpler community life, the home was the dominant group for perhaps the majority of children. If a child can have some large degree of standing in this dominant and preferred group, if he can feel that he belongs, that it is his, that its success, will be his successes, then he may be rather more than less indifferent to

his standing in other groups whose standards are different from those of his chosen group.

It is here that play and recreation groups, particularly those that are centered in neighborhoods and which involve the child's and youth's family, have such a strategic opportunity. Not only do the activities of persons in their leisure time yield more learnings in terms of quality than any other activities of life, but also play and recreation activities and groups can do more to shape disposition, develop life standards and ideals, establish motives and ways of life than any other activities and groups.

It is in the area of leisure time that our civilization of tomorrow will either make or break itself.

---

### DISCOVERY

I wished to shirk my task one day ;  
 I much preferred some pleasant play.  
 But when the work I'd once begun,  
 'Twas full of interest, joy and fun.

The dust removed from off my books  
 Brought happy thoughts and cheerful looks.  
 Weeds, in my garden, put to rout,  
 Made beauty blossom round about.

Why use my time and strength and skill  
 In hard-wrought play, to serve me ill ?  
 Why from such pleasure should I shirk,  
 Since there is play in pleasant work ?

—Benjamin Keech.

# 1944 ARMISTICE DAY PROCLAMATION ISSUED

President Roosevelt, issuing his 1944 Armistice Day proclamation, called upon the people of the United States to rededicate themselves to the tasks of winning this war and establishing and enduring peace.

The text of the proclamation:

## ARMISTICE DAY, 1944

*By the President of the United States  
of America—A Proclamation*

Whereas, the armistice of November 11, 1918, marked the cessation of the battles of the First World War; and

Whereas the peace has again been broken, and we and our allies, uniting to re-establish peace under liberty, have deployed our forces by land, sea, and air, and are confident of victory; and

Whereas under God we are resolved that the victories of this Second World War shall produce not merely an armistice, but also institutions capable of establishing a peace which shall endure; and

Whereas Senate Concurrent Resolution 18 of the Sixty-ninth Congress, passed June 24, 1926 (44 Stat. 1928), requests the President of the United

States to issue a proclamation calling for the observance of Nov. 11 as Armistice Day:

Now, therefore, I, Franklin D. Roosevelt, President of the United States of America, do hereby call upon the people of the United States to observe November 11, 1944, as Armistice Day by rededicating themselves to the tasks of waging this Second World War to a victorious conclusion and establishing an enduring peace; and I direct that the flag of the United States be displayed on all Government buildings on that day.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States of America to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington this twenty-sixth day of October in the Year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Forty-Four, and of the independence of the United States of America the one hundred and sixty-ninth.

Franklin D. Roosevelt.

By the President:

E. R. Stettinius, Jr.

Acting Secretary of State.

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A slender acquaintance with the world must convince every man that actions, not words, are the true criterion of the attachment of friends; and that the most liberal professions of goodwill are very far from being the surest marks of it.

—George Washington.



## INSTITUTION NOTES

A few days ago, The Charlotte News carried an item stating that "Avery Eugene Edwards, seaman, first-class, United States Navy, has been awarded the Bronze Star for meritorious performance of duty as a member of the crew of a landing craft vehicle during the assault on France June 6th. Edwards went to the assistance of a wounded man struggling in the water, 150 yards off shore, and dragged him aboard the craft. When the wounded man was hoisted aboard, the landing craft struck a mine and was sunk, but the rescue was successfully carried out."

This young sailor was known here as Eugene Edwards, having been called by his middle name, rather than by the first, as is the custom in all branches of service. He was a member of the Cottage No. 1 group. During his stay of three years and one month, he was employed on the farm for a period of twenty-seven months. At other times he was an office boy and house boy in the infirmary. Gene is now nineteen years old.

Mr. C. B. Barber, our budget officer, reports that he recently received a letter from William R. Young, formerly of Cottage No. 10. Bill has been in the Lawson General Hospital, Atlanta, recuperating from injuries received while serving in the United States Army in Italy. Bill wrote that while in Atlanta he had met Oscar Smith, also a former Cottage No. 10 boy, who had been in the Army for about eighteen months.

Oscar entered the School, October 15, 1937, and was conditionally released,

February 20, 1939. He was readmitted, June 15, 1939, and was discharged on April 3, 1940. The first time at the institution, Oscar was in Cottage No. 10 and worked in the bakery. When admitted the second time, he was assigned to Cottage No. 15 and was employed at the dairy.

—:—

In The Charlotte News, issue of November 4, 1944, we read that Walter A. Maddox, age 32 years, was serving in the United States Army Air Corps as a mechanic, and was stationed somewhere in the Middle East. This young fellow enlisted in the Army in September, 1940.

During his stay with us he was very popular with both the officers and the boys. Many of the workers will recall that "Swede," as he was known here, played a good game of baseball, and was a member of the School's team, which at that time, gave a good account of itself in competition with teams from nearby towns. During most of the time spent here, he was a house boy at Cottage No. 10. He was allowed to return to his home, August 17, 1929.

—:—

William New, of Greensboro, a former member of the Cottage No. 3 group, called at The Uplift office last Monday. He entered the institution, February 13, 1937, and was conditionally released, February 11, 1938. Upon returning to Greensboro, William attended the public schools of that city, completing tenth grade studies.

He enlisted in the United States Army in November, 1939, and received a medical discharge in August, 19-

41, because of a diabetic condition, for which he is still taking treatment. He then secured employment as fireman on the Southern Railway, working on both freight and passenger locomotives. He was recently operated on for appendicitis, having been discharged from the hospital about a week ago.

William stated that he had been married about three years and had a son two years old.

During the time spent at the School, he operated one of the tractors on our farm, and became quite an expert handler of the "iron mule."

—:—

Rev. A. C. Swofford, of Forest Hill Methodist Church, Concord, was the minister at the afternoon service last Sunday. As usual, the boys were delighted to have him for this occasion. They have learned to look forward to his coming with his messages of good cheer and inspiration.

Mr. Swofford used as a basis for his sermon a portion of the 5th chapter of Ephesians, beginning with verse 11 and reading through verse 20. His discussion was based on the 15th verse, which is as follows: "See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools but as wise." He explained to the boys that God had put many useful and beautiful things in the world for the profit and pleasure of humanity. However, the finest part of all the creation is a human being. He said that God wants people to have a grand time in the world, but above all things He is eager for them to walk straight or circumspectly in their daily lives. This means that everyone must be cautious at all times, since there are pitfalls of dan-

ger just as there are traps and snares in the tropical jungles. The speaker urged that everyone look towards the days of tomorrow. He explained that it is a wonderful opportunity which all have, to anticipate the future. All of us have the feeling that tomorrow is the day we are going to do great things, that we are going to be better than we have ever been, and this is the thing that inspires people to higher living. Most people do not live up to all they hope, but, nevertheless, all have their goals before them.

In the second place, he explained that people should look on both sides as they walk through life. Always there are others about us on the left and the right, and if we select the right companions they can always be of great help. Generally, there are about us others who are clean and honest and upright, noble in character in every way, who are trying their best to live right. If we are wise we will select such companions, and we will try to help them, too.

In the third place, he reminded the boys of the fact that there are the recollections of the past, some of which are valuable and should be remembered, and others of which are evil and should be forever forgotten. In this connection he stated that no matter if one's life has been lived in sin there are, nevertheless, in all lives things that are good and beautiful upon which one may start to build for a better life in the future. Frequently, people get a bad start, but this does not mean that they cannot forget the mistakes of the past and live worthily, if they have the will to do it.

Then, finally, he explained to the boys that it is important for one to

guard carefully the foundations on which he treads from day to day, which means that he should keep his eye constantly on the pathway which he walks daily. On this pathway there are foundation stones of honesty, truthfulness, industry and industrial application, and service, upon which one may stand firm always. This, in the end, is what will count for most. By building our lives on a solid foundation we may be able to withstand the storms and the winds of temptations which are inevitable in the lives of all.

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### THE "LADIES" OF NOTRE DAME

Knute Rockne, the lamented coach of Notre Dame, coached many football teams of all-American calibre. However, the team best known and remembered by all of us was the "eleven" built around the famous "four horsemen." According to the story, the team was playing a western foe, which had been unimpressive all season, and the boys from Notre Dame had entered the game with every confidence of a victory, but with little competitive spirit. The game proved to be an upset from the very start, and at the end of the first half the boys from South Bend were trailing their opponents by a score of 6 to 0.

The visitors retired to their dressing room and sat down to await the appearance of their coach. An atmosphere of dejection and defeat was apparent on all faces as eyes were were focused to the dressing room door. Minutes passed, but there was no coach to be seen. Feeling of the players turned from preparedness for criticism to that of uneasiness. Finally the silence was broken by uncertain voices. "Where's the coach?" "We should be told what's wrong," "Isn't the coach interested in winning this game?" Seconds that wore on seemed like hours. With less than one minute before time to resume the game, the dressing room door opened with a thrust. Halfway entering the room, the figure of Knute Rockne came to a sudden stop. With a look of embarrassment on his face, he exclaimed sheepishly, but with an air of social grace, "Oh, excuse me, ladies!" Then he stepped back out of the room and closed the door.

What happened to Rockne's team in the last half of the game is now history. Notre Dame went out on the field with its old spirit and scored a victory by a staggering figure.

—Highways of Happiness.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending November 5, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

Charles Blakemore  
Thomas Brantley  
Ralph Cranford  
Billy Hammonds  
William Hilliard  
William Rogers  
James Perkins  
David Prevatte  
Gene Watts

## COTTAGE No. 1 (Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 2

John Allen  
Robert Buchanan  
Charles Byrd  
Walter Byrd  
Delmas Jerrell  
Gerald Johnson  
Chester Lee  
John McLean  
Hayes Powell  
Jack Ray  
James Sneed  
Roy Womack  
Harold McKinney

## COTTAGE No. 3

Charles Allen  
William Brooks  
Craven Callahan  
Charles Earp  
Earl Green  
Rudy Hardy  
Robert Helms  
James Hensley  
Jack Oliver  
Donald Redwine  
William Ussery

## COTTAGE No. 4

Leonard Bradley  
Robert Blackwelder  
Burlin Edmondson  
John Fine  
Eugene Hudgins  
William Lewis  
Garnet Quessinberry  
Thomas Ruff  
Paul Stone

John R. Smith  
Edward VanHoy  
Larence Walker

## COTTAGE No. 5

Randolph Ammons  
Curtis Butcher  
Harold Cruise  
John Love  
Nolan Overcash  
Samuel Price  
Robert Wilkins

## COTTAGE No. 6

Arthur Brooks  
J. C. Cayton  
Rufus Driggers  
Vernon Foster  
Keith Futch  
Ralph Gibson  
Earl Gilmore  
Stanford McLean  
Clay Shew  
Leroy Wilkins  
Carl Church

## COTTAGE No. 7

Hubert Black  
Robert Bradbury  
David Brooks  
James Knight  
Samuel Lynn  
Joseph Mitchell

## COTTAGE No. 8 (Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 9

Raymond Bullman  
Fred Coats  
R. C. Combs  
Ray Covington  
Worth Craven  
Conrad Cox  
Ray Edwards  
Liston Grice  
Edward Guffey  
Windley Jones  
Charles McClenney  
Edward Peterson  
Gene Peterson

Edward Renfro  
J. B. Wilson

COTTAGE No. 10

Billy Burnett  
William Butler  
Oscar Carter  
Earl Godley  
Frank Hinson  
Robert Holbert  
Alonzo McGhee  
Leonard McAdams  
Thomas Ware  
Jack Williams  
Robert Yow

COTTAGE No. 11

Charles Alexander  
Odean Bland  
Donald Bowden  
George Cox  
Jack Gentry  
George Guyton  
Edward Hambrick  
Alvin Hilton  
Fred Holand  
Raymond Hunsucker  
Bobby Jarvis  
James Phillips  
Alvin Porter  
Clyde Rhodes  
Leon Rose  
Marshall Sessoms  
Ray Shore  
William Walker

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

William Andrews  
Ralph Bailey  
Marion Cox  
J. B. Galyon  
Robert Hobbs  
Vernon Harding

Rufus Massingill  
Charles Shearin  
James Southern  
Harry Thompson

COTTAGE No. 14

Everett Bowden  
Clyde Bustle  
Hugh Cornwell  
William Ferguson  
William Lerschell  
Troy Morris  
Bruce Sawyer  
Grover Shuler  
Jerry Smith  
Eugene Summons  
James Spence  
Thomas Styles  
Milton Talley  
Howard Hall

COTTAGE No. 15

William Bass  
Jack Benfield  
Robert Bluester  
George Brown  
Bobby Flinchum  
J. B. Ledford  
Charles Ledford  
William Myers  
Robert Rivenbark  
Clyde Shook

INDIAN COTTAGE

Jack Bailey  
Peter Chavis  
Harold Duckworth  
R. C. Hoyle  
Marshall Hunt  
Carl Lochlear  
Clyde Lochlear  
W. C. McManus

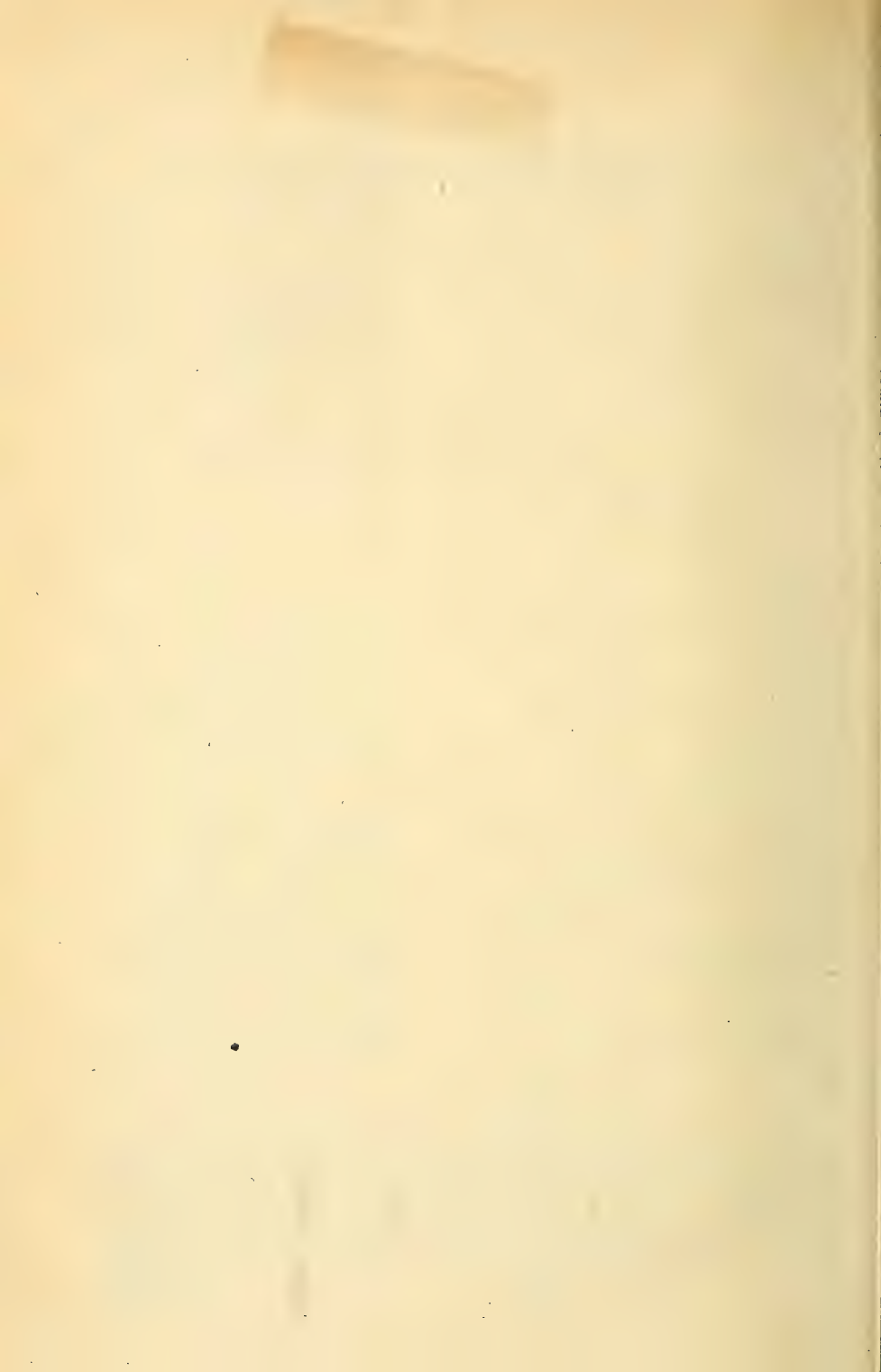
INFIRMARY

Odell Cecil  
Lloyd Sain



As in walking it is your great care not to run your foot upon a nail, or to tread awry, and strain your legs; so let it be in all the affairs of human life, not hurt your mind or offend your judgment. And this rule, if observed carefully in all your deportment, will be mighty security to you in your undertakings.

—Epictetus.



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# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 18, 1944

No. 46

## DREAM ON

One broken dream is not the end of dreaming ;  
One shattered hope is not the end of hoping ;  
Beyond the storm and tempest, stars are  
gleaming ;  
Still build your castles, though your castles  
fall.

Though many dreams come tumbling in disas-  
ter,  
And pain and heartache meet you down the  
years,  
Still keep your faith, your hopes to master,  
And never cry that you have ceased to dream.

—Author Unknown.

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

— Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG

The flag! Our flag! Who can describe it fully? Here's one answer, well worth preserving, from the pen of a poet:

It's the sun of California, it's the rugged coast of Maine,  
-It's the pines of Carolina, it's the covered wagon train,  
It's a bugle call at Yorktown, it's a clipper in the bay,  
It's a rustic bridge at Concord, it's a soldier lad away,  
It's a country's shining glory, it's red, white and heaven's blue,  
It's an emblem and a beacon, it's the banner of the true,  
It's the prairie and the forest, it's the hunter's lonely camp,  
It's a homestead on a hilltop, it's a housewife's evening lamp,  
It's the joy of good companions, it's a pleasant evening's end,  
It's the happiness of children, it's the handclasp of a friend,  
It's the magic of the mountains, it's the rivers and the sea,  
It's tolerance and courage, it's people brave and free,  
It's the kindly deeds of neighbors, it's forgetting race and creed,  
It's the good works done together, it's a hand for one in need,  
It's a lookout's lonely vigil, it's a worker at his trade,  
It's a haven for the outcast, it's a stout heart undismayed,  
It's the sunlight and the starlight, it's the rainbow in the skies,  
It's humanity triumphant,—it's the greatest flag that flies.  
It's humanity triumphant, it's the greatest flag that flies.

—Morganton News-Herald.

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## WILLIAM JAY WILSON, JR., KILLED IN ACTION

Private William Jay Wilson, Jr., one of the Training School boys, has made the supreme sacrifice in World War II. The War Department on November 11, 1944 released the news that Private Wilson had been killed in action in the European theatre.

At this time we have no details of his death. However, we wish to express to his relatives, and especially to his mother, our deepest sympathy in her sad bereavement. We take this opportunity to pay tribute to his memory, with the feeling that all can take great con-

solution and satisfaction in the fact that he has participated in a great crusade. He has given his life in order that others may live more abundantly. In his sacrifice another has been added to the tragedies of this war, and it reminds us again of the fact that many homes in America are being continually decimated of their loved ones. At the School another gold star will be added to our service flag to perpetuate his memory.

William Wilson came to the School March 16, 1936, and he was conditionally released to return to his home near Elon College on March 5, 1940. He was given a final discharge July 24, 1942.

When William came to the School he had previously had an accident which left him with a crooked arm. Soon after he came, arrangements were made for him to be taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital in Gastonia. There, after a thorough examination was made, there was performed an operation which was very successful, with the result that William's arm was made straight again and put in good condition. This did much towards his rehabilitation.

During his stay here, William was a member of Cottage No. 2, and he worked most of the time on the school farm.

William had been in the army for more than 21½ years. Our records indicate that he enlisted in the United States Army early in 1942. His mother is now residing at Elon College, Route 2. His father died while the boy was here at the Training School. William was 21 years of age.

\* \* \* \* \*

### PRIVATE WILLIAM R. YOUNG VISITS THE SCHOOL

On Friday, November 10, the many friends of William R. Young were delighted to have him visit the school again. He has been a member of the armed forces for a little more than a year, and during that time many things have transpired in his life. First of all, it can be said that William has made an excellent record as a soldier from the very beginning. At present he is in the Lawson General Hospital in Atlanta.

When William was first inducted into service he went to Camp Croft, near Spartanburg, S. C., and from there he was transferred to

Fort Jackson, at Columbia, S. C. Later on he went to Camp Blanding, Florida, where he had his basic training for seventeen weeks. He was then sent to Fort Meade, Maryland, and from there to a port of embarkation. He landed in Naples, Italy, March 29, 1944. There he was a member of the 338th Regiment of the 85th Infantry Division. His division was soon placed in combat duty, and on June 1, 1944, William received shrapnel wounds and was hospitalized at a hospital near Naples. On July 2 he disembarked to the States, and is now in the Lawson General Hospital in Atlanta. Since his return to the States he has been given the Purple Heart award, and this was presented to him by General Sheep.

We enjoyed having William with us for a few days. He has made many warm friends here who will always be deeply interested in him, both as a boy and as a soldier. He has fulfilled the highest expectations of his many friends. William says that the training which he received here prior to his induction meant a great deal to him. He thinks the fact that he learned to live with other boys in group life here was very helpful; and that the actual training, some of which was elementary drilling, was very advantageous; and that, most of all, the knowledge of the fact that he had many friends here who were not only interested but were expecting great things from him, was a great inspiration.

When William was in school he was a member of Cottage No. 10, and he boasted about the fine things that were done for him there. He worked on the chicken force, and for some time he was a substitute night watchman. He was given his final discharge from the school September 13, 1943.

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### **THE SPIRIT OF MODERN AMERICA**

Recently a noted radio commentator gave as his explanation for the fact that Mr. Roosevelt was re-elected as President of the United States for a fourth term, primarily that he more nearly symbolized in his leadership and his philosophy the true spirit of America in the 20th century than did his younger opponent. This statement, then, immediately raises the question as to what is the spirit of America in this 20th century. Naturally, a difficult question to answer.

In the first place, it does seem logical, however, to assume that the spirit of America in this hour means to turn its back on isolationism in international affairs and look more towards internationalism. In other words, it seems that this country is rapidly moving towards that time when we shall participate in a world organization dedicated to the preservation of the peace of the world, and this is to be done by force, if necessary. It seems that the voters of America, expressing the spirit of internationalism, have sought to rebuke those who fostered and promoted the spirit of isolationism. Many of the partisan advocates of non-intervention were defeated in their bids for re-election. It seems also that the voters of America felt that the Roosevelt administration was more sincerely dedicated to the program of a world-wide organization for peace.

In the second place, it seems logical to assume that the 20th century spirit of America is dedicated towards the welfare of the masses of the people in the nation. This does not in any sense of the word mean that we are to discard the principle of capitalism and personal initiative, but it does mean that the rights of the working people of the nation are to have a greater degree of consideration. It would, indeed, be very tragic if the government of the United States should do anything to destroy the principle of initiative and personal ambition among its peoples, but of course it would be just as tragic to permit the will of any group to be imposed upon another group without justice. Perhaps we have had, in the past, too much of the selfish feeling in America among certain groups that the less certain ones have the more others will have. Likewise, some have thought that the less educated and more ignorant some are, the more learned some others will seem to be, when we should have known that the nation moves forward when all its people are advancing. There is no point in our protecting certain vested interests if it means that the great masses are to suffer and be penalized in order to make those vested interests stronger and greater. The logistics of practical religion would dictate that we use a broader basis for our governmental structure than this.

In the third place, it seems that the spirit of America in the 20th century means to give its hearty endorsement to the high impulses of idealism. For instance, in the Atlantic Charter it has been declared that our goal shall be to guarantee to all certain freedoms,

namely: freedom of speech, freedom of religion, freedom from want, and freedom from fear. No group or party, by any label, in America can ever hope to captivate the imagination of our people unless it embodies within it certain high ideals based upon the religious principles and teachings of the Divine Word. To some, the goals as set forth in the Atlantic Charter may seem to be an idle dream and entirely too fantastic, but these principles should certainly be the goals for the American people in the future, if they are to be worthy of the opportunities for world leadership and service which are now theirs.

Finally, the American people in the 20th century have proclaimed that as strong as the influences of tradition are in our philosophy, yet they must not transcend the needs of the hour. The fact that a President has been elected for a 4th term at a time when the nation faces a terrific crisis does not indicate that the great American people believe in the perpetuation in power of one person over a long period of years, except in an emergency. What has happened, of course, has within it certain dangers, but the American people in the future will be strong enough and have enough intelligence to control and regulate our government at this point. Under normal conditions, certainly, no one person should be continued in the Presidency for more than 8 years. Yet again it can be asserted without being an alarmist or radical, that the people of the nation hold that the exigencies or needs of the hour are of greater importance than tradition.

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### THE CARPENTER SHOP GROUP

Here at the Training School there are a number of departments which have their specific duties to perform. In these departments the boys have an opportunity to engage in the different work experiences and to acquire certain skills related to these departments. We believe one of the strongest factors of the school here is that there is a wide variety of trades and trade training. From time to time it is our purpose to comment on the work of these departments, and for this week we are writing about the carpenter shop department.

This department is under the supervision of Mr. A. L. Carriker, who has been employed at the Training School for 20 odd years. Mr.

Carriker has the reputation of being a person of highest honor and integrity. Frequently it is said among his fellow workers that he can come as near doing a grand piece of work with little material as any man. Certainly he is a person who is deeply interested in boys and who is willing to give the best that he has. Any boy is fortunate to be under his supervision. Not only is he interested in the skills and the work that his department does, but he is most of all interested in the spiritual and intellectual development of his boys. He deserves any commendation that may be given to his work.

The work of this department is rather varied. It relates to construction work, repair work, painting and the general maintenance of the property. At times it has seemed that there was more to do than could be done, but frequently Mr. Carriker and the boys in this department have gone beyond expectations and have done their work with great satisfaction to all.

Most all the boys of this department at one time or another learn the art of painting. Frequently a boy starts without knowing the simplest principles of using the paint brush, and after a few months of practical experience he learns to become a fairly skillful painter on various surfaces. Throughout the intervening months excellent work has been done in improving the cottages at the school. The basements have been reconditioned, the walls have been painted, and the floors have been refinished, and the general attractiveness greatly enhanced. Construction work has included garages and a storage building, and every other building at the school has been repaired in some way or another. In various activities of this department the boys learn to use a hammer and saw, paint brushes, the manual arts machinery, screwdrivers, chisels and squares.

All of this work is very practical, and whether or not a boy follows this as his life's profession he learns certain skills that will be useful to him in numerous situations. Generally, the boys seem to be very happy and they enjoy the results of their efforts.

## LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported By Boys of the School Department

### Picnic

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

Sunday marked a very gala occasion for the lads of Cottage No. 11, when Mr. Rouse, the cottage officer, took all of the boys on a picnic.

After they had arrived they were divided into five groups with one boy in charge of each group. The boys in charge were: Leon Rose, Alvin Hilton, Clyde Rhodes, Raymond Hunsucker, and Fred Holland.

Before supper the boys played "Cops and Robbers."

When supper was ready, the boys were summoned to a supper consisting of three sandwiches per boy, one large slice of cake, one pickle, and plenty of milk.

After supper the boys enjoyed a few more games before returning to the cottage.

### B. T. U. Junior Group

By Charles Allen, 8th Grade

The boys of the junior group of the Baptist Training Union met on November 12, 1944. The subject was "Why Join the Church." The program was as follows:

1. "Because I am a Friend of Jesus," Joe Mitchell and Herchell Duckworth;
2. "Church People Help Others," Earl Gilmore;
3. "It Brings Joy in Service," Ray Lackey;
4. "A Part in Bearing Christ's Message," J. C. Cayton;
5. "A Place in Christ's School," Billy Ray Daye.

The boys of Number Three Cottage

attended this meeting and some of these boys took part in sentence prayer with the B. T. U. boys. Mr. Eisenhower closed the program with thanking God for various things. I feel sure that all of the boys feel closer to God after such a nice program.

### Friday Morning Chapel Program

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

The program this week was under the auspices of Mrs. Miller and her students.

The play was about "The Magic Carpet." The characters are as follows:

Main Characters: Catherine, Edward Renfro; Joseph, Frank Chavis; Inky, Stanford McLean; Queen Marianna, Sammie Lynn. Book Characters: "Boy Blue," Harvey Jacobs; "Little Bird," Franklin Robinson; "Jack Horner," James Swinson; "Hey Diddle Diddle," James Locklear; "Pancho," Allen Hammonds; "Johnny Jump-up," Thomas Chavis.

Needless to say, all of the lads enjoyed this play very much, and we all look forward to another program by Mrs. Miller.

The evening program was the same as the morning program.

### Intermediate B. T. U. Meeting

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

This group is under the direction of Mr. Snyder of Concord.

To open the meeting, Mr. Snyder gave a short talk on the subject of

**"Loving Your Enemies."**

After this talk James Linebarrier gave the number of chapters read during the past week, which amounted to about 358 chapters.

The program opened with a talk by Luther Shermer entitled "Private Worship."

The next part "Private Worship Vital," was omitted due to the absence of one of the members who is at Winston-Salem because of the death of his father.

The next part "Private Worship Necessary," was given by Harold Duckworth.

"Private Worship Required" by Willie Myers was next on the program.

To conclude the program Hilton Reid gave a selection entitled "Private Worship Results."

**New Material for History Study**

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

Mr. Hawfield recently presented some new material to the eighth grade, to aid them in their study of North Carolina history.

The leaflets or small books given will be used to illustrate some things that the history does not.

They consist of "Outdoors in North Carolina," which tells of the many different sports and recreation offered by North Carolina.

Another one was "North Carolina—The State with a Future." In it is set forth the wonderful and varied climate of North Carolina. The industry of our state, agriculture, recreation, and many other facts of importance are presented.

Another booklet was entitled "North

Carolina—Variety Vacation Land." This one tells about national parks and forests, state parks, hunting, fishing, and recreation of all sorts.

"Facts about North Carolina" is also interesting. It tells about the labor, investments opportunities, industry, resources and transportation in North Carolina.

"The Balanced State—North Carolina" is a brief survey of North Carolina's resources and opportunities for industrial expansion.

"The Tar Heel State" is a leaflet of interesting information about North Carolina.

All the lads of the eighth grade wish to express their appreciation for these leaflets.

**Boys Entertain at Masonic Banquet**

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

Friday night marked a very gala occasion for a group of eight boys from the Training School.

They were invited to entertain at a Masonic banquet held in the Hotel Concord ballroom.

After dinner the boys were presented in the following order: first, Charles Allen; second, Gerald Johnson; third, Ray Edwards; fourth, Samuel Linbarrier; fifth, Luther Shermer; sixth, Tommy Sessions; seventh, William Poteat; and last, Jimmy Stadler.

First the group sang three songs. They were "Shortenin' Bread," "Pistol Packin' Mama," and "Swinging on a Star."

Next on the program were two solos by William Poteat. They were "White Cliffs of Dover" and "Dance With a Dolly."



After this presentation, Gerald Johnson gave a reading entitled "Arathusa's Beau."

Samuel Linbarier and William Poteat gave a selection next entitled "The Silver-Ware Symphony." Samuel played a few selections on the harmonica, accompanied by William playing two spoons, from which the title derives its name.

Next a duet, "For Me and My Gal" was given by Jimmy Stadler and William Poteat.

After the duet, Jimmy Stadler gave two selections entitled "Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair" and "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning."

To conclude the program, the entire group sang "There's a Star-Spangled Banner Waving Somewhere."

Needless to say all the lads enjoyed this trip very much.

We thank you, Mr. Hawfield, for making this possible for us.

### B. T. U. Groups Have Social

By Gerald Johnson, 8th Grade

Last Saturday afternoon the boys of the B. T. U. had a very enjoyable time. Mr. Snyder had told the boys that he would take them to his cabin to have a hamburger feast. All of the boys were very happy. Mr. Snyder had told them to be ready at 5 o'clock, but he was delayed by the bus which was to take us over to his cabin. The bus driver forgot about it and left. Mr. Snyder, in a very big hurry, was able to get six cars and on the way one of his friends, Mr. Jack Bost, told him he would take about twenty boys in one vehicle, and he did. All the boys reached there safely.

After we got over to the place where

we were supposed to have the social, which was at Mr. Snyder's cabin, we surely did have a good time. The boys looked around and saw the lake, the water wheel, and the cabin. There were only a few games played on account of a lack of time for we were delayed in getting over there.

We surely did have a good time eating hamburgers, apples, peanuts, and drinking coffee. We enjoyed eating, playing, and singing songs. After we were through eating, which had taken up much of our time—James Swinson sang a song. The name of it was "There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding." William Poteat sang "The White Cliffs of Dover." Then all the boys sang several songs. Gerald Johnson and James Swinson recited. Mr. Hawfield and Mr. Summers made brief talks.

The boys who went were as follows: William Poteat, Ned Metcalf, Bruce Sawyer, Hugh Cornwell, Sam Linebarier, James Linebarier, Luther Shermer, Charles Roland, Harold Duckworth, William Myers, Jack Benfield, Hilton Reid, James Eller, John Fine, Ray Edwards, Robert Hensley, Robert Flinchum, George Guyton, Billy Brooks, Jack Phillips, Brice Thomas, Thomas Sessions, Troy Morris, Theodore Young, Bobby Jarvis, Robert Helms, Delmas Jerrell, Harry Thompson, Joe Mitchell, Herschell Duckworth, Earl Gilmore, James Holleman, Ray Lackey, J. C. Cayton, Billy Daye, William Guffy, Edward Guffey, George Cox, Charles Cox, McKeever Horne, J. B. Galyan, Clay Shew, Billy Hawkins, Bobby Peavy, Bobby Long, Charles Alexander, David Eaton, James Snead, Chester Lee, George Marr, Robert Mason,

Sammy Lynn, David Brooks, Billy Brooks, Ervin Ewing, Jack Hensley, Robert Gaylor, Thomas Ruff, Leroy Wilkins, Olin Wishon, James Swinson, and Gerald Johnson. besides boys from Jackson Training School were: Mr. Hawfield, Rev. Mr. Summers, Mrs. Summers, Mr. Hines, Mr. Bollinger, Mr. and Mrs. Snyder, Mr. and Mrs. Wright, and Mr. Perry.

The ones who were at the social

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“Build me a House, said God;  
 Not of cedar, wood, or stone,  
 Where at some altar-place  
 Men for sin atone.  
 To me, your only sin  
 Is to build my house too small;  
 Let there be no dome  
 To shut out the sky,  
 Let there be no cumbering wall.  
 Build me a House, a Home,  
 In the hearts of hungering men—  
 Hungering for the bread of hope,  
 Thirsting for faith, yearning for love,  
 In a world of grief and pain:  
 Build me a House!

“Build me a World, said God;  
 Not with a navy’s strife,  
 Nor with a host in arms,  
 Build me a World, said God,  
 Out of mens fairest dreams  
 Compassing death, not life.  
 Heaven must be its dome,  
 Lighted by prophet-gleams;  
 Justice shall be the stones  
 On which my world shall rise;  
 Truth and Love its arches,  
 Gripping its ageless skies.  
 Out of dreams on the earthly sod,  
 Build me a World, said God.”

—Thomas Curtis Clark.

# AMERICA'S FIRST PUBLIC SCHOOL

By Calvin E. Wilcox, Secretary, Rotary Club of Dedham, Mass.

Just twenty-four years after the storied landing of the pilgrims on Plymouth's rocky coast, history was in the making at Dedham, up Boston way.

Here Ralph Wheelock, one cold January morning, called the roll of the New World's first tax-supported school.

Historians have, for the most part, overlooked this event. But the early inhabitants of Massachusetts, and particularly those of the ten-year-old colony at Dedham, had some peculiar notions about freedom; that it was precious; that the sure way to continue free was to guarantee the enlightenment of the future citizenry.

So on the first of January, 1644, the citizens assembled in town meeting and voted the magnificent sum of 20 pounds to cover the teacher's salary for a year. In the light of present-day grade teacher training, Schoolmaster Wheelock was indeed learned, for he proudly wrote after his name the degrees "A. B., A. M." received at renowned Cambridge in England.

For the first sessions, pupils doubtless waded through the snow to the church or one of the homes; but about four years later the town voted 11 pounds, 3 pence for a school building and a watch house. Three hundred years is a long time, and history does not say what became of the watch house which took a slice of this \$55

expenditure, but architects, finding the original specifications of the school, have reproduced it in drawing.

Dedham, proud of this "first" in education, is celebrating it in another of the long series of tercentenary observances with which history conscious New England has been marking anew the milestones of its past. The commonwealth of Massachusetts has erected a tablet where America's free public school system had its beginning, to commemorate the foresights of those first citizens whose inbred idea it was that education should be free, and that its cost should be borne by the society it improved.

In the Dedham Rotary Club we are proud of the long record of singular determination—and action—in the interest of the community's youth. For instance, we sponsor an Air Scout unit in which 25 boys are continually becoming air-minded and air-wise. We attempt to foster an understanding of Rotary's aims among schoolboy leaders as a step in molding future local and national leaders.

So for a fitting send-off of the Tercentennial, Rotary, urged by past president John F. McGowan, voted a prize fund—a dollar for each year of free education's history—for essays by local school pupils. The subject is The Importance of Education in A Republic.

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Neglect a personal grievance for forty-eight hours and it will die of starvation.—Exchange.

# SEE SHORTAGE OF DOCTORS BY 1948

(Victor News)

A reduction of 15,000 in the physician population available to civilians by 1948 is likely if the present policy of not deferring premedical and medical students is continued by Selective Service, the Council on Medical Education and Hospitals of the American Medical Association reported.

The Council made public recently a letter sent by Maj. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, Director of the Selective Service System, to Senator Scott W. Lucas, of Illinois, in reply to a memorandum pertaining to the deferment of premedical and medical students.

The Council says there are four major points made in General Hershey's letter which may be seriously questioned on the basis of information collected by the Council from the schools of medicine in this country.

The Council points out that General Hershey says "There is undue concern over the future supply of doctors," and that he also says that there will be more doctors available after the war than before the war. "This is not all clear," the Council declares. "In the first place, about one fourth of the physicians in the United States do not practice medicine, but are engaged in teaching, research, administration and so on. Therefore physician-population ratios cannot be computed from the total number of physicians. The figures pertaining to increases or de-

creases in physicians available to civilians in the next few years are plain.

"During this whole six year accelerated period (from July 1, 1942 to June 30, 1948) there should be approximately 40,000 graduates. During the six prewar years, July 1, 1935 to June 30, 1941, there were 31,215 graduates. All other things being equal, these figures would indicate an increase in the physician population by 8,785 in 1948.

"But all other things will not be equal. This entire surplus physician population would be absorbed by a standing army of 1,757,000 men at 5 medical officers per thousand men. Should the standing postwar navy require 5,000 physicians and the Veterans Administration 10,000, the physician population available to civilians would actually be reduced by 15,000 instead of increased.

"In these calculations no account is taken of general population increases, fatalities and incapacitating injuries among medical officers in service, the current increased death rate among physicians, increasing demands of the civilian population for improved medical care, requirements for American physicians in the rehabilitation of liberated countries and the possible permanent damage of some of the 'plant' of medical education through possible failure of some schools to continue operation with greatly reduced enrolments."

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"Men never give flattery outright. It is always a loan."

## THE MAGIC MARGIN

Adopted From Roscoe Gilmore Stott In The Sunshine Magazine

Discouragement showed in the young man's face. Though in his early twenties, lines were beginning to carve themselves on his brow. Not so long ago, even from his school days, Raymond Gorham showed rare tact and aptitude for leadership. He became easily popular in many activities, both social and civic. It soon became an axiom that if Ray Gorham was back of a movement, it would be put across.

Such was the promise of the young man until the day of the Army draft. Unlike many others, who shunned the draft, Ray welcomed it. He was happy the day he enlisted, but to his utter dismay, he was given a 4-F deferment. His pride tragically shaken, he assumed the role of a social outcast. He avoided his friends and sought seclusion.

One day Dorothy Sloan, Ray's fiance, and dear friend since the days in grade school, received a coldly polite note from him, suggesting the return of the tiny diamond. He had thought it over, he wrote, and felt that she knew how unworthy he was to share her life.

He resigned his leadership of a group of young people whom he had organized, and wrecked his plans for the creation of a youth center by returning the funds collected, without explanation. And his work at the office where he was employed became drudgery.

One morning he went to the desk of his employer. There was sullenness in his eyes. He spoke quietly and briefly. "Mr. Madison, I wish to be

relieved of my job. I am sure that will be agreeable to you."

Madison had observed the loss of interest and enthusiasm of the young man, and this had become evident in the quality of his work. But Madison knew the reason. "Ray Gorham" he said in a strong, stern voice, "your resignation is not accepted!" This was a bit of strategy, and the surprise the young man showed was the effect Madison desired.

"But I—" Ray had an opportunity to finish his protest, but he did not.

"Will you get me that sheaf of letters you typed late yesterday," Madison asked.

Ray complied mechanically.

"Perhaps you know why they did not go out," Madison continued. "They are shoddy pieces of typing—faulty spelling, bad erasures, ferocious paragraphing!" He stopped and looked at Ray. There was no reaction; no attempt to explain.

"Oh," Madison resumed, as if to mitigate, "but those sheets of typing have a virtue."

Virtue? Did he understand the word? Virtue in such work? Ray's lips moved, but there were no words.

Madison continued. "Son, the older I get the more I believe in margins. They are the more important. Margins have a glory; indeed, they are momentous! For instance, there was President Garfield. When he was a student at Hiram, he tied in high marks with a fellow student. Each night he watched the light in the other fellows window. When it went out, young Garfield

put in an extra half hour of study. That small margin of time gave a future President of the United States top honors at graduation.

"I shall be personal, Ray," concluded Madison. "When you came to me out of school, I was pleased with your work, and you made rapid progress. And you were paid for your margin of care and accuracy. Look around you. All success is built on a series of margins. Do you remember who was chosen 'Prom Queen'? Dorothy Sloan—your Dorothy—because she had a margin of love for friends over that of her lovely classmates.

"Your own mother, Ray, told me she trades at the Treatwell Markets because the clerks are polite and use low-pressure selling. That is their margin, and it wins. I know, too, that your father does business with the Reliable Savings Bank because its personnel is understanding and human." Madison stopped again. The young man stood like a stoic. Then he loosed another clincher. "Those typed sheets are shoddy, Ray, shoddy—but the margins are white! Clean! Somehow, margins always become glorified!"

Ray had actually forgotten his "4-F" status, but Madison reminded him. "It is just a margin—a slight margin—under the requirements of replacement troops. You see, a few years ago you gave too liberally of your energy, and that margin of

energy, although acting in reverse for the time being, will probably prove to be the most glorious of margins. Son, there are heaps of battles at the home front for you to fight, bigger battles than any on the military front. You have a wide margin of talent and leadership. Delinquency is rampant; youth needs an 'older brother'; intemperance is out to snare and wreck thousands of young lives. These are the biggest battles of life.

"And you have a margin of tact in business. How would you like to relieve me, while I give more time trying to fight for a cleaner, finer community? I can't help in the big readjustment task unless I have a man here who has a margin for skill and integrity, can I?"

Madison saw Ray take a firm grip on the arm of his chair. And that very same evening, in the presence of happy Dorothy Sloan, he declared enthusiastically, yet in a humble voice, "Someone has shown me the way today. I have been making of my life a game of private theatricals. I have not until now realized that life is a real fight, in which something is to be eternally gained for the universe. And someone has an alarming margin of patience with a blundering idiot!"

Dorothy pretended a surprised yet puzzled look. But there was understanding and a bit of coquetry in her voice as she said, "Was it I?"

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He who would pass the declining years of his life with honor and comfort, should when young consider that he may one day become old, and remember, when he is old, that he has once been young.—Addison.

# THE CHRISTIAN FLAG

By Melvin C. Smith

In these strenuous days we hear much about the Stars and Stripes—how our national emblem should be raised, how lowered, and how saluted. It is well that we know these things for the flag means much to us.

But how about the Christian flag?

Almost every church has one. If your church is one of the few that does not possess a Christian flag your Sunday-school class or young people's organization would do well to present the congregation with one. This is one of the ways of lifting up the cross, and calling attention to the cause of Christ.

The Christian flag is a sacred emblem. Thousands have lived and died for the faith which it represents. Handle it with reverence, and when it becomes old and worn do not let it lie on a dusty shelf, but reverently burn it.

This flag is inexpensive. If you do not care to purchase one, you can make it quite easily. Perhaps it will mean more to you if you create one yourself.

Let us study the formation of the Christian flag. Every part of it has a meaning. The large portion is the white field, symbol of a life made pure by the Savior. "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow."

The deep blue background for the cross is suggestive of the loyalty of a life that is "true blue" to the Master. It might also be said that it indicates the unclouded sky of the trusting Christian who puts all his burdens upon Christ.

Upon the blue field is a red cross. Red indicates sacrifice, the sacrifice Christ made at Calvary and the sacrifice which the Christian should be glad to make for his Savior.

The man who first conceived the idea of a Christian flag was Charles C. Overton, Superintendent of the church school at Brighton Chapel, Coney Island. Disappointed by the failure of a scheduled speaker to appear one Sunday in September, 1897, Mr. Overton endeavored to take his place. While groping about for a worthwhile theme, his eyes lighted upon the American flag standing at one side of the platform.

"Why should we not have a Christian flag?" he asked his audience. Then he developed the thought by describing the proposed emblem. To his surprise, the suggestion was enthusiastically received.

After the session Mr. Overton designed and made the first Christian flag. Soon other churches, recognizing the value of the sacred emblem which was without geographical limits or boundaries, adopted the flag, and made similar flags.

The Christian flag was used for nearly twelve years before the Rev. Lynn Harold Hough wrote the pledge: "I pledge allegiance to the Christian flag, and to the Savior for whose kingdom it stands; one brotherhood, uniting all mankind in service and love."

This pledge was first used on Christmas Eve in 1908 in the Third

Methodist Church in Long Island, are careless about church at times?  
New York. Do we make certain that it never

I wonder if too little attention is touches the ground? Do we handle  
paid to the Christian flag. Are we it reverently?  
not inclined to neglect it just as we

### GIVE THEM THE FLOWERS NOW

Closed eyes can't see the white roses,  
Cold hands can't hold them you know,  
Breath that is stilled cannot gather  
The odors that sweet from them blow.  
Death, with a peace beyond dreaming,  
Its children of earth doth endow;  
Life is the time we can help them,  
So give them the flowers now!

Here are the struggles and striving,  
Here are the cares and the tears;  
Now is the time to be smoothing  
The frowns and the furrows and fears.  
What to closed eyes are kind sayings?  
What to hushed heart is deep vow?  
Naught can avail after parting,  
So give them the flowers now!

Just a kind word or a greeting;  
Just a warm grasp or a smile—  
There are the flowers that will lighten  
The burdens for many a mile.  
After the journey is over  
What is the use of them: how  
Can they carry them who must be carried?  
Oh, give them the flowers now!

Blooms from the happy heart's garden  
Plucked in the spirit of love;  
Blooms that are earthly reflections  
Of flowers that blossom above.  
Words cannot tell what a measure  
Of blessing such gifts will allow  
To dwell in the lives of many,  
So give them the flowers now!

—Leigh M. Hodges.



## IS A GOOSE SILLY?

By Melvin C. Smith in *The Pilot*

"Silly as a goose!" You have heard that expression many times. So often has it been used that we are led to believe that the goose must be a very foolish and stupid creature. The fact is that the very opposite is true. No doubt the appearance of the goose is what causes folks to believe it is silly. It is a clumsy creature with a head that seems too small for its body. An enormous beak hides its face. Its neck is often awkwardly outstretched. The eyes are small and lifeless. When it walks it waddles.

But to call a goose silly is not quite fair, for really it is quite an intelligent bird. It can do some things which we human beings cannot. Its knowledge of geography is nothing short of marvelous. It is the greatest traveler of the birds. In summer it goes north, far up into the desolate wastes of Greenland. It likes the high cliffs, where it can live undisturbed by any human being. It enjoys being up there when the ice thaws in the spring.

When winter approaches, the goose and its friends start a voyage of several thousand miles to the south. Perhaps they will not stop until they have reached the wild forests of South America.

If the flock is small, they travel single-file. If there are quite a number in the company, they form themselves into a "V," or wedge. They take turns in taking the post of honor, the very center of the "V." They seem to realize that they get less resistance from the air in this manner. They are not so silly, after all.

To avoid danger, they travel high. So far up are they that it is only by looking intently one can see the fine line of birds far up in the sky. Thus they keep themselves out of range of the hunter's gun. And they keep calling to each other, so they may know all's well. Not so silly, is it?

All day they travel without losing their direction for a single moment. Although they have no charts, they hold to their course as accurately as the most expert navigator who has the benefit of detailed maps. They are unable to seek guidance from the sun, or the moon, or the polestar, because these are often obscured by the clouds. Nevertheless, through sunshine and rain they push on with an accuracy that is nothing short of marvelous. Who dares say such a bird is silly.

When night overtakes the flock, it gradually lowers its altitude and cautiously selects an uninhabited landing place in the woods, if they decide to land, generally near a creek. A lookout post is established and a sentry is stationed. From time to time the sentry is relieved.

The remainder of the flock seek out some food and then settle down for the night. Should the sentry sound the alarm, every goose is alert. Like an airplane, they run along the ground to gain speed, and then lift themselves into the air with their wings. In a few minutes they are high above the clouds.

"Silly as a goose!" Well, maybe it appears that way, but its actions indicate that it is a pretty smart bird.

# HOW THEY STARTED

(Boys' Life)

Frank W. Woolworth's first job was helping out on rush days in a small general store. For this he received no compensation except the knowledge of the work. His second job was with the leading dry goods store of the town. Here he had to work the first three months without pay; then he received \$3.50 per week. The turning point in his career occurred when business was slow, and his employer decided to inaugurate a five-cent sale. It was young Woolworth's job to arrange the wares. The sale was a huge success, and Frank's idea for a new kind of store was born.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, the philosopher, was working on his uncle's farm when he heard an ignorant farmhand remark that he thought people were always praying, and that their prayers were always answered. The words impressed young Emerson profoundly. From this encounter he was convinced he should not look to books nor to educated people for wisdom, but to life. The philosophy which came from Emerson's pen after he

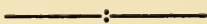
reached the decision has shaped the lives of many.

Henry Ford's beginning in mechanics and work with machinery was as small as Woolworth's start in business or Emerson's beginning in philosophy. Will Bennet had been given a watch, but it was not running. Henry persuaded Will to let him fix it. In the next few months Henry had taken apart and put together again every timepiece on the place. So Henry Ford's lifelong work with machinery began with the rebuilding of a watch.

Florence Nightingale started her career by nursing her own and her sister's dolls, and by rendering tender assistance to sick and wounded animals.

Alexander Graham Bell stumbled upon the invention of the telephone when he was trying to perfect a hearing device to aid his deaf wife.

Do you have a tiny seed of ambition pushing at your consciousness? Give it a chance to grow. Who knows what the mature plant may turn out



## THE PLACE OF PEACE

At the heart of the cyclone tearing the sky  
 And flinging the clouds and the towers by,  
 Is a place of central calm;  
 So here in the roar of mortal things  
 I have a place where my spirit sings,  
 In the hollow of God's palm.

—Edwin Markham.

# HOSPITAL SHIPS TO HAVE MUSIC

By Louise Young Workman

Mrs. Guy Patterson Gannett of Portland, Maine, president of the National federation of music clubs, announced this week that the federation has offered to take over the task of furnishing musical equipment to all the hospital ships which will bring back wounded American fighting men from foreign battlefronts.

Each ship will be provided with a guitar, a banjo, a ukulele, a violin, 12 soprano ocarinas, 12 alto ocarinas, an ocarina quartette, a set of ocarina charts, a dozen nose flutes, 36 song books, two pitch pipes and a set of musical instrument replacement parts plus a portable phonograph and records which may be played over the ships public address system. These will be supplemented by as much other material as can be salvaged from America's rapidly diminishing supply of musical instruments. This has already been drained by the federation through the shipment of approximately 600,000 articles of musical equipment overseas and the provision of hundreds of pianos thousands of band and orchestra instruments, radios and phonographs and hundreds of thousands of records and sheets of music to Army camps and Naval bases in the continental United States, but the federation hopes to locate additional sources of supply. One hundred twenty-five dollars is the cost of

purchasing the instruments for a single ship, aside from the portables and record which will be drawn from federation supplies already on hand.

It is estimated by the Army that 30 hospital ships will need such equipment and the federation has already begun a campaign to secure the necessary funds. Money to outfit seven ships was forthcoming even before public announcement of the project was made. Six music leaders, members of a New York club of which Mrs. Gannett is president, donated the fund for six ships, and the seventh will be equipped by donations of the Florida Federation of music clubs.

Equipping of the ships will be under the supervision of the National War Service committee of which Mrs. Ada Holding Miller of Providence R. I. is chairman Mrs. C. R. Wharton of Greensboro is chairman of the North Carolina Federation's War Service committee. Mrs. Thomas W. Bird of Charlotte is chairman of southern district. Checks may be sent to either Mrs. Wharton or Mrs. Bird or directly to the federations New York office at 455 West 23rd street, New York 11, N.Y. Checks should be made to the Hospital Ships Fund of the National Federation of Music Clubs. Mrs. J. Kenneth Pfohl of Winston-Salem is president of the North Carolina Federation.

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Pride is to the character, like the attic to the house—the highest part, and generally the most empty.

# THE CULTURE OF DIFFICULTY

J. R. D., in *The United Presbyterian*.

There is abundant evidence that God never intended man to have an easy time. The world is so builded that most of his time is employed in conquering obstacles. All progress is made by overcoming difficulties. Man's way is like that of the rower on the river—the current sweeps him down. Yet, that opposing current makes it possible for him to move up the stream. Man seems to be forever at variance with nature but by conquering it, it becomes a ladder on which he climbs.

There must be some purpose in this persistent necessity for struggle. This conclusion is strengthened by the fact that the finest characters and the highest types of civilization have been produced not in the tropics, where little labor is required, but in colder zones where comfort can be secured only by persistent toil. History reveals the fact that there is a vital relation between hardship and strength. The most massive corals are found, not in still water, but on the ocean side where the rocks are pounded into sand by fighting waves.

In human life the same rule holds. For the upbuilding of character con-

flict is better than peace and work is better than ease. Many a person leaves half his soul in his easy chair. Heinrich Heine said, "Wherever a great thought is born there has been a Gethsemane." Easy reading never produces a strong mind nor does an easy religion produce a worthy character.

Poverty is regarded by many as an obstacle to success but the majority of successful men owe their prosperity to early poverty which compelled them to work when their companions played and kept them working in spite of injustice because they must have the wages to provide the necessities of life. Thus they learned the principles and attained the habits that brought success.

Sorrow is a great educator. In its depths we are prepared for the heights of life. Paul prayed that his "thorn in flesh" might be removed, but later he gloried in it, because of the moral effect it wrought on him. Most of Paul's Epistles, like the Pilgrim's Progress, came out of jails. —J. D. R., in *The United Presbyterian*.

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Fame is what you have taken,  
Character's what you give;  
When to this truth you waken,  
Then you begin to live.

—Bayard Taylor.

# THE CHURCH

By Justin Wroe Nixon

The church is the living body of Christian men and women who associate together for public worship and for service to one another and the world. But it is also the saints, the martyrs and apostles, the cloud of witnesses that enfold us.

It is the great hymns of peace and gladness that we sing to ourselves on hospital beds of pain.

It is the New Testament, written by the early church to preserve precious memories of our Lord and to guide the conduct of the faithful.

It is the spires one sees across the landscape testifying to man's belief that he has a soul.

It is the new-born child brought to the altar of the church for dedication to God.

It is the friendships that endure across the years so that when a pastor returns to his first parish after a lapse of decades it seems as if he had never left it.

It is the carols of Christmas and the flowers of Easter.

It is the long line of men and women who have gone out from friends and kindred to live out their days in service to strangers in foreign lands.

It is the mysterious figure of One who stood by the side of his followers in the long ago, and who said as he faded from their vision, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

It is the last low whispers of the dead which are burdened with his name.

The church is history, it is philosophy, it is heritage of art and music, it is a standard of morals, it is a conservator of progress, it is redemption and fulfillment of the individual human soul. And now, as the fellowship widens, it promises to become the living sacrament of the Christian social hope.

All this the church is, and it doth not yet appear what it shall be.—Religious Telescope.

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An old and homely story tells of a father who, in guiding his boy, told him to drive a nail into a post every time he did an evil thing, and to withdraw one nail each time he did a good act. The son did as he was told, but regretted he could not pull out the nail holes.

So with the record of every life. We may amend, change our program, turn over a new leaf, but some flaws remain. Habits, long continued, become hard to break. The nail holes stay, and they remind us of unwise decisions.—Grit.

## SOLOMON'S JUDGMENT

By Max Meredith in *Our Dumb Animals*

"Bring me a sword!" cried the King And they brought a sword before the throne. "Divide the child in two," the king commanded, "and give half to the one, and half to the other."

By this renowned test of true motherhood, in one of the most dramatic scenes in the Bible, King Solomon judged wisely in the dispute between two women over a child, for the true mother would not permit the child to be touched.

Recently another Solomon—a New York magistrate of that name—similarly did judgment, and almost as wisely. He decided a dispute between a cobbler and another man concerning the ownership of a certain Pomeranian dog.

After listening to the testimony, the judge addressed the two litigants kindly. "You two men go sit down

over there for a while," he said, "while I hear some other cases. Until I get back to you, just let the dog wander around the courtroom."

The man had with him his daughter. She took hold of the dog and led him to a seat at one side of the room where her father was seated. When she released the dog, he ran to the other side of the room, where the cobbler was seated. The girl called the dog, and he ran to her, but soon was back by the cobbler's side, where he leisurely curled up and closed his eyes.

Calling the case again, the judge quickly passed judgment. He had kept close watch on the dog, and by the results of his actions, the modern wise Solomon was convinced as to the true ownership, and awarded the dog to the cobbler.

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The friend worth while is the friend with a smile—  
The friend with a jolly "Hello!"  
The friend who can grin, nor thinks it a sin  
To laugh away trouble and woe.

The friend in need is a friend indeed,  
And the one we need most of all  
Is the friend who is cheery, no matter how dreary  
The shadows that round us may fall.

—Selected.

# TEN RULES FOR PRAYER

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

1. Set aside a few minutes to be alone and quiet. Relax body, mind, and spirit by turning the thoughts away from problems and fixing the mind on God. Think about him in the way that is most natural.

2. Talk to God simply and naturally, telling him any thing that is on your mind, and do not think you have to use formal words and phrases. Talk to him in your own language, for he understands it.

3. Practice talking to God as you go about the business of the day. On the subway or buss, or at your desk, close your eyes for just a moment, to shut out the world, and have a word or two with God. This will remind you of his presence and give you a sense of his nearness.

4. Affirm the fact that God is with you and helping you. That is to say, do not always beseech God, asking him for his blessing, but affirm the fact that he is giving you his blessings.

5. Pray with the thought that your prayers reach out instantly over land and sea and throw their protection around your loved ones, and also surround them with God's love.

6. Think positive, not negative, thoughts when you pray.

7. Always state in your prayer that you are willing to accept God's will, whatever it is. You can ask him for what you want, but express willingness to take what he wants.

8. In your prayer simply put everything in God's hands. Pray for strength to do your best, and with confidence leave the rest to God.

9. Say a word of prayer for people who do not like you and have treated you badly. This will help them and release tremendous power in you.

10. At some time during the day say a word of prayer for our country, for the President, and for the armed forces, and ask for victory and lasting peace.—Dr. Norman Vincent Peale.

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## WHAT DO I OWE

What do I owe to this dear land of ours?  
 All of my best; my time, my thought, my powers.  
 All of my best is yet too small to give  
 That this our land may to Thine increase live.

What do I owe to God, to God my Lord and King  
 That all my life be one sweet offering;  
 That all my life to noblest heights aspire;  
 That all I do be touched with heavenly fire.

—Selected.

## INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. L. S. Kiser recently reported to this office that Samuel McIntyre, a former student, called on him a few nights ago. Sam entered the School, February 6, 1926, remaining here until May 3, 1928, at which time he was permitted to go to work on a farm for Mr. Biggers, in Union County. He came to us from Graham County.

At the time of his admission to the institution, Sam was placed in Cottage No. 4, but when Cottage No. 14 was opened in May, 1926, he was transferred to that cottage. While here, he spent part of the time working as house boy, but during the greater part of his stay with us, was employed on the outdoor work forces.

Sam worked on Mr. Biggers' farm until November 16, 1928, when he was granted a final discharge from further parole supervision, and was given permission to return to his home in Robbinsville. Since that time we did not receive any information concerning his activities.

Mr. Kiser reported that Sam had served three years in the United States Army since leaving the school, and had received an honorable discharge.

—:—

We learned recently through Mr. Liske, our bakery instructor, that Steve Talbert and O. D. Talbert, brothers, who were formerly under his care, have been in the United States Army for some time. Another brother, Morris, also a former student here, has been in the United States Navy for quite a while, and his name has been carried on our list of former students in service.

Steve Talbert entered the School,

August 2, 1934, and was conditionally released, August 3, 1935. He came to us from Mooresville, and went back to that city upon being released. While with us, he was a member of the Cottage No. 10 group and worked in the bakery, making a good record at both places. When admitted, he was placed in the fifth school grade and was in the sixth at the time of leaving. Steve continued his good record after returning to his home.

O. D. Talbert entered the School, November 2, 1939 and remained here until January 6, 1941, when he went to live with his mother, who had moved from Mooresville to Concord. O. D. was the third of the Talbert brothers to come to us, and, like the other two, made an excellent record during his stay at the School. He, too, was placed in Cottage No. 10 and worked in the bakery. He entered the fifth school grade and was in the seventh when released. His record, after leaving the institution, was very good.

—:—

William Norton Barnes, a former member of our printing class, now with the United States Army in France, wrote us a few days ago. The last time we had heard from Norton, he was stationed at Camp Edwards, Massachusetts. His letter, dated October 26th, reads in part, as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: I have not been slinging any ink your way for the past few months, but that's no sign that I have forgotten you and the rest of the folks at the Training School. I don't have much time for writing, and most of what time I can spare is spent in writing to the folks at home.



"Have done quite a bit of moving around since you last heard from me. At present I'm in France. Can't tell you just where, but you will understand why. This is a beautiful country, but I was surprised to find the people so backward. They seem to still be living in the 17th century.

"When I look at the farms and hedgerows they remind me of the old Jackson Training School and the days I spent on the farm there. Of course, I'd much rather be back in the good old U. S. A., but there's a job to be done over here, and I'm going to do my best to help.

"I have lost Tiny Morrozoff's address in the scramble getting located over here, and have also misplaced that of Donald McFee. Would appreciate it very much if you would get them for me. I was always glad to hear from them."

"Now I must say 'so-long' for this time. Will try to write you more often in the future. Please give my regards to everyone at the School and tell them I have not forgotten them. Sincerely yours, Norton Barnes."

—:—

We were agreeably surprised to receive a letter the other day from Fred R. Seibert, who was a member of our printing class back in 1935. Fred has been in the United States Army more than two years, and his letter, dated October 28th, came from "Somewhere in France," where he is a member of the Eighth Infantry Division. His letter reads as follows:

"Dear Friend: I'll bet I'm the last fellow you expected to hear from, especially from this neck of the woods. Since seeing you, there has been a lot of water going under the bridge. After the second attempt, I finally shipped

out to sea and liked it just fine. Now I'm in the Army, finishing up my tour of the world. We have been overseas many, many months and will be glad to get back home. The schedule has been something like this: Ireland first, then France, and Germany will certainly be next. Looks like a long way to go, but we're making it O K, day by day, mile by mile.

"Military restrictions will not permit giving you some locations and dates, but when this is over and the history of the whole thing is written, you'll be reminded of the Eighth Division many times. In the Normandy campaign we were in Montberg, La Haye de Puits, Bennes and other places. Next came Brittainy, Brest and Cranon. Can't tell you where we are now, but we're plugging along, waiting for the Heinies to lower the flag.

"I have seen quite a few of the old J. T. S. boys and some of them are with us now. Of course your remember Sprinkle, the kid with the spot under his eye. The last time I saw him was in Panama. Almond was in Yuma, Arizona. 'Pepper' was in Fort Leonard Wood the last time I heard from him, and 'Greek' is in Italy. So you can see the old boys are doing their part.

"By the way, guess you never heard that I was married. Yep, two years ago. My wife came from right close to Hendersonville, N. C. Am also a daddy now. Have the cutest little girl, eighteen months old, and she is just like a doll. Mother is just crazy about her. Keeps my wife busy going back and forth from her mother's to mine with the baby. Mother was operated on for cancer in 1942, but is getting along fine now.

"Please give my regards to Mr. Boger and to Mr. Barber and Mr. Fisher, also to Mrs. Lee, if she is still at the School. That's just about all I can think of for this time. Drop me a line or two some day when you have time, and don't forget to send me a copy of The Uplift. Would like to know how the little magazine is getting along, as well to have a chance to know about some of my old friends Sincerely, Fred."

Fred entered the School, March 15, 1935, and was permitted to return to his home in Hendersonville, July 19, 1938. He will be twenty-three years old next January. The fact that he has attained the rank of sergeant, would indicate that he has been getting along well since becoming a member of Uncle Sam's fighting forces.

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. Rev. James W. Fowler, pastor of Kerr Street Methodist Church, Concord, was also present, and was invited to the platform.

After the singing of a couple of the boys' favorite hymns, Superintendent Hawfield requested Rev. Mr. Fowler to sing a solo, and he obliged by singing "When They Ring Those Golden Bells" in a most pleasing manner.

For the Scripture Lesson, Rev. Mr. Summers read Luke 9: 23-27, after which Rev. Mr. Fowler made a prayer.

Rev. Mr. Summers then told the boys that he was going to speak to them on the subject "The Challenge of Jesus." For his text, he selected the 23rd verse: "And he said to them all, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me."

As the beginning of his remarks, the speaker stated that many things challenge us today, adding that some are really worthwhile, but many others are not.

Today, war is challenging the people of almost the entire world. Some years ago, the army and the navy did not seem very challenging, Now that our beloved country is in the great conflict, many thousands of young men and young women, are challenged by the call to service. However, our country did not call them until it had something worthwhile for them to do.

Rev. Mr. Summers then stated that Jesus Christ presents a challenge to all men. He challenges us to follow his leadership in doing the best thing possible for men to do—to become Christians.

Some years ago, continued the speaker, there was not much danger in belonging to the nation's armed forces. Today, it is different. The men in our fighting forces are in constant danger. When the call was issued, millions answered, utterly regardless of the danger involved.

Rev. Mr. Summers then called attention to the words of Jesus, when he said, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." While this is the hardest thing we could be called upon to do, it is the greatest thing any man could do. Jesus calls us to follow him. He has told us what God, the Father, is like. This call was issued by the Master because he needs people at this very moment to spread the gospel of right living throughout the entire world. We are thus challenged to do noble things even as God would have us do.

The speaker then explained what

Jesus meant when he said, "Come after me." It means we must study his teachings and learn to do his will. To deny ourselves means that despite the fact that at times we might wish to do that which seems more pleasing to us, our duty to God is that we should not think of those things. The thing for us to do is to strive to perform the tasks which God has pointed out to us.

Rev. Mr. Summers then told the boys that Jesus came to save all men, and that he wants his Christian followers to join hands with him in this great work. Man can have no greater happiness than when he is willing to deny himself and work hand in hand with the Master.

We may fail many times, said the

speaker, but Christ is ever willing to forgive us and give us the opportunity to start over again. We should not be discouraged because of our failures, but should let those failures teach us valuable lessons, and become the stepping-stones to that higher life toward which the Master directs us.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Summers stated that when Christ asks us to give up the sinful things in our lives, he calls us to come out into a world where joy abounds. He added that Jesus offers one thousand good things for each single bad thing he asks us to give up, and urged the boys to always strive to let their lives be governed by the Master's teachings.

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## BIRTHDAYS

Beginning with this issue of The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these announcements.

### Week of November 12th

- November 12—Rudolph Hardy, Cottage No. 3, 16th birthday.
- November 15—Robert Buchanan, Cottage No. 2, 14th birthday.
- November 18—Lewis Kerns, Receiving Cottage, 14th birthday.
- November 18—R. C. Hoyle, Indian Cottage, 15th birthday.

### Week of November 19th

- November 19—Raymond Fillyaw, Cottage No. 13, 14th birthday.
- November 21—Billy Ray Keene, Cottage No. 6, 11th birthday.
- November 23—Franklin Hensley, Cottage No. 10, 12th birthday.
- November 24—Oscar Carter, Cottage No. 10, 16th birthday.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending November 12, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

Charles Blakemore  
 Thomas Brantley  
 Coy Crabtree  
 Ralph Cranford  
 Thurman Daniels  
 William Hammond  
 William Hilliard  
 Fred Jones  
 Lewis Kerns  
 William Rogers  
 James Perkins  
 David Prevatte  
 Eugene Watts

## COTTAGE No. 1 (Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 2

John Allen  
 Robert Buchanan  
 Charles Byrd  
 Walter Byrd  
 Delmas Jerrell  
 Gerald Johnson  
 James McMahan  
 John McLean  
 Harold McKinney  
 James Norton  
 William Phillips  
 Hayes Powell  
 Marshall Prestwood  
 Jack Ray  
 James Sneed  
 James Stadler  
 Kermit Wright  
 Roy Womack  
 Harlan Warren

## COTTAGE No. 3

Charles Allen  
 William Brooks  
 Craven Callahan  
 William Doss  
 Charles Earp  
 Earl Green  
 Rudy Hardy  
 Robert Helms  
 Jack Hensley  
 James Hensley  
 Cecil Kinion  
 Robert Lee

A. J. McCraw  
 Jack Oliver  
 William Poteat  
 Donald Redwine  
 Charles Roland  
 Luther Shermer  
 Richard Tullock  
 Theodore Young

## COTTAGE No. 4

Robert Blackwelder  
 Charles Carter  
 John Fine  
 Jack Gray  
 Robert Hogan  
 George Hawk  
 William Hawk  
 James Linebarrier  
 Roy Miller  
 Thomas Ruff  
 Roy Swink  
 John R. Smith  
 Edward VanHoy  
 Lawrence Walker

## COTTAGE No. 5

Randolph Ammons  
 Harold Cruse  
 Earl Hoyle  
 Joseph Lane  
 Nolan Overcash  
 John Love

## COTTAGE No. 6

Carl Church  
 Rufus Driggers  
 Richard Davidson  
 Vernon Foster  
 Keith Futchs  
 Ralph Gibson  
 Earl Gilmore  
 William Hawks  
 Stanford McLean  
 Nolan Morrison  
 Clay Shew  
 James Swinson  
 Theodore Wilkins

## COTTAGE No. 7

David Brooks  
 Joseph Mitchell

COTTAGE No. 8  
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9  
Leonard Church  
Fred Coats  
Ray Edwards  
James Eller  
Edward Guffey  
Liston Grice  
John Linville  
Charles McClenney  
Eugene Peterson  
Edward Renfro

COTTAGE No. 10  
Roger Barnes  
William Butler  
William Burnett  
Oscar Carter  
Frank Hensley  
Robert Holbert  
William Lane  
Leonard McAdams  
Charles Rhodes  
Thomas Ware  
Jack Williams  
Robert Yow

COTTAGE No. 11  
Charles Alexander  
Donald Bowden  
Robert Gaylor  
Jack Gentry  
Edward Hambrick  
Alvin Hilton  
Fred Holland  
Raymond Hunsucker  
Robert Jarvis  
Arlow McLean  
James Phillips  
Alvin Porter  
James Ray  
Clyde Rhodes  
Leon Rose  
Marshall Sessions  
Max Shelly

Ray Shore  
J. W. Smith

COTTAGE No. 12  
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13  
William Andrews  
David Eaton  
Raymond Fillyaw  
J. B. Galyan  
Robert Hobbs  
Charles Shearin  
William Whisnant

COTTAGE No. 14  
Everett Bowden  
Edward Britt  
Hugh Cornwell  
William Ferguson  
Jerry Smith  
James Spence  
Howard Hall  
Milton Talley

COTTAGE No. 15  
William Bass  
Jack Benfield  
Robert Bluester  
Robert Flinchum  
J. B. Ledford  
Charles Ledford  
William Myers  
Dewey Smith  
Clyde Shook

INDIAN COTTAGE

Jack Bailey  
Peter Chavis  
James Chavis  
Harold Duckworth  
R. C. Hoyle  
Marshall Hunt  
Clyde Lochlear  
W. C. McManus

INFIRMARY  
Odell Cecil

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I desire to so conduct the affairs of this administration that if at the end, when I come to lay down the reins of power, I have lost every other friend on earth, I shall at least have one friend left, and that friend shall be down inside of me.

—Abraham Lincoln.



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THE

UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 25, 1944

No. 47

GIVE THANKS

For eyes that are still clear, despite the dark-  
ness ;  
For hearts that are warm, despite the cold ;  
For hands that clasp ours in friendship ;  
For courage that keeps us ever up, and not  
down,  
For all these things give thanks—  
That you may continue to enjoy them.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY  
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND  
INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

LEOK GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## THE PILGRIMS

The "Mayflower," one September day,  
From merry England sailed away,  
Taking a dauntless band  
To found a home in some new land.  
And so it brought them safely here,  
Unto this land we now hold dear.

Though toil and hardship were their lot,  
They kept the faith and murmured not,  
And when the harvest time came 'round,  
This dauntless little group was found  
Thankful to God, who led the way,  
And thus we have Thanksgiving Day.

—Winifred C. Marshall.

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## THANKSGIVING DAY

On Thursday of this week the people of America will again celebrate Thanksgiving. This is a festival occasion which takes place late in the autumn after the crops have been gathered and stored away for the winter. The early settlers who came to the bleak New England shores gave us our first Thanksgiving day as far back as 1621. President George Washington issued the first general proclamation for a day of thanks in the year 1789.

Of course, it is impossible for anyone at this time to put into the first Thanksgiving a meaning which it really did not possess. However, there are some very natural implications about which one may contemplate. In the first place, the Pilgrim fathers rendered their thanks to God because of the feeling that His Divine Providence had safeguarded them in their direst circumstances. They came to this

new country with an indomitable courage and abiding faith in God, and even through the ordeals of their first bitter winter months they held steadfastly to their faith. There were moments when there was great travail in their spirits, and no doubt a temptation to turn their backs upon God, but they did not. They endured hardships beyond description and even beyond our imagination. The future was dark and the shadows were thick and heavy, but their faith shone with a lustre that was unlimited in its brilliance.

When Governor Bradford of Plymouth colony decreed a day of Thanksgiving there were great preparations for the occasion. The few women in the colony spent days boiling, baking, and roasting; even the children were busy turning the roasts on the spits before the open fires. As guests there were more than four-score friendly Indians who brought as their share of the feast wild turkeys and venison from the woods. The tables were set out-of-doors, and the company sat about them as one big family. This first Thanksgiving, however, was not merely a feast; there were prayers and sermons and psalms of praise; and three days had gone by before the Indians returned to their forest and the colonists to their tasks.

No doubt, the first Thanksgiving was marked by the spontaneous expression of an inner feeling of gratitude. It was a time of genuine sincerity. In these times we fail to have a spirit of sincerity and humility which characterized the early refugees. At the time of the first Thanksgiving, no doubt, there was not a super-abundance of anything, and yet the early settlers, after their initial ordeals, had moved out into a new day in which there was a radiant hope for the future. In a sense it may be said that the first Thanksgiving day was born of a sense of need for the future as well as thanks for the blessings of the past year.

Today in America we have come into that time when we may feel gratitude not only to God but also to our ancestors and our forefathers who endured so much that we might enjoy the blessings of this day. It is well that we have a spirit of gratitude toward others for their sacrifices in our behalf.

There are some reasons why, on this Thanksgiving day, we have more reason to be thankful than any other Thanksgiving day in our history. Whether one is a soldier eating his meagre rations hastily in a foxhole, or a person who safely at home eats the turkey dinner

with all the trappings, one can thank God that the American people are steadfast in their faith, and that they are going to see this ordeal of their own day through to the end. One can be thankful that the soldier and the producer alike are united in a fierce determination to see to it that those who have challenged the rights of humanity, "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," will be defeated.

Ellen Isabella Tupper has beautifully expressed the Thanksgiving sentiments in her poem, "Thanksgiving:"

"For all that God in mercy sends:  
 For health and strength, for home and friends,  
 For comfort in the time of need,  
 For every kindly word and deed,  
 For happy thoughts and pleasant talk,  
 For guidance in our daily walk,  
     For all these things give thanks.

"For beauty in this world of ours,  
 For verdant grass and lovely flowers,  
 For song of birds, for hum of bees,  
 For the refreshing summer breeze,  
 For hill and plain, for streams and wood,  
 For the great ocean's mighty flood,  
     For all these things give thanks.

"For the sweet sleep that comes with night,  
 For the returning morning's light,  
 For the bright sun which shines on high,  
 For stars that glitter in the sky—  
 For these and everything we see,  
 O Lord, our hearts we lift to thee,  
     And give thee hearty thanks."

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE SIXTH WAR LOAN DRIVE

The Sixth War Loan Drive which began Monday, November 20, throughout the nation will extend through December 15. During this period of time the people of the United States will have an opportunity to lend to the government the sum of 14 billion dollars. It should be borne in mind constantly, too, that although this may involve some minor sacrifices on the part of our people, yet funda-

mentally it is a good business proposition in which a good rate of interest is paid on a safe investment. There are many reasons why the citizens of the nation have the obligation, not merely to subscribe this amount, but to go far beyond it.

In the first place, we on the homefront certainly owe it to the soldier boys to share in their sacrifices. Naturally, these boys who are fighting and dying think we should sacrifice and buy bonds to the limit. A person making as much as \$30 a week who does not own several hundred dollars' worth of bonds and does not plan to invest in more, obviously possesses a cheap brand of patriotism, and fundamentally he is being unfair to his children. There are plenty of folks who are able, if they are only willing, to buy all these bonds and then live on the rest, whatever that may be.

General Dwight D. Eisenhower, Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, sends the following message to all Americans:

"Your assistance is needed and the most important job now for the people at home is to make the Sixth War Loan a success. To make sure of final victory we must redouble and sustain our efforts, both here and everywhere.

"The fighting man still faces a grim task and he still urgently needs much food, clothing and battle equipment that must be bought. The money must be raised and our men on all the fronts depend upon you.

"Contact your local War Finance Committee and join the home front army as a volunteer War Bond worker.

"On behalf of your sons, brothers, husbands and friends in this great war theatre, I request that you do your part to see that the Sixth War Loan is over-subscribed vastly."

President Roosevelt in a message to the people last Sunday night launched the Sixth War Loan Drive with the following brief address:

"The Sixth War Loan drive starting tomorrow is something more than just a money-raising affair.

"We cannot all fight the enemy face-to-face. We cannot all produce the weapons and raw materials so vital to our armed forces.

"But there is one front on which all of us—every man, woman and child— can serve, and serve for the duration. We can all practice self-denial. We can all sacrifice some of our comforts to the

needs of the men in the service; and, yes, even some of our needs to their comforts.

"The war in this present month of November alone will cost us seven and one-half billions of dollars. That is two hundred and fifty millions a day.

"That is why every war bond you buy is so important.

"The war is not over—no, not by many a costly battle. While we have every reason to be proud of what has been done—even optimistic about the ultimate outcome—we have no reason to be complacent about the tough road which still lies ahead.

"We have just been through a wartime election, demonstrating to the people of the world the deep roots of our democratic faith.

"In the name of our wounded and sick, in the name of our dead, and in the name of future generations of Americans, I ask you to plow out this furrow to a successful and victorious end."

If we face the situation realistically we will easily understand that at the present stage the war is far from being won. Our biggest obstacle in this current war bond drive will be the spirit of over-optimism on the part of so many people. The military leaders are calling upon the people of the nation to rally to this call and they are doing it in all candor and frankness. We on the homefront should regard our participation in this united effort as a highly patriotic privilege.

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### INAUGURAL CEREMONY WILL BE SIMPLE

President Roosevelt has decided to dispense with the usual elaborate and expensive inaugural ceremonies and take his 4th term oath in a simple White House ceremony. This means, of course, that the inauguration ceremony will be one of simplicity, solemnity and dignity, devoid of the traditional inaugural parade and attending throngs.

It is quite fitting that a war-time inauguration should be as simple as possible, since this will mean cutting down on expenses, releasing materials necessary for the war, and eliminating the throngs that would occupy precious travel space. There will be plenty of time after the peace is won for the nation to return to the great

ceremonies which have marked such events in the past.

It has been estimated that the cost of the entire inauguration will be approximately \$2,000. The Congressional Committee had been contemplating an expenditure of about \$25,000. Either of these is a small amount, but the desire to be economical in this hour is of greatest importance.

President Roosevelt communicated his choice of inaugural sites last Saturday night to Col. Edwin A Halsey, secretary of the Senate, and David Lynn, Capitol architect.

The inauguration committee met briefly, then announced:

"This choice has been made by the President in view of war conditions which necessitate the abandonment of normal ceremonial activities, the restriction of travel, scarcity of hotel accommodations, shortage of critical materials, the economies involved, the comfort of guests, and the convenience of the main participants.

"It is understood that the President desires that the Congress, the Cabinet, the Supreme Court, the diplomatic corps and other distinguished guests, and the wives of those included, be invited to witness the ceremony."

The main participants, of course, will include Senator Harry S. Truman of Missouri, who will be sworn in as Vice-President at the same place.

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## THE MACHINE SHOP DEPARTMENT

One of the most interesting and at the same time most important departments here at the School is the machine shop. This department is under the supervision of Mr. H. H. Wyatt, who has been connected with the School since July, 1941. In this department 8 or 10 boys work from day to day.

Mr. Wyatt is recognized as a most industrious and capable workman. It is unusual, indeed, to have any needed repair work which he and his boys together cannot do. He does his work thoroughly and without any attempt to make a show. He has many calls and gives attention to them as quickly as he can. His services to the School are invaluable.

The activities of the machine shop relate to numerous types of

equipment. This department is probably the most diversified and varied of any department at the School. For instance, we find that this group works at one time or another on the following machines: Tractors, disc harrows, combines, mowing machines, wagons, sewing machines, hay rakes, grain drills, automobiles, trucks, heating plants, stoves and grates, plumbing equipment, and all the electrical connections and equipment. It is the function of this department to keep the farm machinery rolling and to keep the plumbing in operation and the tin work in repair.

The work of this department touches every other department at the School, in some way or another.

We find that many of the boys here are interested in learning to use tools and to make repairs on the equipment. In doing this they learn the usual mechanical and plumbing skill. They learn to use drills, wrenches, vises, pliers, hammers, files, chisels and grindstones, screw drivers, rulers, etc. The boys in this department seem to take great pleasure in all these experiences. No doubt, a large percentage of them will use these skills throughout their lives, and some of them will become mechanics, plumbers, or electricians.

This is regarded as one of the most useful trade departments.



# LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported By Boys of the School Department

## B. T. U. Intermediate Group

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

The program was under the direction of Mr. Snyder.

To open the program, Mr. Snyder gave a short talk on the subject of "Food, Shelter, and Clothing."

They then had sentence prayers by: Jack Benfield, Ned Metcalf, Sam Linebarrier, Luther Shermer, Kenneth Staley, James Eller and James Linebarrier. The prayer was closed by Mr. Hines.

Luther Shermer gave the number of chapters of the Bible read. The number was 736.

John Fine gave a talk on "An Inward Look." Others giving talks were: "A Prayful Attitude," by Gerald Johnson; "Listening Ears," by Ray Edwards; "In Spirit and in Truth," by Robert Hensley. The last part was given by Robert Flinchum. It was entitled "Jesus and God's House."

In conclusion they sang "This is My Father's World."

## A New Song Collection

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

Some time ago, Mr. Hawfield announced that a small pamphlet was being made in the printing department. Last Sunday morning, the booklets were given out to the boys, at the opening of the Sunday School session.

This pamphlet is entitled "Favorite Hymns of the Boys," and measures 5½ by 7½ inches. It is printed on bond paper and has a manila cardboard cover.

In this collection are twenty songs,

favorites of the boys, and will be used in addition to those in "The Service Hymnal," now in use at the school.

These songs were selected by Mr. Hawfield and Mr. Godown. The booklet was printed and bound in the School's printing department.

## B. T. U. Junior Group No. 1

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

To open the program the boys sang "Come, Ye Thankful People, Come." This was followed by different ones reading the lesson.

Mr. Iley who is director of this group, then told the boys to remember these things: (1) Be Baptized; (2) Accept Christ as your Saviour; (3) Love Him; (4) Obey Him.

This group is composed of the smaller lads, and they are doing fine work.

## B. T. U. Junior Group No. 2

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

The program presented by the boys for their leader, Mr. Puckett, was a very good one. It consisted of several parts—songs, prayers and a talk.

"A House of Prayer," by George Guyton, the group leader, was a good one. Billy Brooks and Brice Thomas gave a part entitled "Christians Must Work Together." "The Services In Our Church" was given by Thomas Sessions. Troy Morris and Joseph Mitchell gave "Our Part in the Services."

Next on the program was a song entitled "When They Ring Those Golden Bells." A prayer by Mr. Perry followed, and to conclude the program,



he made a short talk.

### Football

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

Last Saturday afternoon, on the new ball grounds, the Jackson Training School's football team met the Hartsell High School team, from near Concord.

The Training School received the kick-off and Bill Hilliard, the school's quarter-back, made a ninety-yard dash and brought the old pigskin across their opponents' goal, making a score of 6-0 in the first few minutes of the game.

The first and second quarters proved uneventful, but in the third quarter, Leonard McAdams, left halfback, made a short dash around the right end, scoring another 6 points. Gene Crabtree, fullback, kicked for the extra point and that pigskin sailed right through the goal posts, making a total score of 13-0

Early in the last quarter, Hartsell succeeding in scoring a touchdown on a snappy pass. They didn't get the extra point, however.

Fred Jones, right halfback, made some spectacular runs. It might also be added that Gene Crabtree made some excellent tackles.

The Hartsell team lost the game very sportsmanlike, and they say in their next game with the school which is next Saturday, they will beat us. We wonder.

### Thanksgiving Day

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

(An Essay)

The Plymouth Colony's first dread-

ful winter, during which almost half of the Pilgrim company died, had passed, and renewed hope had grown up with the summer. When the corn crop was gathered, in the fall of 1621, Governor Bradford decreed a day of thanksgiving. Great were the preparations—the few women in the colony spent days boiling and baking and roasting; and even the children were busy turning the roasts on the spits before the open fires. As guests, there were more than four-score friendly Indians, who brought, as their share of the feast, wild turkeys and venison from the woods. The tables were set out of doors, and the company sat about them as one big family. The first Thanksgiving, however, was not merely a feast—there were prayers and sermons and songs of praise; and three days had gone by before the Indians returned to their forest and the colonists to their tasks.

From Plymouth the custom spread to the other colonies, until in time the governor of each issued an annual Thanksgiving Day proclamation. During the Revolutionary War, eight special days of thanks were observed after signal victories or wonderful deliverances from dangers, and President Washington issued a general proclamation of thanks, in 1789. In the same year, the Protestant Episcopal Church in America announced the first Thursday in November as a regular annual day for giving thanks, "unless another day be appointed by the Civil Authorities." It was not until 1888, however, that the Roman Catholic Church formally recognized the day.

For many years, there was no uniformity. Some states had an annual

Thanksgiving, others did not, and no proclamation was issued by the President. One woman, Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, the editor of "Godey's Lady's Book," took an interest in the subject, and for twenty years sent out pleas through the columns of her journal for a nation-wide Thanksgiving. Nor did she stop at this. She wrote letters to each of the Presidents; and finally, in 1864, her efforts were rewarded, for President Lincoln appointed the last Thursday in November as Thanksgiving Day. It was thus Mrs. Hale won the title of "Mother of Thanksgiving Day."

Since 1864, the same day has been regularly set apart. The President annually makes a formal announcement, and the governors of the various states issue proclamations calling on the people to give thanks. The day is not a national legal holiday. The United States has no legal holidays, not even the Fourth of July—but almost every state has legalized it, by legislative act. Throughout the country, but especially in New England, the day is looked upon with great reverence. It is peculiarly a family day, and the very sound of the name brings back inevitable memories of "back home; of the old farm house kitchen, and the pantry crowded with "good things."

### Thanksgiving Play

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

The program this week was under the auspices of Mrs. Dotson and her Fifth Grade group. It consisted of two parts, one of recitations and songs and a play. The program opened with the Scripture reading by Carlton Wilcox. He read the 100th Psalm. Next,

a prayer was given by the class. This completed the devotional. The rest of the program was in this order:

(1) Song by the class—"We Will Always Keep the Red, White and Blue." (The audience then stood and saluted the flag.) (2) Poem, "Thanksgiving Day," by James Brigman. (3) A speech by Bruce Honeycutt. (4) Two songs by the class—"The Autumn Leaves" and "Come, Little Leaf." (5) A speech by William Ferguson, entitled "The Heritage." (6) A speech by Melvin Radford. (7) Special song by six boys: Randolph Ammons, Melvin Radford, Harold Coffey, Coy Wilcox, Earl Greene and Kirk Putnam. (8) Song by the class—"We Thank Thee for Gay Days of Autumn." (9) A story, "Squanto," by Carlton Wilcox. (10) Song by the audience—"Come, Ye Thankful People, Come."

The next half of the program was a play, entitled "The First Thanksgiving." This play consisted of three scenes, with Randolph Ammons introducing each.

The first scene takes place on the deck of the "Mayflower," with the following characters: "Lane Brewster," Alton Stuart; "Wrestling Brewster," Bruce Honeycutt; "John Billington," Melvin Radford; "Constance Hopkins," Kirk Putnam; "Damaris Hopkins," Marshall Prestwood; "Giles Hopkins," Robert Bradbury; "Mistress Brewster," Fred Coats.

The second scene was in the forest where the Indians come in. The new characters in the scene were: "Sam- oset," William Ferguson; "Master Hopkins," Harold Coffey; "Squanto," James Brigman; "Master Winslow," Earl Brigman; "Governor Carver," Lawrence Walker; "Elder Brewster,"

**Billy Ray Daye.**

The third scene took place in the Hopkins cabin, where Governor Bradford (Charles Earp) and Mrs. Hopkins (Earl Greene) were the new characters.

The boys wore black and white costumes and had sticks for guns; the women wore long black dresses; the Indians wore bright decorated hats and buckskins.

After the play was over, Mr. Hawfield, who was present, gave a short talk.

The afternoon program was similar in every respect except a slight variation in the cast of characters.

**Health Inspectors Visit School**

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

On Tuesday of last week, two inspectors from the State Board of Health in Raleigh, paid a visit to the institution. They inspected all of the cottages. The basements, bedrooms, dining rooms and sitting rooms were thoroughly checked.

They also made visits to the textile plant, print shop and to as many of the other departments as time permitted.

**Troop No. 1 Attends Rally**

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

Boy Scouts from Concord, Kannapolis, and the rural sections of Cabarrus County, held a big rally at Webb Field, Concord, last week. Our troop at the Training School participated in this event and brought back honors. Patrols running from 550 to 700 points were to have received blue ribbons. Patrols winning 400 to 550 points received red ribbons, and all

the other troops participating received yellow ribbons.

No troops present won blue ribbons, but we are happy to announce that our troop won a red ribbon, the highest award given.

We really have a fine Boy Scout troop here at the school.

**Troop No. 1 at Scout Rally**

By Bruce Sawyer, 8th Grade

The Scouts of our troop entered the Boy Scout rally at Concord, November 14th, under the leadership of Superintendent Hawfield.

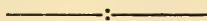
There were twenty-two judges. Their names were as follows: S. O. Stone, Hubert Hahn, Joe Stallings, W. E. Crowell, R. S. Studdart, Rev. Owen Moore, Jr., Johnston Ervin, Rev. R. H. Whitlow, Stone J. Sherrill, H. H. Wellman, W. B. Ward, Jr., L. B. McEachern, W. Joe Holding, Pat Ritchie, John Porter, William C. Cannon, W. Clyde McGee, Raymond Snyder, John H. Hopkins and G. M. Beaver.

We are happy to announce that our troop entered and was ranked among the highest, although there were no blue ribbons received. Our troop entered against 600 other lads, and some of them were pretty good.

The boys who passed in signalling were Frank Bass, who signalled, and his assistant, James Perkins, and those who received were Robert Flinchum and Bruce Sawyer. Jack Oliver was the lad who took compass. The boys who entered first aid were: James Perkins, Jack Oliver, Bruce Sawyer, and Hugh Cornwell was the patient.

We are sorry to say that two of our Scouts were sick and we had to go in

one patrol. Following is a list of the boys who attended the rally: Bruce Andrews, Jack Oliver, Robert Flinchum, Frank Bass, Roy Swink and Sawyer, patrol leader; Hugh Cornwall, assistant patrol leader; Billy James Perkins.



### SAND WILL DO IT

I observed a locomotive in the railroad yards one day,  
It was waiting in the round-house where the locomotives stay;  
It was panting for the journey, it was coaled and fully manned,  
And it had a box the fireman was filling full of sand.

It appears that locomotives cannot always get a grip  
On their slender iron pavement, 'cause the wheels are apt to slip;  
And when they reach a slippery spot their tactics they command.  
And to get a grip upon the rail, they sprinkle it with sand.

It's about the way with travel along life's slippery track;  
If your load is rather heavy you're always slipping back;  
So, if a common locomotive you completely understand,  
You'll provide yourself in starting with a good supply of sand.

If your track is steep and hilly and you have a heavy grade,  
If those who've gone before you have the rails quite slippery made,  
If you ever reach the summit of the upper table land.  
You'll find you'll have to do it with the liberal use of sand.

If you strike some frigid weather and discover to your cost,  
That you're liable to slip up on a heavy coat of frost,  
Then some prompt decided action will be called into demand,  
And you'll slip 'way to the bottom if you haven't any sand.

You can get to any station that is on life's schedule seen  
If there's fire beneath the boiler of ambition's strong machine,  
And you'll reach a place called Flushtown at a rate of speed that's  
grand,  
If for all the slippery places you've a good supply of sand.

—Selected.

# THE FIRST THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION—1789

Issued by President Washington

Whereas, it is the duty of all nations to acknowledge the providence of Almighty God, to obey His will, to be grateful for His benefits and humbly to implore His protection and favor; and

Whereas, both Houses of Congress have, by their joint committee, requested me "to recommend to the people of the United States a day of public thanksgiving and prayer, to be observed by acknowledging with grateful hearts the many and signal favors of Almighty God, especially by affording them an opportunity peaceably to establish a form of government for their safety and happiness";

Now, therefore, I do recommend and assign Thursday, the twenty-sixth day of November next to be devoted by the people of these States to the service of that great and glorious Being Who is the beneficent author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be; that we may then all unite in rendering unto Him our sincere and humble thanks for His kind care and protection of the people of this country previous to their becoming a nation; for the signal and manifold mercies and the favorable interpositions of His providence in the course and conclusion of the late war; for the great degree of tranquility, union and plenty which we have since enjoyed; for the peaceable and rational manner in which we have been enabled to establish

constitutions of government for our safety and happiness, and particularly the national one now lately instituted; for the civil and religious liberty with which we are blessed, and the means we have of acquiring and diffusing useful knowledge; and, in general, for all the great and various favors which He has been pleased to confer upon us.

And also that we may then unite in most humbly offering our prayers and supplications to the great Lord and Ruler of Nations, and beseech Him to pardon our national and other transgressions; to enable us all, whether in public or private stations, to perform our several and relative duties properly and punctually; to render our National Government a blessing to all the people by constantly being a government of wise, just and constitutional laws, discreetly and faithfully executed and obeyed; to protect and guide all sovereigns and nations (especially such as have shown kindness to us), and to bless them with good governments, peace and concord; to promote the knowledge and practice of true religion and virtue, and the increase of science among them and us; and, generally, to grant unto all mankind such a degree of temporal prosperity as He alone knows to be best.

Given under my hand, at the city of New York, the third day of October, A. D. 1789.

G. WASHINGTON.

# 323 YEARS OF THANKSGIVING

By Rev. C. E. Burdine

Standing on Plymouth Rock, on a hill facing eastward, is a bronze statue of "Old Massasoit," the Indian protector of that brave band of pilgrims who came forth from the good ship Mayflower in the year 1620.

A year has passed since the landing and in that year this little band has suffered many hardships; many of their number have died, but, "None of these things move them."

The harvest is won, supplies have been gathered in and preparations for another winter have been made. For freedom, and the right to worship God was the driving force which sent this band of pilgrims on and on until they had landed on these shores. And they have not forgotten their God and His care over them.

They set a day for a Thanksgiving to God for all His blessings. By "Fellowship together, the breaking of bread, and the offering of prayer," they kept that day.

To us this Thanksgiving Day which harks back three hundred and twenty-three years, is full of the sacredness and importance, made more significant by all those years of progress which God has given to us.

Through three centuries that same God has continued to bestow His blessings on us as a people and as a nation, and, even though today the Outlook for Peace and Tranquillity is dark, we still have much for which we should give thanks.

We are at war, but our shores have not been overrun. We are at war but no despot rules our land. We are at war, but our people are not

starving. We are at war, but we are not slaves. For all this, and more, may we not at this time give a fervent thanks to God.

On our alters still lies open the Holy Bible—not *Mein Kampf*. Open are the doors of our sanctuaries, where in freedom men may still go to pray. Our schools, still teach those things which make for freedom and not the lies of "der feurher."

Our fields have yielded, in this past year of need, an abundant harvest. No, we are not starving; conversely, in the face of war, we are feeding millions beyond our shores. Happy are we as a people to be able to do this, and for this privilege, too, we give thanks to God.

Our nation's Constitution gave us the right of expression of opinion by speech, the press or the ballot. We still have these. The Continental Congress which gave them to us, acted under the inspiration of prayer. If it was necessary then to pray so is it necessary today that we realize that only by the power and wisdom that God gives to those who seek it shall we be able to carry on; to keep for ourselves, as well as give to others, that rich blessing which we thus found.

So perhaps more than any year since the first Thanksgiving this year should see our people turn reverently to our sanctuaries and our homes, and give thanks to Him.

"We thank Thee not in prestige  
born of war,

Nor dauntless navies built in battle stress;

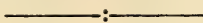
These all are vain, O Lord of Kindliness.

What need have we of swords or bayonets.

Of mighty cannon, belching poison flame?

O, woo us from the pagan love of these?

Lest we defile again Thy Sacred Name."



### CHATTERING

When people talk about you,  
Just pay it no mind.  
Don't say, I know something  
I'll tell you, too, sometime.

When they are running down somebody  
Right in front of you.  
Don't forget, when your back is turned,  
They'll be running you down, too.

That's why I say, it never pays,  
To side in on all talk.  
When they start talking about someone,  
Excuse yourself, and take a walk.

There's no believing what you hear,  
Or half of what you see.  
No one can make you what you are,  
You're what you want to be.

So don't go 'round throwin' slams,  
They'll get thrown back at you.  
And don't go 'round poppin' off,  
What the other guy might do.

And unless you're helping somebody,  
With the things you say,  
I advise you not to speak at all,  
You'll have more friends that way.

—Selected.

# TRACKING THE TURKEY

(United Presbyterian)

The claim is made that in proportion to its size the turkey has the smallest brain of any living creature. Even with that small brain, however, the creature is capable of an uncanny shrewdness. For instance, did you ever try to track an old turkey hen that had stolen her nest? In boyhood days on the farm my Aunt Carrie offered a fabulous sum of money to a boy—as I recall, it was a quarter—if he could find the nest of Madam Turkey. The boy was overjoyed, for it looked to him like easy money. He was speedily disillusioned. He spent many an hour following Mrs. Turk, vainly imagining that he was concealed from her view. She threw him off the track every time, and it is still a matter of chagrin that he did not get the quarter.

Now, if turkey hens are exceedingly wise in that respect, in other respects they are imbeciles. The early settlers captured them without trouble. Our great-granddads made a pen of rails with one rail out at a certain spot. A trail of corn was spread on the ground outside the pen, and it led up to the gap. With heads down, eating the corn, the turkeys followed the trail. Still with heads down and eating, they passed through the gap and entered the pen. The corn being eaten, they lifted their heads and they were caught. Somehow, it never occurred to the silly birds to put down their heads and get out in the same way that they came in. Imbecility is a mild word to describe a mental state like that. "Crazy Crit-

ters" is what a rural philosopher of my old home neighborhood used to call them, he being much more charitable than I. Boast not, vain man, about masculine superiority, for the gobblers knew even less than the hens.

For a long time we tried to "kid" ourselves each Thanksgiving that chicken or beef makes as good a Thanksgiving dinner as turkey. Deep down in our hearts, however, we knew that there was really no comparison, turkey meat being so far superior. Call us extravagant if you will, tell us that we should eat chicken, ham, or rabbit Thanksgiving Day and send the difference in price to foreign missions, and we will inform you in no uncertain terms that we propose to have turkey. By long odds the brainless creature produces the best foul meat that can be found in the market.

One day at least twelve years ago, your present scribe was asked by Friend Esther to talk to a dozen boys in her class at Lyndora. It was on a week day evening. He wondered how he could hold their attention. He told them Lewis Wetzel stories and did not have much trouble. To the uninitiated, let me say that Lew Wetzel, back in the 1780's was the deadliest shot and the most feared scout on the Ohio-Virginia border. So deadly was his aim that the Shawnee Indians called him "Death Wind." He hated Indians—they all looked alike to him—because when he was a boy his father and mother and several of his sisters had been killed and scalped



by the savages. Among the stories we told those boys about the famous Lew, three were stressed. We were told not long ago that they are still remembered.

Story number one deals with Wetzel and the young Shawnee. The former scouting in the Indian country discovered the latter one evening crouched under a rock, deathly sick. Wetzel's first impulse was to treat him as he treated all Indians, sink a tomahawk into his skull, take his scalp banish the scenes from his mind, and continue his journey. For some unknown reason, he relented. He ministered to the young savage, stayed with him for several days until he was better, and then let him go. Two or three years passed and the famous "Wind of Death" was caught napping one day and was captured by the savage foe. They made him run the gauntlet several times, striped his body black, and sent word to all their villages that their famous foe had been caught and would be burned at the stake the following morning. That night, however, a tawny hand holding a knife cut the cords that bound the prisoner, and, when the morning dawned, Wetzel was miles away. You can readily guess the identity of the delivering agent. By Indian ethics the score was now even. Wetzel had saved his life, he had saved Wetzel's life, and the next time, without any compunctions of conscience, each should try to shoot the other down. How far removed from the ethics of Christ!

Story number two deals with a spring near St. Clairsville. Wetzel and a companion, both very thirsty, stealthily approached that spring. A sheet of flame burst from a nearby

thicket and Wetzel's companion fell dead. Wetzel was unharmed. Four savages sprang from the thicket. Wetzel shot one and turned and ran. A little later, he turned and shot another; a few minutes later a third. The fourth stopped, looked after the fleeing scout and shouted in broken English so that Wetzel could hear, "No shoot dat man. Him gun always loaded." Wetzel, after months of practice, could do what no other man of his day was able to do, load his rifle while running at full speed. It was easy to make the application of a well stocked brain and soul. He who runs may read, load well his mental gun, and always carry a shot in reserve.

Story number three, which appealed the most to the young Lyndoreans, dealt with Wetzel and the turkey. Early one morning, a boy of 16, rifle in hand, was seen leaving Fort Henry, the present site of Wheeling. Wetzel saw him and asked, "Tom, whar you goin'?" "Out in the hill to get turkey. Don't you hear it?" "Yes, Tom I do, but you stay in the fort. I'm goin' to git that turkey." Tom grumbled, but obeyed. Wetzel made a long detour and came back of the cave which today bears his name. He was the only white man who knew of its existence. After a while, a tufted head emerged from the cave and a perfect imitation of a turkey call was given. Wetzel shot the savage, took the scalp back to the fort, threw it at Tom's feet and said, "Thar, Tom, is your turkey." Thank God, such rough pioneer days have passed from our republic. I wonder if we appreciate our heritage handed down to us under God, by such pioneers and also by the Pilgrim fathers of New England. God grant that we may be thankful.

# McGUFFEY TAUGHT MORE THAN READING

By Carl D. Soule in *The Christian Century*

Recently I have had the religious experience of reading McGuffey's Third Reader, revised edition. Like many young adults I had heard McGuffey eulogized, but I had never actually seen the inside of one of his famous books. However, during a vacation this summer my aunt gave *our* son John, in the third grade this year, the McGuffey reader which she used in the same grade in 1895. Although my first feelings were akin to those of Keats when he looked into Chapman's Homer, I wished to make no false comparisons with modern readers. So I visited the superintendent of schools, and obtained copies of third grade readers currently used in Dearborn, the suburb of Detroit in which I live.

The first thing anyone is bound to notice about McGuffey's Third Reader is that the overwhelming bulk of the material is moral or religious in tone. There are 16 selections which may be classed as secular in character, 51 which are moral, and 12 which are ethical-religious. God is mentioned 26 times, the Bible twice, the commandments four times, heaven five times, the church seven times, and there are included the Lord's Prayer, an evening prayer and a hymn. McGuffey had no inhibitions about propagandizing the value of honesty, industry, frugality, temperance, kindness and reverence for God. He hardly wastes a page! His unblushing use of a public school reader to advance his ideas concerning a good life re-

minds one of the five-year-plan primer for Russian sixth grade written by M. Ilin a decade ago.

McGuffey's Third Reader opens with a poem about a boy who, possessing only white pebbles and a cast-off hair ribbon, fills his playing hours with imagined scenes on the table top. Satisfaction with simple things is delicately indicated! Turning the pages, one sees that complaining Rose is taught how the falling of rain should make her glad rather than petulant. James Brown, the truant, gets into trouble and learns "to obey his parents perfectly." The fable of the boy who cries "Wolf! Wolf!" leads one to believe that

The truth itself is not believed

From one who often has deceived.

An honest widow has a gift of \$50 increased to \$500 by a generous but shrewd merchant. The fable of the wind and sun suggests the power of quietness over against bluster. The lesson on beautiful hands would be an excellent antidote for some modern advertising, for the red and hard hands of Mary Jessup are held up by the school teacher as the most beautiful because they wash, sweep and mend cheerfully.

Lesson forty-two is entitled "Beware of the first Drink" and indicates the sad old age of Tom Smith whose habit has brought sorrow to his mother and wife and has finally led him to prison. In what amounts to a two-page sermon for children the reader is told that when he arises in the

morning he is to thank God; in all things he is to act as if his parents knew and to remember that even the most secret thoughts cannot be hid from God. "God delights to see his children walk in love and do good one to another." "We Are Seven" by Wordsworth tenderly sets forth child-like simplicity and faith in immortality.

Several years ago, in harmony with his establishment of Greenfield Village patronage of things old in American life, Henry Ford had reprints made of the McGuffey Readers. That was normal and sincere thing for Mr. Ford to do, for the Reader finds an almost perfect reflection in his life and habits. He is the John Carpenter who as a boy ingeniously made a play horse out of odds and ends and "now is a master workman with a shop of his own." He is the "little Fan" who translates his love for others into gifts and institutions, saying little beforehand or afterward. He is the one who not only "beware of the first drink" but also of the first smoke! He knows the way of the sun, choosing quietness and persistence rather than bluster and anger. It is quite fitting that W. J. Cameron, a trustworthy interpreter of Mr. Ford's thoughts, should in a recent public address have described the woes of the present and recommended a "return to McGuffey."

But the insufficiencies of the McGuffey Reader are exemplified in Mr. Ford as well as its virtues. Like McGuffey he has not grasped the extent to which many men work hard, save money, exercise honesty, and yet have their economic foundations torn loose by unemployment, bank failures and ill health. He has not understood the

fear and insecurity of the modern industrial worker even under a pattern of benevolent paternalism. The McGuffey ideal of perfect obedience to parents has been translated into acquiescence to the wishes of foremen and management. Mr. Ford has exercised kindness toward Negroes, employing them by the thousands in his foundries and honoring George Washington Carver, yet he has not seen the desirability of allowing Negroes to live in his own city of Dearborn, near their work, or upgrading them according to their ability. There is a widespread feeling among Ford workers that although industry and honesty have brought Mr. Ford happiness and success, in their own lives there is an uncertain connection between virtue and worldly prosperity.

The modern readers for the early grades are much more colorful than McGuffey. The binding, the size of print, the colored illustrations make them pleasing to the eye. In the true words of one introduction "the stories are high in narrative interest and such qualities as humor, suspense and surprise. Emphasis is placed on factual material, four of the six units being of an informative nature." One Third Reader meritoriously cultivates international friendship by presenting delightful descriptions of Irmgard in Switzerland, Little Bear in China, and Marietta in Italy. In an unusual supplementary reader called Centerville the child is led to understand the development of a backward rural town into a modern community where better roads, stores and schools have their part. On a side street in Centerville there is a church, the basement of which is used when the new school house is being built, but other than

that the church and its functions are totally neglected. This reader is an excellent exposition of economic determinism, the virtues of advertising, the methods of modern merchandising and community co-operation.

Another supplementary reader contains material which is more than a little reminiscent of McGuffey, for captions at the beginning of selections say: "No one likes a person who is selfish. This story tells what happened to a selfish old women." . . . "The abbot was a very rich man, but if it had not been for his simple shepherd, he would had his head chopped off." . . . "This is a story of a woman who was always happy and never found fault with he husband. We can be happy too if we never find fault with other people."

The final judgement must be this: McGuffey composed a reader which not only taught the child to read but whose content had such strong moral and religious overtones that some spiritual growth inevitably took place. Modern publishers and writers are desirous of a wide circulation for their books; therefore, nothing possibly offensive to Moslem, Jew or Christian is included. They make the basic reader primarily a vehicle for the pronouncing of words and the remembering of content by means of vocabulary, print, color and interest.

In supplementary readers some modern McGuffeys are venturing to make content a vehicle for social insights.

A new type of reader is called for, one whose technical composition is determined by scientific studies but whose content is an integrated combination of McGuffey's teaching concerning personal relations and Centerville's teaching concerning social relations. This type is required by our juvenile delinquency, by the absence of half of our child population from church schools, by racial conflicts and international strife. Its need is revealed by the insight that science is a false messiah and that a high school graduate without moral worth is nothing to be proud of. The call for it is justified by the valid judgement that character education cannot be imparted without a religious basis and that somehow the fact of God's existence and nature must be a part of the school curriculum. Otherwise, we have a cut flower civilization—ephemeral beauty, no roots.

The writers of public school readers have the same choice as the leaders of the church and nation—whether the well-being of the community in the future shall be secured by scientific studies alone, or by a combination of science and ethics, or by science and ethics grounded in theology.

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Work thou for pleasure, paint or sing or carve  
 The thing thou lovest, though thy body starve;  
 Who works for glory misses oft the goal;  
 Who works for money coins his very soul.  
 Work for the work's sake, then, and it may be  
 That these things shall be added unto thee.

—Selected.

# HOW ARMY RESTS ITS WEARY

(The New Day)

From a layman's viewpoint, there's a bit of modern medical magic—symbolized by blue pills—in the U. S. Army's approach to rehabilitation of what used to be called "shell-shock" in World War I but is now called "combat exhaustion."

GI Joe calls the pills "blue 88's" or "blue heaven."

The objectives of the Medical Corps program are:

Restoring for active military service, either combat or valuable back-of-the-lines duty, men who mentally have cried "enough."

Giving to these men stability to resume civilian life.

The treatment is based on experiments in treating heavy bombers crews of the U. S. Army 8th Airforce, stationed in England, who developed "flying fatigue" and on findings of British medical men, especially Dr. William Sargant and Dr. Eliot Slater, in treating war neuroses in the British army after Dunkerque.

The study in connection with American airmen was made under direction of Maj. Roy L. Swank of Boston, Harvard university staff member and chief of the neuropsychiatric section of this military hospital which is now in France.

It is Maj. Swank's opinion that all people will break down under sufficient stress. Some break sooner than others—that the only difference.

The "blue 88's" therapy is not cases, but only to those stable, or comparatively stable individuals, who temporarily have "blown their tops"—as

GI Joe puts it—under too much stress.

A radio operator in an armored division, landed in North Africa on D-Day was in the Sicily invasion and landed in France on D-Day-plus 4. He was in a tank when a German explosive charge struck the turret killing two men. Their bloody bodies fell on top of him. He doesn't quite remember how he got to a hospital.

When a man gets too exhausted or develops dizziness, blindness to go on when he gets hysterical, or perhaps inability to move an arm, he is sent to the rear, either to clearing stations specializing in the nervous exhaustion cases, or to an evacuation or a general hospital.

The idea is to treat a man as near the front and as soon as possible. Roughly half the cases can be returned to combat duty afterward.

Before a patient is given the "blue 88" therapy, the core of which is continuous deep narcosis, he is studied to make sure his is a case that would benefit and he is also given a physical check-up to make certain there is no organic basis for his complaints. Some patients, for example, feel they've developed heart ailments.

The sedative is so spaced that the effect wears off sufficiently for the patient to be aroused for breakfast and supper. Between times he is in a state of deep sleep. This phase is generally from 24 to 48 hours.

Then there is a period of recovery during which the patient's diet is supplemented and he is encouraged to take outdoor exercise.

To get an idea of trends Maj. J. Watson Harmier and Capt. Edward Grendal, both attached to general hospitals in France, made a study of 500 men which is the first sampling made in the western invasion. Both doctors stressed it is only indicative.

They found that 17 per cent of the 500 had broken after being in the lines from one to ten days. 20 per cent broke after 11 to 20 days.

From the third week through the seventh week, only 37 per cent cracked. The psychiatrists deduced these men had gained battle experience and also that those with a low breaking point had been weeded out. The remaining 30 per cent held out 50 days or more.

Out of the 500 cases, 39 had been

wounded previously and after recovery had returned to the front. Of the number 30 lasted ten days or less, seven stayed in from seven to 20 days one from 20 to 30 days and one for 60 days.

A "goldbrick" doesn't stand much chance of getting out of the front line as a "combat exhaustion" case. If psychiatrists should miss him, the other men give him away by their reactions. They won't have anything to do with him.

Medical men have respect for the exhaustion cases. "They are men who have stayed in until they could take no more," said Maj. Swank. Maj. Harmier went even further. "They should be decorated," he said.

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### RULES FOR THE ROAD

Stand straight:  
 Step firmly, throw your weight:  
 The heaven is high above your head,  
 The good gray road is faithful to your tread.

Be strong:  
 Sing to your heart a battle song:  
 Though hidden foemen lie in wait,  
 Something is in you that can smile at Fate.

Press through:  
 Nothing can harm you if you are true.  
 And when the night comes, rest;  
 The earth is friendly as a mother's breast.

—Edwin Markham.

# WE SHALL PROSPER ONLY IF WE DO THINGS

(The Reidsville Review)

With the approaching end of the war in Europe, we in the United States face the beginnings of the problems of post-war reconversion of our economic and industrial structure to the requirements of peacetime operations. Can we successfully meet this challenge? Can we prove to ourselves and to the world that we can be just as prosperous in following the ways of peace as we have been in meeting the demands of war?

A wise man once observed that: "You cannot succeed by not doing things."

We are winning this war because we did things necessary to win it.

We shall win the peace if we follow the same formula. But we must do things. We cannot produce the goods that spell prosperity and opportunity

when we pay men for not doing things. We cannot get grain and beef from farmers paid not to grow and produce these essentials.

We shall go far in America if we have the will to do so, the determination to go forward, and the willingness to venture, to plan, and to work to accomplish our aims. This is the challenge to America. Not the challenge to government, which can merely direct or supervise.

How are we going to meet this challenge? You, and millions like you, are the ones who have the answer. Would that we could look five years into the future. Then we would be able to measure the faith of America today, for that will be reflected in the measure of our prosperity five years hence.

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## CRITERION

When your pride is bowed down and your hope is dead,  
Let your will stand firm as a rock,  
When beauty's appeal is faded and gone,  
Bear up under life's every shock.

When ever-elusive love has flown,  
Stand up in the face of the storm;  
Let your heart glow with the warmth of a hearth,  
Where suffering man may get warm.

Live not a bitter, unkind, heartless life,  
Help others as much as you can;  
And though you've been battered and beaten and torn,  
Be not embittered toward man.

—The New Day

# JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

(The N. C. Christian Advocate)

A very important department of our Christian social relations is the study of and active measures being taken all over America in regard to the alarming increase in juvenile delinquency. The Protestant Voice brings us this interesting information: "Incessant campaigning and constructive programs developed by American churches promise to bear fruit in future months as the 45 state legislatures convening next year consider legislation designed to halt the upsurge in juvenile delinquency.

"The assemblies are slated to study a variety of bills related directly or indirectly to a problem which Protestant churches, on a wide front, have attacked, many with conspicuous success. In fact, the churches, observers assert, more than any other single group, have been instrumental in forcing government curbs, both local and state, on delinquency."

This religious newspaper goes on to give instances in Florida, Minnesota,

California, Maine and Michigan where action to curb delinquency in these states indicate a trend toward imposition of greater responsibility on parents. Many municipalities have made progress along this line, but an outstanding example is given of the work in Baltimore.

"A recent disclosure was to the effect that a concerted attack on child crime by Baltimore courts and citizens cut that city's juvenile delinquency rate 23 per cent the first half of the current year.

"The Baltimore program included the work of a juvenile protective bureau of the city police department; court action against parents whose behavior directly causes delinquency; work of a court staff including a physician, a psychiatrist and 11 probation officers; and the program of the Baltimore Youth Commission in supplementing activities of local city, civic, and social agencies, churches and schools."

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A farmer who was much troubled by trespassers during the nutting season consulted with a botanical friend. The botanist furnished him with the technical name of the hazel-nut, and the farmer placed the following notice at conspicuous points about his premises:

"Trespassers, take warning! All persons entering this wood do so at their own risk, for, although common snakes are not often found, the *Corylus Avelana* abounds everywhere, and never gives warning of its presence."

The place was unmolested that year, and the farmer gathered his crop of hazel-nuts in peace.—Highways of Happiness.



## INSTITUTION NOTES

"Lassie Comes Home" was the feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show at the School on Thursday night of last week. This great picture, in technicolor, was thoroughly appreciated by all the boys. There is no better combination, in our way of thinking, than a boy and a dog. They just naturally go together. This picture, showing the young hero's love for Lassie, and how the dog remained faithful to her young master, regardless of circumstances, was one that appealed to every lad in the audience.

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Thurman Knight, one of our old boys, called at The Uplift office a few days ago. About a year ago, this young fellow walked into the shop, dressed in a United States Army uniform, and had attained the rank of sergeant. We were quite surprised to see him in civilian dress this time. Thurman stated that he enlisted in the Army on December 9, 1940, and received an honorary disability discharge, August 27, 1943. He is now twenty-eight years old.

After leaving the service, Thurman was employed in the navy yard at Long Beach, California. He then returned to his home in Charlotte, and for the past month has been working as truck driver and produce buyer for the Charlotte branch of the A. & P. Company, and reports that he is getting along fine. He has been married about five years, and has a two-year-old daughter.

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Mr. Frank Liske, officer in charge of Cottage No. 10, recently reported to

this office that he had received a letter from William S. Knight, formerly of that cottage group, who is now in the United States Army. William is stationed at Camp Stewart, Georgia.

William entered the School, March 16, 1935 and remained here until July 12, 1938. He was a member of the Cottage No. 10 group and was employed in the bakery during the entire time spent with us. At the time of leaving he was in the fourth school grade.

At the time of leaving us, William's mother was dead, and there seemed no way to permit him to return to his home town, and he was placed on a farm near Henderson by the welfare department of Vance County. He made good there, and upon recommendation of the welfare officials, was granted an honorable discharge from further parole supervision on August 25, 1939, his sixteenth birthday. Nothing further had been heard from this young man, now twenty-one years old, until this recent message to Mr. Liske.

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Last Monday afternoon, John D. Wiles, formerly of Cottage No. 4, stopped in for a few minutes. John, who is now thirty years old, entered the School, September 1, 1928 and was allowed to return to his home in High Point, June 1, 1930. Since leaving the School, John served one period of enlistment in the United States Army, working as a mechanic with the air force. His term of enlistment expiring, he left the service in April, 1940. Since that time he has been employed at several army air fields, as senior

mechanic and inspector. He stated that just a few weeks ago he left the airplane plant at Burlington, it having been discontinued, and went to the Laurinburg-Maxton Air Field where he is an army airplane inspector. He has been married several years, and we were delighted to meet his wife, who accompanied him on his recent visit, the first time he had been back to see us since leaving the institution.

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John T. Capps, a former member of our printing class, who has been in England with the United States Army for nearly two years, recently sent us another letter. This one was from "somewhere in France," where he is participating in the battle that is being carried toward the Germans in their own territory. As usual, Johnnie sent us a number of picture post cards for our collection, which has now passed the two-hundred mark (coming from former students located in various sections of the world.) Here are some excerpts from Johnnie's letter:

"Just a few lines tonight to let you know that I'm getting along just fine. Hope everything is running along smoothly at the School. They are keeping me pretty busy these days. I like it all right over here, but would rather be in England. Plenty of rain here—more than in England. It's plenty wet wherever you go. Have not met many of the old School boys over here, but am keeping my eyes open, hoping to see some of them one of these day, for I know there is quite a number of them over here. Please remember me to all my old friends at J. T. S. I often think of all of you, and of the good times I used to have around there. Your pal, Johnnie."

Rev. Roy Whisenhunt, pastor of the Trinity Reformed Church of Concord, preached to the boys at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. All of us were delighted to have Mr. Whisenhunt back again, since other engagements had prevented him from fulfilling his last two regular appointments with the boys.

Mr. Whisenhunt read several verses from the first chapter of II Peter which he used as a basis for his sermon. However, his text was a part of the 18th verse of the third chapter of II Peter, which reads thus: "But grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Mr. Whisenhunt used as a title of his talk the one word "Growing." In discussing this, he said there were three things which should always be kept in mind, as follows:

1. Always there is required for growth and development something that may be regarded as divine provision. In illustrating this, he explained that for any garden the soil with its food values has been provided. When it rains, the roots of plants go out into the soil where they gather food and transmit it to all the plants.

Thus the soil is the basic divine provision needed for plant growth. Likewise, the speaker told the boys that the Bible itself is the spiritual food necessary for spiritual growth. The Bible is regarded as the inspired word which was given to the ancient writers.

2. There are divine requirements if there is to be growth. One of the first divine requirements is that one must eat if there is to be nourishment. Just as the roots of plants drink and feed on the food contained in the soil,

making the entire plant grow, so must individuals take their nourishment from the divine word. It is necessary, also, that there be an exercise of one's faculties, and this is a divine requirement. The speaker illustrated this by saying if one's arm were to remain idle by his side for a period of two years it would probably become entirely useless. Too often, church members fail to function, and often think that along with all the preaching that is done there is still nothing to be done about it. The speaker carried his analogy on this point by explaining that plants breathe and throw off carbon dioxide poisoning and take in the fresh air. He compared the prayer life of an individual to that of the breathing process of a plant. It is through prayer that one renews his

spiritual life and throws off the poison of evil thoughts. The speaker then stated that in order to grow one should never become satisfied, but should always be ambitious for doing greater things. As an example of this he stated that the baseball player who is perfectly satisfied when he has a batting average of 200 can be assured that he will never hit the 300 mark.

3. A person grows inwardly, outwardly, and upwardly. Inward growth includes the development of thoughts, ideals, and attitudes. Outward growth means that a person grows in his religious and social attitudes towards others. Finally, one grows upwardly. Mr. Whisenhunt explained that there is ever before all a holy God, and all should strive to be like Him. This should be our goal.

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### BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these announcements.

#### Week of November 26th

November 27—Preston Lockamy, Cottage No. 13, 16th birthday.

December 1—Ray Covington, Cottage No. 9, 13th birthday.

December 2—William Burnett, Cottage No. 10, 16th birthday.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending November 19, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

(No Honor Roll)

### COTTAGE No. 1

(Cottage Closed)

### COTTAGE No. 2

(No Honor Roll)

### COTTAGE No. 3

Charles Allen  
William Brooks  
Craven Callahan  
William Doss  
Charles Earp  
James Graham  
Charles Green  
Rudy Hardy  
Jack Hensley  
James Hensley  
Cecil Kinion  
A. J. McCraw  
Jack Oliver  
Robert Peavy  
Donald Redwine  
Charles Roland  
Richard Tullock  
William Ussery  
Thomas Barnes  
Raymond Pruitt

### COTTAGE No. 4

(No Honor Roll)

### COTTAGE No. 5

(Cottage Closed)

### COTTAGE No. 6

J. C. Cayton  
Carl Church  
Rufus Driggers  
Richard Davidson  
Vernon Foster  
Keith Futch  
Ralph Gibson  
Earl Gilmore  
William Hawkins  
Stanford McLean  
Nolan Morrison  
Clay Shew  
Leroy Wilkins

### COTTAGE No. 7

David Brooks  
Robert Cannady  
Carlton Cox  
Horace Collins  
Herschell Duckworth  
Carlos Faircloth  
James Knight  
Ned Metcalf  
Joe Mitchell

### COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

### COTTAGE No. 9

Raymond Bullman  
Leonard Church  
Fred Coats  
R. C. Combs  
Ray Covington  
Conrad Cox  
Worth Craven  
Sebarn Garmon  
Liston Grice  
Edward Guffey  
Windley Jones  
John Linville  
Charles McClenney  
Edwin Peterson  
Eugene Peterson  
Floyd Puckett  
Edward Renfro  
Jack Wilkins  
Curtis Butcher  
Joe Lane

### COTTAGE No. 10

(No Honor Roll)

### COTTAGE No. 11

Odean Bland  
George Cox  
William Guffey  
Raymond Hunsucker  
James Phillips  
Alvin Porter  
Samuel Price  
Clyde Rhodes  
Leon Rose  
Marshall Sessions

J. W. Smith  
COTTAGE No. 12  
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13  
William Black  
David Eaton  
Ervin Ewing  
J. B. Galyan  
Vernon Harding  
Robert Hinson  
Robert Hobbs  
Charles Shearin  
William Whistnant

COTTAGE No. 14  
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 15  
William Bass  
Jack Benfield

Charles Ledford  
Clyde Shook  
Olin Wishon

## INDIAN COTTAGE

Jack Bailey  
Frank Chavis  
James Chavis  
Peter Chavis  
Harold Duckworth  
Allen Hammond  
R. C. Hoyle  
Marshall Hunt  
Lacy Jacobs  
Carl Lochlear  
Clyde Lochlear  
Leroy Lowery  
W. C. McManus

## INFIRMARY

Lloyd Sain  
Odell Cecil

---

 LIFE AND DEATH

So he died for his faith. That is fine,  
More than most of us do.  
But, say, can you add to that line  
That he lived for it too?  
In his death he bore witness at last  
As a martyr to the truth  
Did his life do the same in the past,  
From the days of his youth?  
It is easy to die. Men have died  
For a wish or a whim—  
From bravado or passion or pride,  
Was it harder for him?  
But to live—every day to live out  
All the truth that he dreamt,  
While his friends met his conduct with doubt  
And the world with contempt.  
Was it thus that he plodded ahead,  
Never turning aside  
Then we'll talk of the life that he lived.  
Never mind how he died.

—Ernest Crosby.



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U. N. C.  
CAROLINA

DEC 6 1944

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 2, 1944

No. 48

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## BETTER DAYS

If you have faith in those with whom you  
labor,  
And trust in those with whom you make a  
trade;  
If you believe in friend and next door neigh-  
bor.  
And heed examples pioneers have made;  
If you expect the sun to rise tomorrow,  
If you are sure that somewhere skies are  
blue—  
Wake up and pack away the futile sorrow,  
For better days are largely up to you.

—Author Unknown.

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# The Uplift

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

LEOK GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## A PRAYER

When my hair is thin and silvered, and my time of toil is through,  
When I've many years behind me, and ahead of me a few,  
I will want to sit, I reckon, sort of dreaming in the sun,  
And recall the roads I've traveled, and the many things I've done.  
I hope there'll be no picture that I'll hate to look upon,  
When the time to paint it better or to wipe it out, is gone.

I hope there'll be no vision of a hasty word I've said,  
That has left a trail of sorrow, like a whip welt sore and red.  
And I hope my old age dreaming will bring back no bitter scene  
Of a time when I was selfish, or a time when I was mean.  
When I'm getting old and feeble, and I'm far along life's way,  
I don't want to sit regretting any bygone yesterday.

I am painting now the picture that I'll want some day to see.  
I am filling in a canvas that will come back soon to me.  
Though nothing great is on it, and though nothing there is fine,  
I shall want to look it over when I'm old, and call it mine.  
So I do not dare to leave it, while the paint is warm and wet,  
With a single thing upon it that I will later on regret.

—Selected.

---

## THE NEED FOR SYMPATHETIC CONSIDERATION OF PAROLEES

Unfortunately, the public in general is not nearly as fair as it should be to the boys who have spent some time in a training school. There seems to be some deep prejudice or some sub-conscious anti-social response towards these individuals. The public seems not to fully recognize its obligation at this point, and we are making this appeal for assistance to the boys who have made good and have earned the privilege of going back into society.

Two instances have come to our attention recently which tend to

emphasize the need for entering a plea in behalf of these boys. In the meantime, however, the public should realize that the boy leaving the training school faces life on the outside with considerable fear or trepidation. Yet he faces it with the feeling that he has paid the price and has merited his opportunity. It should be said, though, that many fine people do meet the challenge and give the boys every possible consideration. This is not an attempt to ask for an over-indulgent attitude on the part of the public, because we believe every boy, when he leaves an institution, should be willing to earn his way honorably in civil life.

Recently a former training school boy visited this institution. We are reliably informed that he now holds a very responsible position in an industrial plant in this state. He has a family of three children. The oldest boy is approximately twelve years of age and is making normal progress in school. His playmates, however, boys of his own age, delight in sneering him with the statement that his father had spent some time in a training school. This, apparently, disturbed the boy quite a bit, and naturally placed in his mind a quandary about his father. The training school, in the minds of these boys was pictured as being a wicked and unholy penalizing institution where only the worst kind of boys were placed and where there would be little hope of ever amounting to anything in the world.

In order to clarify the thinking of this boy and to give him a true picture of what the training school attempts to do for its boys, this father brought his son for a visit to the institution for the express purpose of giving him an opportunity to learn first-hand what the institution is like. When this occurred, there seemed to be real satisfaction and consolation in the minds of the boy and of the father, too.

Just recently our attention came to another case in which a boy was released to return to his home. The reputation of the family from which he came was unfortunately none too good. The boy faced his stay at the institution without very much hope for the future. Evidently he realized the dismalness of what the future could promise him. At first, his record was rather inferior. Later, however, he became a dependable, industrious, trustworthy boy with the determination that he would earn his chance to return to society. This he did. When he returned to his home he found employment

in a local industry. One week later a house in the community was burglarized. The police authorities suspected this boy and he was arrested and confined. Within a week it developed that other boys in the community had entered this home instead of this boy. However, the boy was not able to get his job back. Now there are only two opportunities open to him. He hopes he may be able to enlist in the armed services of the country and thereby re-establish himself in the eyes of an ungrateful public, or else he must spend his time in an impoverished home with little opportunities for work and scarcely none for self-improvement. How much better it would have been if he could have returned to his position under the guidance of an understanding director and with an apology that he had been mistreated.

These are just two glaring instances of how the training school boys find it difficult in public school and in work because of an indifferent society. This does not mean that there are not many instances in which boys receive the finest kind of treatment. It does mean, however, that society should be very careful that there be no recriminations of parolees.

\* \* \* \* \*

### A TRIBUTE TO INSTITUTIONAL WORK

Recently there appeared in The Asheville Citizen an editorial in which we believe many of our readers will be keenly interested. It is encouraging to note that the problems involved in such cases are well understood, and these humanitarian services are generally appreciated.

Frequently, the tendency is to judge the efficiency of this institution and other social agencies too largely in terms of failures, without realizing fully that it is impossible to measure up to a one hundred per cent standard in all cases. We do believe, however, that every institution dedicated to the rehabilitation of humanity does have as its sacred obligation, the goal of coming as close to this mark as is humanly possible.

We deeply appreciate the following editorial from The Asheville Citizen, issue of November 21, 1944:

“His correct name will not be given here. The errancies of

youth should be written in water. It is only the evil that people do in their responsible years which should be remembered against them. Let it be said, however, that his full name is to be found on the list of those who have dared greatly and died bravely for their country.

"Nine years ago he was a wayward child. Perhaps his crippled arm accounted for his delinquencies, for the spirits of children are often twisted by their physical defects. Anyhow, his neighbors shook their heads and said that he would come to no good end.

"Finally, his unruly conduct became so serious that society had to intervene. He was committed to the state training school. There he remained for four years before he won his release. His crippled arm was straightened by an operation performed at the State Orthopedic Hospital. With this lameness corrected, his attitude toward society and his fellows improved and his rehabilitation was hastened.

"The other day the word came that this boy, now a man, had been killed in the European theatre. From all reports, he had been a courageous and dutiful soldier.

"Perhaps it is not too much to say that if the state had not interested itself at the proper time with attention that was both compassionate and intelligent, this youthful offender would have grown up into a confirmed law-breaker. Certainly, if a state institution had not provided the required surgical and hospital treatment, he would have been disabled for military service.

"Is it worthwhile for the state to spend time and money and patience in straightening the crippled limbs and the warped spirits of its youth? This wayward North Carolina boy, now lying under a wooden cross in Europe, gives with his sacrifice one answer to this question."

\* \* \* \* \*

## NEWS ABOUT TRAINING SCHOOL BOYS IN SERVICE

(Continued)

This is a continuation of the news items regarding boys in service and carried in The Uplift on November 4th. Our purpose is to continue these reports from time to time on an alphabetical basis. Then, in case we receive reports of other boys not in alphabetical order, special reports will be made of them.

**19. James Revis.**

Entered the School, April 17, 1933.

Released, March 15, 1939.

The name of Pfc. James Revis has appeared in the casualty lists of the War Department, once on September 9th and again on November 1, 1944. Evidently he has been wounded in action twice, each time in the European war area. These reports represent the first and the only information that we have had from James since he became a member of the armed forces.

The many friends of this boy are deeply grieved to learn of his misfortunes, but they hope that his wounds are not serious and that he may speedily recover. We were especially pleased to learn that he had advanced from the rank of private to private first class. His friends here are proud of his record and we appreciate his personal contribution towards winning the war. We hope to have more information about this lad later on.

While James was at the School he was a member of Cottage No. 12 group. He advanced through the sixth grade in the school department. He worked as a house-boy part of the time and out on the farm some. In his record here he was rated "good." When he was released, he went to Wake County where he resided for a year, prior to his enlistment in the army.

He was granted a final discharge on April 17, 1944.

**20. Hoyt Rogers.**

Entered the School, December 16, 1935.

Released, February 20, 1937.

Staff Sergeant Hoyt Rogers, Concord, N. C., while serving as a waist gunner on a B-17 (Flying Fortress) has made a brilliant record in the Air Corps and has attained high honors for bravery and courage. We take special delight in paying tribute to him for his heroic deeds and commend him highly for having earned several decorations.

Hoyt entered the service in November 1941, one month before the war started. He took training at Armors' school at Salt Lake City, Utah, and attended gunnery school at Las Vegas, Nevada. He finished the aviation school at Goins Field, Boise, Idaho. He later became a member of the 318th Bomber Squadron Army Air Base, Walla Walla, Washington. He went overseas in April 1943, "and

became very busy taking part in missions over Germany, France, Greece, Austria, and Italy." On one occasion his plane was almost knocked out, but it did manage to return to its base. In all he participated in 43 missions over enemy territory. Among his array of ribbons and decorations are the wings so dear to every flyer's heart, the Purple Heart for wounds received in action, an Air Medal with six Oak Leaf clusters, and two bronze battle stars on his campaign ribbon.

On November 22, 1943, while flying over France, he was severely wounded. Fragments from a 20 millimeter shell entered his arm, shoulder and back. It required over a gallon of fresh blood and quantities of blood plasma to save his life, for which he was most grateful. He remained in a hospital until March 30, 1944, when he went back into combat duty again, but for only two missions.

He returned to the states for further hospitalization, and in May, 1944, spent a 23 day furlough with his parents in Concord.

While Hoyt was at the School he made a good record. He was assigned to third cottage and worked most of the time on the barn force.

#### 21. Hazen Ward.

Entered the School, February 24, 1922.

Released, August 29, 1924.

Hazen Ward, a petty officer in the United States Coast Guard, has to his credit a long record of service in the regular army. He enlisted in the army in May 1925, and remained in service until sometime in 1940, when he was given an honorable discharge. During his enlistment he saw service in China, the Philippines, Hawaii, and Panama.

Hazen re-entered Uncle Sam's service on August 2, 1942 and is still serving. As a Coast Guardsman, he has seen service at Casablanca, Scotland, Italy, and England.

In the Goldsboro News-Argus, October 9, 1944 there appeared this news item.

"Recently this boy visited the Wayne County Welfare Department and expressed his thanks for what the welfare agencies and training school had done for him at a time when he had no one to guide him.

"A photo-static copy of his record from the Fleet Post Office

in New York certified that he was a member of the crew of the U. S. S. Gen. William Mitchell, which in its course of duty has served in the American and European, African and Middle Eastern theatres of war, and that First Class Petty Officer Hazen Ward is entitled to the medals and campaign ribbons which he wears for meritorious service.

“Ward was paroled from Jackson Training School in 1924, and in May, 1925, entered the Army where he served until 1940. His wife, an Italian girl from New York, accompanied him on his visit to Wayne County. Ward had only the kindest words for the welfare officials and training school, and gave them credit for making a man of him.”

During a part of his stay at the School, he was a member of Cottage No. 7.

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND

For many years it has been the custom of interested and generous friends of the boys at Jackson Training School to make the Christmas season happy and cheerful for them. It is appropriate at the Yuletide season that such donations be made in the spirit of the “Prince of Peace,” whose purpose in life was to spread happiness and good cheer among the unfortunate people with whom he came in contact.

The boys themselves will not have an opportunity to express their personal gratitude for these gifts, but we are sure they are none the less appreciative of all that has been or will be done for them at Christmas time.

This article is not being prepared as a “high-pressure” effort to over-persuade any one in his charitable sentiments, but is merely to remind the friends of our boys that the Christmas season is here again, thereby giving to them the opportunity which we believe they already desire.

We are listing below contributions already received:

Durham County Welfare Dept., W. E. Stanley, Supt.,.....	\$ 10.00
A. G. Odell, Concord,.....	10.00
Joseph F. Cannon Christmas Trust,.....	217.85
“7-8-8,” Concord,.....	25.00



## WITH THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES



The following list includes the names, as they have come to this office, of members of the staff, former staff members, and former students of Stonewall Jackson Training School, who are now serving as members of the armed forces of the United States. It will be seen that four employees went into the service directly from the School campus. The others listed have, in some cases, been away from the institution for quite a number of years, joining the fighting forces several years after severing their connection with the School.

In checking over the list of our old boys, we find that practically one hundred per cent voluntarily enlisted in "Uncle Sam's" service, rather than wait to be called by the selective service system. It is also interesting to note that many of these fellows had been in their country's service several years prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

If any of our readers know of former Training School boys who are now in any branch of service, and can furnish definite information as to their present location, please notify the editor of THE UPLIFT, P. O. Box 32, Concord, N. C. We shall appreciate your co-operation.

### Staff Members

Brausa, Ralph J.	(Navy)	Patterson, James L.	(Army)
(d) Carriker, J. L.	(Army)	Query, James L.	(Army)
Liner, James H.	(Army)		

### Former Staff Members

(d) Adams, J. E., Jr.	(Navy)	(d) Poole, William E.	(Army)
Barrier, Major George L.	(Army)	Watson, Lt. James E.	(Navy)
Cleaver, James A.	(Navy)	Wingate, Lt. W. J.	(Army Air Corps)
Hollingsworth, Jesse G.	(Navy)	Webb, James H.	(Navy)
Parker, Lt.-Col. Samuel I.	(Army)		

### Former Students

Abernethy, Paul	(Navy)	Andrews, Julian	(Marine Corps)
Adams, Clyde	(Navy)	Andrews, Lewis	(Marine Corps)
Adams, Felix	(Army)	Anderson, Raymond	(Army)
Alexander, J. Mack	(Army)	Ashley, Arthur	(Army)
Alexander, Robert	(Army)	Ashley, Cecil	(Navy)
Almond, Odell H.	(Navy)	Atkins, Howard L.	(Navy)
Allen, Burl	(Navy)	Atkins, Richard	(Army)
Allen, Julian Herschel	(Navy)	Atkinson, Hiram	(Navy)
Allen, Grady C.	(Navy)	Atwell, Robert	(Navy)
Allen, Wayne	(Navy)	Atwood, Earl	(Army)
Allison, John W.	(Navy)		
Allred, James R.	(Army Air Corps)	Bailiff, Wilson	(Navy)
Amos, Gerald	(Navy)	Baker, John B.	(Navy)



Ballew, Edward J.	(Navy)	Carter, Douglas	(Army)
(§) Ballew, William P.	(Army)	Carter, Fred	(Army)
Barber, Winfred V.	(Army)	Carver, Gardner	(Army)
Bargesser, James	(Navy)	Causey, Floyd	(Army)
Barker, Jewell	(Army Air Corps)	(‡) Causey, James D.	(Army)
Barkley, Joel	(Army)	Cecil, Virgil	(Army)
Barnes, Norton	(Army)	Chapman, Charles	(Army)
Barrett, Allen	(Army)	Chapman, Edward	(Army)
Barrier, Carl	(Marine Corps)	Chattin, Ben	(Army)
Barrier, William T.	(Navy)	Cherry, Herman	(Army)
Bass, Homer	(Navy)	Cherry, William	(Navy)
Batson, Jack	(Navy)	Christine, Joseph	(Navy)
Batten, John E.	(Navy)	Cline, Wade	(Army)
Bishop, Garrett W.	(Army Air Corps)	Coats, Clinton	(Army)
Baynes, Howard	(Army Air Corps)	Cobb, Frank E.	(Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)		Coffer, Robert	(Army)
Beach, Ernest L.	(Army)	Coggins, Mack	(Navy)
Beaver, Albert	(Army)	Collins, Glenn L.	(Army)
Beaver, Grover	(Navy)	Connell, Harry	(Army)
(d) Beaver, Walter	(Army)	Connell, James	(Navy)
Bell, James	(Navy)	Cook, William	(Navy)
(d) Bell, William C.	(Navy)	Cooke, George C.	(Army)
Bell, William G.	(Navy)	Cooper, Lake	(Army)
Beheler, Reid	(Navy)	Cooper, Dewell J.	(Navy)
Benson, John	(Navy)	Cooper, Walter	(Army)
Blackman, William	(Army)	Corn, James	(Army)
Bolton, James C.	(Army)	Corn, William	(Army)
Bordeaux, Junior	(Army)	Cowan, Henry W.	(Army)
Bowman, Charles	(Army)	Cox, Howard	(Navy)
Branch, Glatley	(Army)	Cox, J. C.	(Marine Corps)
Branch, Horace	(Army)	Craft, Arthur	(Army)
Brantley, Elmond A.	(Marine Corps)	Crawford, Jack	(Navy)
Bray, Relons Odell	(Army)	(d) Crawford, Louis	(Army)
Briggs, Paul	(Marine Corps)	Crawford, Wiley	(Army)
Britt, Jennings	(Navy)	Crumpler, John	(Marine Corps)
Broadwell, William	(Navy)	Cunningham, David C.	(Army)
Brogden, Norman	(Navy)	Cunningham, Jesse S.	(Navy)
Broome, Jack	(Army)		
Broome, Paul	(Marine Corps)	Dalton, James	(Army)
Broome, Shannon	(Army Air Corps)	Daubenmyer, Nelso.	(Army)
Brothers, William	(Naval Air Corps)	Davis, Duke	(Army)
Brown Aldene	(Army)	Davis, Hubert	(Navy)
Brown, Elbert M.	(Navy)	Davis, James	(Army)
Brown, Harold	(Army)	Deal, Paul	(Navy)
Bunn, Dewey	(Navy)	Deese, Horace R.	(Navy)
Bunn, Homer	(Army)	Detherage, James	(Army)
Burke, Ensign William H.	(Navy)	Dodd, Carroll	(Army)
Burkhead, Dermont	(Navy)	Donaldson, Harold	(Marine Corps)
Burleson, Lacy C.	(Navy)	Dorsett, Douglas S.	(Navy)
Burrow, John B.	(Navy)	Dorsey, W. Wilson	(Army)
Butler, Femmous	(Army)	Downes, George	(Army)
Butner, Roy	(Marine Corps)	Downes, William H.	(Army)
(d) Byers, Eugene	(Navy)	Driver, Malcom	(Army Air Corps)
		Drumm, Glenn	(Army)
		Dyson, Fred	(Navy)
Cable, Nathan	(Army Air Corps)		
Capps, John T.	(Army Air Corps)	Eaker, Arnold Max	(Army)
Carter, Adrian L.	(Navy)	Earnhardt, Donald P.	(Navy)

Edmondson, Arthur	(Army)	Griffin, James H.	(Marine Corps)
Edwards, Eugene	(Navy)	Grooms, J. B.	(Army Air Corps)
Elders, James R.	(Marine Corps)	Guffey, Lawrence	(Army)
Elliott, John	(Navy)	Hackler, Raymond	(Army)
Elmore, A. C.	(Marine Corps)	Hall, Brevard A.	(Army)
Ennis, James C.	(Navy)	Hall, Frank	(Army)
Ennis, Henry	(Marine Corps)	Hall, Joseph	(Army)
Ennis, Noah	(Navy)	Hames, Albert	(Navy)
Ennis, Samuel	(Army)	Hames, William R.	(Army)
Eury, James	(Army Air Corps)	Hamilton, Leo	(Navy)
Evans, John H.	(Army)	Hampton, Robert	(Navy)
Evans, Mack	(Army)	(*) Haney, Jack	(Marine Corps)
Everett, Carl	(Army)	Hardin, Wilbur	(Navy)
Everidge, Samuel	(Navy)	Hare, James M.	(Army)
Fagg, Julius, Jr.	(Army)	Harris, Edgar	(Army)
Faggart, John	(Marine Corps)	Harris, Ralph	(Navy)
(Enlisted 1929. Made Warrant Officer by Act of Congress, 1941.)		Hawkins, Bruce	(Navy)
Fanslar, Hubert J.	(Army)	Hawkins, William T.	(Navy)
Farthing, Audie	(Navy)	Head, Elbert	(Army)
Faschnat, Mose	(Navy)	Heath, Beamon	(Navy)
Fausnet, Bernard L.	(Army)	Hefner, Charles	(Army)
(‡) Ferris, Russell	(Army)	Hefner, Eugene	(Navy)
Fisher, Edward	(Army)	Hensley, David	(Army)
Fisher, John H.	(Army)	Hensley, J. B.	(Navy)
Flannery, John	(Army)	Hendren, Isaac	(Navy)
Fralix, Howard B.	(Army)	Hendrix, John	(Army)
(d) Freeman, Richard	(Army)	Henry, Charlton	(Navy)
French, Ian	(Army)	Hicks, Garland	(Army)
Furches, William	(Marine Corps)	Hicks, Odie	(Marine Corps)
Gaddy, William	(Navy)	Hildreth, John	(Army)
Gaines, Robert	(Navy)	Hill, Doyce	(Army)
Gardner, Horace T.	(Army)	(d) Hill, Urban	(Army)
Gardner, John	(Navy)	Hill, William	(Army)
Gatlin, Britt C.	(Army)	Hines, Hubert	(Marine Corps)
Gautier, Marvin	(Army)	Hodge, David	(Army)
Gentry, William	(Navy)	Hodge, Dallas	(Army Air Corps)
Gibson, Merritt	(Army)	Hogan, Gilbert	(Army)
Glasgow, Mumford	(Army)	Hogsed, John R.	(Army)
Glasgow, Norwood	(Navy)	Hoke, Bernice	(Navy)
Glasgow, Ramsey	(Army Air Corps)	Holland, Burman	(Army)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1929-1933. Mem- ber China Expeditionary Force, '29-'32.)		Holland, Donald	(Army)
Glover, Henry	(Marine Corps)	Hollars, Ralph	(Army)
Godfrey, Warren	(Army)	Holloway, Hubert	(Army)
Godwin, John T.	(Navy)	Holmes, John	(Army)
Godwin, Paul D.	(Army Air Corps)	Holt, Archie	(Army)
Goodman, Albert	(Army)	Honeycutt, Richard	(Navy)
Goodman, George	(Army)	Hooks, Hubert	(Army)
(d) Gouge, Jeff	(Navy)	Hornsby, Thomas H.	(Navy)
Gray, Delma C.	(Navy)	Honeycutt, Nathaniel	(Army)
Green, Eugene	(Army)	Howard, Jack	(Navy)
Greene, Giles E.	(Army)	Hudson, Hoyette	(Army Air Corps)
Greene, Noah J.	(Navy)	Hulan, Norman	(Navy)
Gregory, Charles J.	(Army)	(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)	
Gregory, Roy	(Army)	Ingram, John E.	(Navy)
Griffin, Charles	(Army)	Irby, Earl	(Army)
		Irwin, Raymond	(Army Air Corps)

Jackson, Edgar	(Marine Corps)	(* Matthews, Douglas	(Army)
Jackson, William	(Navy)	Matthews, Harley P	(Navy)
Jenkins, Fred	(Navy)	Maddox, Walter A.	(Army)
Johnson, Clawson	(Army)	May, Fred	(Navy)
Johnson, Coley	(Navy)	May, George O.	(Army)
Johnson, Edward	(Navy)	Mayberry, Douglas J.	(Army)
Johnson, Hugh	(Navy)	Medlin, Clarence	(Army)
Jolly, James D.	(Navy)	Medlin, Ervin J.	(Army)
Jones, Mark Twain	(Navy)	Medlin, Wade	(Navy)
Jones, S. E.	(Marine Corps)	(‡) Medlin, Wilson	(Army)
Jordan, James E.	(Army)	Merritt, Edgar	(Army)
Journigan, Horace	(Navy)	(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)	
Keen, Clinton	(Army)	Merritt, Julian	(Army)
Keith, Monroe	(Army)	Michaels, J. C.	(Navy)
Keith, Robert	(Navy)	Miller, Latha	(Navy)
Kelly, Grady	(Army Air Corps)	Montford, James B.	(Army)
Kelly, Jesse	(Army)	Montgomery, Samuel	(Navy)
King, Cleo	(Army Air Corps)	Moose, Claude L.	(Marine Corps)
King, Frank L.	(Army)	Morris, Everett	(Navy)
King, Jesse	(Navy)	Morris, Jack	(Army)
King, Marvin	(Navy)	Morrow, Chas. W.	(Army Air Corps)
King, Thomas	(Army Air Corps)	Morrozoff, Ivan	(Army Air Corps)
Kinley, Robert	(Marine Corps)	Morgan, William S.	(Navy)
Kirksey, Samuel	(Navy)	Murphy, Lemuel	(Army)
(d) Kivett, Clyde A.	(Army)	Murphy, Norvelle	(Navy)
Kivett, John	(Army)	Murray, Edward J.	(Army)
Knight, Thomas	(Army Air Corps)	Muse, Robert	(Navy)
Knight, Thurman	(Army)	McBride, Irvin	(Army Air Corps)
Knight, William S.	(Army)	McBride, J. Lee	(Navy)
Koontz, J. Milton	(Army)	McCain, Edward G.	(Navy)
Kye, George	(Army)	McColl, Vollie O.	(Navy)
Kye, James	(Army)	McCoy, Hubert	(Army)
(‡) Lamar, A. C., Jr.	(Army)	McDonald, Ralph B.	(Navy)
Land, Reuben	(Army)	McEntire, Forrest	(Marine Corps)
Land, Wilfred	(Marine Corps)	McFee, Donald M.	(Army Air Corps)
Landrum, Luther H.	(Army)	McGee, Norman	(Army)
Lane, Floyd C.	(Marine Air Corps)	McHone, Arnold	(Navy)
Lane, James E.	(Navy)	McKay, John C.	(Marine Corps)
Langford, Olin	(Army)	McKee, Thomas R.	(Army)
Langley, William	(Army)	(Enlisted 1937)	
Laramore, Ray	(Army)	McNeely, Robert	(Army)
Lawrence, Robert	(Marine Corps)	(Enlisted 1933)	
Leagon, Harry	(Army)	McNeill, Preston	(Army Air Corps)
Ledford, Harvey L.	(Army)	McPherson, Arthur	(Navy)
Ledford, James	(Marine Corps)	McRorie, J. W.	(Navy)
Lemly, Jack	(Army)	Nelson, Larry	(Navy)
Lee, Valton	(Army)	(d) New, William	(Army)
Lett, Frank	(Army)	Newton, Willard M.	(Army)
Lewallan, Paul R.	(Army)	Odham, David	(Army)
Link, Bruce	(Navy)	Owen, Fred, Jr.	(Marine Corps)
Long, Loyce	(Army)	(d) Owen, Howard	(Army)
Long, Stacey L.	(Army)	Owens, Leroy	(Army)
Mabe, McCree	(Army)	Owens, Norman	(Army)
Martin, Willie H.	(Army Air Corps)	Oxendine, Earl	(Navy)
Mathis, D. B. (Jack)	(Marine Corps)		

Padrick, William	(Navy)	Sloan, Lonnie	(Army)
Page, James	(Army)	Sluder, Wayne	(Army)
Pate, Hansel	(Army)	Small, Clyde E.	(Army)
Patterson, James	(Navy)	Smith, Jesse	(Navy)
Patterson, Joseph	(Navy)	Smith, Julius D.	(Navy)
Patton, Richard	(Navy)	Smith, Oscar	(Army)
Payne, Joy	(Army)	Smith, Ventry	(Navy)
Peake, Harry	(Marine Corps)	Snider, Samuel	(Navy)
Pearson, Flay	(Army)	Snuggs, Charles L.	(Navy)
Pennington, Grady	(Army)	Spears, James	(Navy)
Pickett, Claudius	(Army)	Speer, Carl	(Navy)
Pittman, Hoyle	(Navy)	Springer, Jack	(Army)
(d) Pittman, Ted	(Marine Corps)	Stack, Porter	(Army)
Pittman, Walter	(Army)	Stallings, William	(Navy)
Plemmons, Hubert	(Army)	Stanley, Brown	(Coast Artillery)
Pope, H. C.	(Army)	Stepp, James H.	(Navy)
Porter, Frank J.	(Army)	Stines, Loy	(Navy)
Potter, Linwood	(Army)	Strickland, Robert W.	(Army)
Presnell, Robert	(Army)	Stubbs, Ben	(Army)
Pyatt, Jack	(Marine Corps)	Sullivan, Richard	(Army)
		Sutherland, Jack	(Navy)
Quick, James	(Navy)	Sutton, J. P.	(Army)
Quick, Robert	(Army)		
Quick, Simon	(Navy)	Talbert, Morris	(Navy)
		(x) Taylor, Daniel	(Army)
Ramsey, Amos	(Army)	Tessneer, Calvin C.	(Navy)
(Previously served as enlistment period in the Army.)		Teeter, Robert E.	(Army)
Ransom, B. T.	(Navy)	Thomas, Harold	(Navy)
Rash, Burris	(Army)	Thomas, Richard	(Army)
Reavis, James	(Army)	Threatt, Sidi	(Army Air Corps)
(d) Reep, John	(Navy)	Tipton, Kenneth	(Navy)
Revels, Grover	(Navy)	Tobar, William	(Army)
Reynolds, D. C.	(Navy)	Troy, Robert	(Army)
Riggs, Walter	(Navy)	Tucker, Joseph	(Army)
Rivenbark William W.	(Army)	Turner, Lee V.	(Navy)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1933-1938.)		Tyson, William E.	(Navy)
Rhodes, Paul	(Army)		
Robbins, John	(Navy)	Uptegrove, John W. C.	(Army)
Rogers, Hoyt W.	(Army Air Corps)		
Roberts, Lonnie	(Navy)	Waldrop, Ned	(Army)
Robertson, John C.	(Army)	Walker, Glenn	(Army)
Robinson, Perry	(Army Air Corps)	Walker, Oakley	(Army)
Rochester, Nicholas	(Navy)	Walker, Robert	(Army)
Routh, Walter	(Army Air Corps)	Walsh, Harold	(Army)
Russ, James P.	(Army)	Walters, Melvin	(Army)
		Ward, Eldridge	(Army)
Sands, Thomas	(Navy)	Ward, Hazen	(Army)
Scism, Arlee	(Navy)	Ward, Leo	(Army Air Corps)
Seibert, Fred	(Army)	Ward, Robert	(Army)
(*) Sexton, Walter B.	(Army)	(Enlisted 1928)	
Seymore, Malcom E.	(Navy)	Ware, Dewey	(Army)
Scott, Archie	(Army)	Ware, Torrence	(Navy)
Shannon, William L.	(Navy)	Watkins, Floyd A.	(Army)
Shaver, George H.	(Navy)	Watkins, Lee	(Army)
Shropshire, Hassell	(Army)	Watson, Lieut. Lemuel	(Army)
Sides, George D.	(Navy)	Watts, Everett	(Navy)
Simmons, Horace K.	(Navy)	Watts, James	(Navy)
Sistar, Walter E.	(Army)	Watts, Boyce	(Army)
		Weaden, Clarence	(Army)

Weathers, Alexander, Jr.	(Army)	Wiles, Fred	(Army)
Webb, Charles R.	(Army)	(Enlisted 1927)	
Webster, John D.	(Army)	Wilson, John C.	(Army)
Whitaker, John H.	(Navy)	Wilson, Thomas	(Navy)
(*) Whitaker, William E.	(Army)	(*) Wilson, William J.	(Army)
White, Marshall	(Coast Artillery)	Winn, J. Harvard	(Navy)
Whitener, Richard M.	(Army)	Wood, James L.	(Army)
Whitley, John P.	(Navy)	Wood, William T.	(Navy)
Whitlock, Winfred	(Army)	Wooten, Charles	(Navy)
Whitten, Thomas M.	(Army)	Wrenn, Lloyd	(Army)
Widener, Charles	(Navy)	(‡) Wright, George	(Army)
Wilhite, Claude	(Army)	Yarborough, Preston	(Army)
Wilhite, George	(Army)	York, John R.	(Army)
Wilhite, James	(Army)	Young, Brooks	(Army)
Wilhite, Porter	(Army)	Young, R. L.	(Marine Corps)
Williams, Everett L.	(Army)	Young, William F.	(Army)
Williams, Samuel R.	(Navy)	Young, William R.	(Army)
Williams, William R.	(Navy)		
Williamson, Everett	(Navy)		
(d) Wiles, John D.	(Army)	Ziegler, Henry F.	(Navy)

Former Students in Merchant Marine Service

Hammond, Edward	Smith, Glenn W.
Hill, Caleb	Stutts, Edward
Hillard, Clyde	Williams, Horace
Lambert, Jay	

- (‡) Prisoner of war.
- (§) Missing in action.
- (\*) Killed in action.
- (d) Discharged from active service.
- (x) Died while being held prisoner.

## LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported By Boys of the School Department

### Junior B. T. U. Meeting

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

The meeting opened with sentence prayers by the following boys: Tommy Sessions, Ned Metcalf, Earl Gilmore, Theodore Young, and Harry Thompson.

After the prayer a program was given. The boys who recited, and their selections are as follows:

Bobby Jarvis—"Grateful Worship;" Theodore Young—"Grateful Followers;" Delmas Jarrell—"A Bible Reading;" Carlton Pate—"Grateful to a Crucified Master;" Harry Thompson—"A Grateful Invitation.

After the program, Mr. Isenhour gave a short talk on the "Life of Jesus."

To conclude the program a short prayer for guidance for the coming week was given by Earl Gilmore.

Due to the absence of Mr. Snyder, the Intermediate Group was distributed among the other rooms.

### Recreation in the Cottages

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

Many of the readers of "The Uplift" might sometimes wonder how the boys spend their leisure time. I will attempt to give a brief account of the boys' recreational activities in the cottages.

On fair days, during the football season, the boys play football on their playground. During the baseball season, they play baseball, etc. Marbles

and horseshoes seem to be a year round pastime.

On rainy or extremely cold days, the boys stay in the cottages. You would find them playing games such as bingo, dominoes and rook, reading books, making model airplanes, singing, playing checkers, playing carrom, listening to the radio, playing the ouija board, playing fiddlesticks and many other forms of wholesome recreation.

The boys also have various hobbies with which they occupy their spare-time. Collecting stamps, making scrap-books and model planes are some of these.

### Group Sings At Westford Methodist Church

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

Last Sunday night a group of sixteen boys were invited by Rev. E. J. Harbison, pastor of Westford Methodist Church, near Concord, to come to his church and sing. The occasion was enjoyed by all, and the boys appreciated this opportunity very much.

The boys sang four songs, as follows: "Marching On," "In My Heart There Rings a Melody," "A Shelter in the Time of Storm," and "God Bless America." The entire congregation joined in singing the last number. Our pianist was Mrs. Liske.

The Franklin Mill band was present and played a few selections.

There were also present two trios and the Westford Quartet. Each group

sang a few selections which everyone enjoyed.

A solo was given by a small boy, a member of one of the trios. It was entitled "Just a Little While With Jesus."

Two of our smaller boys gave a duet entitled "When He Cometh." A quartet of boys from the school sang two numbers. They were "Have Thine Own Way" and "Stepping in the Light."

All of the boys who participated in this program wish to extend their thanks to those who made this trip possible.

The boys who took part in this service were: William Poteat, Jack Willis, James Stadler, Gerald Johnson, Melvin Radford, John Allen, Jack Benfield, Raymond Hunsucker, Robert Flinchum, Ray Edwards, Jesse Parker, Robert Gaylor, Brice Thomas, William Grissett, William Brooks, and Robert Helms.

### Book Club Receives Book

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

On Friday morning the 8th Grade Book Club met and received a pleasant surprise. Our principal read to us a letter from Mrs. Mary P. Douglas, State School Library Adviser. The letter reads as follows:

Dear Boys of the Eighth Grade Reading Club:

In a recent issue of "The Uplift" I read about your Reading Club. I am so interested in the project that I am sending you separately a book which I hope many of you will enjoy.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. Mary P. Douglas"

The title of the Book is, "PT Boat" by Henry B. Lent, and is published by the MacMillan Company. The book tells how Bob Reed wins his command at Melville, Rhode Island.

On the jacket of the book are these paragraphs:

"Powered by three Packard engines, the PT boats in Uncle Sam's Mosquito Fleet are the swiftest things afloat. Bristling with anti-aircraft guns, armed with torpedoes and depth charges, and manned by courageous crews, these deadly hit-and-run craft are writing a heroic chapter in American naval history."

"This is a story of the training of a PT boat skipper, Ensign Bob Reed. Starting with his arrival at the motor Torpedo Boat Squadron Training Center at Melville, Rhode Island, we follow him through his training in seamanship and navigation, gunnery, engine maintenance, torpedoes and depth charges, boat handling, PT boat fighting tactics and the rigorous physical toughening program which is given every young PT boat officer. Then, his training completed, we see him get his orders and leave to take command of his own PT boat in one of the squadrons assigned to a combat area."

"Here is a book packed with authoritative information, adventure, and excitement. In order to get the material for the book, Henry Lent went to Melville, lived in a Quonset hut with the officers, visited various classrooms, and went out in a PT boat on torpedo practice. The account of what he saw there has received the official approval of the Navy Department."

"Bob Reed is the fourth young man

we have met through Henry Lent's timely books on the different branches of our country's armed forces."

In conclusion we wish to express the appreciation of our 8th grade and Mr. Hines for this nice gift. It was surely kind and thoughtful of Mrs.

Douglas to send us such a nice book. We are going to have a chapter read aloud at every meeting of the Eighth Grade Book Club. This book will be donated by the Eighth Grade boys to the School Library.

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### BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE

It ain't got a rug or big chandelier—  
Just a couple of pin-ups to add atmosphere.  
It leaks like a sieve and ain't much to see,  
But it's home for four soldiers, three others and me

It once was six boxes, the large wooden kind,  
And we put them together with what we could find.  
We set up our beds, now it's easy to see  
That it's home for four soldiers, three others and me.

We have heat and lights; the rain adds the other.  
All we need now is a wife or a mother.  
It may be ramshackle, but a fool can soon see  
That it's home for four soldiers, three others and me.

It catches all hell from the planes passing o'er—  
That's how come the name, "Flak Shack" on the door.  
It's not quite the safest place I hope to see,  
But it's home for four soldiers, three others and me.

So here in old England, I'll lie on my back,  
And watch the war rage through the roof with its crack.  
You can have all the dug-outs and fox-holes you see,  
But we'll keep our "Flack Shack," three others and me.

—by Sgt. Richard Kenneth Howard.



# NATION-WIDE BIBLE READING PLAN

(Concord Daily Tribune)

A Nationwide Bible Reading from Thanksgiving to Christmas, in which millions of American servicemen and women and their families and great numbers of other Americans will join, is being sponsored by the American Bible Society and two National Sponsoring Committees formed for this purpose.

Hundreds of thousands of men and women in the armed forces and multitudes at home are finding the Bible an inspiration and guide now as never before. By a more extended and simultaneous reading now by those in service and by those of us at home a spiritual bond will be created that will be full of meaning for millions of families and that will make a priceless contribution to their hope and faith.

Through a nationwide poll of pastors and army and navy chaplains, Bible passages most helpful in times like these have been chosen. The passages receiving the largest number of votes are being designated one for each of the 33 days between Thanksgiving and Christmas. Bookmark leaflets listing the passages with helpful suggestions on how to get the most out of the reading and being furnished without charge in large quantities to churches and chaplains for wide distribution. Copies may also be secured by writing to the American Bible Society in New York.

Both civilians and men and wom-

en in our armed forces will be reading the passages each day all over the world.

## List of Passages

Thanksgiving, Nov. 23	Psalm 103
Friday	John 14
Saturday	Psalm 23
Sunday, November 26	Psalm 1
Monday	Matthew 5
Tuesday	Romans 8
Wednesday	I Corinthians 13
Thursday	Psalm 91
Friday	Matthew 6
Saturday	John 3
Sunday, December 3	Isaiah 40
Monday	Psalm 46
Tuesday	Romans 12
Wednesday	Hebrews 11
Thursday	Matthew 7
Friday	John 15
Saturday	Psalm 27
Sunday, Dec. 10	Isaiah 55
Monday	Psalm 121
Tuesday	Philippians 4
Wednesday	Revelation 21
Thursday	Luke 15
Friday	Ephesians 6
Saturday	John 17
Sunday, Dec. 17	Isaiah 53
Monday	I Corinthians 15
Tuesday	John 10
Wednesday	Psalm 51
Thursday	Psalm 37
Friday	John 1
Saturday	Revelation 22
Sunday, Dec. 24	Psalm 90
Christmas, Dec. 25	Luke 2

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A false modesty is the meanest species of pride.—Gibbon

# THE JOY OF DOING RIGHT

By Rev. J. W. Holland, D. D. in *The Progressive Farmer*

A self-Righteous man, taking stock of his virtues, went to a philosopher to find out why he did not possess the happiness which he believed his upright life entitled him to expect.

The sage, whose face had wrinkled with the passing years, asked: "Where do you expect to find the happiness you seem to lack?"

"I was told once," said the visitor, "that they who learned to do the right things are happy."

"Then, why don't you do the right things?" queried the sage.

At that, the visitor put aside his humble attitude, straightened up his shoulders, and his lips curled scornfully as he spoke up arrogantly: "I have always done the right things I learned to do them long ago. In my business dealings I have never taken an unfair advantage of any man, or of any circumstances. I have always been honest—to honest for my own profit. In my moral standards I have been virtuous. I have never violated the moral code. I have visited those who were bedfast. I have sent help to those who needed it. I have donated liberally to many worthy causes."

As the righteous man stopped for breath, the sage interposed, "But why did you do all those things?"

"Because I expected them to make me happy. But I am tired of doing the right things when I do not get rewarded for my sacrifices."

What would you have told this unhappy man?

The wise man said, "I begin to see the difficulty you are having. There

is something yet for you to learn. It is not enough just to do the right things. If you would be happy, you must learn to enjoy doing them."

Many people are in the shoes of this unhappy man. There is a way of even doing good, with a crushing weight of duty hanging to the mind, which takes all the joy out of it. Some people go to church, not for the gladness which communal worship will bring, but as if they were going to the Day of Judgment.

A man with both piety and sense said, "I delight to do thy will, O God." That takes God's will out of the realm of duty, and makes it a joyous privilege!

As we near the season celebrating the birth of Christ, it is a good time to recall how often Christ emphasized joy as a part of Christian living: "That my joy might remain in you and that your joy might be full" . . . "Your joy no man taketh from you." Again we read, "The joy of the Lord is your strength. . . . In thy presence is fullness of joy. . . . Enter into the joy of thy Lord. . . . The Kingdom of God is righteousness and peace and joy."

Jesus said, "My meat is to do the will of my Father who is in heaven."

I doubt if we can do anything very well unless we get pleasure out of the doing, whether it be baking a cake, milking a cow, sweeping a floor, plowing a field, visiting a neighbor, or paying income taxes.

How long . . . since you caught yourself singing at your work?

# MANNERS AND MORALS

(The Baptist Courier)

Manners and morals pertain to certain qualities of conduct and behaviour. Both are described as good or bad. But the quality of goodness or of badness is not necessarily the same thing though often identified by the thinker as well as by the thoughtless. Manners express the quality of social behaviour; morals express the quality of righteousness, justice and truth. Manners are a matter of social culture; morals are an affair of conscience. Manners are regulated by custom and accepted rules; morals are governed by fundamental law inherent in human life, individual and social. Manners vary from place to place and time to time; morals are universal and unchangeable. Manners have to do with the form or manner of the act; morals have to do with the spirit and meaning of it. Manners are the manifestation of social culture; morals are the manifestation of character. The social group passes judgment on manners; God judges the moral character of man.

And yet good manners have their root and origin in moral character, in the sense and instinct of gentleness and kindness, in thoughtfulness and consideration of the feelings of others and for the agreeable and friendly relations with others. The gentleman by instinct is not far from the kingdom of God, for he has respect and regard for the dignity of the hu-

man personality and for its worthy expression in conduct; and usually and naturally noble moral qualities unite with the fine cultural qualities of the true gentleman. It is no long or difficult step from gentleman to Christian, nor from Christian to gentleman. Any gentleman would be drawn to Jesus if he could come to know him, and any Christian familiarly accompanying Jesus would have the advantage of the best training men ever had in gentlemanly behaviour. For the spirit of Jesus is the inspiration, and the life of Jesus is the best example of good manners as well as of good morals. The spirit and the life is there. All the man needs to learn is the particular expression of it demanded by the particular situation.

Manners are the superficial expression of character; morals are fundamental. Morals are the expression of the spiritual nature of men. The depth and strength of the moral life of men depend on the depth and strength of their spiritual life. The source of all spiritual life, is in God. The ultimate creature source, therefore, of all genuine, fine and noble conduct and behaviour, whether in manners or morals, is in man's relationship and fellowship with God. The first good fruits of the spirit are in the fine conduct and behaviour of Christian men and women.

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The boy who does his best today will be a hard man to beat tomorrow.

# RE-EDUCATING ITALY'S CHILDREN

Nel Stanford in Christian Science Monitor

Cleansing the Italian schools of their Facist poison is but one of the Herculean tasks facing the Allies. While liberating Italy is proving to be no mean military job, there is no doubt but that eventually with overwhelming force, it can be done. But liberating the Italian youth from their Fascists fixations may well be a more arduous and difficult work. For force won't do it.

Rooting out these tares of Fascism's perverted mentality is a task to awe the boldest. Yet it has to be done. And apparently is being done—on a small very small scale. But it gives hope for the future.

Brig. Gen. William O'Dwyer, who heads up the United States Government's work for economic rehabilitation of Italy, recognizes the complexities of the problem. Militant Fascism, political Fascism can be uprooted by military power and decree. But Fascist ideology, the indoctrination of Fascist philosophy and concepts is more dangerous, even more difficult to eradicate. For it's a habit of thinking, a concept of living that neither bezooka nor bomb can destroy.

Yet destroyed it must be in the minds of a majority of the children of Italy if this war is not to have been fought in vain. So even as they fight the Nazis and Fascists at the Gothic Line, the Allies open their drive on Fascism's perversion of the schools.

Last month, approximately 5,000,000 Italian children in the liberated area returned to elementary schools. The textbooks, the courses, the teachers, and in many cases the very schools were unusable. By incredible feats

of mental acrobatics, Mussolini's re-grime had been able to infect practically every subject whether it was mathematics or agriculture with doctrinaire misrepresentation. The textbooks had to be rewritten. Leading Italian educators did the job working under Dr. Guido de Reggero, Italian Minister of Education and former rector of the University of Rome.

Paper and ink for printing the textbooks was rushed to Italy at the urgent request of the Allied Commission for Italy. More than 3,500,000 new textbooks were on hand when the schools opened Oct. 16. That was not even one new textbook per child. But it was enough to start the de-Fascistized educational curriculum rolling. It was—and there lies the importance—a beginning. It was equally important that these textbooks be the work of Italians, the Italian scholars and pedagogues do the instruction and teaching. For it is quite clear that while the Allies can help and support this reforming of Italy's educational system, they cannot do the actual teaching.

For that reason, the Allies have seen to it that Italian teachers, non-Fascists, were transported to their posts. In places the shortage of teachers and textbooks requires double and tripple sessions. In places Army tents have been pressed into service as school-rooms. Cinema houses, teachers' apartments, athletic buildings, or church sacristies have substituted for class assemblies. Education in Italy is beginning the long and arduous journey back.

The Allies, though, are not only con-

cerned with rebuilding the minds of Italian children. They are working to strengthen their bodies as well. Just as we have a school lunch program in this country, Allied officials in Italy have arranged to get a minimum of nourishment to every Italian school child. Each pupil gets a bowl of hot soup and a plate of vegetables every day. Dehydrated foods from the United States serve to build him up physically just as paper and ink from the United States serve to liberate him mentally.

This re-education of a country's youth is one of the most difficult fac-

ing the Allies as well as Italy. Its good beginning is no assurance of a successful ending. The difficulties met in Italy, involved though they be, seem small in comparison with those facing the Allies in Germany. For if in Italy the educational curriculum was debased to serve Fascism, in Germany it was perverted almost beyond recognition. Re-educating Germany's youth has yet to be attempted. The State Department has prepared a study of education in Germany under the National Socialist regime—but that is another story.

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### PRAYER FOR A WORLD AT WAR

God of the free, we pledge our hearts and lives today to the cause of all free mankind.

Grant us victory over the tyrants who would enslave all free men and nations. Grant us faith and understanding to cherish all those who fight for freedom as if they were our brothers. Grant us brotherhood in hope and union, not only for the space of this bitter war but for the days to come which shall and must unite all the children of the earth.

Our earth is but a small star in the great universe. Yet of it we can make, if we choose, a planet unvexed by war, untroubled by hunger or fear, undivided by senseless distinctions of race, color or theory. Grant us that courage and foreseeing to begin this task today, so that our children and our children's children may be proud of the name of man.

Yet most of all grant us brotherhood, not only this day but for all our years—a brotherhood not of word, but of act and deed. We are all of us children of earth—grant us that simple knowledge. If our brothers are oppressed, then we are oppressed. If they hunger, we hunger. If their freedom is taken away our freedom is not secure.

Grant us a common faith that man shall know justice and righteousness, freedom and security, an equal chance to do his best, not only in our lands, but throughout the world. And in that faith let us march toward the clean world our hands can make. Amen.—New York Bible Society.

# THE RABBIT'S FOOT

(Watchman-Examiner)

Is it really good luck to carry a rabbit's foot? Is it all the more so if it is the left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit shot in the light of the moon?

Perhaps not so lucky for the rabbit. Yet what rabbit would not like to have its skin worn next winter as real "sealskin," and no doubt about it!

You know that carrying a rabbit's foot is just a foolish superstition. Ignorant people believe that it will bring good luck. Sensible people have no such thought about it. It is like telling your fortune with tea leaves. Or being afraid to spill salt lest it break friendship. Or saying it is best to knock on wood whenever you get boastful. Just a silly notion, nothing more!

How about finding a four-leaf clover? That is good luck anyway when eyes are as sharp as to see one in all that grass plot. Good luck also to carry a pocket-piece of money, especially a gold piece which is more than silver or copper can ever be! Fortunate? Yes, sir; every time!

There is also a fine sort of rabbit's foot; not in your pocket, not even on the rabbit itself. It is right in your head and heart where happiness dwells, or can dwell. Noah had good luck when he used his head, kept on building his ark and let the folks laugh at him all they wanted to. Good luck for the thoughtful Noah when the flood came, and he sailed safely because he obeyed the voice of God!

But Absalom was unlucky. For he was proud of his long hair, and tossed

it over his shoulders. Selfish and conceited and tricky he was. And he lost his life later just because that lovely hair of his helped catch him in the oak tree. So he died because he put self first and forgot the God of his father David.

Noah did not need a rabbit's foot. He had what was far better. Absalom would never have been lucky, even if he had rabbit's feet in a string around his beautiful neck.

Jesus once told a story about some very lucky girls. They knew how to use their heads and got all ready before the testing hour arrived. They had oil in their lamps and were admitted to the wedding feast. The other girls were unlucky, for they did not use good sense, "and the door was shut."

Boys also are lucky, really fortunate when they look ahead with faith and courage and intelligence. There was that boy Joseph, who was put in prison and turned what looked like bad luck into the best sort of good luck by trusting God during all those uncomfortable months. He did his best every day. He did not forget God any time, and then he was called from prison to be the second ruler in Egypt. In an old version of your Bible a wise translator named John Wyclif described Joseph quaintly but exactly. This is how Wyclif wrote it out: "And the Lord was with Joseph and all that he did, and he was a lucky fellow" (Ges. 39:23). Any other young person, boy or girl, may possess the perfect sort of a rabbit's foot that Joseph carried around with him

—trust in God and doing what is right!

Good luck to you, then. It is yours if you spell "luck" in the best way. You can, for there is always a "u" in

luck, and "you" are in the midst of good fortune when you spell it in that manner. Only you and God must live in it together to make sure of good luck!

---

### TOWARD THE SUN

With pride in my pocket and face toward the sun,  
I start on my trek of life.  
There are valleys to cross; heights to climb,  
Before I am through with strife.

Storms will surround me, darkness engulf me,  
Yet I know the sun will shine through.  
I will be patient, and thwart not desire;  
The course to my goal will run true.

To appreciate joy and earn happiness,  
I must conquer self on the way.  
Morbid dejection destroys all my effort,  
And causes the loss of my day.

Shadows forbidding must yield to the sunlight,  
Or my soul will be dwarfed in fright.  
My mind must be freed from the pain of losing,  
Or day will be turned into night.

So, onward I go with my face toward the sun,  
With a will to do or to die.  
Nothing shall stop me, nor hinder my progress;  
The goal can be won if I try.

I'll ask naught from others which I fail to give;  
I will strew life's path with kind flowers.  
At the end of the road, when my sun has set,  
I will have lived bounteous hours.

—Everett Wentworth Hill.

## INSTITUTION NOTES

Rainy weather has kept the boys on the outside forces indoors the greater part of this week, but during occasional clear "spells" they have been cleaning up the grounds, cutting wood, and attending to other chores.

—:—

The feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show at the School on Thursday of last week was "The Immortal Sergeant," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production. War pictures are always "tops" with the boys, and judging from reports coming to this office since this one was shown, our boys thought it was one of the best they have seen. A short comedy was shown at the same time.

—:—

Now that Thanksgiving is past, the youngsters at the School are turning their attention to Christmas. We hear bits of conversation in all sections of the campus concerning the coming holiday season. This week we are publishing the list of friends who have already made contributions to the Boys' Christmas Fund. All of which indicates that Christmas is just around the corner, and that the boys are anticipating a happy Christmas season.

—:—

James T. Stewart, a former member of our printing class, and his son, James T., Jr., spent Thanksgiving Day at the School. James, who is now thirty-two years old, entered the insti-

tution, March 29, 1927 and was permitted to return to his home in Erwin, August 3, 1928. Upon going back home, James entered the public school, and in 1932, graduated from the Erwin High School. He then went to Newark, New Jersey, and for the next three years was employed as usher in a theatre and as bell boy in one of the hotels in that city, and for a time worked as electrician's helper.

He then returned to Erwin, where he obtained employment in the weave room in one of the textile plants there. In 1937, he was transferred to the electrical department, and one year later took a correspondence course in electrical engineering. This young man was employed as electrician until 1942, when he was made foreman of the electrical department in the Erwin Cotton Mills, which position he still holds.

James stated that he had been married about twelve years, and has three children, James T., Jr., aged eleven years, Connie Rebecca, two years old, and Norman Richard, three months old. He was accompanied on this visit by James T., Jr., a bright youngster, who seemed to enjoy his visit to the School as much as did his dad. We were glad to see James again, and to learn that he has done so well since leaving us.

—:—

Despite the fact that he was ill in a Charlotte hospital, our old friend, Mr. A. C. Sheldon, made the necessary arrangements for the afternoon service in our auditorium last Sunday.



He has been most faithful for more than twenty years in furnishing a speaker for the service held on the fourth Sunday of each month. His many friends here at the School, both among the boys and the officials, hope that his recovery may be speedy, and that we shall have the pleasure of his visits for a long time to come.

After the singing of the opening hymn, Superintendent Hawfield introduced Mr. Gilbert L. Lycan, teacher of history at Queens College, Charlotte, as the guest speaker of the afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read the First Psalm, after which he offered up a prayer.

After the boys had sung a couple more of their favorite hymns, Mr. Lycan told them that instead of trying to preach a sermon, he was going to tell them a story which he had read when in the fifth school grade—the story of that famous profile, called the “Great Stone Face.” Before going into the story, he said that he felt it his duty to tell them how he enjoyed their fine group singing. He said it was about the best he had ever heard.

The story of “The Great Stone Face” or “The Old Man of the Mountains,” concerning a curious natural rock formation in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, as related by the speaker, was something like this:

In the Franconia Notch, high up in the White Mountains, may be seen the familiar landmark, shaped like a human face. It has the appearance of being that of a man who is good, kind and of great wisdom. In the valley below the profile, lived a small boy, named Ernest. Sitting back of his cottage home, he would gaze at the old man every day. One day he said to his mother: “Mother, I wish I could

see a man with a face like that. He looks so friendly and wise.” His mother then told him of an old prophecy, handed down to the mountain people, that one day such a man would come to that country. He would be one who had grown up in the valley.

Ernest’s father died when the lad was very small, and he was not able to attend school like other children of the neighborhood. It was his duty to stay at home and work. Even as he worked in the fields, he thought constantly of the old prophecy concerning “The Old Man of the Mountains.” and continued to wonder if he would ever see such a man.

A few years passed, and it was reported that such a man had been found. He had been born in those mountains, and had gone out into the world, and had become a very wealthy shipper. He was now about to retire and return to his old home community. The retired business man had a fine house built, and everything was made ready for him to move in.

Finally the day came. The old man came back home, and a great celebration was arranged in his honor. Ernest attended the celebration. The people agreed that with his tanned face and stern features he greatly resembled The Great Stone Face. Ernest, however, was disappointed, for he could not agree with his neighbors. To him there was no resemblance between the face of the old shipper and the huge profile. Years passed, and the retired business man lost his great wealth. He became sour and unfriendly, and by that time the people agreed that Ernest was right and that they had been mistaken.

With the passing of the years, Ernest grew up. He helped people in the

valley who were less fortunate than he, and the people, in turn, loved and respected him. Then came the report that another man had been found in fulfillment of the age-old prophecy. This time it was a great general who was born in that community. It was reported that he was now a very old man, and was coming back to spend his remaining years in the land of his birth. Another great crowd gathered to meet the celebrity. The general was to make a speech. Ernest sat far in the rear as the general appeared on the stage. He looked at the old man and saw that his face did look something like the Old Man of the Mountains, but that it did not show kindness and sympathy. Again he was greatly disappointed.

As the years passed, the people of the valley noticed that Ernest continued to work hard, and seemed interested more than ever in helping those of his neighbors who were in trouble. Although his labors took practically all of his time, Ernest still found occasional opportunities to sit by his cottage and gaze at the Great Stone Face. He noted daily how wonderful this kind face looked, and repeated his boyhood wish—to see such a man some day.

Ernest was now an old man. The word was once more passed around that a man who was the replica of the mountain profile was coming back home. He was a great statesman. As at previous times, a huge throng assembled to welcome him. The people said they could see the resemblance, but again Ernest disagreed, and expressed his keen disappointment.

As he became more aged, Ernest's fame among the mountain people increased. He was known as a man of

great wisdom. People came from different parts of the country to talk with him and ask his advice in their troubles.

Then came an occasion when a great poet visited the mountain country. Ernest was to be the speaker at a gathering of the people who lived in the valley, and he invited the poet to go with him. At this meeting, Ernest addressed the crowd. As he spoke to his people, the poet watched him closely. As he watched, the thought came suddenly to him as to how closely Ernest's face resembled that of the Old Man of the Mountains. When the speaker had finished, the famous visitor called the attention of the people to the fact that Ernest had grown to look like the Great Stone Face. He pointed out that in his features were kindness, helpfulness and wisdom. The mountain folk then decided the old prophecy had come true, and that their friend had really grown up to look like the face in the world-famous profile, and there was great rejoicing.

In conclusion, Mr. Lycan told the boys there was a point in the story he had just told them that he wanted them always to remember. There are many things around us, said he, that are good for us to look at. We usually grow to be like the things in our lives which we most admire. As an example, he stated that we constantly see the countless beauties of nature. One of these is the glorious sunshine. If we would only think more about that, there would be more sunshine in our lives. He urged the boys to keep their minds on the higher things of life, and by so doing, grow to occupy the high places in life which God intended them to fill.

This was Mr. Lycan's first visit to

the School, and from the manner in which he presented his message to the boys, we shall be glad to have him visit us again. Accompanying him on this visit were Messrs. G. D. Aiken and Joe T. Alexander, also of Charlotte.

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## THE HEROES WE NEVER NAME

Back of the men we honor  
Enrolled on the scroll of fame,  
Are the millions who go unmentioned—  
The heroes we never name.  
Those who have won us the victories,  
And conquered along the way;  
Those who have made us a nation—  
A tribute to them I would pay.

Back of our nation's first leader,  
Of Lincoln and Wilson, too,  
Back of the mind directing our course  
Was the army that carried it through.  
Back of the generals and captains  
Was the tramping of rank and file,  
And back of them were the ones at home  
Who labored with tear and smile.

And what of the "everyday" heroes  
Whose courage and efforts ne'er cease;  
Toilers who struggle and labor and strive  
And hope for a future of peace?  
Hats off to the worthy leaders;  
Their honor I'd ever acclaim—  
But here's a cheer for the many brave souls,  
The heroes we never name!

—M. Lucille Ford.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending November 26, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

Lawrence Allen  
 Thomas Brantley  
 Coy Crabtree  
 Thurman Daniels  
 William Hilliard  
 Fred Jones  
 James Perkins  
 David Prevatte

George Hawk  
 William Lewis  
 Roy Miller  
 Garnett Quessinberry  
 Thomas Ruff  
 Roy Swink  
 John R. Smith  
 Edward VanHoy  
 Lawrence Walker  
 Eugene Watts

## COTTAGE No. 1 (Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 2

John Allen  
 Robert Buchanan  
 Charles Byrd  
 Delmas Jerrell  
 Gerald Johnson  
 Chester Lee  
 John McLean  
 James Norton  
 Hayes Powell  
 Marshall Prestwood  
 James Stadler  
 Roy Womack

## COTTAGE No. 5

John Love  
 Robert Wilkins

## COTTAGE No. 6

Carl Church  
 Rufus Driggers  
 Richard Davidson  
 Vernon Foster  
 Keith Futch  
 Ralph Gibson  
 George Marr  
 Stanford McLean  
 Nolan Morrison  
 Clay Shew  
 James Swinson  
 Leroy Wilkins

## COTTAGE No. 3

Charles Allen  
 William Brooks  
 William Doss  
 Charles Earp  
 James Graham  
 Earl Green  
 Robert Helms  
 Jack Hensley  
 James Hensley  
 Robert Lee  
 A. J. McCraw  
 Donald Redwine  
 Charles Roland  
 Luther Shermer  
 Richard Tullock  
 William Ussery  
 Theodore Young

## COTTAGE No. 7

David Brooks  
 James Knight  
 Joseph Mitchell

## COTTAGE No. 8 (Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 9

Leonard Church  
 Fred Coats  
 Conrad Cox  
 Ray Edwards  
 Edward Guffey  
 Charles McClenney  
 Eugene Peterson

## COTTAGE No. 4

Robert Blackwelder  
 Burlin Edmondson  
 John Fine  
 Eugenes Hudgins

## COTTAGE No. 10

William Butler  
 Forrest Cannon  
 Frank Hensley  
 Robert Holbert

Charles Rhodes  
Thomas Ware  
Robert Yow

COTTAGE No. 11

Odean Bland  
Raymond Hunsucker  
Robert Jarvis  
James Phillips  
Alvin Porter  
Leon Rose

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 14

Edward Britt  
Hugh Cornwell  
William Ferguson  
Lawrence Littlejohn  
William Lerschell  
Troy Morris  
Melbert Rice  
Herbert Smith  
Howard Hall  
Milton Talley

COTTAGE No. 15

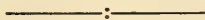
Harold Coffey  
Robert Flinchum  
R. V. Hutchinson  
J. B. Ledford  
Charles Ledford  
William Myers  
Clyde Shook  
Olin Wishon

INDIAN COTTAGE

Jack Bailey  
Frank Chavis  
Peter Chavis  
James Chavis  
Alton Hammond  
R. C. Hoyle  
Marshall Hunt  
Lacy Jacobs  
Leroy Lowery  
Carl Lochlear  
Clyde Lochlear  
W. C. McManus

INFIRMARY

Raymond Byrd  
Odell Cecil  
Lloyd Sain  
Clifford Shull



BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these announcements.

Week of December 3, 1944

- December 3—David Brooks, Cottage No. 7, 13th birthday.
- December 3—Luther Coble, Cottage No. 13, 15th birthday.
- December 3—William Rogers, Receiving Cottage, 15th birthday.
- December 5—Harold Coffey, Cottage No. 15, 15th birthday.
- December 6—Raymond Hunsucker, Cottage No. 11, 15th birthday.
- December 6—Gordon Paul McHan, Cottage No. 15, 16th birthday.



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# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 9, 1944

No. 49

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## LIFE'S STORY

Life is a story in volumes three,  
The Past the Present, the Yet-to-be;  
The first we've written and laid away,  
The second we're writing day by day,  
The third, the last of volumes three,  
Is locked from sight—God keepeth the key.

—Selected.

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# The Uplift

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**A WEEKLY JOURNAL**

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## THE AMERICAN ALPHABET

- A—Stands for Allies, powerfully strong and true.  
B—Is for Bataan and MacArthur's brave little crew.  
C—Is for China, who's been fighting Japs for years.  
D—Is for the Doughboy, a man without fears.  
E—Is for England, who's been famous on the sea.  
F—Is for France, now liberated and free.  
G—Is for Germany, who's tried in every way.  
H—Is for Hitler, who'll be punished some day.  
I—Is for Italy, now a friend, and not a foe.  
J—Is for Japan, who'll be bombed in Tokyo.  
K—Is for Kelly, an American brave and true.  
L—Is for Loyalty to the Red, White and Blue.  
M—Is for the Mothers of the Land of Liberty.  
N—Is for our Nation which will always be free.  
O—Is for Oahu, which the Japs tried to make.  
P—Is for Pearl Harbor, which they never did take.  
Q—Is for quarters for the wounded and the sick.  
R—Is for Russia, who has turned the trick.  
S—Is for the Sullivans, no one will e'er forget.  
T—Is for Teheran, where four great leaders met.  
U—Is for the United States, the last to get in.  
V—Is for Victory—we are sure to win.  
W—Is for women responding to the call.  
X—Is for Xmas, the most peaceful day of all.  
Y—Is for the Yanks, flying low and flying high.  
Z—Is for the Zeros being knocked out of the sky.

The American Alphabet is all so very true.

**BUY WAR BONDS NOW! UNCLE SAM NEEDS YOU!**

—Dedicated to the Armed Forces of the U. S. A.  
by Mary C. Frasier.

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## SHARE HAPPINESS

Experiences have shown that there are some people who take sad-

istic delight in bringing sorrow and worries into the lives of others. In other words, some people make a specialty of taking the joy out of life. They go about, looking for flaws in people—and how they enjoy throwing these into the faces of those concerned!

Perhaps you, too, have witnessed one of these kill-joys in action. And if you have, then you could not help noticing the expressions on the faces of both; on the one, that hurt and silently resentful expression—on the other, that rather gloating expression with no traces of the owner's ever having had that quality better known as self-respect.

"It is just as easy to be kind and pass along an encouraging word to the next fellow as it is to be grouchy and sarcastic," said a certain fellow to this writer a short time ago. Very impressive words, one must admit. To say good things about a person is so easy, so enjoyable—not only to the speaker, but to the listener also. Joy is found when unselfishly sought for, and if passed along the very air becomes charged with happiness. Never has anyone lost a friend by saying nice things about him. Speaking ill of someone has, on the other hand, been known to wreck many good friendships.

Praise should be one of our stocks-in-trade. We should keep it always handy to dish out at a moment's notice. Let's keep ourselves on the alert, and when the time comes, let's dish out praise in thick proportions. By doing this, we shall discover that we have enriched our souls and increased our bodily, mental and spiritual healths considerably.

When one has the reputation of having always a good word for another, he attracts people to him. People want to tie up with such fellows and become friends. Most of us know we have plenty of bad points without having them constantly thrown at our faces. Whereas, if our good points are praised, we are apt to become so ashamed of our bad ones that we'll work very hard to rid ourselves of them.

Joy was not intended for any one person, nor to be hoarded as a miser does his gold, but to be passed on as a benefit to mankind in general. Hence, upon finding joy, let's not be selfish. Let's distribute some of it and thus do our bit to make this a happier planet for all.—Exchange.

## THE POLICY OF PEACE

A peaceful intercourse with the nations of the earth points to that inspiring day which philosophers have hoped for, which poets have seen in their bright dreams of fancy, and which prophets have beheld in holy vision—when men shall learn war no more. Who can contemplate a state of the world like this and not feel his heart exult at the prospect? I am against war, because peace is, above everything else, our policy. Our great mission as a people is to occupy this vast dominion—to level the forests and let in upon their solitudes the light of day; to clear the swamps and make them ready for the plow and the sickle; to spread over hill and dale the echoes of human labor and happiness; to fill the land with cities and towns; to unite its most distant points by turnpikes and railroads; to scoop out canals and open rivers that may serve as highways for trade.

If we can preserve peace, who shall set bounds to our prosperity or our success? With one foot planted on the Atlantic and the other on the Pacific, we occupy a position between the two old continents of the world—a position which necessarily secures to us the commerce and the influence of both. If we abide by the counsels of common sense, if we succeed in preserving our liberties, we shall in the end exhibit a spectacle such as the world never saw.

I know that this one great mission is encompassed with many difficulties; but such is the energy of our political system, and such is its expansive capability, that it may be made to govern the widest space. If by war we become great, we cannot be free; if we will be both great and free, our policy is peace.—John C. Calhoun.

\* \* \* \* \*

## OUR COUNTRY

Sweet clime of my kindred, blest land of my birth!  
 The fairest, the dearest, the brightest on earth!  
 Where'er I may roam—howe'er blest I may be,  
 My spirit instinctively turns to thee!

We cannot honor our country with too deep a reverence; we cannot love her with an affection too pure and fervent; we cannot serve her with an energy of purpose or a faithfulness of zeal too steadfast and ardent. And what is our country? It is not the East, with her

hills and her valleys, with her countless sails, and the rocky ramparts of her shores. It is not the North, with her thousand villages and her harvest home, with her frontiers of the lakes and the ocean. It is not the West, with her forest sea and her inland isles, with her luxuriant expanses, clothed in the verdant corn; with her beautiful Ohio and her verdant Missouri. Nor is it yet the South, opulent in the mimic snow of the cotton, in the rich plantations of the rustling cane, and in the golden robes of the rice field. What are these but the sister families of one greater, better, holier family, OUR COUNTRY?

—Thomas Grimke.

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND

For many years it has been the custom of interested and generous friends of the boys at Jackson Training School to make the Christmas season happy and cheerful for them. It is appropriate at the Yuletide season that such donations be made in the spirit of the "Prince of Peace," whose purpose in life was to spread happiness and good cheer among the unfortunate people with whom he came in contact.

The boys themselves will not have an opportunity to express their personal gratitude for these gifts, but we are sure they are none the less appreciative of all that has been or will be done for them at Christmas time.

This article is not being prepared as a "high-pressure" effort to over-persuade any one in his charitable sentiments, but is merely to remind the friends of our boys that the Christmas season is here again, thereby giving to them the opportunity which we believe they already desire.

We are listing below contributions already received:

"7-8-8," Concord, .....	25.00
Durham County Welfare Dept., W. E. Stanley, Supt.,.....	\$ 10.00
A. G. Odell, Concord,.....	10.00
Joseph F. Cannon Christmas Trust,.....	217.85
Watauga County Welfare Dept., Dave P. Mast, Supt.,.....	6.00
Pfc. Robert D. Lawrence, USMC. (somewhere in the Pacific).....	2.00

# FUTURE OF TEXTILES

(Spartanburg Herald)

Of especial interest to people of this section is the report made to the meeting of the Southwest Shipper's Advisory board in Atlanta that there will be a tremendous demand for textile goods immediately after the mills are released from war production.

The report was made by T. M. Forbes, executive vice-president of the Cotton Manufacturers' Association of Georgia.

Mr. Forbes listed eight fields of expected heavy demands for textiles as follows: Civilian clothing, household goods, continued military needs, civilian clothes for discharged men, industrial textiles for other industries returning to peacetime production, diapers for new babies, lend-lease and normal export trade.

While the long range outlook for

textiles, as forecast by Mr. Forbes, is not as bright, it is encouraging to learn that the immediate postwar position of the industry will be such as to lighten the shock of transition from wartime to peacetime production.

As to the long range outlook, Mr. Forbes predicts that textile plants, after the initial postwar civilian requirements have been met, will face the problem of vigorous competition from foreign markets, from rayon and from other products in this country.

The industry is constantly seeking new uses for cotton products, and it is likely that research will offset to some degree the losses anticipated by postwar competition.

---

## STAND UP

Some people always seem looking for something to lean on. If they are standing, they back up against a piece of furniture, or rest an elbow on the piano or mantel. If they are seated, they lose no time in leaning against the back of the chair. Their manner suggests that something is wrong with their backbone; that, sitting or standing, they need a prop.

It is good practice to learn to stand erect, without swaying or leaning, without awkwardness or discomfort; to stand lightly, yet firmly, as if you had a right to the space under your feet and were master of your own body. For, whether it is quite a fair inference or not, it is almost impossible to keep from suspecting that the people who seem in danger of toppling over, unless they have something to lean against, are less resolute, less determined, than they should be; that their minds, as well as their bodies, need a prop.—Church Advocate.

# LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported By Boys of the School Department

## Interesting Notes

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

All football games were postponed last week, due to cold weather.

The regular feature attraction last week was entitled "Silver Queen." There was no comedy.

Mr. T. B. Finley, a former officer in charge of the Indian Cottage, recently visited friends on the campus.

Mr. J. W. Hines, our school principal and eighth grade teacher, has returned from a four-day leave.

The school recently purchased about 300 bushels of apples. They were distributed among the various cottages, and received a most hearty welcome.

Mr. Hawfield recently distributed some very fine pictures among the different rooms. The eighth grade received one entitled "The Gleaners." We think this is the pick of the lot.

Christmas is almost here, and in many of the rooms there are murals, pictures of Santa Claus and many other evidences of Yuletide. The second and fifth grades have exceptionally good murals, and the eighth grade boys are working on one now.

## Intermediate B. T. U. Meeting

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

The program opened with a short talk by Mr. Snyder, followed by sentence prayers by L. J. Shermer, Sam-

uel Linebarrier, James Eller and Ned Metcalf.

Due to the absence of Mr. Hines, there was no program, but Mr. Snyder read some from the quarterly.

After this, the group, led by Samuel Linebarrier, sang three songs, as follows: "There's Power in the Blood," "Come, All Ye Faithful" and "Praise Him, Praise Him."

## New Boys

By Gerald Johnson, 8th Grade

On November 15th, seven new boys entered the Receiving Cottage. They went through this cottage to learn to obey the rules at the Training School. These boys came to the school department, December 1st, and were sent to the following grades:

Raymond Harding and Reuben Vester, first grade; J. C. Taylor, second grade; Paul Carpenter and Clifton Rhodes, fourth grade; Clyde Ward, fifth grade; and Charles Young, seventh grade.

We hope these boys will try to make the best kind of records while here.

## Junior B. T. U. Meeting

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

To open the program, sentence prayers were made by Theodore Young, Harry Thompson, Thomas Sessions and Mr. Puckett.

After the prayers, Mr. Puckett, the Junior B. T. U. leader, asked some Bible questions. After these questions had been asked, answered and

discussed, the following program was presented:

(1) "Jesus Healed on the Sabbath Day," Herschell Duckworth; (2) "Jesus Worshipped on the Sabbath Day," Joe Mitchell; (3) "Jesus Arose on the Sabbath," Earl Gilmore and Ray Lackey; (4) "We Should Keep One Day for the Lord," Theodore Young; (5) "How We Should Keep Sunday," Billy Ray Daye.

The program was closed with a short prayer by Mr. Puckett.

### Boys Entertain at Party

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

A group of nine boys from the Training School was recently invited to entertain at a party for the employees of Belk's Store, Concord, given by Mr. Ray Cline, manager.

This group was under the direction of Mrs. James Kiser, a member of our teaching staff, and Mrs. T. E. Adams, matron in charge of the Receiving Cottage, was the pianist.

For the first number on the program the group sang "Pistol Packin' Mama," followed by another selection entitled "Swinging on a Star."

After the group singing, William Poteat gave two solos, "White Christmas" and "Dance With a Dolly."

The selection which the boys call "The Silverware Symphony" was then presented. Samuel Linebarrier played the harmonica and was accompanied by William Poteat, playing two large spoons, from which the number gets its name.

A duet was given next by Patrick Ford and Thomas Sessions. It was entitled "Home on the Range."

Next, James Stadler sang two solos, "Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair"

and "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning."

For the concluding number, the entire group sang the familiar patriotic number, "The Marines' Hymn."

This was a most enjoyable occasion for all, and the boys certainly appreciated the opportunity to attend the party.

### Shipwrecked in the Arctic

By Marie Ahnighito Peary

A book report by Edward Renfro,  
8th Grade

Marie Ahnighito Peary was born in Greenland, farther north than any white child, before or since. She is the daughter of Admiral Robert E. Peary, the great Arctic explorer, who was the first to reach the North Pole. As a child, she made many trips with her father. During one of these trips their ship was caught in the ice, and they were forced to remain all winter in the Far North. During that winter she dressed exactly like the Eskimo children, learned their language, and made playmates of them. Her birth in Greenland was important to the Eskimos because they had never seen a white baby before. In fact, they were only just beginning to recover from their surprise at seeing white men and a white woman. They couldn't believe until they touched her that she wasn't made of snow. In this way she received the name, "Snow-baby."

From that time, whenever her father went North, she and her mother went with him. Finally, he was going to stay so long that they were forced to come home without him. When summer came, a ship was starting off to take her daddy supplies, and to find

out how he was getting along. They were so homesick for the sight of him that they climbed on board at the last moment, and went, too.

When they went down to board the "Windward," which was to be their home for months, the ship seemed like some black sea monster that had been tamed and hitched to the shore. Sailors scurried about, and the officers barked the orders at the men. Everything was very strange and unfriendly. Their room was tiny. At last they sailed. It was so thrilling she forgot

to be scared. All their friends came down to see them off for a long trip toward Europe. The crowds on the docks were immense. None of them were people they knew. They had just come down to wish them good luck. They laughed and cheered and shouted. All the way out of New York harbor they were kept busy answering salutes. Every boat that passed blew its whistle three times. This was a way of saying "Good-bye." In reply, "Thank you" was said by dipping the ship's flag three times.

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### SAVE PLENTY OF LESPEDEZA SEED

Growers should save plenty of lespedeza seed this fall because the popularity of this hay crop is increasing in all sections of North Carolina and relatively large acreages will be planted in the spring, says Dr. Emerson Collins, in charge of Extension agronomy at State College.

Lespedeza is not only proving an excellent hay crop but it is also being widely used as a temporary grazing crop for both hogs and cattle. This year feed crops have been short on many farms and lespedeza has provided a backlog of grazing that has enabled many grower to pull through in good shape.

Collins notes that the grazing of hogs on lespedeza, as shown by the demonstrations conducted by Ellis Vestal, Extension swine specialist, has enabled grower to produce some of the cheapest gains of any method of feeding. Only a small amount of corn was used and a good mineral supplement was kept before the hogs at all times.

The same was true for demonstrations with hogs on soybeans. Both of these crops are now being widely used for temporary grazing and, in addition, provide more than one half of the hay grown in North Carolina.

With the shortage of labor, livestock men are turning more and more to grazing crops as one of their chief sources of feed and lespedeza will continue to be one of the best crops for this purpose, according to Collins. —Mooresville Enterprise.



# IMPORTANT DATES IN DECEMBER

(Selected)

- 1—Gilbert Stuart, painter of Washington portraits, born, 1755.
- 1—Baltimore, Md., first city to use illuminating gas, 1816.
- 2—The Monroe Doctrine first announced, 1823.
- 3—Illinois admitted to the Union, 1818.
- 4—Washington bade farewell to his officers, 1783.
- 4—Thomas Carlyle born, 1795.
- 5—Martin Van Buren born, 1782.
- 5—General George A. Custer born, 1839.
- 5—England established uniform postal rate for letters, 1839.
- 6—Columbus discovered Haiti, which he named Hispanola, 1492.
- 6—Jefferson Davis died, 1889.
- 7—Mary, Queen of Scots, born, 1542.
- 7—Delaware first state to ratify the Constitution, 1787.
- 7—Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, 1941.
- 8—Chinese adopted Roman calendar, 1911.
- 9—Gustavus Adolphus born, 1594.
- 9—Joel Chandler Harris born, 1848.
- 9—Treaty of peace between United States and Spain, 1898.
- 10—William Lloyd Garrison born, 1805.
- 10—Mississippi admitted to the Union 1817.
- 10—Wyoming women authorized to vote and hold office, 1877.
- 11—Indiana admitted to the Union, 1816.
- 12—John Jay born, 1745.
- 12—Pennsylvania ratified the Constitution, 1787.
- 12—Marconi received the first wireless telegraph message sent across the ocean from England to Newfoundland, 1901.
- 13—Sir Francis Drake left England to sail around the world, 1577.
- 13—Phillips Brooks born, 1835.
- 14—George Washington died, 1799.
- 14—Alabama admitted to the Union, 1819.
- 16—Boston Tea Party, 1773.
- 16—Jane Austen born, 1775.
- 16—Roald Amundsen discovered the South Pole, 1911.
- 17—Ludwig von Beethoven born, 1770.
- 17—John Greenleaf Whittier, born, 1807.
- 17—Wilbur Wright's first airplane flight, 1903.
- 18—Antonius Stradivarius, Italian violin maker, born, 1644.
- 18—Edward A. MacDowell born, 1861.
- 18—Slavery abolished in the United States, 1865.
- 20—United States took possession of Louisiana, 1803.
- 20—Texas declared itself independent of Mexico, 1835.
- 21—The Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, Mass., 1620.
- 21—James E. Oglethorpe born, 1688.
- 21—Benjamin Disraeli born, 1804.
- 23—Washington resigned his commission as general, 1781.
- 24—Christopher (Kit) Carson born, 1809.
- 24—Treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United states signed, 1814.
- 25—Christmas Day.
- 25—Washington and his men crossed the Delaware River, 1776.
- 25—Clara Barton born, 1841.
- 26—Thomas Gray born, 1716.
- 27—John Kepler born, 1571.
- 27—Louis Pasteur born, 1822.
- 28—Iowa admitted to the Union, 1846.
- 28—Woodrow Wilson born, 1856.
- 28—Women given permission to practice in law courts of Canada, 1892.
- 29—Andrew Johnson born, 1808.
- 29—William E. Gladstone born, 1809.
- 29—Texas admitted to the Union, 1845.
- 29—First American Y. M. C. A. established in Boston, 1851.
- 30—Gadsden Purchase arranged, 1853.
- 30—Rudyard Kipling born, 1865.
- 31—General Montgomery killed in attack on Quebec, 1775.
- 31—Palmetto flag of South Carolina raised over United States arsenal at Charleston, 1860.

# NO MERGING OF BAPTIST COLLEGES

(Mooresville Enterprise)

The Baptist State convention meeting in Charlotte last week selected Raleigh as the meeting place for 1945 and named Rev. Louis S. Gaines of Fayetteville as convention preacher. The meeting adjourned Thursday afternoon. More than 1,500 delegates registered during the meeting and a large number of visitors were present at all sessions.

Reports to the convention showed progress in every phase of the work of the churches in the state, and where debts had existed a year ago most of them had been paid off or considerably reduced during the year.

The foremost question before the convention was the proposal for the consolidation of Wake Forest and Meredith colleges. This took up most of the afternoon Wednesday and was discussed at length by leaders of the state. After much speaking and the making of little headway on the question there was a substitute motion

offered which did not include the merger and that was passed without a dissenting vote.

The substitute motion read:

"That Meredith College shall be and remain in its present location and a standard four year "A" grade college for young women, and that its plant, facilities and curriculum shall be enlarged and expanded to meet adequately the needs of the young women of our state for an institution for higher Christian education and culture.

"That Wake Forest College now has and shall continue to have full university status as an accredited "A" grade university of highest Christian education and culture; that all classes of Wake Forest College shall be open for admission of young women upon the same basis as young men, and that its plant, facilities, and curriculum shall be expanded and enlarged to meet the needs of the young people of our state."

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## DISILLUSION

Diogenes, with lamp aglow, strolled down a quiet street,  
 In search of what he hoped to find in someone he would meet.  
 A friend? A foe? Why did he seek? 'Twas merely his belief  
 That honest men still walked the earth; not every man a thief!  
 All through the night Diogenes continued with his quest,  
 Until—discouraged, tired, lame— he paused a while to rest.  
 With lamp beside him there he dozed—until the break of dawn;  
 When he awoke he knew the truth. For lo! The lamp was gone!

—Exchange.

## SERIOUS SITUATION

(The Catawba News-Enterprise)

The report of the State Hospital and Medical Care Commission to Governor Broughton has been released to the public at a time when other facts and figures from Selective Service make it imperative that North Carolina give especial heed to the study made by the commission headed by Dr. Clarence Poe.

The commission found three things badly needed in this state: more doctors, more hospitals, and more insurance, and the report outlines a real program for hospitalization and medical education.

A recent report of National Selective Service revealed that North Carolina had the highest rate of draft rejections in the entire nation in 1943. Such a condition did not just "happen;" there must be some reason for it.

It has been a long time since North Carolina has been placed at the bottom of any list, and that it should have such a position on statistics as to the health of the young men of the state requires that some remedy be found. No one correction could be expected to transform this condition into a favorable one, but it seems in the light of the findings of the Governor's commission that a long step forward could be made in making provision for enough doctors, enough hospitals, and providing by some means the ability to pay for medical service.

It has been shown that while an accepted formula is that there should be one doctor for each 1,000 population, North Carolina has only one doctor for each 1,554 people; rural North

Carolina has only one doctor for each 3,613 people; and there is only one colored physician for each 6,916 colored people.

To meet the acute shortage of doctors, the commission recommends a state supported four-year medical school, loan funds for medical students, and making possible medical training for negro youth.

To meet the need for more hospital facilities, the commission recommends that the state provide \$5,000,000 to be expended under prescribed regulations for building and assisting counties and communities to build and enlarge hospitals and health centers where they are needed in the state. The plan would provide for a central hospital at the four-year medical school, a small number of district hospitals, a large number of county or rural hospitals, and health centers.

Finally, with regard to insurance, the commission recommends "that the state encourage in every practicable way the development of group medical care plans which make it possible for people to insure themselves against expensive treatment by specialists, and extended hospitalization. Every citizen needs to realize that it is just as important to have insurance against sickness-disasters as against fire-disasters."

When the report of the commission is presented to the General Assembly in January, every citizen should make it his private business to use his influence to see that the program is adopted without delay.

## CHILD TRAINING

(The Stanly News and Press)

Much has been said in recent years about juvenile delinquency, and since the war began almost every social and religious agency has sought to present some program which will help the boys and girls develop into men and women of good character. Most of these programs have been weak, and so far as the general public knows, few of the programs have been activated.

Last week 500 school teachers held a meeting in Syracuse, N. Y., and the chief speaker was Dr. Edward R. Van Kleeck, assistant commissioner of education in charge of instruction for the state of New York. What he said to the teachers is something which every parent and every church leader should take to heart, and the Christian Science Monitor, of Boston, one of the truly great newspapers of the nation, thought Dr. Van Kleeck's speech of sufficient importance to put it on the front page.

It is this educator's opinion that only a return to religion will solve the problem of juvenile delinquency.

"This country has gone to great lengths in the past 20 years to remove any fear of natural or earthly punishment," he said. "Human existence has become for too many the be-all and the end-all. For too many, religion has become merely something having to do with the conditioned reflex or the ductless glands. Since one of the most powerful deterrents to wrong-

doing is the fear of punishment, the wonder is, not that we have so much crime, but that we have so little."

One small religious denomination lost 40,000 children from its Sunday schools in 1943, Dr. Van Kleeck said. "The average church, especially of Protestant denominations, spends five times as much money on music as on religious education programs."

Dr. Van Kleeck urged public school teachers to encourage churches in their attempts to train their church-school teachers.

"We have attacked the problem of delinquency backwards," he continues. "Delinquency is the symptom—not the disease. Why treat the symptom?"

"Keep children home on school nights. They won't get into difficulties if they are home under their parent's eye. Boys and girls, like adults, need anchors. They need something to cling to. In the right sense of the word, they need standards. In the correct meaning of the word, they need discipline.

"Children who do not learn to respect authority, to 'mind,' to behave, are greatly handicapped in adult life. Discipline should be consistent."

This message of Dr. Van Kleeck deserves the thoughtful consideration of all citizens of the nation, and it should give to parents particularly a new sense of their obligation in the matter of child training.

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The best teacher one can have is necessity.

# "MORE DOCTORS, MORE HOSPITALS AND MORE INSURANCE"

(The News Herald)

That North Carolina's proposed plan for "More Doctors, More Hospitals, and More Insurance" is not just a program for the indigent, as many people seem to believe, but will benefit all classes of people in the State, is the major point in a short summary of the recommendations of the Governor's Commission on Hospital and Medical Care recently released by Dr. Clarence Poe of Raleigh, editor of *The Progressive Farmer* and commission chairman.

"It would provide needed help for charity cases to be sure," Dr. Poe pointed out, "but it also provides more and better doctors and hospitals for all classes of our people, and it looks to greatly increased hospital insurance plans for citizens who can pay all or part of hospital costs."

Citing the need for the program, Dr. Poe showed how North Carolina ranks 45th among all the states in number of doctors and 42nd in hospitals per 1,000 people . . . 41st in material and 39th in infant deaths . . . and has the highest percentage of draft rejections at army camps for physical reasons of any state in America.

"This astounding percentage of army rejections," he declared, "has suddenly shocked the public into a new realization that North Carolina can no longer delay or deal inadequately with the proposed program for More Doctors, More Hospitals, More Insurance."

His outline of the six main remedies which the Commission is recommending to the people and the General As-

sembly of North Carolina follows:

1. To set up a state appropriation of \$5,000,000 to help the counties and communities to build new hospitals (or to enlarge existing hospitals) and health centers of the publicly-owned or non-profit type, wherever and whenever needed. This contemplates a small number of District Hospitals of approximately 100 beds and a much larger number of county or rural hospitals and rural health centers—each under the administrative and professional control of its own locally-elected board of trustees. In no case will a grant by the State exceed 50 per cent of the total cost of hospital construction.)

2. To expand the present two-year medical school at the University of North Carolina into a standard four-year school with a central hospital of 600 beds. These would serve jointly to provide the State another needed medical center and to train more doctors, particularly for the rural areas.

3. To set up a State loan fund of probably \$200,000 for medical students with extra aid for those who agree to practice medicine at least four years in rural areas.

4. To cooperate with adjoining states in establishing a Regional Medical School for Negroes.

5. To appropriate \$500,000 in State funds annually to be used in paying \$1 per day toward the care of each charity patient in any hospital in the State; this amount to be supplemented by similar grants from cities, counties,

and probably private sources like the Duke Endowment.

6. To encourage the development of group medical insurance plans which

will enable the people to prepay the costs of extensive illness requiring treatment by specialists and extended hospitalization.

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### A RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS

Give a little, live a little, try a little mirth!  
 Sing a little, bring a little happiness to earth!  
 Pray a little, play a little, be a little glad!  
 Pray a little, play a little, be a little glad!  
 Spend a little, send a little to another's door!  
 Give a little, live a little, love a little more!

—Virginia Stanton,

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## ABOUT PRISONERS OF WAR

(Monroe Enquirer)

American families whose friends or husbands are prisoners of war are warned not to accept enemy broadcasts of prisoner messages as authentic and to be victimized by unscrupulous persons who attempt to sell information about prisoners of war.

Captain Wilbur Lincoln, Chief of the Office of the Provost Marshal-General, says that information about prisoners is received from the International Red Cross, but that Government monitors listen to and record every enemy broadcast concerning prisoners. This information is checked against the files in the office and the contents of the message forward immediately to the prisoners' kin.

The captain explains that the Division has other methods of finding missing men. Letters from prisoners

are scanned by the Office of Censorship for references to other men and each name mentioned in a letter is checked against official lists. If the name is not found on the list of prisoners, the International Red Cross sends a representative to the prison camp to verify the information, which is sent to his family.

Captain Lincoln also revealed that maps are kept showing the location of war prisoner camps in enemy countries and that copies of the maps are sent to American generals in the field. These maps show where the enemy has located prisoner camps and whether the camp is a stone building, a converted barn or some other structure. This helps our fliers to avoid hitting our own men on bombing raids.

# THE DISTRICT SCHOOL

(Survey Monthly)

The inadequacies of the education we offer 12,000,000 rural American boys and girls (almost half the total school population), and an eight-point program of improvement, were the main emphases of the White House Conference on Rural Education, attended early this month by two hundred educators, school leaders, and representatives of farm agencies. Rural children, the conference found, are educationally handicapped by tumble-down, badly equipped buildings, by curricula unrelated to their lives, by poorly equipped instructors, inadequately trained and paid sub-standard salaries.

The 450,000 rural teachers constitute 52 percent of the national total. As compared with the average salary of urban teachers—\$1,937 a year—the average salary of rural teachers is \$967. Some 50,000 country teachers are paid less than \$12 a week (\$480 annually.) Thousands of them have

only a high school education, and no professional training.

Among the measures the conference proposed to better the educational federal aid, administered by the states; opportunities of rural children were: increased salaries for teachers; closer professional supervision; reorganization of small district schools; increased state responsibility; longer school terms; stronger attendance laws, with more adequate enforcement.

But it was the importance of getting and keeping good teachers that the conference chiefly stressed. The sense of the meeting was aptly caught by W. H. Gaumnitz, senior specialist in the U. S. Office of Education, when he said: "If we could put a good teacher in every rural schoolroom, paying her a minimum of \$1,000 a year, we could improve rural education to an extent never thought possible. We could then attract to the rural schools persons with ability and leadership."

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## CARVING A LIFE

You were given at birth a block of untouched, unscratched marble, out of which you may make anything you choose. Every day and every hour and every moment of your life you are chiseling upon this marble block. You can chop away without a model or design or plan; you can smite it with your anger and disappointment; you can bring out of it a satanic, beastly, vulgar image which will disgust and demoralize every beholder, or you can bring out the angel of beauty, of truth, the ideal which lives in every normal soul. Carve something, however, you must, for you cannot leave the marble untouched.—Selected.

# THE SELF FORGETFUL PIONEERS

(North Carolina Christian Advocate)

A day spent with the Wright brothers at Kill Devil Hill on the North Carolina coast some years ago proved delightful and full of inspiration. At this spot a few years before the occasion mentioned, after some ten or twelve years of unremitting effort, the Wrights had done the first flying in the history of the world with a heavier than air machine. Orville Wright pointed out the exact spot from which his machine arose and the point at which it came to the ground, nearly a quarter of a mile up the beach. All the world is now interested in the work of the Wrights were doing, and a massive stone marks that historic spot.

These brothers, with a friend from England, were then making some further tests on this lone spot far from the busy world. There reporters camped and sent out messages to all the world of what was taking place at Kill Devil Hill, but the Wrights paid no attention to what the papers were saying. They had been there six weeks and had not seen a newspaper, though they might have secured them each day. The winds blew and the wild ducks kept their distance while these pioneers of new fields of endeavor labored on. They were happy and expectant. Most refreshing was it to meet a man or a company of men wrapped up in some definite task! Inventors are usually men drawn from all else in their efforts to chart some unknown waters. Such become oblivious of time and place and know little of the humdrum coming to the man who simply marks

time and waits for the clock to strike.

The unconcious workers who know the thrill of the fresh attack live a life and enjoy a gladness that never comes to the dull plodders in the commonplace. Religious pioneers as a rule enjoy an eager enthusiasm and jubilant advance unknown to later adherents. Our Methodist forefathers preached and sang and prayed as they pushed their way through the forests and over the plains, forgetful of the wonderful heroism displayed in those heroic days. They had set themselves to a definite task and poured out the noblest energies of their being as they rejoiced in the advances made. They were always exploring new fields and enjoying the thrill of the fresh attack. We who remain are forced to follow the monotonous rounds of the well known—too often this becomes the well known commonplace.

Few fields remain to be explored. Our only recourse is to try new methods and enterprise larger undertakings. The call for self-forgetful laborers in this region is urgent and persistent. Many a man would find the wheels of life oiled afresh and a new thrill in his work now grown stale were he to undertake a real constructive task in a fine new self-forgetful way. Many a church would thrill in a wonderful way could preacher and officials, to say nothing of the crowd, be brought to appreciate to the full the possibilities awaiting them as they set themselves to pioneer new fields. Not necessarily new demands beyond the seas or unex-



plored fields at home call most loudly for the spirit of the pioneer in home and church and market. Our own homes and churches and market places stand in need of men and women who are mindful of the perils to which they are exposed and are fully ready to set themselves to fresh tasks to make them genuinely Christian.

Many voices are abroad and reformers of every type cry aloud, but these are not the hope of this or any other day. The quiet, devoted, consecrated men and women who live and plod on in their own Christly

way have been and always will be the stay of home and church and market place. Among these are ever those who know the gladness of a definite task in the dull routine of life as they pioneer new fields of experience and enjoy fresh victories over the enemies without and within.

Much is being said about the new world in the making. The material collapse is plainly evident, but the spiritual breakdown is not so evident though the most vicious and defiant enemies are within.

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#### YOUR STATE FORESTER SAYS

More than 8,000,000 acres of privately owned forests are now "Tree Farms," dedicated to continuous production of forest crops.

Forest fires have been known to overtake running deer and men on horseback.

Celluloid, the first plastic, was developed in 1869 on a wood pulp base, as a result of a search for a substitute for ivory billiard balls.

In an average year, about 43 per cent of the world's forest production comes from the United States.

Man learned how to make paper from wood by watching the wasp.

A cord of seasoned hard wood will give as much heat as a ton of coal, and leave about one-quarter the amount of ashes.

Under modern forest management, it is possible to take a harvest from the woods and still leave a forest growing.

Benjamin Franklin invented one kind of wood-burning stove.

The western pine beetle destroys 2,800,000,000 board feet of timber each year.

Strong good-looking bumpers for our cars can now be fashioned from wood.

# THE LAW OF THE SECOND MILE

By Ralph Rhea in Good Business

John Willman was scrutinizing some papers in the elegant suite of offices which domiciled the widely-known Brokerage firm of Willman and McVey. He arose suddenly and stepped to the door of his partner in an ill-concealed attitude of belligerence.

McVey looked up and shifted his cigar to the side of his mouth. "What's bothering you, John?" The Question seemed to convey the idea that he had anticipated a protest.

"Andrew, you don't expect to let this deal go through?"

"Why not?" shot back McVey; "it will make money for us, won't it?"

"Yes," retorted Willman, "but at the expense of innocent people, whom I know need the money badly."

McVey leaned back in his swivel chair and puffed furiously at his cigar. This was not the first time his partner had questioned the character of a deal he had developed. "John," he began, "you don't seem to realize that business is business. You seem to have a sort of vague ideal that stands in your way. You know you can be to conscientious for your own good. I learned long ago that the spoils go to the close trader."

But in this case you would be robbing innocent people. They haven't a chance to fight back. To me that is not business—it's cheating!"

"Well, John," replied McVey with forced calmness, "it so happens this is very much my personal deal, and I expect to go through with it."

Willman walked rapidly back to his desk. He had tried to reason with his partner. He knew he could dissolve

their relations and thus escape responsibility for the shady deal. There had been other instances that had violated his own code of ethics, and it appeared to be getting worse. It would not be pleasant to end a partnership of many years. And as he meditated, the Biblical injunction came to his mind—"Whosoever shall compel thee to go one mile, go with him twain."

The secretary rang. "Mr. Willman, Mr. Brownell is here to see you."

Brownell! The one big, influential client he was eager to serve. They had received only a smattering of his business.

Brownell came right to the point. "Mr. Willman, I now have something that is worth your while. I will entrust you with this business on one condition—that you handle it entirely alone."

"Naturally, Mr. Brownell," replied Willman, "we want to serve you, but this is a partnership—Mr. McVey will share in it."

"There are some nasty rumors flying around about your partner," confined Brownell, "and we don't care to take a chance. We trust you, and if you don't care to handle it, it will be possible to do business."

Some more evidence that the partnership should be severed! Its continuance might prove disastrous to both. Yet, there came again the haunting thought, "Go with him the second mile." The second mile? McVey needed him now. It would be no time to desert, for with the "nasty rumors," McVey would be ruined if left alone.

"I can't do it, Mr. Brownell," Willman said firmly. "Mr. McVey needs me now."

Brownell took his hat. He looked back from the door and said. "Let me know if you change your mind."

After the door was closed, somehow Willman felt strangely stronger. He could not account for it, except that an uplift does come to a man when he has sacrificed for principle.

McVey dashed in unceremoniously. "Well, John, old fellow, the deal is going through all right, and it will mean a neat little sum for both of us. I hope you are not too consciousness-stricken."

"Are you determined to deal in this manner, Andrew?" asked William sternly.

McVey was irritated. "Must we go through all that again? I told you I have no scruples about it whatever. Every man is in business for himself, and himself alone. If the truth were known, that is the man you are working for, too—for yourself!" And with this parting shot he stumped out of the room.

Willman stayed at his desk late that night. He was not discouraged, but he could not prevent a feeling of disappointment in his resolve to go the second mile with his partner. He wanted to be alone with his thoughts.

And he was so intent that he did not hear the door open slowly. When finally he became aware that some one was in the room, he looked up and saw McVey standing by his side. He bore an expression that Willman did not understand.

"Why did you do it, John?" McVey asked plaintively.

"Do what?"

"I was just talking with Brownell. He told me of his offer to you. Why did you turn it down?"

"This is why I turned it down." And he slid toward McVey an open Testament with a sentence encircled in red. McVey looked closely, and he read, And whosoever shall compel thee to go one mile, go with him twain. "I wanted to go all the way with you, Andrew."

There was a long silence. Neither man knew what to say. It was McVey who recovered first. "John, I almost let one of the most valuable things in the world get away from me. I wouldn't take any amount of money for your friendship. Here—tear up these papers in the last deal! And you won't find any more such business coming through me!"

And when McVey had finished, somehow Willman knew that he meant what he said, for he had proven the law of the second mile.

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### AN ANGRY WORD

An angry word is like a boomerang ;  
 Its force returns upon the one who sent it,  
 And yet unlike it, for it has a fang  
 Whose poison doubles after one has spent it.

—Margaret E. Bruner.

# OUR PROTESTANT HERITAGE

(N. C. Church Advocate)

Stressing the Protestant contribution to religious freedom, Rev. Dr. Samuel McCrea Covert, general secretary of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, declared that "the principle of religious liberty is inherent in Protestantism." He spoke at a special Reformation Day service held by the Lutheran churches of Manhattan at St. Peter's Lutheran church, Lexington avenue and 54th street.

"In its avowal of religious freedom," he continued, "Protestantism makes a dynamic contribution to the spirit of freedom in every other realm. It is no mere accident of history that the best development of free democratic institutions has arisen in those nations where the Protestant spirit has been strong."

He declared that the "roots of freedom" are found in "the primary affirmation of all Protestants" concerning each man's direct relation to God. "This makes," he said, "for a religion of conscience and conviction, free from compulsion imposed from without."

Tracing a "definite connection" between the Protestant emphasis on the "universal priesthood of believers" and the democratic spirit, Dr. Covert said: "Protestantism is the custodian, in our modern world, of the principle of Christianity individuality. It comports ill with all impersonal collectivism and mass mindedness. It gives new dignity and liberty to the ordinary man."

He pointed out, however, that while the main emphasis of Protestantism

has historically been upon the principle of "individuality," it is now giving a new emphasis to the principle of "community." He cited the development of the ecumenical movement and the rise of the World Council of Churches as evidence that Protestants today are thinking of the church in terms of a Christian fellowship which transcends both denominational and national lines.

"Another illustration of this new spirit of unity, commented Dr. Covert, who was ordained in the Presbyterian Church, "is the fact that the Lutheran churches of New York have invited a minister of another denomination to speak at their Reformation Day service."

Making a plea for the fuller recognition of the convictions which all Protestants hold in common, Dr. Covert asserted:

"There is an inherent unity in Protestantism in terms of definable principles and definite convictions."

He enumerated the five "key convictions" which "bind Protestants together, whether of Lutheran, Reformed, Anglican or Free Church tradition," as follows:

1. Protestantism, in all its historic forms, insists upon "the immediacy of man's relation with God."

2. It holds that the Scriptures provide "the decisive norm of spiritual authority."

3. It proclaims "universal priesthood of believers."

4. It stresses the importance of religious freedom.

5. It tends to a new valuation upon

the common life and labor, emphasizing the "potential sanctity of lay life" as well as of the professionally "religious" vocations.

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### GOOD DEEDS

How far that little candle throws his beams!  
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world.  
 Heaven doth with us as we with torches do;  
 Not light for themselves; for if our virtues  
 Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike  
 As if we had them not.

—Shakespeare.

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## INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY

(The Catawba News-Enterprise)

As the Sixth War Loan drive goes into its second week leaders in Newton are again calling on every individual to help to make the drive a success.

The ladies of Newton are to be commended for the fine spirit in which they have undertaken their task—to see to it that Newton meets its quota of \$115,000 series E bonds. But, however hard the ladies work, they cannot be successful in their efforts without the financial support of the entire citizenship.

It is predicted by some that the Sixth War Loan will be the toughest of any to put over, but we have faith in the people of Newton to meet the test to prove they are still fighting with the men on the battle fronts. At this season of the year, there should be a good many extra bonds bought for Christmas gifts, for it is a gift that pays dividends. There should be a good many extra bonds bought in gratitude for the return of MacArthur and his men to the Philippines, and bonds bought in gratitude to those who have forced their way on German soil, to bring the war home to Hitler's Ger-

many.

It would be a splendid thing if every child whose father is in service could be given, by a friend or older member of the family, a bond in this particular drive. A bond for any child, of any age, is a gift that will provide a nice nest egg for use at some future date. Bonds are an excellent insurance for people of any age—a cash reserve that grows as it awaits use, and is available should some crisis arise that necessitates ready cash.

In this drive a special appeal is made to the average income group, to which most Americans belong, to do without some small luxury and send the money saved as a loan to the fighting fronts. The report of General Eisenhower, supported by President Roosevelt, that our men on the firing line are hampered by equipment shortages should bring all Americans up short to the realization that we may be falling down on our part in this war. Ours is the easy part—to send the arms and ammunition. There can be no question of failure.

# AMERICAN AND GERMAN DOCTORS SHARE HOSPITAL

(The New Day)

The story of two field hospitals, one German, the other American, operating side by side in a French hospital at Draguignan is a curious sidelight of the German rout in southern France.

American doctors used German equipment to operate on U. S. wounded. On some occasions they called upon German surgical nurses to assist in emergency operations. At other times, the two staffs, each of which shared a half of the hospital building, merely nodded politely as they passed in the hall ways.

In the press of the 7th Army's lightning advance up the Rhone valley, an American field hospital moved into the French hospital at Draguignan on the road to Lyons.

It was already occupied by a German medical staff, captured together with its patients and what was declared to be an impressive outlay of surgical equipment.

Five American nurses were detached from another hospital to fill in until the original complement arrived.

They used German dressings, thermometers, needles and those drugs

whose names they could not read.

The dressing, of a heavy linen-like texture, impressed them most.

Veterans of Tunisia, Sicily, Cassino and Anzio, the nurses found this brush with an enemy medical team their most interesting experience overseas. They are First Lieut. Eleanor Gosline, of Enidcott, N. Y. Second Lieutenants Grace Beeder, of Akron, O.; Frances Backer of Summit, N. J.; Marjorie Frosh, of Columbus, O.; and Myrtle Costello, of Washington D. C.

"We got the biggest kick out of sharing the same kitchen," said Miss Gosline. American nurses watched with interest when their German counterparts converted crushed biscuits into gruel with boiling water.

The German nurses wore blue and white uniforms and were described as "big girls," all blondes and pretty.

Most of them had long hair.

Although functioning under the immunity of the Red Cross, the staff was under guard and not permitted to leave the hospital. Their attitude was pleasant and unlike that of the usual sullen one of a captured prisoner.

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Asked to write an essay on water, little Johnnie, after chewing his pen-handle for a long time, wrote: "Water is a colorless, wet liquid that turns dark when you wash in it.—Exchange.

# PARENT PROBLEMS

By Garry Cleveland Myers, Ph. D.

Many parents pay the growing child for regular jobs about the home, such as for washing dishes and tidying up a room. They aim to let the child earn the money he gets for free spending and to motivate him to do chores.

The few parents who feel they have been successful with this plan should, probably, go on with it. But very few really are successful. They set the pay up as a reward for doing the job and then find themselves nagging at the youngsters to get him to earn the money. As a rule, the child gets the money regardless.

Anyway, the child who is paid for a few regular jobs is not very likely to volunteer to do other jobs which are not paid for. And if he is always paid for sharing in the chores and drudgeries of the home, how is he to learn to feel a healthy obligation to do his part in the family?

As a rule, I advise that each child, as soon as he is old enough, shall have a few simple, regular jobs he can't escape doing; that these jobs at first be only one or two in number, with a few more gradually added as he grows older.

Then let this youngster have a regular allowance to cover a few days at first, a week later and a month or more still later (say at high school age.) Let this allowance at first take care of just "pocket money" and gradually also include money for regular needs like lunches, bus fare, moving pictures, Sunday school, etc.: and still later, some parts of clothing. This plan I discuss at length in my bulletin, "Allowances," to be had in

a stamped envelope.

If this child has, in addition to his regular duties at home which are not paid for, a job outside, such as a paper route, let his earnings be budgeted on the same plan and, if necessary, be supplemented. In case these earnings exceed what would be a reasonable allowance, he should be made to set aside a portion of his earnings each week as savings or approved investment in other than passing pleasures.

This certainly should apply to the youth from 12 to 17 who is working part time or full time. One of the most pernicious practices, very widely prevalent, is that of allowing the child who earns far more than would be warranted by a wise allowance, to spend all his earnings for mere passing pleasures. These children need parents who guide them, even require them when necessary, to abide by a budget which practices thrift and wise spending.

In a family of several children, the jobs assigned and the allowances given or budget to be followed, should vary with each child's age, of course. In any home, boys as well as girls should be required to share in the regular home duties. As a rule, they do better in taking turns at such jobs than in doing the jobs altogether.

From the foregoing, you can infer how I answered the following: "We have two boys, 8, 9 and one half, and a girl 11. Now I have explained to her that I need her and that she can earn an allowance weekly if she washes the dishes each day and helps me with other tasks occasionally. She

has no desire to help me and says so. But if I insist, she will slowly gather the dishes and wash them, complaining every little while. On Saturday, which is allowance pay day, she is

sweet and peppy and helpful, but she won't help nicely for another week." No reference was made to jobs done by the boys.

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An orator or author is never successful until he has learned to make his words smaller than his ideas.—Emerson.

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## OUR PRESIDENTS AND THE SABBATH

(United Presbyterian)

In keeping with the nobler traditions of our country, it is gratifying to find that the policy of our Presidents, with rare exception, has been to respect the Lord's Day in peace time and war. Washington in the Revolutionary War, Lincoln in the Civil War, Wilson in the first World War, gave orders relieving troops as far as possible "from fatigue duty on Sunday, and giving them opportunity to attend public worship." They based these orders on "the necessity to man and beast of the weekly rest"; "the sacred rights of Christian sailors and soldiers"; "and a due regard to the divine will."

When Garfield was nominated, 12 o'clock Saturday night found them in the midst of balloting, yet they adjourned till Monday. Hayes and Garfield habitually walked to church that their servants might rest and worship on Sabbath. Grant, when at Paris, refused to attend Sunday horse races. At the opening of the State Centennial of Tennessee, McKinley refused

to take a trip up Lookout Mountain, saying, "No, I do not go sight-seeing on Sunday." Theodore Roosevelt said, "Experience shows that the day of rest is essential to mankind; it is demanded by civilization as well as Christianity." Coolidge said, "I profoundly believe in the Sabbath and feel that we should give attention not only to the physical aspects, but also to the moral and spiritual phases of the holy day." Hoover, when invited to join a fishing party on Sabbath, replied, "The Hoovers never fish on Sunday."

Our fathers built our Republic upon Christian foundations, one of which is the Lord's Day. Our Presidents held to a Sabbath of rest and worship as essential to America's spiritual and material greatness and opposed a holiday and labor day Sunday with their dissipation and fatigue. Our heavy task of reconstruction, moral leadership, and righteous adjustments require the blessings of God's Day.



## LAST SUNDAY'S SERVICE

Rev. E. J. Harbison, pastor of Westford Methodist Church, delivered the sermon to the Training School boys last Sunday. This was his second visit to the School, and all were again delighted to have him. Rev. Mr. Harbison is greatly interested in the boys at the School, and he expressed a desire to be a kind of advisory chaplain. He stated that he was willing to help in any way at any time, and we are grateful to him for this.

Rev. Mr. Harbison read a Scripture Lesson from the 7th chapter of Matthew, including the first 7 verses, and as a text for his message to the boys, he used the 12th verse, which is the Golden Rule—"Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets."

The speaker explained to the boys that we think of this rule as being the Golden Rule because it is the finest rule of conduct in all the world. Just as a carpenter uses his rule in his construction work, just so must the true Christian use this Golden Rule in his relationship to others. Rev. Mr. Harbison stated also that the carpenter's rule is made of different materials, such as wood and metal and even silver, but they are all used for the same purpose—that is, to obtain correct measurements in order that there may be precision in construction.

Rev. Mr. Harbison declared that God has put it into the hearts of all people to know the difference between right and wrong. Frequently, every person is faced with the necessity of choosing what he will do and how he will treat others. It was explained

that frequently one may make a mistake in his judgment but that he should always do his best. The speaker added that only "mud" men and dead men do not make mistakes. He explained that everything one does in life reacts upon him in some way or another. This was another way of explaining that we reap what we sow, and it also illustrates the principle of the echo of sounds.

In the Bible we are taught that kindness towards others pays rich dividends; that it is more blessed to give than to receive; and also that we should love one another. Such principles as these put Christian living within the reach of everyone so that oftentimes the smallest boy may become the biggest man. There are many daily opportunities for one to express the goodness that is in his heart. This occurs in the school, at the table, on the playground, in the work shop, and in the cottage. In all these situations, a boy should do his best to live up to the teachings of the Golden Rule. Sometimes it may seem that the good in others is very small, but in all people there is the divine spark of goodness, and these are the things we should all look for, and we should help others to improve in their virtues.

Rev. Mr. Harbison encouraged the boys to cultivate the spirit of gratitude. The Bible story is told of how ten men were cured of the loathsome disease of leprosy, but only one of the ten returned to give thanks. Certainly, if the Golden Rule had been applied in the lives of the others, they would have done likewise.

# PENCIL AND PAPER TEST BEST FOR PICKING RADAR EXPERTS

(The New Day)

You can pick a radar technician, an airplane engine mechanic or a radio repairman better with a good paper and pencil examination than you can with the so-called "practical" tests of ability to take gadgets apart and put them together. This important finding of the Committee on Classification of Military Personnel appointed by the National Research Council at the request of the Army's Adjutant General is reported in the current issue of the scientific journal *Science*, by Dr. Walter V. Bingham, chairman of the committee.

As a result, 25 tests formerly given in Army Air Forces Basic Training Centers have been replaced by a battery of four tests, only two of which are performance tests. The proportion of failures in the courses has been substantially reduced.

A new test for night vision has been developed which melts the requirements of simplicity, practicality and reliability, Dr. Bingham revealed. He did not, however, tell what the test is like. One out of 10 soldiers, he reported, are unable to recognize an enemy on a dark starlit night at a distance of only 10 yards. The best one out of 10 can recognize the enemy at 94 yards. The average man can see well enough to recognize a foe at 52

yards.

The army is still searching for a good personality test. It would be very convenient to be able to give a man a test, the score of which would be useful to a special training unit, mental hygiene clinic, discharge board or court martial. So far, however Dr. Bingham reports, the problem has been difficult and baffling.

The army has given up the idea of selecting combat leaders by putting the candidates through a grilling "stress situation," even through such methods have apparently proved satisfactory to both the British and the Germans. It has seemed more feasible, Dr. Bingham said, to collect facts about how a candidate acts under the real stresses he meets in training in the excitement of his first infiltration exercise with live ammunition or when he is being introduced to the poison gas chamber.

New tasks for the committee has been the development of tests and methods for giving vocational guidance to men who are about to leave the service. A school for training vocational counselors for this purpose has been established in connection with the Separation Center at Fort Dix, Dr. Bingham reported.

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Grasp as blessed opportunity those extra tasks that may be committed to your care. Wise men grow under such responsibility, fools merely swell.—Sunshine Magazine.

# UNLUCKY PROSPECTOR

By Lawrence F. Tuleen

The world is full of stories of people who nearly discovered rich mines. None is more pathetic than the story of Jonathan Carver.

At the close of the French and Indian War, England received title to the territory that is now known as the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. With that title came stories and legends of huge mountains of solid copper which the French traders had been too lazy or too ignorant to investigate.

An English adventurer by the name of Jonathan Carver heard these stories and saw no reason why he should not make a trip to this land of fabulous wealth and get a boatload of the metal. This seemed like an excellent idea, for copper was then selling at about fifty cents a pound.

In 1770 Carver and his party of fellow adventurers sailed through Lake Erie and Lake Huron and finally reached the Soo Falls of the St. Marie River. There unknown wilderness began. They were unable to get their sailing vessel over the falls, so they loaded their necessary belongings into birchbark canoes. Then, securing the help of some friendly Indians as guides, they began paddling along the south shore of Lake Superior.

They soon discovered that they were not on the pleasure trip they had expected. The lake was big and cold. The shores were lined with dense pine forests. They saw no mountains of copper. Since they were afraid to explore the forests for fear of get-

ting lost or being attacked by the hostile Chippewas, they merely continued along the shore line.

They even rounded the Keewenaw Peninsula that sticks far out into Lake Superior and which today is also called the copper peninsula. Here they finally did a bit of exploring and found a few pebbles of copper, but it was a far cry from the coppermountains that they had been expecting.

Discouraged, they started back for England. As they got farther away from the wilderness, the few small copper pebbles began working on their imagination. By the time they reached England, the pebbles were shown as samples of great ore bodies ready to be developed.

Investors and speculators believed the story and invested their money in a company which was to develop these new mines. The following year a group of Cornish miners were sent from England to Lake Superior. They spent part of their time hunting wild game for food and the rest in searching for copper deposits. They suffered many hardships, but found no ore bodies. At last they gave up and returned to England.

It was nearly a hundred years later before the surveyor, Hulbert, accidentally discovered the rich copper deposits that made United States the world's greatest copper producing nation. Stranger still, these ore bodies were in the same territory where Carver and the Cornish miners had been doing their exploring.

## COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending December 3, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

William Hilliard  
 Harry Matthews  
 William Rogers  
 David Prevatte

COTTAGE No. 1  
(Cottage Closed)COTTAGE No. 2  
(No Honor Roll)

## COTTAGE No. 3

Charles Allen  
 William Brooks  
 Craven Callahan  
 William Doss  
 James Graham  
 Rudy Hardy  
 Robert Helms  
 Jack Hensley  
 Samuel Lynn  
 H. J. McCraw  
 Jack Oliver  
 Robert Peavy  
 William Poteat  
 Donald Redwine  
 Charles Roland  
 William Ussery  
 Paul Wolfe  
 Theodore Young

## COTTAGE No. 4

Robert Blackwelder  
 Leonard Bradley  
 Burlin Edmondson  
 John Fine  
 Robert Hogan  
 William Hawks  
 James Linebarrier  
 Ray Miller  
 Garnett Quessinbury  
 Thomas Ruff  
 Paul Stone  
 Roy Swink  
 John R. Smith  
 Edward VanHoy  
 Robert Walters  
 Eugene Watts

## COTTAGE No. 5

John Love

Robert Woodruff

## COTTAGE No. 6

Rufus Driggers  
 J. C. Cayton  
 Richard Davidson  
 Vernon Foster  
 Keith Futch  
 William Hawkins  
 Stanford McLean  
 Nolan Morrison  
 Clay Shew  
 Leroy Wilkins

## COTTAGE No. 7

Carlos Faircloth  
 James Knight  
 Ned Metcalf  
 Joseph Mitchell  
 Ray Naylor  
 Jack Phillips

COTTAGE No. 8  
(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 9

Leonard Church  
 Fred Coats  
 Ray Covington  
 Conrad Cox  
 Ray Edwards  
 Sebern Garmon  
 John Linville  
 Charles McClenney  
 Robert Owens  
 Edward Renfro  
 J. B. Wilson

COTTAGE No. 10  
(No Honor Roll)

## COTTAGE No. 11

Odean Bland  
 Donald Bowden  
 Robert Gaylor  
 George Guyton  
 Edward Hambrick  
 Robert Jarvis  
 Arlow McLean  
 James Phillips  
 Alvin Porter  
 Leon Rose

Ray Shore  
J. W. Smith  
William Walker

COTTAGE No. 12  
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13  
(No Honor Roll)

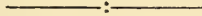
COTTAGE No. 14  
Edward Britt  
Hugh Cornwell  
William Ferguson  
William Lerschell  
Bruce Sawyer  
Grover Shuler  
Jerry Smith  
James Spence  
Thomas Stallings  
Milton Talley

COTTAGE No. 15

Frank Bass  
Jack Benfield  
Harold Coffey  
R. V. Hutchinson  
James Knight  
Charles Ledford  
William Myers  
Robert Rivenbark  
Harvey Squires  
Clyde Shook  
Olin Wishon  
Jack Willis

INDIAN COTTAGE  
(No Honor Roll)

INFIRMARY  
Lloyd Sain



### BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these announcements.

#### Week of December 10, 1944

- December 10—Robert Bradbury, Cottage No. 7, 12th birthday.
- December 11—Edward Guffey, Cottage No. 9, 17th birthday.
- December 12—Cecil Kinion, Cottage No. 3, 13th birthday.
- December 13—Jack Hensley, Cottage No. 3, 12th birthday.
- December 13—Clyde Lochlear, Indian Cottage, 15th birthday.
- December 14—Arthur Brooks, Cottage No. 6, 10th birthday.
- December 15—Raymond Byrd, Infirmary, 16th birthday.



# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXII

CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 16, 1944

No. 50

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## CHRISTMAS TIME AGAIN

'Tis Christmas time when the bells ring out,  
And the thrill of their fairy chime,  
Sings to a world of a Babe, new born,  
In that glad old Christmas time;  
Sings to the heart, "Look up—look up—  
To the skies that bend above,  
Look up from the shadows that dim the road,  
To the star-strewn way of love!"  
When the bells peal out on a world of white,  
O'er mountain-top and plain,  
Then it's Holly time, it's Happy time,  
For it's Christmas time again!

—The Optimist.

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# The Uplift

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**A WEEKLY JOURNAL**

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

LEOK GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## STAR OF PEACE

Surer than all the material indexes of Man, a celestial harbinger swings high against the holy sky, giving promise of Peace on Earth. It guided Wise Men to a miracle and brought beauty and deathless significance to a manger.

This same Star illuminates the difficult path of those who fight a spiritual battle, and is nowhere absent—neither above jungles, nor across embattled sands, nor over the vast peril of the sea. It speaks to the veteran in his onrushing plane; makes safer the way of those given to sudden doubt.

It shines softly in benediction, through a window where a fatherless child sobs in its sleep; makes the precious gift of patience and courage to a mother whose Gold Star seems a prophetic counterpart. It stands night vigil near the tent of a boy in camp.

On this memorable Christmas, the Star of Bethlehem leads us all onward to a Peace that is inevitable, because it is the price of a victory over all the evil forces that beset mankind. Never once has its radiance faltered on the sublime altars of the sky. A new world, a new dignity for the universe, a new reverence for God will be guided by this celestial symbol.—James W. Brown in Editor and Publisher.

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## ANOTHER TRAINING SCHOOL BOY MAKES THE SUPREME SACRIFICE

Recently we have received the distressing information that Corporal Craig L. Munday has died from wounds received in combat on D-Day in the invasion of Normandy.

We wish at this time to pay due tribute to the heroic life of this fine boy who has been called upon to give his life in the service of his country. He, along with many others, has played his part as one of the heroes in the conflict against the tyrannical foes of liberty and justice. His heroism will ever be an inspiration to all who knew

him, and his name will be inscribed on the Honor Roll of this School, as a perpetual memorial to him. We take this opportunity to extend to his relatives in Mecklenburg County our deepest sympathy in their bereavement, and we wish to console them as best we can with the thought that this boy did his part as a gallant soldier.

Corporal Munday was a member of a parachute company and was in the fiercest combat on D-Day. He entered the service in December of 1943. At the time of his death he was twenty-four years of age. He leaves three sisters and three brothers. Two of his brothers are now in the armed service.

Craig entered the Training School, November 1, 1935 and was released, January 12, 1937. During the time he was at the School, he remained in the Receiving Cottage, where he proved himself to be very dependable and trustworthy. He was very helpful in helping the new boys to become adjusted and oriented into the School life. He made an excellent record at the institution.

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### A RE-APPRAISAL OF OUR PROGRAM

It is highly important that those of us who supervise and direct the program of the institution make an honest effort to appraise and evaluate our work at intervals. When we do this, it means that we attempt to go through the process of re-examining ourselves inwardly to see if there are possibilities for improvement and if we have within us the potentialities which we should have for making the needed improvements. We should remind ourselves frequently and with considerable earnestness that at no time do we ever know all that we should about dealing with boys and operating an institution of this type. If we should at any time reach the apex or the zenith of our vision and growth, this would at once represent an unspeakable tragedy. In other words, the person who has a closed mind and never hopes for a better understanding of boys and a better way to deal with them, has little to offer, because no one has ever yet found the ideal way which would produce perfect results and avoid all pitfalls.

Primarily, those who work at the institution must be big enough

in their hearts to rise above the level of anything that would gauge their services on the basis of whether or not the boys in our care deserve one kind of treatment or another. In other words, it is never a question of what the boys deserve, because, generally speaking, all of us, boys and adults, are so much indebted to others, particularly to our forefathers, that we can never in our own strength repay what has been done for us. The Prince of Peace, when He lived among men, at no time ever stopped to ask whether or not the works He did for others were deserved by them, but He said it was that the works of God might be made manifest. Likewise, the essence of the program of this institution is to rise above the human standards of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, and operate in the realm of the true spirit of Christianity. One of the things that so often affects institutions and people is a feeling of sadism, which leads one to vent his wrath or get even with some boy who has failed. The dominant thing in the lives of all who direct and supervise the activities of boys and their life at the institution should, above all things, be religious in its nature. All need the piloting influence of a Divine Power, far greater than human agencies.

We should always be mindful of the conditions which have had so much to do with causing these boys to come to the institution. In so many instances they have been the victims of circumstances beyond their control. They are, in the main, the victims of the brutalities of impoverishment and wayward parents. They were born into unhappy circumstances which have tended to mislead them again and again, and to shut the doors of opportunity in their faces, when these doors should have been wide open into the highways of righteousness. Yet, nevertheless, we deal with these boys not in terms of what they are, but primarily what they may become. Because the work is so baffling and oftentimes so disappointing and discouraging, it calls for an unbounded faith and an indomitable courage which rises above the defeats of the hour and looks into the expectant future with a radiant hope. How fine it would be if all those who work at the institution could attend each religious service held at the institution in order that they might contribute to its power and receive a hallowed benediction for their daily tasks.

We see many instances in which boys have resolved in their hearts to start out on the better way of life. We believe that we are suc-

cessful with about 9 out of 10 of our boys, but as long as we ever fail with any boy it should spur us to more determination and effort. Probably our best work is done when there is an inner determination on the part of the boy to do right, and when fear plays no part in the process. This does not mean that we do not at all times need respect for authority and discipline of the right sort, but it does mean that a spirit of sympathetic understanding should be dominant in the lives of all of us. It means, also, that the boys themselves must be willing to do their part, as we are always able to do the most for the boy who is willing to do the most for himself.

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### THE SHOE SHOP

The shoe shop department at the Training School is now operating on full schedule. It is under the direction of Mr. L. S. Kiser, and he has with him a group of boys, four in the morning and six in the afternoon.

Due to the emergencies arising out of the war, involving the difficulty of obtaining leather and shoes, the shoe department has assumed a greater importance in the life of the institution than at any other period in the history of the School. This department has a real job on its hands to keep the boys clothed with comfortable shoes, and our workers are doing their best to meet the challenge of the hour. Mr. Kiser is a person who believes in devoting his time wholeheartedly to his work and having the boys to do the same. During the spring, summer and fall months, Mr. Kiser and this same group of boys operate the tractors out on the farm, and then during the winter months they handle the shoe department.

The shoe shop department occupies three rooms in the Trades Building. One room houses the machinery and work benches. Another room is a combination work room and stock room, and the third is used as a store room for the repaired shoes. In the latter room the shoes are placed on shelves according to sizes, and this makes it convenient in fitting the boys who need shoes.

This department uses electrically driven machines, such as sewing and stitching machines and finishing machines. It also uses brad-

ding machines, a heel remover, adjustable shoe lasts, and also scissors, pliers, knives, tacks and tack pullers, needles, thread, brads, pegs, awls, and hammers. Other supplies include half-soles, leather, rubber heels, thread wax and leather oil.

The capacity of this department is approximately 20 shoes mended a day. This includes both the work shoes and the Sunday shoes of the boys. It is the function of this department to provide the boys with shoes that will keep their feet dry and comfortable. We think it is better to get the boys' shoes fixed before they become too badly worn. If the condition of the shoe is real bad, it may be necessary to discard the shoe altogether, or it may be necessary to insert an insole, which makes a right tedious job. This department is equipped, however, to put on heels, put in insoles, do half-soling, sew in tongues, and mend ripped places. The workers also do some patching. It is possible at times to repair the shoes as many as two or three times, especially if they have not been too badly abused.

In addition to working on shoes, this department takes care of the gears and harness work from the barn. In doing this work, the department uses brads, buckles, snaps, bits, etc. It makes and repairs bridles, lines, collars, hame-strings, and back-bands. Another important phase of the work is the repairing of machinery belts from time to time.

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## NEWS ABOUT TRAINING SCHOOL BOYS IN SERVICE

(Continued)

### 22. Wilson Powell.

Entered the School, April 2, 1930.

Released, August 22, 1932.

Recently, Wilson Powell visited his friends at the School, after having been medically discharged from the United States Marine Corps. He reported that he had been a member of the marines for thirty-two months and that he was discharged in October, 1942. He stated he received his boot training at Parris Island, S. C., then he was transferred to Camp Lejune; and later was with the force

which landed on Red Beach in Guadalcanal, and remained there until he was wounded in action. After this he was sent to San Francisco, Calif., then to Walter Reed Hospital, in Washington, D. C. He was awarded the Purple Heart citation.

Private Powell had some very exciting experiences on Guadalcanal. There it was found frequently that the Japanese snipers would be tied up in trees, where they were forced either to fight or die. Also, he told of instances when the Japanese soldiers would be doped with opium so that they could walk a good distance after having been fatally shot. He reported instances of unmerciful torture of the American soldiers by the Japanese.

When Wilson was paroled from the institution he went to live with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Emory Powell, at Hallsboro, N. C. He had completed the seventh grade here at the School. He was a member of the Cottage No. 1 group and worked with the tractor force.

At present Wilson lives in Columbus County, where he has a wife and two children.

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### THE BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND

For many years it has been the custom of interested and generous friends of the boys at Jackson Training School to make the Christmas season happy and cheerful for them. It is appropriate at the Yuletide season that such donations be made in the spirit of the "Prince of Peace," whose purpose in life was to spread happiness and good cheer among the unfortunate people with whom he came in contact.

The boys themselves will not have an opportunity to express their personal gratitude for these gifts, but we are sure they are none the less appreciative of all that has been or will be done for them at Christmas time.

This article is not being prepared as a "high-pressure" effort to over-persuade any one in his charitable sentiments, but is merely to remind the friends of our boys that the Christmas season is here again, thereby giving them the opportunity which we believe they already desire.

We are listing below contributions already received:

"7-8-8," Concord,.....	\$ 25.00
Durham County Welfare Dept., W. E. Stanley, Supt.,.....	10.00
A. G. Odell, Concord,.....	10.00
Joseph F. Cannon Christmas Trust,.....	217.85
Watauga County Welfare Dept., Dave P. Mast, Supt.,.....	6.00
Pfc. Robert D. Lawrence, USMC, (somewhere in the Pacific)....	2.00
Anson County Welfare Dept., Miss Mary Robinson, Supt., Wadesboro,.....	5.00
Forsyth County Welfare Dept., A. W. Cline, Supt., Winston-Salem,.....	10.00
New Hanover County Board of Commissioners, Wilmington,....	30.00
A Friend, High Point,.....	5.00
Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin,.....	10.00
Davidson County Welfare Dept., E. Clyde Hunt, Supt. Lexington,.....	15.00
Cabarrus County Welfare Dept., E. Farrell White, Supt., Concord,.....	18.00
Mrs. Walter H. Davidson, Charlotte,.....	5.00
Herman Cone, Greensboro,.....	25.00



# LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported By Boys of the School Department

## Interesting Notes

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

Two health officers from Concord visited the school recently and each boy received another "shot" for typhoid.

The bakery has been very busy for the last few days, baking cakes for the boys, in preparation for the coming Christmas holidays.

The regular Saturday afternoon football games between the cottages were resumed last Saturday. They were enjoyed by all.

Preparations for the Christmas pageant are being made. The characters are learning their parts and rehearsals will start about Wednesday. The program is under the direction of Mr. Hines and the 8th grade group. The name of the pageant is "Birth of Jesus."

Mrs. Pharr, the matron at Cottage No. 9, has just got back from a three-day leave from the school. She has been visiting her son in Norfolk, who is in the U. S. Navy. He is expecting to go overseas very soon. She had a very nice trip and enjoyed it very much. She is now back at her regular work at the school.

## Items of Interest

By Carlton Morrison, 8th Grade

Another football season is about over for the boys. They are all looking forward to the next sport, which they hope will be soon.

The bakery has received some new pans which are different and also which will make different bread from the old ones. They have also got a wrapper and slicer which will be in use soon.

The boys from different groups have been busy in the last few days canning apples. They were received from Boone, North Carolina.

The bakery boys have been busy for the last few days, baking fruit cakes. They will be appreciated by the boys. They will be used for Christmas.

## Christmas Drawing

By Harold McKinney, 8th Grade

Christmas is drawing near. In the school rooms many are drawing pictures of Christmas things. In the Eighth Grade room William Poteat and Samuel Linebarrier are drawing a mural for the room. Some others are drawing bells, Santa Claus, etc. The boys enjoy doing this very much.

## Apples

By Lawrence Allen 8th Grade

The school received around three hundred bushels of apples. I am sure each and every boy enjoyed them. We are canning some of them, and sending bushels at a time to each cottage. They went after them in three of the trucks. The apples came from somewhere between North Wilkesboro and Boone.

The Receiving Cottage boys unload-



ed one of the trucks, and Mr. Walker and the boys under him unloaded the others. The boys of the Receiving Cottage gave the apples out to the individual cottages.

### **Placement Tests**

By Charles Blakemore, 8th Grade

Mr. T. R. Adams, of the Receiving Cottage, started giving placement tests to all the boys in school, Tuesday. This will be a great step for the boys. They will be put in the grades that they belong in. They had been put into rooms they were in at home, in some instances. However, this is a forward step at this time.

### **Room Decorations**

By Luther Shermer, 8th Grade

All the rooms are being decorated for Christmas. We drew pictures of Santa Claus in his sleigh. The rooms look so pretty when they are decorated. We drew all kinds of Christmas pictures. The eighth grade boys have a pretty mural in their room. The Indian room is fixed up nicely. The other rooms are fixed up well, too.

### **Christmas Program**

.. By Charles McClenney, 8th Grade ..

As you know, Christmas will soon be here. Each year, a Christmas program is given for the boys. Mr. Hines, the eighth grade teacher, was assigned to take charge of the Christmas play. It will be a religious play, and we know it will be a good one. All the boys are looking forward to it and are wondering just what it will be.

### **Intermediate B. T. U. Meeting**

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

The meeting opened with a short talk on the subject of "Fear," by Mr. Snyder, the group leader. After this he requested each boy to pray a silent prayer as he led them in a short prayer.

Next a program was presented by the group leader, Gerald Johnson, and his group, as follows:

"My Treasure Chest," by Ray Edwards; "Intelligence a Treasure," by Gerald Johnson; "Physical Health a Treasure," by John Fine and James Eller; "Good Character a Treasure," by Robert Flinchum; "My Immortal Soul, a Treasure," by Robert Hensley.

To conclude the program a group of boys led in sentence prayers.

### **Junior B. T. U. Meeting, Group II**

By William Poteat, 8th Grade

The meeting opened with a short prayer by Mr. Isenhour, the group leader.

After the prayer, the group discussed the subject of "Daily Reading" and of the importance of reading the Bible.

The program was under the direction of George Guyton, the group leader. The first part was entitled "Mary," by Tommy Sessions.

The second, "John," by Troy Morris.

The third one was entitled "Meredith." It was given by Jack Philips.

The fourth one, entitled "Catherine," was presented by Brice Thomas.

To conclude the program, "The

Leader," was given by George Guyton.

The meeting was dismissed with a prayer by Theodore Young.

### The Christmas Choir

By Charles Allen, 8th Grade

A group of some sixteen boys were selected to sing in a Christmas choir here at the Training School. The songs that they were told to learn were as follows: "O Little Town of Bethlehem," "Silent Night," "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night," "Away in a Manger," "O Come, All Ye Faithful," and "Joy to the World." The choir boys are as follows: Jack Benfield, Bruce Sawyer, Jack Gentry, James Stadler, Kenneth Staley, Earl Green, Ray Edwards, Earl Godley, Patrick Ford, Thomas Sessions, James Linebarier, Harold Duckworth, Robert Helms, Theodore Young, Ned Metcalf and Billy Brooks. A group of three boys will sing "We Three Kings of Orient Are." These boys are William Poteat, Gerald Johnson and Samuel Linebarier.

### What the Boys do in the Printing Office

Barney Mills, 8th Grade

When a boy first enters the printing

class, he watches the other boys so he can learn what to do.

About the first thing he learns to do is to take a proof. When a boy who operates one of the linotypes finishes an article, he puts it on a galley and places it on the table. Then it has to be proved. The first thing he does is to put ink on a roller and roll the ink out well so it will not be in lumps, and inks the type on the galley. He next puts a piece of soft proof paper on the galley and rolls a heavy roller across it. The proof is then ready to be read.

The galley of type then has to be washed. This is done with a small brush and gasoline. The ink must be well cleaned off before the type is put into the form.

The boys have many other jobs to do. The large forms for The Uplift have to be filled with type each week. Then they have to go on the large press. The boys fold the papers by hand. After they are folded, they are stapled and trimmed on three sides, and are then wrapped, addressed, and taken to the post office.

The boys have other jobs, such as running the job presses, cleaning out forms, melting metal, operating linotypes, proof-reading and running errands.

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He who establishes his argument by noise and command, shows that his reason is weak.—Montaigne.

## THREE CHRISTMASSES

By Willis G. Briggs in The State

Three Christmases are observed in North Carolina. In most places it is the 25th of December; at Rodanthe, the eastmost village in the state, the sacred festival is on the 6th of January, and at St. Helena, near Wilmington, the celebration is on the 7th of January. The reason for this diversity is not obscure.

In about the fourth century, the Roman Catholic Church decided to set December 25 as the date on which to honor the birth of the Prince of Peace. Some of the Eastern churches were celebrating the Holy Nativity on January 7, a custom which remained unchanged and is still perpetuated by the Russian colony at St. Helena.

The observance on January 6 at Rodanthe has a different origin. The Gregorian calendar was adopted in England in 1752 and dates were advanced 12 days. Thus, September-2, for example, became September 14. Hence the Christmas which had been December 25 should—so our fathers thought—be 12 days later; namely, January 6, which happens also to be the feast of Epiphany in the ecclesiastical calendar—in honor of Christ's baptism. Also in some coun-

tries this date was called "The Day of the Three Kings," or "Magi Day," and exchange of gifts took place in memory of presentation of gold, frankincense and myrrh to the Infant Jesus.

In the colony of North Carolina, the new calendar of 1752 was slowly adopted. Many people, adhering to the old dates, were 12 days ahead of the Gregorian calendar and the 1752 Christmas, so they had their celebration on January 6.

My forefathers were living in the Camden and Currituck sections of North Carolina at that time (1752) and my grandparents were born there early in the last century. My grandfather, Willis Grandy (1821-1899) never failed to remind the household on January 6 that this was "Old Christmas." In my childhood, Phyllis, Jane and other faithful Negro servants and friends of the family never forgot that "real Christmas" came 12 days after December 25.

Calendar changes are slow in acceptance by all the public. Indeed, 150 years have passed and at least a few persons are still mindful of the dates that their grandparents kept before parliament acted in 1752.

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It is in loving, not in being loved  
The heart finds its quest;  
It is in giving, not in getting  
Our lives are blessed.

—Selected.

# CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS

By J. W. Hines

What are the countries that have observed different customs at Christmas? Why do they observe these customs? What are the prevailing customs, and where did they originate? In a few paragraphs it will be impossible to discuss these customs as fully as one would like to—if time would permit. Therefore, the discussion of Christmas customs will, of necessity, be limited.

The first custom is the use of the candles. The candles represent the star. The people of Europe, North America and South America observe the use of candles at Christmas. One old legend has it that the candles were placed in windows to light the Christ-Child who was disguised as a beggar, old man, or even an animal. At midnight the animals talked and knelt in prayer. The bees sang hymns. The roosters crowed, and the water was turned to wine. The old superstition was that there was danger of death to anyone who saw or heard any of this.

The belief in St. Nicholas or Santa Claus is based on the following legend: St. Nicholas or Santa Claus was a very good bishop who died in 343. A rich man's sons were on their way to Athens for an education. They stopped at an inn, where they were robbed by the keeper of the inn who killed them, cut them in pieces, and hid them in a brine tub. That night St. Nicholas had a vision of the crime, and the next morning he went to the keeper of the inn, made him confess the crime, and then by his prayers restored the boys. Since then he has

been loved. In Germany and Holland, he examines the conduct of the children. In Holland, he used to travel on a horse and fill the shoes. He drives the reindeer to the sleigh and fills the stockings or puts presents under the Christmas tree in America as almost everywhere else in Christendom. All gifts and greetings represent God's great gift to the world.

Why do we use Christmas trees? The custom of using Christmas trees was brought to New Bern, N. C. about 1700. In almost every country there is a different legend of the tree. In one country, a man brought in a little tree and put candles on it in order to describe to his wife the beauty of the tree in the snow. An older legend has it that St. Winfred, in a crowd of converts, hewed down an oak which had been used in Druidic worship. A green pine remained unharmed. He pointed out to them that the pine meant holiness, endless life, gifts, kindness and love. Now Christmas trees are used in all Christendom.

England gave us the custom of burning the Yule log. It is now burned in all parts of that country. Everyone saluted the Yule log, sang songs of it, withdrew caps to it, and sat on it and sang songs. It was lighted with a branch off last year's log. In America, during slavery times, the slaves got a big, tough log and soaked it in the swamps, because the longer it burned the longer they could celebrate the holiday.

The custom of serving the boar's head began in 1340 in England. When

it was served at an English feast, the father laid his hand on it and pledged his honor to his family. The first English carol was the "Boar's Head Carol," which was written in 1521. It is now sung annually at Oxford.

An interesting custom which England gave us is serving the peacock as a pie, with the head and tail protruding from the sides of the plate. Often the peacock was killed, skinned, stuffed, roasted, and put in the skin again to be served.

The carols and carolers have added their part to making Christmas a happy time. These carolers or waits were the singers and musicians who went about the streets singing and playing at Christmas time, and usually they sang outside the homes of people who were aged or invalids. These waits sang songs to gladden

and to help others to hear the story. The carols were given to us by different people. From the Latin-speaking countries, we get "O Come, All Ye Faithful;" from the Germans, "Silent Night" and "Away in a Manger;" from the English, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," "Joy to the World" and "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night;" and from our own America, "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear," "Good King Wencelas," and "O Little Town of Bethlehem."

As we approach the season of the birth of the Christ-Child again, may all of the customs mean more to us! May we have that gay meaning that Santa Claus and the Christmas tree give to us, but above all, may we find that deeper religious meaning that Christ gives to Christmas.

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American people should know why it is necessary to buy war bonds, but apparently they do not, if the amount of space and time used in urging them to buy is any indication. Those who read the newspapers and listen to the radio should know that our men on the far-flung battle lines of the world are dying in order that people of this country and the other lands of the earth may live in peace, free from fear and want. Since these men are fighting because they have been ordered to do so by our government, then the mere request of our government, for us on the home front to do our part by investing our money in war bonds is all that should be necessary.

But for those who still need to be convinced that their money should be invested, we list the following reasons which were advanced last week by a Boston bank.

1. The Nazi foe has not yet been conquered.
2. The Japs also must be defeated.
3. After their defeat the enemy countries must be occupied.
4. Reconversion to peace will be a long and costly undertaking.
5. Saving through War Bonds helps to prevent price inflation.
6. War Bonds are a safe back-log for individual, personal security and prosperity.—The Stanly News and Press.

# THE STORY OF THE ROSEMARY PLANT

(Selected)

There was once a little prince whose mother, the queen, was sick. All summer she lay in bed, and everything was kept quiet in the palace; but when the autumn came she grew better. Every day brought color to her cheeks, and strength to her limbs, and by and by the little prince was allowed to go into her room and stand beside her bed to talk to her.

He was very glad of this, for he wanted to ask her what she would like for a Christmas present; and as soon as he had kissed her and laid his cheek against hers, he whispered his question in her ear.

"What should I like for a Christmas present?" said the queen. "A smile and a kiss and a hug around the neck; these are the dearest gifts I know."

But the prince was not satisfied with this answer. "Smiles and kisses and hugs you can have every day," he said, "but think, mother, think if you could choose the thing you wanted most in all the world, what would you take?"

So the queen thought and thought, and at last she said: "If I might take my choice of all the world I believe a little jar of rosemary like that which bloomed in my mother's window when I was a little girl would please me better than anything else."

The little prince was delighted to hear this, and as soon as he had gone out of the queen's room he sent a servant to his father's greenhouses to inquire for a rosemary plant.

But the servant came back with disappointing news. There were carnation pinks in the king's greenhouses

and roses with golden hearts, and lovely lilies, but there was no rosemary. Rosemary was a common herb and grew mostly in country gardens, so the king's gardeners said.

"Then go into the country for it," said the little prince. "No matter where it grows, my mother must have it for a Christmas present."

So messengers went into the country here, there, and everywhere to seek the plant, but each one came back with the same story to tell. There was rosemary, enough and to spare, in the spring, but the frost had been in the country and there was not a green sprig left to bring the little prince for his mother's Christmas present.

Two days before Christmas, however, news was brought that rosemary had been found, a lovely green plant growing in a jar, right in the very city where the prince himself lived.

"But where is it?" said he. "Why have you not brought it with you? Go and get it at once."

"Well, as for that," said the servant who had found the plant, "there is a little difficulty. The old woman to whom the rosemary belongs did not want to sell it, even though I offered her a handful of silver for it."

"Then give her a purse of gold," said the little prince.

So a purse filled so full of gold that it could not hold another piece was taken to the old woman, but presently it was brought back. She would not sell her rosemary; no, not even for a purse of gold.

"Perhaps, if your highness would go

yourself and ask her, she might change her mind," said the prince's nurse. So the royal carriage drawn by six white horses was brought, and the little prince and his servants rode away to the old woman's house, and when they got there the first thing they spied was the little green plant in a jar standing in the old woman's window.

The old woman herself came to the door, and she was glad to see the little prince. She invited him in, and bade him warm his hands by the fire, and gave him a cookie from her cupboard to eat.

She had a little grandson no older than the prince, but he was sick and could not run about and play like other children. He lay in a little white bed in the old woman's room, and the little prince, after he had eaten the cookie, spoke to him and took out his favorite plaything, which he always carried in his pocket, and showed it to him.

The prince's favorite plaything was a ball which was like no other ball that had ever been made. It was woven of magic stuff as bright as the sunlight, as sparkling as the starlight, and as golden as the moon at harvest time. And when the little prince threw it into the air, or bounced it on the floor, or turned it in his hands, it rang like a chime of silver bells.

The sick child laughed to hear it, and held out his hands for it, and the prince let him hold it, which pleased the grandmother as much as it pleased the child.

But pleased though she was, she would not sell the rosemary. She had brought it from the home where she had lived when her little grandson's father was a boy, she said, and she hoped to keep it till she died. So the prince and his servants had to go home

without it.

No sooner had they gone than the sick child began to talk of the wonderful ball. "If I had such a ball to hold in my hand," he said, "I should be contented all the day."

"You may as well wish for the moon in the sky," said his grandmother; but she thought of what he said, and in the evening, when he was asleep, she put her shawl around her, and taking the jar of rosemary with her, she hastened to the king's palace.

When she got there the servants asked her errand, but she would answer nothing until they had taken her to the little prince.

"Silver and gold would not buy the rosemary," she said when she saw him, "but if you will give me your golden ball for my little grandchild, you may have the plant."

"But my ball is the most wonderful ball that was ever made," cried the little prince; "and it is my favorite plaything. I would not give it away for anything." And so the old woman had to go home with her jar of rosemary under her shawl.

The next day was the day before Christmas and there was a great stir and bustle in the palace. The queen's physician had said that she might sit up to see the Christmas tree that night, and have her presents with the rest of the family; and every one was running to and fro to get things in readiness for her.

The queen had so many presents, and very fine they were, too, that the Christmas tree would not hold them all; so they were put on a table before the throne and wreathed around with holly and pine. The little prince went in with his nurse to see them, and to

put his gift, which was a jewel, among them.

"She wanted a jar of rosemary," he said as he looked at the glittering heap.

"She will never think of it again when she sees these things. You may be sure of that," said the nurse.

But the little prince was not sure. He thought of it himself many times that day, and once, when he was playing with his ball, he said to the nurse, "If I had that rosemary plant, I'd be willing to sell it for a purse full of gold, wouldn't you?"

"Indeed, yes," said the nurse; "and so would any one else in his right senses. You may be sure of that."

The little boy was not satisfied, though, and presently, when he had put up his ball and stood at the window watching the snow which came to whiten the earth for Christ's birthday, he said to the nurse:

"I wish it were spring," said the little prince. "It is easy to get rosemary, then, is it not?"

"Your little highness is like the king's parrot that knows but one word with your rosemary, rosemary rosemary," said the nurse, who was a little out of patience by that time. "Her Majesty, the queen, only asked for it to please you. You may be sure of that."

But the little prince was not sure; and when the nurse had gone to her supper and he was left by chance for

a moment alone, he put on his coat of fur, and taking the ball with him he slipped away from the palace and hastened toward the old woman's house.

He had never been out at night by himself before, and he might have felt a little afraid had it not been for the friendly stars which twinkled in the sky above him.

"We will show you the way," they seemed to say; and he trudged on bravely in their light, till, by and by, he came to the house and knocked at the door.

Now the little sick child had been talking of the wonderful ball all the evening. "Did you see how it shone, grandmother? And did you hear how the little bells rang?" he said; and it was just then that the little prince knocked at the door.

The old woman made haste to answer the knock, and when she saw the prince she was too astonished to speak.

"Here is the ball," he cried, putting it into her hands. "Please give me the rosemary for my mother."

And so it happened that when the queen sat down before her great table of gifts the first thing she spied was a jar of sweet rosemary like that which had bloomed in her mother's window when she was a little girl.

"I would rather have it than all the other gifts in the world," she said; and she took the little prince in her arms and kissed him.

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Some will always be above others. Destroy the inequality today, and it will appear again tomorrow.—Emerson.



# THEIR FIRST CHRISTMAS

By J. C. Glassford

An east-bound freight paused just long enough to allow the head brakeman to run ahead to throw a switch that would enable the train to pull off the main line and into the local railroad yards. Before coming to a complete stop, however, one who would have been looking would have noted the slow opening of a side door on one of the empty box cars that was being hauled by the train. Would have seen a pair of deep-set but searching eyes make a quick, but careful survey of the surroundings and a moment later, seen the figure of a dirty, poorly-clad, roly-poly figure lower himself from the floor of the empty box car down onto the railroad's right-of-way. Would have seen him starting back toward the more sparsely settled section that the train had just passed—for evidently the tramp had seen what he was looking for when the train passed a dilapidated, tumble-down shed on an abandoned garden plot. To the eyes of the tramp this building had its possibilities—might even provide him shelter for the night. Soon after reaching the building, he inspected the interior and began to think that lady luck was indeed his friend. On entering he discovered a huge pile of clean, dry hay—also a freshly-bedded stall—which was unoccupied. All of which convinced him that the place would provide him with an ideal resting place for the night, provided, of course, the owner would not show up and drive him off the premises.

He sat down on the hay pile, and, opening a small supply of food that he carried, he started munching away

at it with toothless gums, continuing to eat until the very last crumb was consumed. After which he took a chance and began to make preparations for the night, which simply consisted of first burrowing a deep hole into the middle of the hay-pile long enough for his entire body to crawl into. Then he began to wrap the badly soiled, but warm blanket about his body, after which he edged into the hay-stack as far as possible, drew the folds of the blanket about him as closely as possible, and then cuddled down for the night.

With darkness came the first flakes of the impending storm. A storm that soon became a regular blizzard. Fully aware of the possibility of colder weather, the old fellow cuddled into the hay even more snug than at first. Even allowing his lips to soliloquise: "Gee, but this is sure a lucky break for me. Here it is Christmas Eve and me a-findin' a flop like this. By gum, it's like hangin' your stockin' up and gettin' a present from old Santa Claus hisself. I'll bet yer that there baby folks tell about as bein' born in a stable on the first Christmas Eve, didn't have anything on me, from what I hears. However, that little feller had lots of friends, though—and enemies—but I ain't got neither. It's strange, though, how folks have said that when that little feller was born, that the heavens opened and angels came—that a great star started to shinin' over that stable so as to lead wise men to that little feller's bedside—and all such. The only wise guy that I'm a-fearin' would be the owner

of this here shack, and bein' turned out again on Christmas Eve, but I should worry." Further soliloquy was interrupted as sleep enveloped the tired form—his mind drifted to dreamland—in fact carried him back again to his boyhood days—back into his beloved Cumberland country, the country of his boyhood. Back through the open door of a forlorn little hillside cabin. Once again he saw the wooden peg that had been driven into a crack of a checked log. He also noted that a small hand-knitted sock was still hanging in its proper place. Instead of a bed of hay he was lying once again on an improvised bed made of slabs from the nearby saw mill. As of old he again tried to keep awake so as to catch Santa Claus. He started watching again just as he had always watched year after year through his childhood days—those days of hunger and want. His eyes would not remain open and once more, as of old he was awakened while still in dreamland, by the soft, gentle voice of his backwoods mother, who started to cuddle him close. and say, as of old: "Mother is sure plum sorry, Sonny Boy; it's jest too bad, Santa Claus must have got lost agin—fer he ain't came."

Like as of old, salten tears of disappointment welled into the sleeping man's eyes—tears that scalded as they welled into the sunken sockets, wrinkled by years. Unconsciously he drew his crooked knuckles up to press them deep into his eyes. The pain half awakened him. Just then his alert ears caught the pleading, sobbing voice of some little child, crying: "I wants my mamma, I do wants my mamma." He first thought this was another dream, but when he heard the distressed child's voice he became wide

awake. He forced his body out of the hay and into the night air. Hurrying to the doorway where he found a world of whitened snow—the storm had ceased, and here and there, stars began to burst through the clouds—his hastily lighted match disclosed the form of a little helpless lump of humanity—a baby who was indeed a lost one—shivering as with ague. In a moment the tramp began to realize the seriousness of the little one's predicament. He was able to see by the now flooding moonlight, a baby enveloped in frozen clothes—wet, soggy shoes, almost exhausted from fatigue—and yet brave enough to smile through his tears as he exclaimed once more: "Please, I do want my mamma."

No wise man clothed in ermine or velvet could have become more tender. Our tramp was a tramp no longer, but a good samaritan who quickly drew the shivering baby to his shaggy breast so as to protect it against the night's chilling breeze. Long years of bitter experiences that he himself had suffered while alone on life's trail, had trained the man for just such an emergency. First removing the child's soggy shoes and wet stockings, he then started to remove the ice-encrusted clothes. He then instinctively rolled the little naked, shivering body into the folds of the now bodily-warmed blanket. Through the folds, his rough, callused hands began to tenderly massage first the child's arms and chest—later the limbs so as to stimulate the blood flow. Forgetting all about self, he continued to massage the little one's form until his sobs ceased—until his tense little body relaxed—and merciful sleep claimed it. Carefully the man sought out the cleanest corner of his soiled handker-

chief so as to wipe away two remaining tears. Taking from his own back the old patched coat he wrapped that also about the form of the sleeping baby, then holding the child close to his own body for the few moments to absorb what little bodily heat that had remained after which he gently lowered the sleeping baby deep into the fresh straw that filled the manger.

Now, because of his own slim raiment cold chills caused the man to think of himself—puzzled for the moment, he stood still to think what he should do. If he started a fire it would betray the fact that he was trespassing—and yet—something must be done and at once, to attract attention, forgetting self—he gathered fragments of dry wood here and there, kindled it—but because of the scarcity of fuel he became so busy that he didn't note the approach of others, and was startled when a cold authoritative voice exclaimed: "Say, what's the great idea? Who are you and what are you doing here anyway?" at the same time exhibiting his star. Before replying the tramp placed a cautioning finger to his lips and then replied: "S-h-u-u-h. You'll wake the baby."

"The baby! What baby?" Turning and beckoning to the sheriff—he pointed to the manger and replied: "There' a little feller a sleepin' in there. So little, mister, cause he ain't morein' a baby. I was a sleepin' in thet hay yonder when I heerd it cryin' so I gits out and found him a wanderin' in the snow—taking the officer to the door he pointed to tracks where little footsteps had left their imprints. Then, realizing for the first time the seriousness of his own predicament that he might be suspected of kid-napping—he for-

got his poorly clad form and traveled some distance to prove his assertions to the officer. In a moment the sheriff raised his revolver and five pistol shots rang out on the frosted air—the pre-arranged signal if the baby would be found by any of the searching parties.

The now blazing fire became a beacon—in a comparatively short time frantic forms surrounded the building—and no shepherds or wise men shouted with greater acclaim the discovery of that other baby than these people shouted, one to the other—"We have found him!" No greater love could have been bestowed upon any child than that that was now being showered upon the startled little one who, though awakened from an abnormal sleep realized that all danger was now over and he was among friends. Mary Elkins, the mother was almost on the verge of hysterics as she clasped her baby to her heart as her lips kept whispering continually—"Oh, baby, I love you, Mother does love you so" then turning toward her husband she sobbed—"Joe, dear, Isn't it wonderful that they found him and alive?"

During all of this excitement the newly washed canopy of heaven had continued to clear—was now filled with brightening stars. Even the sheriff noted that directly above the stable one particular star seemed to be shining brighter than the others and he called the attention of the others to that fact, stating that the star itself seemed to be hovering over the stable for a purpose.

It was at this moment that a large heated automobile drove up, parents and child, including the sheriff and tramp were soon rolling toward the

empty home. While enroute the mother explained to the officer that they had placed their little one into his little crib earlier in the evening—that the door between the nursery and living room had been closed as they had started at once to get out the tree and trimmings for their little one's first Christmas, that while trimming the tree both of them had forgotten the baby for the moment thinking that it was asleep—that evidently their little one had been hearing so much about Santa Claus his reindeer and sleigh that he had concluded to go out and search for him. Even while narrating the possibilities they would pause here and there during their story to thank the old fellow for the part he had taken in the little Christmas drama.

Christmas afternoon our migratory wanderer, filled with the finest food he had ever eaten, stood in the middle of the room containing the Christmas tree. First, he would gaze at a purse that he was holding in his hand that contained several bills of goodly denominations—a Christmas gift that had been presented to him by the joyful parents—his blanket roll lying on the floor close to the doorway, tied and ready to be thrown over the man's shoulder. Amid environments that he was so unfamiliar with, his feet began to itch as if longing to travel once more over that never-ending trail. One callused hand was holding the tiny form of the baby he had saved—the babe's tiny hand clasping the old fingers as they had so trustfully clung to them during the midnight stay in the crude stable. The tramp, for that is what we must continue to call him, looked into the eyes of first one parent and then the other in an embarrassed manner then finally his lips blurted

out: "I sure do want to thank you-all fer everything that you have been doin' fer me. Now, about the little feller. What happened down there ain't worth mentionin'. It was jest nothin' at all. What did git under my skin is that as a rule little ones always gits scared of me. And what really got under my skin was him not bein' afraid, and a-trustin' me, because I'm sech a rough lookin' geezer. While I was a-holdin' and a-rubbin' him I started thinkin' and a-wishin' that I was really and truly Santa Claus—like he seemed to think I was. You a-mentionin' about it bein' his first Christmas started me thinkin' that him and me is partners in that. 'Cause though I've reached over three score o' years, this is the first time that I ever realized what the spirit of Christmas really means. You folks a-givin' me this money wasn't necessary. Jest bein' able to help made me feel more than satisfied. And I was wonderin', jest a-wonderin', if it'd be askin' too much if you'd jest let the little feller kiss me good-bye afore I go. Kin he?"

Tears welled in the eyes of all but the baby. Seemingly understanding the request, he raised his little mouth to receive the kiss and adoration of one of God's humblest creatures. It was a kiss that sealed the resolution of one of life's derelicts to look for brighter and cleaner pathways in the future, as he again headed for the local railroad yards in the hope of finding an empty freight car that would be headed South.

As the humble figure faded in the distance, it was the wife and mother who raised the child in her arms, and as the arms of her husband clasped both of them to him, she exclaimed "Joe, this has been a more comfort-

ing Christmas than I expected it would be when I learned that our little one was out alone in the storm. Possibly we cannot call our departed friend 'Santa Claus', yet the present that he brought us was far more precious than gold. I pray from the bottom of my heart that the Giver of all gifts will open that man's heart to life's possi-

bilities along new and brighter paths. That the spirit of Christmas that awakened long buried thoughts of a Creator will continue to swell in his heart, and my present to him will be the prayers of a thankful mother raised to that all-seeing eye, asking that my prayers for our 'Santa Claus' be answered."

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### THE PEACEFUL WARRIOR

I have no joy in strife,  
Peace is my great desire;  
Yet God forbid I lose my life  
Through fear to face the fire.

A peaceful man must fight  
For that which peace demands—  
Freedom and faith, honor and right,  
Defend with heart and hands.

Farewell, my friendly books;  
Farewell, ye woods and streams;  
That fate that calls me forward looks  
To a duty beyond dreams.

Oh, better to be dead,  
With a face turned to the sky,  
Than live beneath a slavish dread  
And serve a giant lie.

Stand up, my heart, and strive  
For the things most dear to thee.  
Why should we care to be alive  
Unless the world is free?

—Henry Van Dyke.

# THE CHRISTMAS BELLS

(An Old Tale Retold)

Long, long ago, in a far away city, there was a large church. The tower of this church was so high that it seemed to touch the clouds, and in the high tower there were three wonderful bells. When they rang, they made sweet music.

There was something strang about these bells. They were never heard to ring except on Christsmas Eve, and no one knew who rang them. Some people thought it was the wind blowing through the tower. Others thought the angels rang them when a gift pleased the Christ Child.

Although the people did not know what rang the bells, they loved to hear them. They would come from miles around to listen to the wonderful music. When they had heard the bells, they would go out of the church, silent but happy. Then all would go back to their homes feeling that Christmas had come, indeed.

One Christmas Eve the people in the church waited and waited, but the bells did not ring. Silently and sadly they went home. Christmas after Christmas came and went. Nearly one hundred years passed by, and in all that time the bells did not ring.

People sometimes asked one another, "Do you suppose the bells ever did ring?"

"Yes," said one very old man. "I have often heard my father tell how beautifully they rang on Christmas Eve. There was more love in the world then."

Every Christmas Eve the church was filled with people who waited and listened. They hoped that the bells

would ring again as they had rung long ago. Though many gifts were laid on the altar, still the bells did not ring.

Christmas was near at hand again, and everyone was happy.

Not far from the city two little brothers lived on a farm—Pedro and Little Brother.

Their father was poor and had no gift to lay on the altar. But Pedro had saved all his earnings, and had one shining silver piece. The father had promised the little boys that they might go to the church on Christmas Eve and take the gift.

It was quite dark when the lads started on their way to the city. The snow was falling fast, but they buttoned their little jackets close about them and walked along briskly. They were not far from the church when they heard a low whine of distress. Little Brother, clinging to Pedro in fear, cried, "What is it, Pedro, what is it?"

Pedro ran across the street, and there under a small heap of snow, what do you think he found? A little black and white dog, shivering with cold, and nearly starved. Pedro opened his jacket, and put the dog inside to keep it warm.

"You will have to go to the church alone, Little Brother," Pedro said. "I must take this little dog back to the farm, and give it food, else it will die."

"But I don't want to go alone, Pedro," said Little Brother.

"Won't you please go and put my gift on the altar, Little Brother? I

wish so much to have it there to-night."

"Yes, Pedro, I will," said Little Brother.

He took the gift and started toward the church. Pedro turned and went home.

When Little Brother came to the great stone church and looked up at the high tower, he felt that he could not go in alone. He stood outside a long time watching the people as they passed in. At last he entered quietly and took a seat in a corner.

When Little Brother went into the church, all the people were seated. They sat quietly hoping that at last the bells would ring again as in the days of old.

The organ pealed out a Christmas hymn. The choir and the people arose, and all sang the grand old anthem. Then a solemn voice said, "Bring now your gifts to the altar."

The king arose and went forward with stately tread. Bowing before the altar, he laid upon it a golden crown. Then he walked proudly back to his seat. All the people listened, but the bells did not ring.

Then the queen arose and with haughty step walked to the front. She took from her neck and wrists her beautiful jewels and laid them upon the altar. All the people listened but the bells did not ring.

Then the soldiers came marching proudly forward. They took their jeweled swords from their belts and laid them upon the altar. All the people listened, but the bells did not ring.

Then the rich men came hurrying forward. They counted great sums of

gold and laid them in a businesslike way upon the altar. All the people listened, but the bells did not ring.

"Can I go all alone to the front of the church and lay this small gift on the altar?" said Little Brother to himself. "Oh, how can I? how can I?"

Then he said, "But I told Pedro I would, and I must."

So he slipped slowly around by the outer aisle. He crept quietly up to the altar and softly laid the silver piece upon the very edge.

And listen! What do you think was heard? The bells, the bells!

Oh, how happy the people were! And how happy Little Brother was! He ran out of the church and down the road toward the farm.

Pedro had warmed the dog and fed it, and was now on his way to the city. He hoped that he might see the people come out of the church.

Down the road Little Brother came running. Throwing himself into Pedro's arms, he cried, "Oh, Pedro, Pedro! The bells, the bells. I wish you could have heard them; and they rang when I laid your gift on the altar."

"I did hear them, Little Brother," said Pedro. "Their music came to me over the snow,—the sweetest music I ever heard."

Long years after, when Pedro grew to be a man, he was a great musician. Many, many people came to hear him play.

Some one said to him one day, "How can you play so sweetly? I never heard such music before."

"Ah," said Pedro, "but you never heard the Christmas bells as I heard them that Christmas night years and years ago."

# WAGES IN NORTH CAROLINA

(Stanly News & Press)

Average weekly wages in North Carolina are next to the lowest in the entire country, according to figures revealed in a recent survey made by the North Carolina Unemployment Compensation Commission. Only South Carolina ranks below us, the relative position of the two states being the same in all too many statistics that have to do with the national welfare.

The figures given by the commission should be correct, for all concerns employing eight or more persons must report to the commission regularly. The report was prepared to explain why the state pays the lowest average weekly benefit amount in unemployment compensation, and pointed out that the size of the benefit check is determined by the amount of previous earnings.

The report shows that the average weekly wage in the state is \$26.51, with South Carolina paying \$24.21. The national average, however, is \$40.77, or 39 per cent higher than in North Carolina. In Alaska and Michigan, the average runs above \$50.00 a week, and in California, Connecticut, Nevada, New Jersey, Ohio, Oregon, and Washington the average is more than \$45.00.

Only in the manufacture of tobacco and paper in this state do the wage scales compare favorably with that of the nation. Wages paid in the manufacturing of transportation equipment are only eight per cent below the national average, and this is the nearest approach to that average outside the other two categories mentioned.

The textile industry has always had a reputation for paying low wages, but figures in the report reveal that the textile wages in the state are four per cent above the average for all types of labor, and only 12 per cent below the national average in textile products manufacturing. The textile industry in the state is making rapid progress because of enlightened leadership in the industry, and the differential between its pay scale and that of the national average will likely be steadily reduced within the next few years.

North Carolina can never be the great state which potentially she is until the wage levels are lifted at least to the national average and perhaps beyond. We can never provide the educational advantages, we can never lift the standards of living to national levels, we can never advance very far towards a higher quality of citizenship until money goes into the pockets of our people at least at the rate at which it goes into the pockets of people in other parts of the nation.

Many of the ills which afflict our population as a whole can be traced to this lower pay scale, and there is no need for anyone to offer excuses for the position which we hold in this instance with regard to other states.

It is our opinion that the sooner all business and industry is brought under federal fair wage control, the sooner the state will advance along all lines. While we have never favored giving the federal government too much power in regulating business



and industry, we do think that this is perhaps the only way North Carolina wages will be stepped up sufficiently to lift the average.

If business and industry in other states can pay high wages, we can certainly meet the scale in North Carolina.

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## INSTITUTION NOTES

The first Christmas card to come to The Uplift Office this season was received a few days ago. It came from Ivan (Tiny) Morrozoff, a former member of the printing class, who has been overseas as a member of an engineer unit of the Army Air Corps more than eighteen months. This greeting came by V-Mail from "somewhere in India." Although this young man has been away from the School several years, he has been one of our most regular correspondents. He has written us several letters from "over there," and in his most recent letter, he enclosed a number of snapshots he had taken in the Himalaya Mountains.

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Robert D. Lawrence, a former member of our printing class, recently wrote us from the South Pacific area, where he has been serving with the United States Marine Corps more than eighteen months. His letter, dated November 18th, reads in part, as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: I wrote you a letter a little while ago and am wondering if you have received it yet. Have been thinking of you for quite some time, but down here we don't get much time for writing. How are things at the old school? Suppose there have been many changes made since I was there.

"Am now working at a supply base. Was transferred when I got back from

New Zealand. That's really a nice place. Just about like the States, and everyone was so very nice to me.

"Have now been overseas more than eighteen months. Maybe it won't be too long before I'll be back in North Carolina. Believe me, I'll be sure to visit Concord when I do, so as to look you up and see other old friends around there. Have you heard from Tiny, Mac or any other boys that I knew? Would like to know where they are.

"Enclosed you will find a money order for the Boys' Christmas Fund. I'd like to send more, but you will understand why I can't. Please give my regards to everybody. Would like to see you all, but guess that won't be for a while yet. Tell the boys and all the staff members that I wish them a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Your friend, Bob."

We were delighted to hear from Bob, and to learn that there is a possibility that he may be back to this country some day not too far distant. His gift to the Boys' Christmas Fund is also greatly appreciated. When a fellow who is engaged in such activities as fall to the lot of a member of the Marines down in the Jap-infested jungle country, can take time out to think of helping our lads here enjoy Christmas, we know it comes from one who really has the spirit of the season in his heart. Regardless of

the amount contributed, it will be considered one of the finest gifts received by our boys this year.

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Rev. W. V. Tarlton, pastor of McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the School last Sunday. Being pressed for time, due to other engagements, he omitted the Scripture Reading, and after the singing of the opening hymn and a brief prayer, he delivered his message to the boys.

For his text he selected John 4:24 —“God is a Spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.”

Rev. Mr. Tarlton stated that people have different ideas about worshipping God, and, of course, don't all worship alike. There are also many different ideas as to places of worship. There are those who think a preacher must have a dismal tone when he addresses his congregation. Others are of the opinion that he must rant and rave as he talks. Then we find those who always try to make a big show of a religious service. This is all wrong, said the speaker, for Jesus gives the true spirit of worship when He says we “must worship God in spirit and in truth.” Rev. Mr. Tarlton then listed some of the things which enter into true Christian worship, as follows: (1) Adoration. When we say “Hallowed be Thy name,” our heads should be bowed in adoration, our hearts open and our knees bent in reverence. (2) Prayer. We must close out the world from our minds and think only of God. There should be no great outward display in prayer. (3) Scripture Reading. The Scriptures are God's love-letters to men. When we listen as they are being read, we must think

God is talking directly to us. (4) Preaching. We can learn much about the way of right living by listening to a truly consecrated minister as he leads us in our worship. (5) Fellowship with God. When we walk with God, we need have no fear of the evil forces of the world. (6) Humility. We must realize that we are so small and so bad, and that God is so great and so good. We must make ourselves teachable. In our schools we find children who can't learn and others who will not try to learn. In the great school of life, the person who is not willing to try to learn to do the will of God, is sure to be a dismal failure.

As the result of true worship, said the speaker in conclusion, men realize the greatest joy in life. If we have a bodily ailment, how good we feel when our doctor prescribes the kind of treatment that frees us of pain. So it is in our spiritual lives. Men are full of all sorts of evils. When we worship God and dedicate ourselves to His service, great burdens are lifted from our hearts and life really becomes worthwhile.

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The following news item is taken from The Charlotte Observer, issue of December 12 1944:

“Pvt. William R. Blackmon, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Blackmon, 1004 McCall St., Charlotte, was wounded in action in France on November 26th, his parents have been informed by the War Department. The young infantryman, a peace-time resident of Charlotte, who enlisted in the Army two years ago, has been in overseas service approximately six months.”

William entered the School, February 16, 1940, and was conditionally re-

leased, July 17, 1941. During his stay with us he was a member of the Cottage No. 1 group. For about eight months he worked with the outdoor forces; was employed in the laundry for a month; and was furnace boy at the school building during the rest of the time spent here. His record at the School was very good. No reports have been received previously as to his activities after returning to Charlotte, except that he had joined the United States Army.

William made friends at the School, and they regret to learn of his misfortune, and trust he may speedily recover from his wounds acquired in the service of our country.

We regret to report the death of Durwood Martin, a former student at this institution, as reported in a recent letter to Superintendent Hawfield. This letter, which came from Miss Margaret Stanton, a case worker with the Catawba County Department of Public Welfare, reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Hawfield: It is with regret that we tell you that Durwood

Martin, of Hickory, was killed in an automobile accident last Tuesday night. He and three companions were walking along the street when two cars collided, one of them hitting Durwood and killing him, and injuring the leg of one of his companions so badly that it had to be amputated."

Durwood was fifteen years old. He entered the School, November 15, 1939 and was conditionally released, on March 15, 1943. Upon admission to the institution, he was placed in Cottage No. 6 and was later transferred to Cottage No. 1. At first he was assigned to the outside forces, but was later employed in the laundry, where he worked up until the time of leaving.

We recall him as a likable youngster with a pleasing manner which made for him many friends among both the boys and the officers. There was a general feeling of sadness when it was learned that this young life was so suddenly ended, and we wish to take this opportunity of tendering our deepest sympathy to his loved ones in their hour of bereavement.

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We live and act here in the present,  
 The future is a vision,  
 The past is but a dream,  
 But we need have no fear or apprehension,  
 If with conscious determination,  
 We meet and overcome the problems  
 That confront us on our way,  
 Guided in our course and action.  
 By the lessons learned from yesterday.

—Exchange.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending December 10, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

Lawrence Allen  
Thomas Brantley  
Coy Crabtree  
Ralph Cranford  
William Hammond  
Harry Matthews  
William Rogers  
James Perkins  
David Prevatte

## COTTAGE No. 1

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 2

Walter Byrd  
Ralph Gibson  
Gerald Johnson  
Chester Lee  
Harold McKinney  
Marshall Prestwood  
Melvin Radford  
Jack Ray  
James Stadler  
Clyde Wright

## COTTAGE No. 3

(No Honor Roll)

## COTTAGE No. 4

Robert Blackwelder  
Leonard Bradley  
Eugene Hudgins  
William Hawks  
James Linebarrier  
Thomas Ruff  
Paul Stone  
Roy Swink  
John Fine  
Edward VanHoy  
Lawrence Walker

## COTTAGE No. 5

Randolph Ammons  
James Gibson  
Lawrence Hopson  
Robert Hensley  
Robert Wilkins  
Robert Woodruff

## COTTAGE No. 6

Rufus Driggers  
Richard Davidson  
Vernon Foster  
George Marr  
Stanford McLean  
Nolan Morrison  
Clay Shew  
Leroy Wilkins

## COTTAGE No. 7

Robert Cannady  
Horace Collins  
James Knight  
Ned Metcalf  
Joe Mitchell  
Ray Naylor  
Jack Phillips

## COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 9

Leonard Church  
Edward Guffey  
John Linville  
Charles McClenney

## COTTAGE No. 10

William Butler  
Forrest Cowan  
Frank Hensley  
Robert Holbert  
Charles Rhodes  
Brice Thomas  
Ray Taylor  
Thomas Ware  
Jack Williams  
Robert Yow

## COTTAGE No. 11

Odean Bland  
William Guffey  
George Guyton  
Alvin Hilton  
Fred Holland  
Marshall Sessoms  
William Walker

## COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

**COTTAGE No. 13**

William Andrews  
 William Black  
 Thurman Daniels  
 Eugene Frazier  
 J. B. Galyan  
 Vernon Harding  
 Robert Hobbs  
 Ralph Putman  
 Charles Shearin

**COTTAGE No. 14**

Everett Bowden  
 Edward Britt  
 Reeves Lusk  
 William Lerschell  
 Bruce Sawyer  
 Grover Shuler  
 Herbert Smith  
 James Spence  
 Tommy Stallings  
 Howard Hall  
 Milton Talley

**COTTAGE No. 15**

Frank Bass  
 Harold Coffey  
 Bobby Flinchum  
 R. V. Hutchinson  
 William Holder  
 Jimmy Knight  
 Charles Ledford  
 Gordon McHan  
 Robert Rivenbark  
 Clyde Shook  
 Olen Wishon

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

James Chavis  
 Peter Chavis  
 Frank Chavis  
 Harold Duckworth  
 R. C. Hoyle  
 Carl Locklear  
 Clyde Locklear  
 W. C. Mc Manus

**INFIRMARY**

(No Honor Roll)

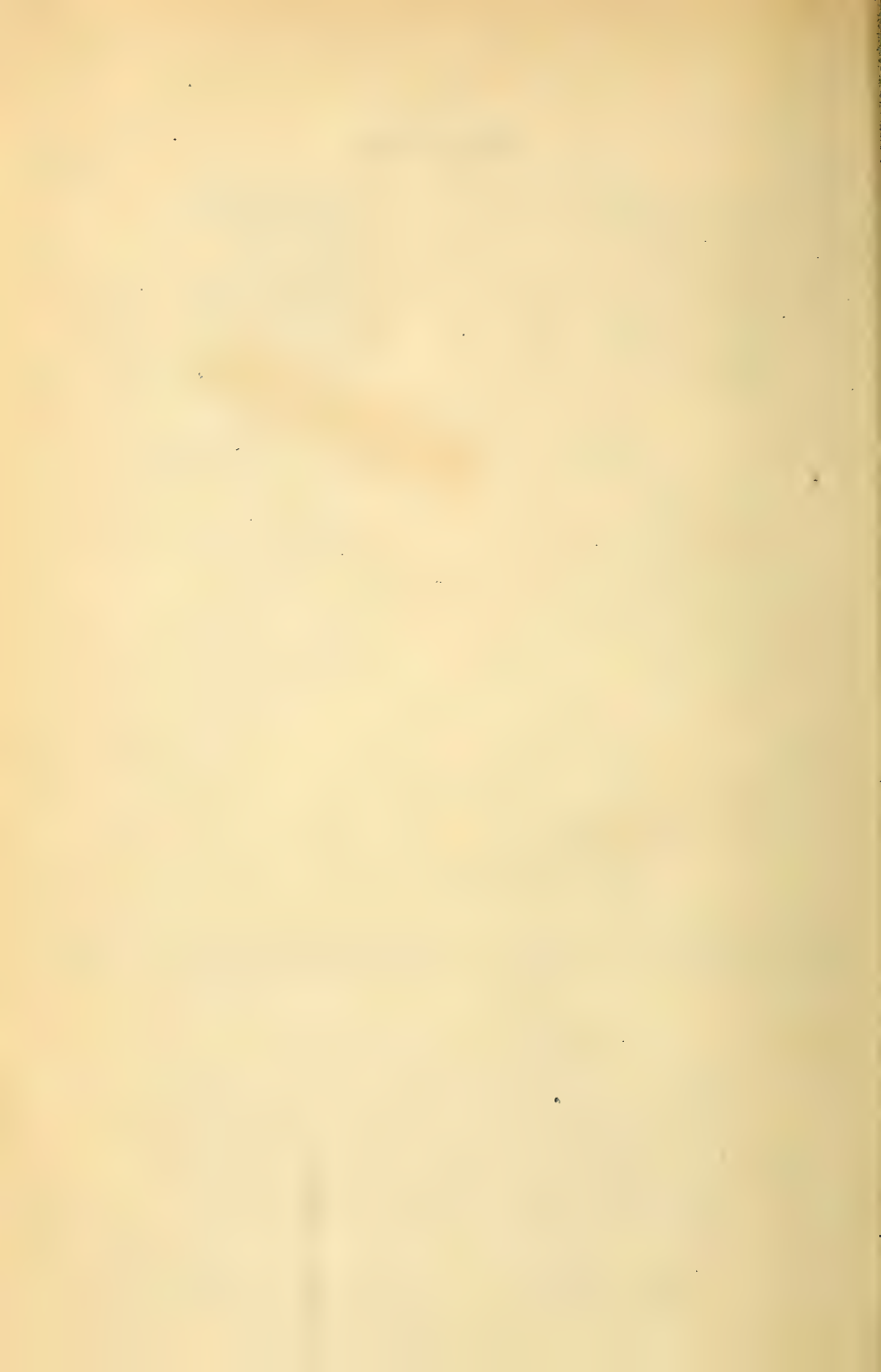
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**BIRTHDAYS**

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these announcements.

**Week of December 17, 1944**

- Dec. 18—Arlon McLean, Cottage No. 11, 16th birthday.
- Dec. 19—Charles McClenney, Cottage No. 9, 16th birthday.
- Dec. 20—William Hawkins, Cottage No. 6, 11th birthday.
- Dec. 21—Leonard Bradley, Cottage No.1, 15th birthday.
- Dec. 21—Donald Clodfelter, Cottage No. 10, 14th birthday.
- Dec. 22—Donald Redwine, Cottage No. 3, 14th birthday.
- Dec. 23—Dewey Smith, Cottage No. 15, 14th birthday.



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CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 23, 1944

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## LET US PAY HOMAGE

At this time, Christians, all over a war-torn world, pay homage to the Prince of Peace whose birth, in an humble manger, brought light to the world. Let us here rejoice in the privilege to worship freely, unfettered by pagan yoke, and pray for those less fortunate. Let us pray for and pay homage to, the millions who are sacrificing their all on the battlefields to secure freedom for all peoples. Let us look forward to 1945 and beyond with renewed hope for early victory and lasting world peace.—Selected.

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# The Uplift

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**A WEEKLY JOURNAL**

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.  
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.  
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

LEOK GODOWN, Printing Instructor

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## THE SHEPHERD BOY

It was a Hebrew shepherd boy  
Who watched his flocks by night,  
And o'er the plains of Bethlehem  
Beheld a wondrous light:  
A star that dazzled like the sun,  
And pointed on before,  
Until he followed with his sheep  
Unto a stable door.

The shepherd boy is dust in earth  
For centuries untold,  
But still, 'tis said, on Christmas Eve  
He watches by his fold;  
And when the silver stars emerge  
Above the fields and dells,  
He starts to journey 'round the world  
And ring the Christmas bells.

—Minna Irving.

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## THE HEAVEN-BORN PRINCE OF PEACE

The Christian world is again in the midst of celebrating or preparing to celebrate the Yuletide season. Extensive and elaborate plans for this glorious event have been made throughout the world. This is a time when the loftiest emotions of people are stirred and when the dynamics of love for others become most powerful. Yea, it is a time when the Christian impulses are caused to soar to the heights, far above the machinations of paganism.

Already the air is filled with melodies of the Christmas songs—

some sacred and some secular. The very air is filled with the voices of children and the thrilling music of trained choirs as they chant the angelic rhapsodies. How easy it is to close one's eyes and listen to the sweet echoes of childhood voices singing "Away In A Manger, the little Lord Jesus lay down His sweet head," or "All is calm, all is bright, round yon virgin mother and Child," or "Deck the halls with boughs of holly, Fa la la la la la la la, Tis the season to be jolly, Fa la la la la la la la."

Then, too, we retell over and over the beautiful Christmas stories that have come down to us from legends of the past—the story of The Christmas Bells, The Rosemary Plant, and The Other Wise Man. We seem to find in these stirring legends the most perfect illustrations of how people throughout the ages have discovered the perfect patterns of Christian love and service.

Those who meditate seriously and soberly on the meaning of Christ's advent into the world always go back in time to the setting of the event itself for its true meaning. Otherwise it is impossible to fathom the depths of its significance. Briefly, one needs but to recall that before Christ came, the children of Israel faced life generally in despair and without hope. The hand of the Roman oppressors rested heavily upon their shoulders and upon their hearts. Because of their deep afflictions in body and in mind there was unspeakable travail in their spirits. For them the nights were dark and the shadows were thick and black, but they still had faith in God's promise to send a Messiah to lead them into a brighter and happier way, and restore peace to the hearts of man.

Expectancy and anticipation filled their hearts. God, in a sacred covenant, had promised that a Deliverer and Counselor would come to them in their distress, and when the angelic hosts began the proclamation of the birth of the Christ Child, then the people responded immediately, for their hopes were now being fulfilled.

Tragic indeed it is that at this Christmas season there is throughout the world so much distress and so much sorrow. The heart of the world is again in great travail. Because of the demands of war Christmas will be vastly different for many of our people. In greater numbers than ever before we witness the situation where our homes have been disrupted because of a global war. Since the Christmas of one year ago, many of the choicest of our young men have

been called to the colors to engage in a mighty crusade for liberty and justice. Already many thousands of them have made the supreme sacrifice and now sleep beneath the sod of distant lands or in watery graves. To the oppressed peoples of the earth these soldier lads are the living symbols of hope, hope for peace, hope for a world where decent men everywhere can lift their heads and their hearts without fear.

In general the Yuletide season is the time when childhood is enthroned in the hearts and affections of men. Adults give their gifts and have their own joy and festivities, but after all, the supreme joys at Christmas are reserved for little children who hang their stockings by the firesides for the coming of Good Old Saint Nick.

\* \* \* \* \*

### **DR. ELLEN WINSTON VISITS SCHOOL**

On Monday, December 18, Dr. Ellen Winston, North Carolina Commissioner of Public Welfare, made a brief visit to the Jackson Training School. This was her first visit and we were all greatly pleased to have her. She was accompanied by Miss Edith Guffey, field representative of the State Welfare Department.

Dr. Winston holds a very strategic relation to the Training School. In the first place, by reason of her official position in the State she is a member of the State Board of Correction and Training. In the second place, as Commissioner of Public Welfare, she is the recognized leader among the welfare officials who make investigations before boys are committed to the Training School and supervise them when they are sent home on parole. This gives her a double responsibility to the institution.

Dr. Winston spent the time going over as much of the School's plant as possible. Places visited were the print shop, the infirmary, the bakery, the laundry, the swimming pool and gymnasium, the cotton mill, and the school department. This gave her several opportunities to observe the boys in their routine work.

In the meantime some of the most urgent needs of the School were called to her attention, such as the need for a physical education director, and a School dietitian. We were deeply impressed

with her interest and her desire to find out about some of the details. We shall look forward with pleasure to her next visit with the assurance that she is always welcome.

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND

For many years it has been the custom of interested and generous friends of the boys at Jackson Training School to make the Christmas season happy and cheerful for them. It is appropriate at the Yuletide season that such donations be made in the spirit of the "Prince of Peace," whose purpose in life was to spread happiness and good cheer among the unfortunate people with whom he came in contact.

The boys themselves will not have an opportunity to express their personal gratitude for these gifts, but we are sure they are none the less appreciative of all that has been or will be done for them at Christmas time.

This article is not being prepared as a "high-pressure" effort to over-persuade any one in his charitable sentiments, but is merely to remind the friends of our boys that the Christmas season is here again, thereby giving them the opportunity which we believe they already desire.

We are listing below contributions already received:

"7-8-8," Concord,.....	\$ 25.00
Durham County Welfare Dept., W. E. Stanley, Supt.,.....	10.00
A. G. Odell, Concord,.....	10.00
Joseph F. Cannon Christmas Trust,.....	217.85
Watauga County Welfare Dept., Dave P. Mast, Supt.,.....	6.00
Pfc. Robert D. Lawrence, USMC, (somewhere in the Pacific)....	2.00
Anson County Welfare Dept., Miss Mary Robinson, Supt., Wadesboro,.....	5.00
Forsyth County Welfare Dept., A. W. Cline, Supt., Winston-Salem,.....	10.00
New Hanover County Board of Commissioners, Wilmington,...	30.00
A Friend, High Point,.....	5.00
Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin,.....	10.00
Davidson County Welfare Dept., E. Clyde Hunt, Supt. Lexington,.....	15.00
Cabarrus County Welfare Dept., E. Farrell White, Supt., Concord,.....	18.00
Mrs. Walter H. Davidson, Charlotte,.....	5.00
Herman Cone, Greensboro,.....	25.00
Bernard M. Cone, Greensboro,.....	10.00

## THE UPLIFT

Juvenile Commission, Ruford Chaney, Boys' Commissioner, Greensboro,.....	4.00
Wake County-Raleigh Juvenile Court, Earl M. Smith, Probation Officer, Raleigh,.....	6.00
Judge William M. York, Greensboro,.....	5.00
Domestic Relations Court, Asheville,.....	20.00
Caldwell County Welfare Dept., Mrs. W. T. Carpenter, Supt.,....	10.00
Associated Charities, Mrs. Mary O. Linton, Supt. Public Welfare, Salisbury,.....	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Boger, Concord,.....	10.00
S. O. Bolton, Charlotte,.....	25.00
A Friend,.....	5.00
Richmond County Welfare Dept., O. G. Reynolds, Supt., Rockingham,.....	10.00
Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Hawfield,.....	10.00



# CHRISTMAS ON THE REBOUND

By May Emery Hall

The place was for all the world like a Christmas card. The little red-and-white village nestling in the Austrian Tyrol, the quaint timbered hotel, the Althoff, clinging to the mountainside, pointed evergreens against a background of glistening snow and the bluest of blue skies made one feel as if the twenty-fifth of December was just around the corner. Which, indeed, it was.

"What a jolly spot in which to spend Christmas!" enthusiastically exclaimed Eloise Marlowe to her three new friends who, like herself, had come to the Tyrolese resort for winter sports. The crisp mountain air had whipped the blood into her face so that it made a perfect match for her woolen scarf and cap.

The quartette, taking their morning constitutional on the overhung porch of the Althoff, proceeded to make plans for the approaching holiday.

"We must begin with Christmas Eve, of course," spoke up Rhoda Ashcroft.

"Sure thing!" seconded her brother Richard.

"But exactly what," put in Gerald Carter, "do you young things mean to do by way of celebration?"

"I know!" Rhoda, as usual took the initiative. "Let's usher in Christmas day with a skiing party! I heard some people here at the hotel say that the slide was not only going to be open Christmas Eve, but that it would be lighted by torches all along either side."

"Even without the torches," added Richard, "the moon would be illumi-

nation enough. There's a perfect pip-pin of a full one indicated."

"Then I don't see but we're all set," decided Gerald.

"No, there's one thing more," went on Rhoda. "We'll be frightfully hungry, of course, by midnight. They'd fix a bite for us here at the Althoff, of course, but why wouldn't it be lots more fun to get together our own lunch—say, seeded rye bread, pretzels, all the different varieties of sausage they eat around here, some of their funny little iced Christmas cakes, too, and thermos bottles of coffee?"

"The set-up suits me all right," declared her brother. "And, after all, when you're in the Tyrol, you should do as the Tyrolese do."

Gerald Carter shot an inquiring glance at Eloise. "You haven't said a word, Eloise," he reminded her. "Are you thinking of something better?"

Eloise's flushed cheeks took on an even deeper red. "Why, no," she answered slowly, "only—" It was hard for her to go ahead, but she summoned courage enough to do so. "There's always a special Christmas Eve service in the village chapel and mother was counting on my going with her and so—"

Her announcement was received in dead silence.

"Oh, of course," finally commented Rhoda rather stiffly, "if you think that's more attractive—"

"I don't think so," Eloise defended herself. "But I half promised mother, and I don't see how I can get out of it. There's another reason, too, why I don't think I can go skiing. That is,

by night. Mother's never really happy when I'm on skis. She thinks it's too dangerous a sport even by daylight, and if I should tell her I was planning to join a night party—well, she might give her consent, but I know she'd be pretty uncomfortable all the time I was away."

"Why, a sport without excitement and danger is no sport at all," returned Rhoda. Eloise could see she was being rhoda to be distinctly irritated.

"I'm all she has," explained Eloise, "and since father left us she hasn't wanted me to take any chances."

"But tell her," suggested Gerald, "you won't be taking any very big chances. I'll look out for you," adding mischievously, "and pick up the pieces if you insist on falling apart."

Eloise smiled, but it was a disappointed, forced little smile. This was the first rift in her growing friendship with the other three. Coming to the Althoff the week before, she had been delighted to find these brisk young Americans—Rhoda and Richard from the Middle West, Gerald from New York, like herself—who would add so much to her winter vacation. And now everything would be spoiled unless. . .

She realized perfectly what a big "unless" it was as she entered her mother's room a few minutes later. Mrs. Marlowe rose from her seat by the window, her rather sad, delicate face brightening with a smile of welcome as she greeted her daughter.

"Isn't that view simply marvelous, dear?" she remarked "Just the right setting for Christmas."

Her words gave Eloise the opening she needed. Even so, it was none too easy to explain about the plans for the Christmas Eve skiing party. As she

proceeded, she noticed that her mother's face clouded again.

"You know, dear," said Mrs. Marlowe, "I wouldn't do a thing to interfere with your pleasure, but it seems as if I just couldn't consent to your sliding down that awful hill in the dark—"

"But it won't be dark, Mother." Eloise followed up this argument with all the others she could think of. She knew at the start, though, she was beaten. It was simply impossible to make her mother see the picture she saw, so different from any of her Christmas Eve memories—a long, tempting, glistening slide drenched in moonlight, picturesque flaring torches shooting by as one went flying, faster, still faster, off into space, the exhilaration of the clear wintry air, the merry shouts of Rhoda and Richard in front, Gerald close behind. . . . No, it was no use. . . .

"How will it be if we compromise, darling?" suggested Mrs. Marlowe. "You go with your friends to the top of the slide. Then, when they're through with the skiing, you can enjoy your outdoor picnic lunch with them just the same."

Just the same! As if it could be that!

"All right," responded Eloise, trying hard to keep back the tears.

Christmas Eve turned out even more tantalizingly alluring than she had dreamed. The white full moon gave to the Christmas-card scene just the effect needed, lending a touch of ethereal beauty to the elevated Tyrolean village. The night was breathlessly perfect.

Eloise hadn't been at the slide many minutes before she was sorry she had come. Villagers and tourists mingled

sociably while there was much friendly rivalry as to who would make the best record with the least number of spills. Rhoda, Richard and Gerald all had high hopes, and as they laughingly discussed their chances, Eloise felt she didn't belong anywhere. She was simply out of it.

The signal was given for starting. Down shot the first skier amid tremendous cheering and shouting. No sooner was he lost to view in the snowy distance when a second daring contestant followed suit. More shouting. More excited cheering.

It was now Rhoda's turn. As Eloise enviously watched the American girl standing alert, poised, her cool gray eye measuring the icy slide below, she was shaken out of her somber mood by a low voice at her elbow. She turned to face Gerald Carter.

"You poor kid!" he exclaimed feelingly. "You think nobody cares, don't you? Well, I do!"

"Thanks." The unexpected sympathy made Eloise choke still more.

"And you're going to have at least one slide," continued Gerald. "I go next. Then when my second turn comes round, you're to be here ready to go with me. Do you understand?"

Eloise shook her head. "My mother," she began.

"Needn't know a thing about it," finished the boy. "Why should she? It isn't as if you were going to keep it up until midnight. One little slide! It won't hurt anybody, and you surely deserve that much—or that little, rather."

Rhoda was off. The next minute Gerald had replaced her at the starting point.

"Remember," he called to Eloise

with a parting wave, "and be ready when I get back."

She found herself in an agony of indecision. One little slide! As Gerald had said, what harm could it do? His urgent voice almost drowned her mother's. The inner battle continued, disturbingly, palpitatingly. Then, for some unknown reason, Eloise gazed up at the Christmas stars. They wouldn't let her do it. . . .

The next moment the same Christmas stars saw her speeding from the scene of temptation. In flight alone lay safety. She rushed on, panting but determined, taking the shortest cut she knew to the Althoff along the edge of the forest. Suddenly, bewildered, dazed, she came to an abrupt standstill. She had taken the wrong turn somewhere. Instead of the mountainside inn ahead, there showed through the upright evergreens a lighted cottage she had never before seen.

It was rather a poor little affair, scarcely more than a peasant's hut, yet there was something about it that held Eloise spell-bound. Perhaps it was the flare from burning logs that sent such a friendly gleam out into the Christmas night. Or it may have been that the forest dwelling, modest though it was, suggested home. At any rate, it drew the watching girl, as by a magnet, to the low door. At that moment the light from the nearest window was obscured by three small heads. Flaxen-haired they were and they presently began bobbing up and down excitedly.

The door opened. A simply-clad man in the garb of a shepherd stood in the doorway. In courteous, formal German he politely asked the American girl if she would do him the honor



of entering his humble abode. As if hypnotized, she obeyed.

The interior was somewhat bare but picturesquely furnished. By the fire sat a sweet-faced woman who immediately rose and bobbed respectfully. The flaxen-haired children had eyes of a midnight blueness, which were fairly dancing with eager expectation. Yes, and with something else. The nearest Eloise could come to it was awe. It overcame their shyness as they dwelt on every word their visitor spoke, followed every glance she cast about the room.

"Say, 'A blessed Christmas to you, Fraulein!'" prompted the father. "Now all together, Minna, Gretchen and Konrad!"

The three children obeyed. Then, suddenly, Konrad, the youngest of the trio, who looked as if he might be about four, ran and hid his tow-head in his mother's lap. Eloise couldn't understand his muffled words, but they sounded as if the child was on the verge of tears.

"Hush, then!" commanded the shepherd's wife. "What! Tears on Christmas Eve?"

Instead of quieting the youngster, his mother's voice had only the effect of causing him to burst out afresh.

"What is it he is saying?" questioned Eloise, carefully framing the foreign sentence.

An embarrassed pause followed. The shepherd shuffled from one foot to the other while a flood of crimson dyed his wife's face.

"It matters not, Fraulein," finally remarked Konrad's mother. "They are but the words of a thoughtless child, who knows no better."

"But I wish you would tell me," insisted Eloise.

"It is like this, Fraulein," answered the shepherd. "There is a beautiful belief in the Austrian Tyrol that on every Christmas Eve the blessed Christ Child passes through the forest on a reindeer. He brings gifts to the faithful or sends others in His name with tokens of His goodness. Minna and Gretchen here had been telling the story to their little brother just before you came. Both the girls were sure that the Christ Child or His messenger would arrive before midnight because—"

"Please go a little slower, will you?" broke in Eloise tremulously. "I don't want to lose a word."

"Because," resumed the shepherd, "it has been a hard year for us all, and the worst of the winter is still ahead. We are thankful for what food and shelter we have, yes, but it is hard for a father not to have bread enough for his children or the warm garments they need when the bitter wind whistles down the mountains. So you see, Fraulein—"

"I do see?" exclaimed his visitor with ringing earnestness. "You don't know how much?" She then inquired as to the quickest, best way back to the ski slide. "Konrad," she promised, "something is going to happen, after all, this Christmas Eve. In a little while you go to the window again and watch. And you, too, Minna, and Gretchen."

The expectant look returned to the three pairs of blue eyes. Three pairs of chubby hands clapped in glad anticipation.

"I won't be gone long," said Eloise, closing the door softly after her.

In a twinkling Christmas had been changed for her! How could she ever have thought it could be anything but lovely? Even the stars glowed more

brightly above the snowy world. Keeping her eyes turned upward, she came near colliding with a figure that suddenly loomed in the forest path.

"Why, Gerald!" came the breathless exclamation. "Gerald!"

"That's me!" came the laughing retort.

"But why—"

"Am I out hunting for you?" he finished. "Don't you know I made a date with you?"

"Well, I've a more important one I'm going to make with you!" came the quick answer. "Come! On the way to the slide I'll tell you all about it—"

She tried to, but at first her words, tumbling over one another, were too incoherent to give Gerald Carter a very clear idea what had happened.

"I ran into a shepherd—a real Christmas shepherd—only he wasn't out in the fields—but inside—and the three children are the most adorable things—fair hair and blue eyes—think how awful for them ever to be hungry or cold—and Konrad—he's the youngest—was watching for a reindeer—these simple people think the Christ Child rides on one Christmas Eve—and it was only me at the door—and I was empty-handed—"

Gerald was silent for some minutes after the panting recital was over. "Guess we can do something about that, don't you think?" at last he replied slowly. "I have an idea Richard and Rhoda will want to be in on it, too."

Thus it came about that the second time the shepherd's three children flattened their little noses against the window pane, they discovered against the white wintry background four young strangers from over the sea in

place of one. And instead of being empty-handed, each of the four was bearing a heavy hamper filled to the brim with Christmas gifts. Sausage, bread, cheese, iced cookies, nuts, fruit, preserves—these were but a few of the basket contents that made the children's eyes bulge in excited wonder. Not only did Eloise and her friends share what was to have been their midnight feast, but more substantial remembrances as well—crisp bills and shiny coins that had been given them for their Christmas celebration.

Laughter alternated with tears. There was singing and clapping and cries of joy as one new discovery after another was taken from the baskets that seemed to have no bottoms.

"You have been very good to us and to our children," said the shepherd in an unsteady voice as the time came to say good-by. "The Christ Child will bless you."

"He has indeed ridden through the forest this night," added his wife softly.

It still lacked a few minutes of midnight when Eloise and the others waved farewell to three happy children who stood in the doorway and curtsied prettily. The clear sound of a bell fell on the frosty air—the bell of the little village church calling everybody within hearing to usher in Christmas Day in a service of love and adoration. Eloise, together with her companions, turned instinctively in that direction. All four, entering the rustic chapel, joined the other worshippers, Eloise slipping into a seat next her mother.

"Hark! The herald angels sing  
Glory to our new-born King,"  
rang out the fresh, lusty voices of the

villagers. The girl's clear soprano liest Christmas ever, even if it had  
took up the strain. It was the love- come to her on the rebound.

---

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

A Baby cradled was in straw  
A fairer Babe ye never saw  
Nor even was there fairer maid  
Than she who Him in manger laid  
That star-lit night of long ago  
When God took pity on man's woe.

When born on earth was Christ the King  
The white robed angels sweet did sing  
And shepherds who were sore afraid  
Worshipped the Babe in manger laid  
That star-lit night of long ago  
When God took pity on man's woe.

We cannot hear the angels sing  
Nor can we see our Lord and King  
And hidden from us is the face  
Of blessed Mary full of grace  
Who nursed her babe so long ago  
When God took pity on man's woe.

But here upon His altar throne  
Christ comes once more to greet His own  
Our Lord of Love—our Life—our Light  
Brings peace on earth this holy night  
As on that night of long ago  
When God took pity on man's woe.

So lift your voices high and sing  
All glory be to Christ the King  
For Mary's Babe is God and Lord  
And by all men to be adored  
As shepherds worshipped long ago  
When God took pity on man's woe.

—Edwin Ainger Powell.

# CHRISTMAS WAS POISON TO EARLY NEW ENGLANDERS

By Dale Carnegie

About three hundred years ago, when New England was a far-removed colony of the British Crown, the wife of a village squire in Hadley, Massachusetts, walked across the fields one December day and visited a German lady who was celebrating Christmas.

This German lady had cut down a small pine tree in the forest, dragged it home through the snow, lighted it with candles, and her children were dancing around it, singing Christmas carols. Nothing wrong with that was there?

Yet the grim-faced Puritan fathers, who ruled New England then, hauled this woman before a council of village elders, thundered at her, denounced her, and threw her out of the Church, bag and baggage. And back in those days, that was tantamount to social ostracism.

What had she done? She had committed the heathen sin of celebrating Christmas. The old Puritans despised Christmas. With wrathful voices they denounced it from their pulpits. They branded it as an unholy pagan holiday and declared it was an insult to God. They even passed a law which heaped fines and public disgrace upon anyone who attempted to celebrate Christmas.

When the fiery-tempered Cromwell and his singing soldiers climbed up into the seats of the mighty in Merrie England, they too passed laws abolishing the pagan holiday called Christmas.

Why all this cry and uproar against the celebration of Christmas? For one thing, the old Puritans knew that Christ was not born on Christmas day.

Scholars were wrangling about the date of Christ's birth less than two hundred years after he died. Some claimed he was born on May 20th —; others contended that the correct date was April 19th. Still, others denounced these dates as superstitions and declared he was born on November 17. Modern scholars confess that we haven't the remotest idea about the exact time of the birth of Jesus.

For thousands of years, the Romans, gorged with food, and drunk with wine, celebrated the feast of Saturnalia in December. Saturn was their god of Agriculture, and after they had gathered their crops for the season, they held high festival in his honor, decorating their homes with evergreen and holly, giving dolls to their children, and showering gifts upon one another.

Centuries ago, old bald-headed Constantine rose up in the Roman Senate, straightened his gay-colored wig, and decreed that Christianity was the official religion of the Roman Empire. And when he did that he ordered the Christians to celebrate the birth of Christ during the feast of Saturn, so he merged the two festivals into one.

Many curious and colorful superstitions have grown up around Christ-

mas. Old women, pop-eyed with strange beliefs, declare that when the clock strikes midnight on Christmas Eve, the bees sing the 100th Psalm, and they say that the sheep open their mouths and bleat the word "Bethlehem."

One of my secretaries was raised in Louisiana, and she tells me that the negroes taught her that the cows literally get down on their knees and talk to one another on Christmas Eve.

Old Santa Claus, who came down your chimney on Christmas Eve, in

his pagan of youth was the fire-god of ancient peoples. He brought presents to the children in Rome thousands of years ago—and he comes with his reindeer and jingle bells from the far North; for like all the gods of our tribal fathers he lives in the twinkling firmament around the North Star.

Christmas may have been a pagan orgy thousands of years ago—but who cares? Today, it is the most happy and universal holiday in all the western world.

---

### CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

The gloom that everywhere engulfs the World  
Is not by Nature made but by Man's acts;  
Our grief is not caused by a fading Sun,  
Our hunger is not caused by lack of food,  
Nor our cold hearths by lack of coal or wood,  
Nor jobless men by lack of tasks to do.

Defects in Man have brought defeat to Man;  
He's plumbed the seas and flown above the clouds,  
Made glorious music and great literatures;  
He's traced the atom's course and weighed the stars,  
And in ten thousand ways done noble deeds,  
But yet has failed his crowning deed to do.

He's failed to keep alive throughout the year  
The precious spirit of the Christmastide,  
And joy will not be his until he puts  
Good will to men in more complete control  
Of human actions on this turning World  
And so obeys the teachings of the Christ.

—H. Y. Benedict.

# THE POSTMAN'S CHRISTMAS

By Edith M. Lechner

"Get along here, Ginger!" exclaimed Jonathan Wright having placed several Christmas cards and packages into a mail box. "Only around the bend over the hill and we'll be done." As he thought of home, Jonathan sighed, heavily. Mildred, his wife, had died but a month before and tomorrow, Christmas day, wouldn't be the same without her. George and little Mildred Jane, his two children, needed her, too. How Mildred Jane had begged to have turkey and all the trimmings this year as they had had other years! Jonathan sighed again. There would be no turkey this year. In 1910, 24 miles in a horse and buggy made a pretty long day. There would be no one but himself to cook the chicken even if they could afford it, which they couldn't. Funeral expenses were paid but Jonathan knew they would go without more things than a Christmas turkey before the winter was over.

Jonathan smiled though as he thought of the lovely skirt and coat for Mildred Jane, besides the toys and snow jacket for George. The children would love them and how warm they would be through the winter. Then he remembered the Christmas tree he had promised to bring home from a neighboring hill. It would have been dreadful to forget that! The children had counted on it so. He knew that George and Mildred Jane were home now, decorating to make things seem Christmas-like. But Christmas wouldn't seem quite like Christmas without a turkey dinner.

Jonathan, after stopping for the

Christmas tree, reached home. When within a short distance he noticed that the house looked especially gay and very Christmas-like. Coming closer he saw that the children had a jolly Santa Claus getting into his sleigh, carved out of wood. Bright lamps from the upstairs window showed him ready to speed across the porch roof. Wreaths made from evergreen boughs near the house, decorated the windows. The whole house radiated the Christmas Spirit.

George and Mildred Jane met their father as he drove up and helped him carry the Christmas tree into the house. They quickly ate some supper and then began to pop popcorn. From the attic Mildred Jane got the bulbs and tinsel which had decorated the Wright's Christmas tree for many years. When the popcorn was strung and put on the tree, along with the bulbs and tinsel, the tree looked perfect. Then they fastened small candle holders to the tree and with lighted candles in them, turned down the other lamps in the room. Everything looked beautiful and they all agreed that they had never seen a nicer looking tree.

After the children had gone to bed, Jonathan placed their Christmas presents around the tree. Early next morning when the children found them they were overjoyed. Because it was a holiday, Jonathan's mail route was made half as long and another man finished the route. Jonathan started out soon as the children had seen their presents. He expected to be home before noon.

When he started on his route a very light snow was falling. Jonathan went more swiftly than usual so that he might be home before the snow was too heavy. As he was about to put some mail in one of the first boxes, he could hardly believe his eyes. Inside the box was a bag of hickory nuts. Jonathan was very much pleased but thought it was nothing unusual until he came to the next mail box. Inside this was a box of dried apples. When Jonathan came to the next box and found doughnuts and sausage, he realized that people all along the route must have something for his

Christmas dinner. This proved to be exactly true. Jonathan found everything from mince pies to canned peaches. As he came to the last boxes he found mashed potatoes, salad, and vegetables still hot from the stove. In the last mail box, Jonathan found a beautiful golden brown turkey, along with filling and gravy. This made a perfect Christmas dinner but the thing that pleased Jonathan more than that was that each of these people had made these gifts themselves and here was a Christmas that would always be remembered.

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### CHRISTMAS

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,  
 But at Christmas it always is young;  
 The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,  
 And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air,  
 When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, old earth, it is coming tonight!  
 On the snowflakes that cover the sod  
 The feet of the Christ-Child fall gentle and white  
 And the voice of the Christ-Child tells out with delight  
 That mankind are the children of God.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field  
 Where the feet of the holiest have trod,  
 This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed  
 When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,  
 That mankind are the children of God.

—Phillips Brooks.

# THEY DREAM OF HOME

(Morganton News-Herald)

Soon it will be Christmas and American boys all over the world will want to come home. Meanwhile—

An American boy is slowly cutting his way through a tangled jungle. Each step forward is three feet down; the mud sucks and pulls at his boot as he advances, tortured step after step. He brushes the insects from his eyes to peer into the dense jungle masses ahead and at either side, alert for Japanese snipers. He reaches a fallen tree, stops to rest, closes his eyes a few seconds. Into his mind comes a picture of crowded sidewalks. It's five o'clock; Christmas shoppers and workers hurry through the streets; he hears the tinkling bell of a Salvation Army Santa Claus; for a moment he smells the crisp, cold air and feels the glow from the bright store windows . . . A bullet whines past him.

Somewhere in Germany, a boy from Vermont is fighting from house to house in the rubblestrewn streets. As he advances cautiously, waiting for the next shot from ahead or behind, he ducks into a doorway. For a second he relaxes. The snow on the rubble suddenly becomes a picture of snow-covered Vermont hills, quiet, peaceful, serene. He sees his town, snow feathering the elms, candles shining in windows, awaiting the Christmas carolers who are singing at the far end of the street.

On a hillside in northern Italy, a kid from Chicago considers himself lucky. He won't have to dig a foxhole tonight. He crawls into a small cave, out of the bitter wind. As he falls

asleep exhausted, he hears the wind howling around the rocks. It sounds like the wind roaring off Lake Michigan and he dreams he's back home. The Christmas tree lights are on and Mom and Pop are sitting around listening to Sis play "Silent Night."

In the Pacific, hundreds of miles from anywhere, a boy from Kansas peers into the night. Since the Jap attack that morning, his sub is disabled, it barely moves in the water, no one dares think how long it can keep afloat. No one knows whether the next planes will be rescue planes—or Jap planes returning. The surge of the sea, continuous, incessant, becomes a wheat field, the waves of ripe grain rising and falling as the wind ripples over them.

What are we doing at home? What discomfort have we? Are we cold? Are we hungry? Are we homeless? Or are we deciding to make this a good-old-fashioned luxurious Christmas? Did we buy that \$50 handbag for sister? Did we buy the fur coat for mother? Did we buy that new china to dress up the Christmas table? Did we decide not to go to work today?

How many of the simplest things we are asked to do are we doing? Are we saving waste paper? Collections are at an all-time low. Are we saving waste fats? Even red points in exchange no longer bring in the necessary amount. Are we contributing blood to the Red Cross bank? Many appointments made are never kept; more appointments are never made. Are we buying more War

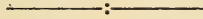


Bonds? Redemptions are higher than ever before.

If the Japs return to the kill, will the Kansas kid have the ammunition to stave them off again? will the rescue planes not come because they're still in the factories? Will the barrage preceding the boy in Cologne fall silent, because the batteries are out of shells? Will the kid on the hills in Italy freeze to death in his cave

because he has no blanket to wrap around him? Will the boy in Burma die because we didn't buy enough War Bonds at home?

All of us in our hearts know whether we are doing our share; whether we are fulfilling our moral obligations to the millions of Americans scattered around the world in a struggle for survival—theirs and ours.



### LET US KEEP CHRISTMAS

Whatever else be lost among the years,  
 Let us keep Christmas still a shining thing;  
 Whatever doubts assail us, or what fears,  
 Let us hold close one day, remembering  
 Its poignant meaning for the hearts of men.  
 Let us get back our childlike faith again.

Wealth may have taken wings, yet still there are  
 Clear window-panes to glow with candlelight;  
 There are boughs for garlands, and a tinsel star  
 To tip some little fir tree's lifted height,  
 There is no heart too heavy or too sad,  
 But some small gift of love can make it glad.

And there are home-sweet rooms where laughter rings,  
 And we can sing the carols as of old.  
 Above the eastern hills a white star swings;  
 There is an ancient story to be told;  
 There are kind words and cheery words to say.  
 Let us be happy on the Christ Child's day.

—Selected.

# A CHRISTMAS VISION

By Dr. Samuel Macaulay Lindsay

It did not seem like the same town. Everything was changed. The men were as cheerful as schoolboys, and the women as contented as children. Everyone indicated a deep concern for the welfare of others, and the spirit of good will radiated everywhere.

The streets were uncomfortably crowded, yet there was no complaining. Policemen had little trouble in regulating traffic, and expressed a degree of friendliness almost unknown to their profession.

Crowds thronged the stores, yet an amiable spirit possessed the people; and the clerks, though oppressed by business, seemed bigger than their jobs. On the jammed busses the passengers were jovial, not asking why the corporation did not provide seats for all. The conductors graciously accepted the fares, and registered each dime in a less vicious way than usual.

The postman laughed heartily as he passed by, although he was unmercifully loaded with letters and packages. And the grocery boy smiled as he took out his twentieth load for the day, and shouted lustily "Christmas tomorrow," as he drove past.

It was Christmas, and everything was different. But why different? Why not always this way? I asked myself this question until I repeated it aloud, when suddenly a voice at my side repeated the question, and I was surprised to find that I had company. He was an old man—very, very old—yet his step was light as he walked by my side, and his voice was clear and resonant as he said, "If you will follow me, I will answer your question.

I have lived many years, and I know why things are different at Christmastime."

"I shall be glad to have you tell me the secret of Christmas," I said.

"Then come with me," he said. And after much walking, we came to a place that resembled a farm estate. I was well acquainted with the community, but did not remember ever having seen this house before. My companion stepped up to the door and led me into a large room. There was a large, open fireplace at the end of the room, and the light of the dying embers of a log fire disclosed a youth asleep on a rug near by.

My companion saw my surprise, and he whispered, "The end of the year has come, but Humanity still sleeps by the dying embers of the fire of Love. It is his duty to keep that fire ablaze, but exhausted by the pursuit of pleasure, he sleeps as the fire goes out."

I wanted to go forward and awaken the youth, but before I could move, a maiden stepped from the shadow of the wall, and stooping down, began to fan the dying embers on the hearth. A little flame rose in pathetic feebleness to kiss the magic wand in her hand. The warmth of the flame aroused the sleeper, and as he arose and recognized the maiden who had saved his fire from going out, I heard him say, "Greeting, Gratitude! What brings you here?"

Seating herself on the rug beside Humanity, she began to talk earnestly to him. I thought she would chide him for neglecting his duty, but she only spoke kindly, telling of men who

had fought fierce battles, who had coaxed secrets from nature, leveled forests, built towns, established industries, erected schools, and who, by unceasing toil, were striving to make the good better day by day. As I heard this talk, I was made to realize that I was wealthier than my forefathers ever dreamed of being, and I began to feel that I ought to share with others the good fortune that had come to me.

Just then, unknown to me, there appeared another maiden. And as I wondered who she was, the old man at my side said softly, "That is Unselfishness. She is much loved because of her wisdom and beauty. She is always inspiring people to think of others, and is ever creating some worthwhile plan to help others."

Then I heard the newcomer say, "I visited the Giants on the mountains and the Dwarfs in the valleys. The chief cities of the Giants are 'They' and 'Theirs.' The Dwarfs have no cities, but live in two miserable hamlets called 'Me' and 'Mine.' The Giants welcome visitors with joy, but the Dwarfs are suspicious of all, and imagine every stranger to be a thief." Then she told of the Hungarian washerwoman who supported her fatherless children without complaint, and the man with a large family of his own who adopted an orphan family of five, and of a wealthy man who was giving away millions, and who was big enough to keep his identity secret. She told so many stories of unselfish sacri-

fice that I began to think that, in spite of all, this world must be heaven!

My old companion whispered excitedly, "Look! Here comes Joy!" A simple maiden in Quaker garb was entering the room. The others ran to greet her. "Oh, Joy, how glad we are to see you!" they shouted; "you always come when least expected."

"That's true," whispered my companion; "those who seek joy never find her, but those who search for sorrow in order that they may relieve it, will find joy. She is a timid maiden and always hides from those who go around seeking her."

Just then a great door opened into a large room where a table was set with a tempting meal. Humanity took his place at the head of the table, and as I watched his face and listened to his voice, he seemed strangely familiar. Surely I had seen the face before. Where had I met him? Who was he? I remembered! He looked like the policeman at the street crossing; and he resembled the postman in the suburbs. He talked like the conductor on the bus, and like the floorwalker in the store. Surely, he looked and talked like all the jolly people with whom I had mingled on the crowded city streets. He was Humanity!

And as I sit in my room tonight making a record of the experiences of the day, I know why everything is different at Christmastime. It is because Humanity becomes the host of Gratitude, Unselfishness, and Joy.

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Every man is valued in this world as he shows by his conduct that he wishes to be valued.—Bruyere.

# SURVEY SHOWS BIBLE INTEREST CONTINUES

By Dr. George Gallup

Interest in Bible reading, which increased considerably during last year, has been sustained during 1944, a nation-wide survey just completed by the institute finds.

The survey was conducted at the suggestion of the American Bible society, which has designated the coming Sunday as Universal Bible Sunday.

On the basis of the survey results, about six out of every 10 Americans (62 per cent) have taken time out one or more times during the past year to read the Bible. Last year the figure was 64 per cent; in 1942, before the war, 48 per cent.

It is notable that the increased interest in the Bible during the past two years is coincident with an unusually high public interest in books dealing with religious themes.

Both Lloyd C. Douglas' *The Robe* and Franz Werfel's *The Song of Bernadette* were, for example, purchased by hundreds of thousands of readers and were high on "best seller" lists. *The Robe* still is listed as a best-seller, more than two years after its publication.

Here are some of the interesting statistical facts emerging from the present survey:

More young people read the Bible this year than last year. The actual figure for those 21 to 29 years of age this year is 59 per cent. This com-

pares with 57 per cent during 1943, 48 per cent during 1942 before the U. S. entered the war. This does not include members of the armed forces.

Interest in the Bible appears to increase with age. Sixty-four per cent of the people over 50 are Bible readers; 14 per cent of them spend some part of each day reading the Bible; one-third of them turn to the Bible once or more each month.

Churchgoers, women, and farmers are markedly more inclined to read the Bible than non-churchgoers, urbanites, and men. From a sectional point of view, Southerners appear to be the most faithful Bible readers. Seventy-nine per cent of the people living below the Mason-Dixon Line have read the Bible once or more during the past year. The West Central area also ranks high, 69 per cent of the people in that region having read the Bible during the past year. New England and the Middle Atlantic regions rank lowest in reading of the Bible.

Ten per cent of those questioned in the present survey are daily Bible readers. Thirteen per cent of American women read their Bible daily. Among men the figure is much lower—six per cent.

Ten per cent among farmers, 12 per cent among small town dwellers, eight per cent among urbanites read Bibles every day.

# INDIAN PAINT BRUSHES

(Canadian Churchman)

Hundreds of years ago lovely wild flowers, that look so much like brushes dipped in red paint, began to grow in many parts of North America. The Indians told their children many stories about these flowers. One of these legends is from the old southwest part of our country, where once there lived Pawhokee, an Indian boy who loved all things beautiful.

This boy grew up into a tall, handsome young chief. The love of beautiful flowers had inspired him to do beautiful things. So one day he tried to paint a picture of the sunset, but his colors were war paints, and his brushes were rough. For days and weeks and months Pawhokee tried to paint the sunset, but in vain. He knew that the Great Spirit painted the flame and the soft hues in the western sky, so he prayed to the Great Spirit to help him.

Then, one evening as he sat in front of his wigwam thinking about the Great Spirit, and longing to make a picture of the lovely colors in the sky, Pawhokee thought he heard a voice saying, "Behold your paint brushes." He looked down, and at his feet he saw a lovely plant with a slender stem and a bright blossom like a brush. The blossom was the color of the sunset. He threw off

the deerskin from his shoulders, picked up the brush which was dripping with color, and began to paint the picture of the sunset.

But the colors in the sky began changing. So Pawhokee looked about and saw other paint brushes at his feet, each bearing tints of the sunset glory. He picked up each tint as he needed it, and painted as never Indian had painted before. And when the last gleam of gold and crimson had faded from the sky, Pawhokee's heart sang with joy, for on his deer-skin blanket was the picture he longed so to paint—the Great Spirit in the sunset.

Early the next morning, as the sun was shining over the mountains into Pawhokee's wigwam, he was awakened from a refreshing sleep by shouts of joy. Looking out, he saw a great number of Indian children picking flowers that were springing up all over the hillside.

"Indian paint brushes! Indian paint brushes!" shouted the children as they picked their arms full.

And from that day to this, wherever Indian children find the Indian paint brushes splashing their color over the fields and meadows, they remember Pawhokee and the Great Spirit.

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Do not anticipate trouble, or worry about what may never happen. Keep in the sunlight.—Franklin.

# THE NURSE IN WAR

(Victor News)

Unsung heroes of World War 2 are the 40,000 graduate nurses who are serving with the Armed Forces. The Office of War Information estimates that of this number, 38,000 are in the Army.

Many times during this war period, American nurses have done an outstanding job in tending to our sick and wounded fighting men. First at Pearl Harbor on that fateful day of December 7, 1941, then at Bataan, and then at Corregidor, our nurses have set an all-time high for compassionate, selfless service in the midst of privation, suffering, and death.

In this war, Army nurses must live the life of a soldier. They wear helmets, one-piece overalls, and G. I. shoes; they sleep in tents, bathe in helmets, dig and dive into foxholes if necessary, work calmly under shell-fire; they march across country under full pack every day for two hours or more at a time, in snow, rain, sleet, and mud; they are taught to crawl on their "stomachs," elbows and knees, and they go in for Army drill and calisthenics. It's all quite different from the life they led at home, but the nurses have shown on many occasions that they can take it.

The surgical tents and evacuation hospitals where many of them are working today are a far cry from

the white-tiled operating rooms of the typical American hospitals but, surprisingly, the array of shining instruments, sterile supplies, and medications are almost identical with those found at home.

Army nurses now are located at 35 bases outside the United States, and at 527 posts in the United States. Navy nurses are on duty in 212 stations within our boundaries, and assigned to 27 countries outside the continental United States. All over the world—on land, at sea, and in the air—our nurses are doing the kind of a job of which they can well be proud.

In reviewing the subject of war-nursing, one cannot overlook the fine work which is being done by women who maintain and protect health on the home front. We have in mind particularly the civilian nurse, who serves in our hospitals, war plants, public health organizations, and in doctors' offices. Members of the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps, who have pledged themselves to serve military or essential civilian nursing throughout the war, are lending a big helping hand, too.

All in all, the Army nurses, Navy nurses, civilian nurses, and nurse's aides are rendering a great service to their country in time of need.

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The short sayings of wise and good men are of great value, like the dust of gold, or the sparks of diamonds.—Tillotson.

# PROMISE

(The New Day)

Madame Chiang Kaishek received her first schooling in America at the tender age of 10, as the result of a rash parental promise. Although her oldest sister was already attending school in this country, her parents did not contemplate sending young Mayling so far from home until she had grown to womanhood.

One day, shortly before the second oldest girl in the family was to leave for the United States, Mayling took sick. To get her to take her medicine, her frantic parents assured her that they would reward her with

anything her heart desired. The ailing girl was interested in extracting only one promise, however. Would they send her to America with her sister? They readily agreed.

Several weeks later, the day of her sister's departure arrived. Now completely recovered, Mayling reminded her parents of their pledge. They tried to explain that they had made the promise for her health's sake, but the future First Lady of China would not be put off.

When the ship sailed, sure enough she was on it.

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## BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these announcements.

### Week of December 24, 1944

- Dec. 24—Lawrence Allen, Receiving Cottage, 16th birthday.
- Dec. 25—Vernon Foster, Cottage No. 6, 11th birthday.
- Dec. 25—William Ussery, Cottage No. 3, 13th birthday.
- Dec. 26—John Fine, Cottage No. 4, 14th birthday.
- Dec. 27—James Hensley, Cottage No. 3, 14th birthday.
- Dec. 27—James Linebarrier, Cottage No. 4, 15th birthday.
- Dec. 28—Randolph Ammons, Cottage No. 5, 16th birthday.
- Dec. 29—Kirk Putnam, Cottage No. 7, 12th birthday.
- Dec. 30—Leonard Church, Cottage No. 9, 15th birthday.
- Dec. 30—Brice Thomas, Cottage No. 10, 17th birthday.
- Dec. 30—Jack Wolf, Cottage No. 3, 16th birthday.

## INSTITUTION NOTES

We have had some pretty cold weather this week. While the members of the outside forces carried on, regardless of the cold "spell," we noticed that they stepped about a little more briskly than usual, and occasionally a fire could be seen burning where a group of men and boys was working at considerable distance from the buildings.

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We recently received a short note from Clyde A. Bristow, a former member of our printing class, which reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Glad tidings this time for the Clyde Bristow's. We are the proud parents of a new arrival, December 8th. A fine six and one-half pound baby boy. I have made the motion and it was carried that his name should be Douglas Arthur. That is all, except while still in the Baptist Hospital, mother and son are doing fine. Sincerely, Clyde."

Congratulations to the Bristow's. Clyde has kept us pretty well supplied with frequent snapshots of their other two youngsters, so we'll be looking for more pictures after a while. Hope the film shortage will not be so serious that we shall be unable to get a likeness of the new-comer.

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Superintendent Hawfield recently received a letter from Robert Bruce Harper, another of our old boys who is now serving in the United States Army. At the time the letter was written, Bruce, as he was known here,

was stationed at Camp Wheeler, Georgia. Enclosed in his very nice letter was \$2.00, for which he wanted his name placed on The Uplift mailing list.

Bruce left the School about fifteen months ago to enlist in the United States Navy, but because of some slight physical disability, he was rejected. He then returned to his home. During his stay at the School, Bruce was in Cottage No. 4.

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We recently received a progress report on Louis Williams, a former student at the School, stating that he had enlisted in the United States Navy. There was nothing in this report as to where he had been stationed.

Louis entered the School, March 15, 1939, and was permitted to return to his home in Mooresville, July 24, 1941. He was re-admitted, March 23, 1942 and was conditionally released the second time, August 13, 1942. Upon entering the institution the first time, Louis was assigned to Cottage No. 3. When re-admitted he became a member of the Cottage No. 13 group, but was later transferred to Cottage No. 3. During part of the time spent at the school, this lad worked on the barn force, the shoe shop and with the general outside forces. Louis was eighteen years old in August, this year.

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In a recent issue of The Charlotte Observer we read a news item from Washington, D. C., announcing that the War Department had reported



that seven North Carolinians had been awarded the Bronze Star Medal. We were delighted to note that among the names of those cited was that of Sergeant Blake C. Owens, of Robbinsville, a former student at the Training School.

Blake entered the School, December 15, 1931 and remained here until January 9, 1933, at which time he was released to return to his home. He was a member of the Cottage No. 2 group and worked on the barn force. Upon admission here, he was placed in the seventh school grade, and since there was no higher grades in our school system at the time, he remained in that grade throughout his stay with us. He was a very dependable boy and made a very good record while here. While we have had no further reports as to his conduct after going back to Robbinsville, but upon the assumption that "no news is good news" we are sure he continued his good record after leaving the institution. He was twenty-eight years old on May 11, 1944.

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In The Charlotte Observer of December 15th, there appeared a news item with reference to a James Brewer, of Statesville, who had died in a hospital in Belgium from wounds received in action. Among the names of surviving relatives were those of two brothers, Clifford and Ernest, both of whom were once students at this institution. The item further stated that Ernest was in service with the Army overseas, and that Clifford, who had been wounded in action, was back in the United States, having recently returned to Fort Bragg.

Ernest was eighteen years old last February and Clifford was twenty on January 10th, last. Both boys entered the School, March 2, 1939. Ernest was conditionally released, January 9, 1942, while his brother was permitted to go home, July 29, 1941. Ernest was in Cottage No. 12, and worked on the farm and in the poultry yards. Clifford was in Cottage No. 8, and was employed on the barn force, in the textile plant and as furnace boy at the school building.

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We regret to state that Bernard L. Fausnett, a former student, was reported on the casualty list, dated December 12th, as having been wounded in action in the European theatre of war. In this report nothing was said concerning the nature of his injury, and we have seen nothing in later reports as to the seriousness of the wounds received.

Bernard entered the School, April 3, 1939 and remained here until June 24, 1941, when he was granted an honorable discharge. It was his plan and that of the county welfare department that he would enroll in the CCC soon after leaving the School, but we did not receive any further report as to whether this was done.

Shortly before going overseas, Bernard visited friends at the School. At that time he was a member of a parachute infantry unit. We heard from him a couple of times after his arrival in England, and he seemed pleased to tell us that he had received a number of copies of The Uplift. In one letter he told us that he passed them on to several of his buddies, who enjoyed them very much.

We sincerely hope his wounds may not be very serious and that he may soon recover and get back to his unit. Bernard was twenty years old on May 11, 1944.

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At the afternoon service last Sunday, Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, brought the message of the hour.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner used as a Scripture Lesson the first eight verses of the 40th chapter of Isaiah, and he selected as his text, the first verse, as follows: "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith my God."

The speaker explained to the boys that this particular message is of three-fold importance. In the first place, it represents a command to the shepherds. Secondly, it is an assurance that God was watching over His people, and in the third place, it is a message to all people.

This particular Scripture is to be remembered because it points out the good things that God has done for His people in the past, and it represents a promise for other good things in the days ahead. God spoke tenderly of the people of Israel of that day as being His people. In other words, the source of this message is symbolic of all authority vested in the Divine Power.

1. The speaker emphasized the fact that the shepherds in this lesson, particularly, represent the ministers or preachers who are the leaders in the spiritual ideals and experiences of people. If at any time we attempt to evaluate a message of this sort, our one and only standard is, "Does it come from God?" As ministers

preach to the people, the people should be able to see in them that they sincerely believe they are speaking for God.

It was pointed out that too often people entirely miss the point in celebrating Christmas. Too often people prepare for celebration in terms of material pleasures without thinking of the fundamental things that should arise out of the Christmas season. The fundamental purpose of all effort should be to prepare for the coming of the Lord just as the shepherds of olden times prepared for His coming. This means taking an inventory of our inner life and strengthening our attitudes toward our neighbors.

2. The second phase of the speaker's message dealt with the people's point of view. In olden times, the children of Israel were given unmistakable assurance that God, Who had created them, was deeply concerned about their welfare. This is the same God, Who out of tenderness and mercy is willing to forgive those who may sin. God would like for us to remember that He has made wonderful provision for us, even far beyond what we have deserved. By the sending of Christ into the world, God's plan was to even up the inequalities of life. He hoped to elevate the low places and level down the high places of unreasonable authority.

3. Rev. Mr. Baumgarner then emphasized the message from God's own point of view. The command to comfort His people was a message that came from God Himself, with the assurance that there would be joy and peace in the world, and here we see God clinches all His promises to the children of Israel with His own signature. He declared then that His

words would stand forever. Today, as we are thinking of our approaching Christmas celebration, our minds go out to all the afflicted peoples of the world, to the peoples who live in the war-torn countries where so much devastation has been wrought, and where so many have endured sorrow and suffering beyond our imagination. Likewise, our boys are struggling

against the foes of liberty and justice to bring peace out of the war. Rev. Mr. Baumgarner advised that we should all put Christ at the center of our thinking and our longing and our celebrating. We should not be so deeply concerned about our own selves hoping to collect many gifts and enjoy many selfish pleasures, but rather to glorify God by glorifying His Son.

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### WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES

When Christmas comes,  
 The baby girl who scarce can speak,  
 The youth with bronzed and bearded cheek,  
 The aged bent with weight of years,  
 The sorrow-stricken spent with tears,  
 The poor, the rich, the grave, the gay,  
 Who fare along life's rugged way,  
 And glad of heart, when in the sky,  
 The wondrous seraph wings sweep by.  
 When Christmas comes.

When Christmas comes,  
 The sailor on the sea afloat,  
 The traveler in lands remote,  
 The warrior by the campfire's light,  
 The courtier in the palace bright,  
 The student by the midnight lamp,  
 The miner deep in dust and damp,  
 Alike uplift, through riven skies,  
 The wondering look of glad surprise,  
 When Christmas comes.

When Christmas comes,  
 In field and street, in mart and farm,  
 The world takes on a lovelier charm;  
 Sweet scented boughs of pine and fir  
 And brought like frankincense and myrrh,  
 To make our hallowed places meet  
 For hands that clasp and tones that greet,  
 While the hearts, worth more than gold or gem,  
 Go forth to find their Bethlehem,  
 When Christmas comes.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending December 17, 1944

## RECEIVING COTTAGE

Thomas Brantley  
Coy Crabtree  
Ralph Cranford  
William Hammond  
Harry Matthews  
James Perkins  
David Prevatte  
Phillip Batson  
Leslie Winner

## COTTAGE No. 1 (Cottage Closed)

## COTTAGE No. 2

John Allen  
Robert Buchanan  
Charles Byrd  
Walter Byrd  
Robert Furr  
Ralph Gibson  
Delmas Jerrell  
Gerald Johnson  
Chester Lee  
Harold McKinney  
John McLean  
James Norton  
Knox Norton  
Carlton Pate  
Hayes Powell  
Jack Ray  
James Sneed  
James Stadler  
Harlan Warren  
Roy Womack

## COTTAGE No. 3

Charles Allen  
Craven Callahan  
Charles Earp  
James Graham  
Earl Green  
Rudy Hardy  
Jack Hensley  
James Hensley  
Robert Lee  
Samuel Lynn  
Jack Oliver  
Robert Peavy  
William Poteat  
Donald Redwine  
Richard Tullock

William Ussery  
Paul Wolfe

## COTTAGE No. 4

Robert Blackwelder  
Leonard Bradley  
Charles Carter  
Paul Carpenter  
John Fine  
Jack Gray  
Eugene Hudgins  
Robert Hogan  
William Hawks  
James Linebarrier  
William Lewis  
Roy Miller  
Thomas Ruff  
Paul Stone  
Roy Swink  
John R. Smith  
Edward VanHoy  
Lawrence Walker  
Robert Walters  
Eugene Watts

## COTTAGE No. 5

James Buckaloo  
Woodrow Davenport  
James Gibson  
Lewis Kerns  
John Love  
Nolan Overcash  
Raymond Pruitt  
Samuel Price  
William Walls  
Robert Wilhelm  
Clyde Ward

## COTTAGE No. 6

J. C. Cayton  
Rufus Driggers  
Richard Davidson  
Earl Gilmore  
Stanford McLean  
Nolan Morrison  
Clay Shew  
Leroy Wilkins  
Keith Futch

## COTTAGE No. 7

David Brooks  
Robert Cannady

Carlton Cox  
 Horace Collins  
 James Knight  
 Ned Metcalf  
 Joseph Mitchell  
 Eugene Murphy  
 Jack Phillips

COTTAGE No. 8  
 (Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9  
 Raymond Bullman  
 Leonard Church  
 Fred Coats  
 Conrad Cox  
 Worth Craven  
 James Eller  
 Sebern Garmon  
 Edward Guffey  
 William Harding  
 Windley Jones  
 John Linville  
 Charles McClenney  
 Floyd Puckett  
 Edward Renfro  
 Leo Saxon  
 Marvin Walls  
 Jack Wilkins  
 J. B. Wilson

COTTAGE No. 10  
 (No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11  
 Donald Bowden  
 James Carteret  
 George Cox  
 William Guffey  
 George Guyton  
 Alvin Hilton  
 William Lowery  
 Arlon McLean  
 James Phillips  
 Alvin Porter  
 Marshall Sessoms  
 William Walker

COTTAGE No. 12  
 (Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13  
 William Andrews  
 William Black  
 Thurman Daniels  
 Eugene Frazier  
 Robert Hobbs  
 Vernon Harding  
 Ralph Putnam  
 Charles Shearin  
 Harry Thompson

COTTAGE No. 14  
 Charles Blakemore  
 Clyde Bustle  
 Hugh Cornwell  
 William Ferguson  
 William Lerschell  
 Grover Shuler  
 Eugene Simmons  
 James Spence  
 Lester Williams

COTTAGE No. 15  
 Frank Bass  
 George Brown  
 Houston Berry  
 Harold Bates  
 Jack Benfield  
 Robert Flinchum  
 R. V. Hutchinson  
 William Holder  
 James Knight  
 Samuel Linebarrier  
 Charles Ledford  
 J. B. Ledford  
 William Myers  
 Hilton Reid  
 Clyde Shook  
 Jack Willis

INDIAN COTTAGE  
 Jack Bailey  
 Frank Chavis  
 Peter Chavis  
 Marshall Hunt  
 R. C. Hoyle  
 Leroy Lowery  
 Clyde Lochlear

INFIRMARY  
 (No Honor Roll)

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Borrow trouble for yourself, if that's your nature, but don't  
 lend it to your neighbors.—Rudyard Kipling.

















